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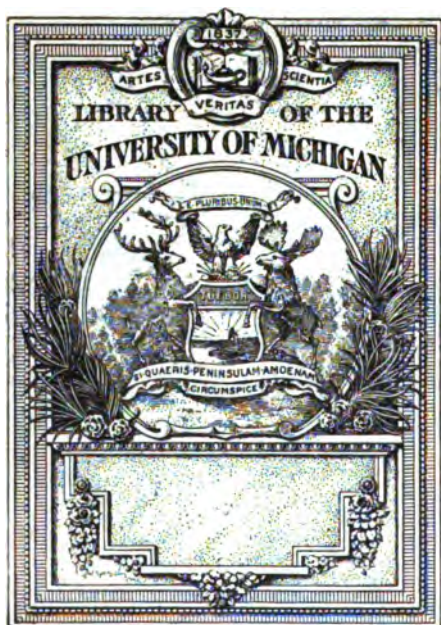
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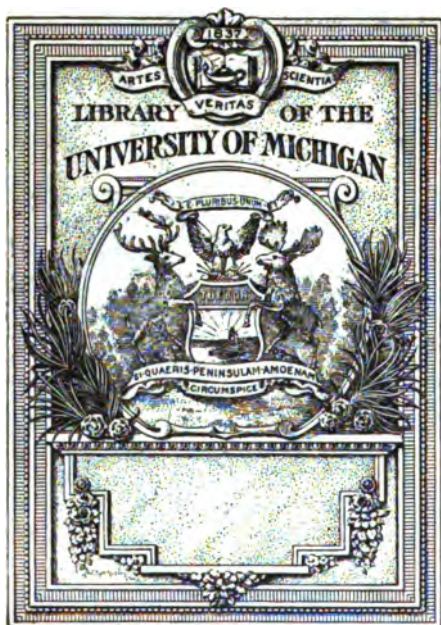
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THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

AND

Boston Review,

Containing

Sketches and Reports
OF

Philosophy, RELIGION, History,

Arts and Manners.

Omnis undique fœderis carum atque delibum.

Vol. 2.
1805.

Boston

Published by
Munroe & Francis
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1805.

INDEX

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

...

MISCELLANY.

ARGENIS , a romance	Page 23, 134 185, 293	Johnfon, Dr. character of Journey over the Alps Junius	292 633 S, 62, 245
Botanist , No. 6	9	Knowles , Mrs. a biographical sketch	14
No. 7	75		
No. 8	124	Leinwha , letters to, No. 3	15
No. 9	228	No. 4	78
No. 10	346	No. 5	133
No. 11	447	Letter, original, from Sicily	568
No. 12	603	Literary intelligence, foreign and domestick, March, 162—May, 271—June, 325—July, 387— August, 440—Sept. 495—Oct. 554—Nov. 607.	
Browne , Dr. Arthur, a biograph- ical sketch of	559	Literary Miscellany, remarks upon	170
Coincidences in the customs of na- tions	136	Literary Wanderer, No. 1	20
Collectanea No. 3	5	No. 2	118
No. 4	70	No. 3	179
No. 5	177	No. 4	290
Constance & Cornelia , correspond- ence of	72, 140, 342	No. 5	357
Correspondence	322, 437, 492, 670		
Deaths and Diseases in Boston, state- ment of, for Jan. 56—Feb. 112— March, 165—May, 277—July, 389—August, 445—September, 501—October, 558—Novem- ber, 614—December, 676		Marriages	52, 109—
Description of Bonaparte, in a letter	571	Mather , Rev. S. original letter of	406
Duelling , papers on No. 5	60	Medicus , answers to	17, 137, 241
No. 6	187	Medical communication	294
Essay on the characteristics of poetry, by Gilbert Wakefield	279	Meteorology , Jan. 2—Feb. 58—Mar. 166—April, 222—May, 278— June, 334—July, 389.	
Earthquake in Naples	620	Monthly Catalogue of new publications in the U. S. for January, 45—Feb. 97—March, 161—April, 216— May, 269—June, 323—July, 385 —August, 439—September, 492— October, 552—November, 604 —December, 674	
Family Physician No. 1	341	Morie's , Dr. reply to the Boston Reviewers, & answer	206
No. 2	566		
No. 3	631	Necrology	53, 110, 164
Fiske , Nathan, a biographical sketch	22	Notice of the American edition of the classics	436
Florian	59	Necker , M. manuscripts of	615
Franklin , Dr. original letters of	296		
Galvanism	218	Observations on the use of printed discourses	454.
Humphreys' works , defence of	7		
Vol. II.	A		

Observer	191	Review of the 18th century	223
Original letters from Italy	No. 1 282 No. 2 335 No. 3 409	Sacotala, or the fatal ring	360, 409 466, 520, 578, 639
Paintings in the Louvre, an account of	399, 450	Silva, No. 1, 128—2, 182—3, 239—4, 301—5, 352—6, 402—7, 458 8, 510—9, 575—10, 636	
Paley, Dr. an account of	442, 498	Soldiers	50, 142, 192
Parr's, Dr. character of Dr. Priestley	228	Tappan, Dr. biography of	120
Philo Lavoisier, reply to	113	Terrible Tractation	167
Plagiarism, thoughts on	405	Theologist, No. 3, 65	No. 4, 174
Political thoughts	563	Theological communication	78
Pope, essay on	231	Thursday Lecture, No. 4, 132—5, 184	
Pownall, governor, biography of	612	Treatise on peach trees	105
Priestley, Dr. inscription for	220	Trumbull, life of	327
Poem to thoughts on Tacitus	514	Voltaire's notes on Virgil	461
Queries on various subjects	562	Wakefield, Gilbert, sketch of his domestic life	344
Remarker, No. 1	451	———'s Essay on the character of ticks of poetry	297
No. 2	517	Water as a remedy in fevers	396
No. 3	569	Winter, our pleasures and duties in	624
No. 4	630		
Report of the controversy respecting the old state-house	98		

POETRY.

AD virum clarissimum Herschelium	195	Lines on a young lady	29
Aloe, an idyl	529	Love Epistle	416
Church Porch	21, 23, 145, 193	Mirth	30
Dominus Providebit	144	Occasional prologue to Cato	586
Dryden's ode to the memory of Mrs. Killigrew	305	Ode to a friend	82
Epithalamium by Trumbull	247	—— to morning	193
Extract from Jortin	308	—— to modesty	196
Fragment of a poem by Cowper	250	—— by a young lady	474
Garden moralized	526, 583	Sabbath, an extract	369
Hymn written during the storm, May 11, 1805	308	Scott's lay of the last minstrel	657
Imitation of Theocritus	29	Seduction, a poem	366, 413, 472
Lines of Lodinus	656	Song	145
Lines on an elm tree	197	Sonnet to sleep	30
		Spring	144
		Stanzas by Courtier	30
		Verses on hearing an Æolian harp at midnight	417
		Winter	89

REVIEW.

ADAMS's, Haunah, abridgement of the history of N. England	538	Farrand's selection of a course of latin studies	669
Address to the people, &c.	161	Fisher's, Mr. address to the pupils of Henry Dean's writing school	268
Advice to mothers	258	Friendly caution to heads of families, by Robert W. Johnson	268
Arguments natural, moral, and religious for the immortality of the soul	208	Gamesters, a novel	669
Austin's letters from London	313	Gardiner's, Rev. Mr. sermon on the death of Bishop Parker	88
Bradford's, Alden, sermon on the anniversary of the landing of our fathers at Plymouth	42	God's wonders in the great deep	206
Baldwin's, Dr. sermon before the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society	266	Gray's, Rev. Mr. discourse before the Humane Society, June 1805	602
Bartlett's, Joseph, Esq. oration, delivered at Biddeford	491	Hooker's, Rev. Afahel, sermon	382
Bidwell's, Hon. Mr. oration, delivered at Sheffield	428	Holmes's, Rev. Mr. sermon on the death of President Willard	42
British influence on the affairs of the U. S. proved and explained	321	Introduction to the making of Latin, by William Biglow	321
Braman's, Isaac, oration	551	Jay's, Rev. William, sermons	388
Buckminster's, Dr. discourse at the ordination of his son	430	Journal of a tour in the territory northwest of the Alleghany mountains, by Thaddeus Malon Harris	591
Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. 3	309	Kendall's, Rev. J. ordination sermon	318
Vol. 4	476	Lathrop's, Dr. John, discourses before the Boston Female Asylum	94
Vol. 5	659	Lathrop's, Dr. Joseph, two sermons on the Christian sabbath, for distribution in the back settlements	206
C. Crispi Sallustii Belli Catilinari & Jugurthini Historiæ	549	Latin primer, by William Biglow	321
Cumming's, Rev. J. discourse to a society of young men in London	37	Lee's, Rev. Andrew, sermons	32
Defence of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, by Curtius	322	Letters of Shahcoolen	85
Dehon's, Rev. T. discourse before the Newport Charitable Society	96	Logan, Rev. John, sermons	91
Democracy unveiled, by Christopher Cautic	376	Marshall on insurance	147
Discourses on Davila	199	Memoirs of the life, writings, and correspondence of Sir William Jones, by Lord Teignmouth	370
Doctrine of predestination unto life explained, by William Cooper	158	Meech's, Asa, 4th July oration	551
Dufes's grammar	587	Miller's, Rev. S. two discourses on the guilt and folly of suicide	260
Dutton's, Warren, Esq. oration	128	Morse's and Parish's compendious history of Newengland	541
Eccentrick Biography	93	Moore's translation of the odes of Anacreon	595
Emily Hamilton, a novel	267	New catechism, by the Worcester association of ministers	268
Elements of latin grammar, abridged from Adam. By Wm. Biglow	321		
Ely's, Rev. Z. sermon on the wisdom and duty of magistrates	43		
Entick's new spelling dictionary adapted to the use of schools	582		

Observations on the trial by jury	34	Terrible Tractation	83
Orations on the 4th of July. By Isaac C. Bates, Ichabod Nichols, tert. Aaron H. Putnam, Benja- min Gleason, and D. W. Lincoln	433	Thacher's, Rev. Thomas, discourse on the errors of popery	316
Path to happiness	322	Thacher's, Peter, Esq. address to the members of the Massachu- setts Fire Society	319
Patten's, Rev. W. discourse, deliv- ered at the request of the New- port Female Benevolent Society	603	Theoretick explanation of sanctity, by Rev. Thomas Fessenden	418
Pearson's, Dr. lecture on the death of President Willard	275	Thompson's, James, complete treat- ise on the mensuration of timber	600
Pinkerton's geography	251	True reasons on which the election of a Hollis professor of divinity was opposed	152
Popkin's, Rev. John S. sermon	262	Turner's epitome of book-keeping	93
Portsmouth miscellany	96		
Power of solitude, a poem, by Jo- seph Story	379	Ware's, Rev. Mr. sermon at Scituate	96
Powers of genius, a poem, by John Blair Linn	590	———on the disso- lution of his pastoral relation	601
Selections of pleadings in civil ac- tions, subsequent to the declara- tion, with occasional annota- tions. By Joseph Story	482	Waterhouse's, Dr. lecture on the pernicious effects of smoking	157
Speeches of Mr. Van Ness, General Hamilton, &c. on the indictment of Harry Croswell for a libel	169	Webber's, Professor, eulogy on the death of President Willard	42
Spring's, Rev. S. two discourses on Christ's self-existence	263	Webster's, Stephen P. oration be- fore the P B K Society	269
		Whitney's, Rev. Mr. sermon at the ordination of Rev. Perez Lincoln	599
		White's address to the Merrimack Humane Society	602

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

AND BOSTON REVIEW.

Vol. II. JANUARY, 1805.

No. I.

CONTENTS.

ANTHOLOGY.	REVIEW.
Meteorology for January - - - 2	Rev. Andrew Lee's Sermons - - 32
On Junius - - - - - 3	Observations on the Trial by Jury 34
Collectanea, No. 3 - - - - - 6	A Discourse to a society of young men in London, by Rev. J. Cum- ming - - - - - 37
Another Defence of Col. Humphreys' Works - - - - - 7	A Sermon on the anniversary of the landing of our fathers at Plymouth, by Alden Bradford - 42
The Botanist, No. 6 - - - - - 9	Professor Webber's Eulogy on the death of President Willard - ib.
Biography of Mrs. Knowles - - 14	The wisdom and duty of Magis- trates, a Sermon, by Rev. Z. Ely 43
Letters to Leinwha, No. 3 - - - 15	Correspondence - - - - - 44
Answer to Medicus - - - - - 17	
The Literary Wanderer, No. 1 - 20	Monthly Catalogue of New Pub- lications in the United States - 45
Biographia Americana : Nathan Fiske, D. D. - - - - - 22	Monthly Political Report - - 49
Argenis, a romance - - - - - 23	Marriages - - - - - 52
The Soldiers, continued - - - - 27	Necrology - - - - - 53
Poetry : On a young lady - - - - - 29	Statement of Births and Deaths in Boston, for January - - - - 56
Imitation of Theocritus - - - - ib.	
Stanzas, by Courtier - - - - - 30	
Sonnet to Sleep - - - - - ib.	
To Mirth - - - - - ib.	
The Church Porch, continued - 31	

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METEOROLOGY for JANUARY.

Day	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
1	8 29	21	SSW	Fair & clear.	16	8 30	W	Cloudy.
	2 29	22				2 29	21	
	10 30	21				10 29	21	
2	8 29	19	NW	Snow in the morning.	17	8 29	SW	Cloudy & thaw.
	2 29	20		Fair after 10 A.M.		2 29	21	
	10 29	20	WNW			10 29	21	
3	8 29	21	SSW	Some snow in the morning.—After 11 A.M. fair.—Some snow in the evening.	18	8 29	SSW	Cloudy. Great thaw. Some rain P.M.
	2 29	20				2 29	21	
	10 29	20	NNW			10 29	21	
4	8 29	14	NW	Snow last night and this morning till 10 A.M.—Very high wind all day.	19	8 29	W	Fair morning. Snow from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. Afterwards fair & clear.
	2 29	11				2 29	21	
	10 29	0				10 29	18	
5	8 29	0	S	Snowed moderately all day—wind very moderate.	20	8 29	SW	Fair morning. Cloudy at 11 A.M.—After 2 P.M. snowed moderately.
	2 29	13				2 29	21	
	10 29	3				10 29	19	
6	8 29	0	WNW	Fair and very clear.	21	8 29	NNE	Snow and hail A.M.—Some rain P.M.—Evening fair.
	2 29	19				2 29	27	
	10 30	10				10 29	11	
7	8 30	16	S	Snowed moderately till noon.—P.M. a very fine mist, which froze as it reached the ground.	22	8 29	W	Fair and clear.
	2 29	21				2 29	13	
	10 29	24	S			10 29	9	
8	8 29	18	NW	Fair.	23	8 30	W	Fair and clear A.M.—Cloudy P.M. Little snow in the evening.
	2 30	26				2 30	21	
	10 30	16	WNW			10 29	28	
9	8 29	23	ESE	Hail from 9 to 11.—Afterwards rain most of the day.—Thaws very fast.	24	8 30	SSW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2 29	33				2 30	29	
	10 29	40	SE			10 30	30	
10	8 30	24	NW	Cloudy till 3 P.M.—Afterwards snowed moderately.	25	8 29	NNE	Fine rain all day.
	2 30	32				2 29	33	
	10 30	44				10 29	34	
11	8 30	20	NW	Snow from last night. Some snow this morning.—P.M. fair & clear.	26	8 29	W	Fair—Clouds.
	2 30	30				2 29	42	
	10 30	14				10 29	35	
12	8 30	6	W	Fair and clear.	27	8 29	NNE	Snow from. Wind moderate till 10 A.M. when it rose very much.
	2 30	20	SW	Cloudy evening.		2 29	33	
	10 30	21	SSW			10 29	35	
13	8 30	20	SSW	Some rain in the morning. Afterwards cloudy with some sunshine. Great thaw.	28	8 29	NNE	Snow continued all day. Between 2 and 4 P.M. rain, also therm. did not rise. Snow af.
	2 29	39				2 29	40	
	10 29	20	SW			10 29	36	
14	8 29	14	W	Fair and clear.	29	8 29	NW	Snow most of the day. Wind moderate.
	2 29	22				2 29	41	
	10 30	4				10 29	44	
15	8 30	3	W	Fair and clear.	30	8 29	NW	Fair.
	2 30	10				2 29	48	
	10 30	15				10 29	30	
	10 30	10				10 29	34	

The mean state of the thermometer this month by the foregoing observations is 23.2. The quantity of snow has been very remarkable.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JANUARY, 1805.

For the Monthly Anthology.

ON JUNIUS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

EMINENT productions, whether on politicks or literature, on ethicks or religion, will inevitably encounter at their outset all the rancour of party and rigidity of criticism; all the violence of malignity and severity of wit. Nothing will long withstand so powerful a test but superiour talent, which, like "gold seven times tried in the furnace," it is impossible to destroy. It is not to be blasted by envy nor sullied by aspersion. The torrent of abuse may for a while rush against it; but finding it impenetrable will change its course and seek a different channel.

That the truth of these observations has been instanced in the writings of *Junius*, needs only to be mentioned to be allowed.—When they first appeared they attracted peculiar attention and excited much animosity; attention, because they were anonymous and bold; animosity, because they were personal and malignant. They were found possessed of genius, and were attacked with virulence, spite, and ability. Those who allowed the style

to be elegant, called the sentiments abuse; those who conceded their strength of expression, found fault with their severity, and those who acknowledged the *sublimity*, impeached the *soundness* of the reasoning. "Junius has sometimes made his satire felt," says Dr. Johnson; "but let not injudicious admiration mistake the *poison* of the shaft, for the *vigour* of the bow. It is not by his liveliness of imagery, his pungency of periods, or his fertility of allusion, that he detains the cits of London and the boors of Middlesex. Of style and sentiment they take no cognizance. They love him for virtues like their own, for contempt of order and violence of outrage, for rage of defamation, and audacity of falsehood." Other writers were equally violent and equally illiberal. Horne calls him a blackguard, and Sir William Draper a knave. Affailed on all sides, and by a variety of men, he either checked their presumption, or laughed at their imbecility. His talents were singularly adapted to political controversy; and the attention which he must have paid to his letters, has rendered them the

best specimens of *style, satire, and sedition*, in the English language. His reputation however by the generality of mankind is thought to arise, not so much from his subjects themselves, as from the genius he displayed in managing them. When it was known that Junius was not to be frightened by threats nor overcome by argument, when he was found to be as superiour in composition as he was irresistible in dispute, the vapours which had enveloped but could not obscure his genius began suddenly to dissipate; and at length the force of his mind, the acuteness of his conception, and extent of his political knowledge became the admiration of all.

The fame of *Junius* as a *writer* is exceeded only by his obscurity as a *man*. From the moment his first letter was issued from the press, when he astonished those by the ardency of his imagination whom he convinced by the strength of his reasoning, and delighted by the purity of his style, every exertion has been made to identify him; but want of success hath disappointed expectation, and the world is still in doubt. Curiosity has not been able to penetrate his concealment, and conjecture has endeavoured to supply her place. No event in the annals of literature is more extraordinary than this, and perhaps the judgment of *Junius* is as eminently exhibited, and his fame as effectually perpetuated by it, as by the intrinsic importance of his letters. Friendship, zeal for particular personages, party-preference, and self-sufficiency, have ascribed to many the "meed of honour"; but if we abstract from

their arguments the facility of conjecture, and from their assertions the deviations from sincerity, we shall find but little weight of evidence on which to judge or decide. From this poverty of fact, and abundance of supposition, we shall attempt to extract whatever may conduce to convince, and remove whatever may tend to mislead. We shall consider the arguments advanced in favour of each gentleman, supposed to be the author of the letters in question, who is distinguished either by rank, talents, or general attention.

This subject, although in some measure barren of intelligence, still has charms which attract, and novelties which allure; and so long as Junius remains veiled by obscurity, it is probable it will afford pleasure and excite attention. The human mind can never rest on the evanescence of uncertainty; but is always anxious for the stability of truth. Let truth be gained, and the mind is passive, or wanders after new secrecy and new development.

On a subject of so much controversy, and where so much doubt is involved, we question whether any thing short of demonstration will convince those who are prejudiced in favour of one person, that these letters were written by another. But whatever may be the result of our inquiries, we hope we shall not treat the merits of any gentleman with a pertinacious preference for that person whom we may judge to be the author; but advance facts precisely as we have found them, and deduce our observations with

candour and with justice. And that we have reasoned as we ought. And if we are not able to decide with precision, we shall rest satisfied.

For the Monthly Anthology.

MR. EDITOR,

I am so well pleased with your publication, that I have procured all the numbers of the First Volume, and had them bound. Upon looking over the 5th and 6th numbers, pp. 224 and 278, I find "The Collectanea, or Magazine in miniature," Nos. 1 and 2, in which the writer intends to deposit such *Selctions, Scraps, and loose Paragraphs*, as his reading or reflexion may furnish. Now this is exactly such a department, as I wish to see reestablished in your work. I have probably the same regard for every "flower" in the Anthology, which led you to keep the whole "collection" from withering away. Whether my incipient efforts will in any sense correspond with the original design of the author above mentioned, I cannot say; with your leave he may resume and prosecute his purpose; but if you have no objection, I wish you to publish the historical scraps I herewith offer under the title of

COLLECTANEA.

No. 3.

"*Tam prodesse quam conspici.*"

THE famous arch-pirate Rollo, son of a Norwegian count, being banished from his native land (in the ninth century), put himself at the head of a resolute band of Normans and seized upon the maritime provinces of France, from whence he infested the whole country. Charles the simple, having neither resolution nor power to expel the invader from his dominions, had recourse to negotiation; and accordingly offered to make over to Rollo a considerable portion of his territories, provided the latter would marry his daughter Gisela, consent to a peace, and embrace christianity. These terms were immediately accepted; for the Norman pirates being without religion of any kind, were not restrained by prejudice from embracing one which presented to them the most advantageous prospects. Hence the province of Bretagne and a part of Neustria, conveyed by grant from Charles to his son-in-law, were from this

time known by the name of *Nor-mandy*.—*Mosheim*, vol. 2. p. 374.

THE whole island of Great-Britain was anciently called Albion. In the time of Julius Cæsar, it was called Britannia, from *birds*, which in the old British tongue signified *painted*; for the same reason that the extra-provincial Britains were afterwards called Picts, from their retaining the ancient custom of painting their skins. But about 800 years after the incarnation of Christ, by a special edict of king Egbert, who was descended from the Angles, a people of Lower-Saxony, in whose possession the greatest part of the country then was, the south part was called Angle, or Engleland, or as we now pronounce it, England.

Chamberlayne's present state of Great-Britain, p. 1.

GREAT events may frequently be traced to trivial causes. Louis 7th of France, in obedi-

once to the injunction of his bishop, cropped his hair, and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous and contemptible. She revenged herself by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce, and the queen married the count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for 300 years ravaged France, and cost the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the 7th had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.

WHEN the moon is in its wane, they say, in Otaheite, the spirits are devouring the deity; and when it increases, he is recruiting himself.—*Cook's last voyage*, vol. 1. p. 166.

It was a few years since, and probably now is a custom of the Mohawk Indians, to bury their dead in a sitting posture, and with their faces to the east. This occasion of this was a tradition, that, at some future day, a great man would appear in the east and call the dead to judgment. The posture they deemed the most convenient for rising; and by having their faces directed to that particular quarter of the heavens, it was intended that they should see the great man, as soon as he should appear. A suicide was

buried with his head downwards and his face towards the west. The reason of this being requested, they answered, that it was to remind him, when called to judgment, that he had been the murderer of himself.

THE first christian church was established at Jerusalem. Select portions of scripture were read, which were succeeded by a brief and serious exhortation to the people. The preacher usually delivered his sermon sitting, while the people stood. This was, probably, in conformity to the practice of the synagogue.

Gregory's christian church,
vol. 1. p. 51.

IN the fourth century, those applauses which had formerly been confined to theatres or the forum, were permitted in the christian church. The preacher was frequently interrupted by the cry of "orthodox," and clapping of the hands and feet: Chrysostom was applauded in the great church at Constantinople, by the peoples' waving their plumes, their handkerchiefs, and their garments; and by others laying their hands on their swords and exclaiming, "Thou art worthy of the priesthood!" *ib. p. 189.*

CONSTANTINE had a very superb church erected at Jerusalem, over the sepulchre of Christ, which he dedicated to the twelve apostles, and intended for his own mausoleum. This is the first instance of church interment.

ib. p. 184—5.

THE Saracens invaded Spain in 714, and destroyed the em-

pire of the Vikings in that country, which had been established there for upwards of 300 years. The conductor of this enterprise was Tarich, who, having encamped on the eminence which com-

mands the bay of Cadix, ordered it to be called Gebal Tarich, or the mount of Tarich, which, by corruption is styled Gibraltar. — *Gregory's christian church* vol. 1. p. 424.

COL. HUMPHREYS' WORKS.

MR. EDITOR,

For the Monthly Anthology:

THE Reviewers in a late number of your Anthology, in remarking on the Poems of Col. Humphreys, have asserted that "It would be absurd to compare him with the great poets of England"; and in a long essay have undertaken to prove, that the age of good English poetry ended with the reign of queen Anne; that the British Muse has, from that period, been declining in a gradual nervous decay; that her young offspring, the American Muse, inherited from her parent, the same disorder; and that both are now in the last stages of an incurable hecick. Though I have not used their language, I submit it to the reader, whether I have stated their ideas too strongly, or done any injustice to their sentiments.

To decide whether their remarks be just, no fairer method can be taken, than to quote similar passages together, and observe in what manner the poets of their Augustan age of England, the modern British poets, and the "Muses of Columbia" have written upon the same subject. I will therefore give an example of this kind of comparison.

The description of a realm, once populous and happy, now exhibiting all the marks of ruin

and desolation, has been a favourite topic, on which the poets have often exerted their highest talents, and have usually adopted similar images. We will first quote that of Pope, in describing the desolation of England under the first Norman king.

The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains;
From thence their cities and from gods their fanes;
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twine'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires. *Pope's Windsor Forest*

I shall take my next example from a modern British poet.

The description of a ruined country-settlement, from the *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
No more thy plassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works the weedy way;

Along, thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its
nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing
flies;
And tires their echoes with unvaried
cries.
Sunk are thy towers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering
wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the
land.

The Reviewer, who does not
feel how superiour is Goldsmith
to his predecessor, does not de-
serve to exist a moment longer in
his critical capacity.

We will next try the absurdity
of comparing with these the
attempts of the bards of Colum-
bia. I cite them in the order, as
they have been first published.

The description of the desola-
tion of Babylon, imitated from
some passages in *Isaiah*.

For there no more shall gay assemblies
meet,
Crowd thy full mart, or throng thy spa-
cious street;
No more the bridegroom's cheerful
voice shall call
The viol, sprightly in the sounding hall;
No more the lamp shall yield her cheer-
ful light,
Gild thy lone roofs or sparkle through
the night;
No future age thy glories shall recal,
Thy turrets lift, or build thy desert wall;
Where the gilt palace pierced the ad-
miring skies,
The owl shall stun thee with funeral
cries,
The baleful dragon through thy gar-
dens rove,
And wolves usurp the consecrated grove.
No shepherd there the wand'ring flock
shall feed,
Nor tir'd, repose beneath the tented shed;
No stranger there with devils footstep
stray,
Where chilling horrors guard the fated
way;

Eternal ruin rears her standard wide,
And vengeance triumphs o'er the realms
of pride.

(35) *Trumbull, American Poet.*

Does the reader perceive any
absurdity in comparing these lines
with the description of Pope?

The description of the destruc-
tion of Jerusalem.

On that dread morn shall Salem hear
from far
The trumpet's shrill clamour, and the
sounding car;
Hops, train'd to blood, her shining seats
surround,
And all her glories totter to the ground,
Where once the palace raptur'd eyes
descried;
And the tall temple rear'd its splendid
pride,
Round mould'ring walls the nightly,
wolf shall howl,
Sad ruins murmur to the wailing owl;
Its domes, once golden, creeping roofs
be soiled;
The long rank weed o'erspread the gar-
den's bound,
The wild Idumean cast a mournful eye,
On the brown towers, and pass in si-
lence by.

Druid, Quign of Canaan.

Whether the *wolves* and *owls*
of the Columbian bards are equal
in dignity to the *fox* and *scree* of
Pope, is a question, which, if it
cannot be finally settled by the
criticks, must be referred to the
writers of natural history.

I shall now cite a paragraph
from the poems of Col. Hum-
phreys, a bard, in his Reviewers'
judgment, *incomparable*, but in a
new sense of the word.

The description of the future
desolation of the states of Bar-
bary.

'Tis done, behold, the unpeery, prop-
er's role,
Unwonted glooms the silent coasts sur-
prise;

The heavens with sable clouds are
 overcast,
 And death-like sounds ride on the hol-
 low blast;
 The rank grass rustling to the passing
 gale;
 E'en now of men the cheerful voices fail.
 No busy marts appear, no crowded ports,
 No rural dances and no splendid courts;
 In halls, so late with feasts and musick
 crown'd,
 No revels sport, nor mirthful cymbals
 found.
 Fastidious pomp! how are thy pageants
 fled!
 How sleep the haughty in their lowly bed!
 Where the fair garden bloom'd, the
 thorn succeeds,
 'Mid noxious brambles, and envenom'd
 weeds.
 O'er fallow plains no vagrant flocks are
 seen
 To print with tracks or crop the dewy
 green;
 The PLAGUE, where thousands felt his
 mortal stings,
 In vacant air his shafts promiscuous
 stings;
 There walks in darkness, thirsting still
 for gore,
 And raves unslated round the desert
 shore.
 The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,
 Alone are prow'd by animals of death.
 Here tawny lions guard their gory den,
 There birds of prey usurp the haunts of
 men;
 Tho' dreary wilds a mournful echo
 calls

From mouldering towers and desolated
 walls;
 Where the wan light through broken
 windows gleams,
 The fox looks out, the boding raven
 screams;
 While trembling travellers in wild
 amaze,
 On wrecks of state and piles of ruin gaze.
*Humphreys, on the future glory
 of the United States.*

No passage which I have cited
 is free from faults, or secure a-
 gainst severe and minute criticism;
 but I hesitate not to declare my
 opinion, that the expressions in
 the last quotation are generally
 the most forcible, and that in
 strength, novelty, and sublimity,
 none of the thoughts or images
 in the others; are equal to the
 personification of the pestilence by
 Col. Humphreys:

It is not for the want of learn-
 ing or genius, that the American
 poets are so little regarded, and
 that the publick quietly endure
 such contemptuous criticisms on
 their works. It is because, amidst
 the mutual clamours of contending
 parties, not one reader in a thou-
 sand cares three cents about the
 poetical or literary honour of his
 country.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE BOTANIST.

No. 6.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies! — THOMPSON'S WINTER.

IN the past numbers we treat-
 ed of the SEED; the ROOT; the
 STEM; and lastly of the BUD,
 hybernacula, or winter-quarters
 of the vegetative life. Order indi-
 cates that we describe the LEAVES
 and opening FLOWERS in this;
 but alas! a frost, "a killing
 frost," has "snip'd our shoots," and

check'd us in the bud. Our con-
 geniality, or uncongeniality to the
 seasons, is founded in the nature
 of things, let Johnson say what
 he will to the contrary. When
 the mercury in the glass, and the
 mercury in the man, is a degree
 or two below 0, he is fited rather
 to write on modern patriotism,

Vol. II. No. 1. C

"corporation politicks*," and publick generosity, than on the vernal bounties of exuberant NATURE. *Antbology*† requires the ethereal warmth of spring.

We attribute to the hard, inflexible, horn-beam fibre of a Johnson, which no climate could alter, nor season soften, this erroneous sentiment:—"Those who look upon the mind to depend on the seasons, and suppose the intellect subject to periodical ebbs and flows, may justly be derided as intoxicated by the fumes of a vain imagination. The author that thinks himself weather bound, will find, with a little help from *bellepore*, that he is only idle, or exhausted. But while this notion has possession of the head, it produces the inability which it supposes." This stern philosopher however was compelled, in the evening of his life, to groan out, that we are "*the slaves of sunshine and of gloom.*"‡

When

— the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detrudd to the roots
By wintry winds; —

or when "*the winter is past, and the rain over and gone;*" when "*flowers appear on the earth, and the singing of birds is come; when the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell,*"§ then will the BOTANIST quit his conglaciated state, and, congenial to the cheerful season, once more attempt to delineate the beauties of earth's renovated carpet;—unless the cold hand of death, or the

still colder hand of a *gothick spirit*, should paralyze *his* forever!

Left those who have regarded the labours of the Botanist with a favourable eye should be disappointed, we seize this opportunity of introducing them to the acquaintance

OF LINNÆUS.

The figure this illustrious physician and naturalist made whilst living, and the reputation of his works now he is dead, will justify us in devoting a number to his honour.

CHARLES VON LINNÉ, or, as the learned throughout the world have latinized it, CAROLUS LINNÆUS, was born at Smaland in Sweden in the year 1707. His father was the parish minister of a small village, with an income so small, and his family so straitened in their circumstances, that this prince of naturalists was on the point of being bound prentice to a mechanick.*

When young men are just stepping on the stage of life, they almost all press forward to the acquisition of riches, as the surest road to power and reputation; whilst a few, a very few, consider wealth, as a secondary object, and pursue with ardour fame or reputation, as the first. Hence there have been few famous literary characters, who have not commenced their career in poverty. *Laudatur et ulget.* The design of binding Linnæus to a me-

* If the reader would glance over Dr. Pulteney's general view of the life and writings of Linnæus, he will see whence we have taken most of our facts; and will perceive that we have sometimes used his expressions.

* Dean Swift.

† i. e. A treatise on flowers.

‡ Verses on Winter. § Solomon.

chanick was over-ruled, and he was sent to school, when he was ten years of age. At this early period his chief amusement was the study of plants and of insects.

In the year 1728 he removed to Upsal, where he obtained the patronage of several eminent men, particularly of OLAVUS CELSIUS, at that time Professor of Divinity, and the restorer of natural history in Sweden. Under such encouragement he made rapid progress in his studies, and in the esteem of the Professors. We have a striking proof of his merits and attainments that, after only two years' residence, he was thought sufficiently qualified to give lectures occasionally from the botanick chair, in the room of Professor Rudbeck.

In 1731 the Royal Academy of Sciences, having a desire to improve the natural history of Sweden, deputed Linnæus to make the tour of Lapland, with the sole view of exploring the natural history of the arctic region, to which his reputation, as a scholar and a naturalist, and his tough constitution, equally recommended him. He traversed the Lapland desert, destitute of villages, roads, cultivation, or any conveniences. He spent about five months in this tour, suffering innumerable hardships and privations; and that too for a very small stipend, scarcely enough to buy him shoes, which must have been an important article of cloathing; for poor Linnæus travelled ten degrees of latitude on foot. Several years after he travelled through Holland, Brabant, and France, in the same manner, gathering plants on the way, and searching for minerals.

In 1733 this indefatigable naturalist was sent by the government to visit the mines in Sweden. On his return to Upsal, he gave lectures on mineralogy in the university. In 1735, when he took his degree of Doctor of Physick, he published the first sketch of his *SYSTEMA NATURÆ*, in a very compendious way, and in the form of tables, in twelve pages only. By this it appears, that he had at a very early period, before he was twenty-four years of age, laid the basis of that magnificent work, which he afterwards raised, and which will ever remain a lasting monument of his genius and industry. In the same year he retired to *Fabrum*, a town in Dalecarlia, where he gave lectures on mineralogy and the docimastick art; and where he practised physick. But his vast and ardent mind would not allow him to be confined to such drudgery, for in 1736 he passed over into England, carrying letters of warm recommendation from the famous BOERHAAVE, who was at that time Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physick at Leyden, the glory of the medical world, and one of the best botanists of the age. The patronage of so illustrious a man rendered Linnæus still more conspicuous; Boerhaave himself being a cultivator of natural history and botany, the merits of Linnæus could not escape his perspicacity.

In 1738 Linnæus really imagined, that he had fixed down for the last time in the practice at Stockholm; for being now married, he concluded it was time to settle down for life, and give over gathering plants in the arctic circle, and searching the bowels

of the earth for minerals. He however met with great opposition in his business. He was too learned and too eminent not to excite all, that envy and jealousy could engender and inflict. At Stockholm his enemies oppressed him with many difficulties; but the abilities and persevering spirit of Linnæus surmounted them all, and he came into extensive practice. *Count Tessen* was his patron, through whose influence medals were struck in his honour. He enjoyed also a stipend from the citizens for giving lectures in botany.

In 1741 Linnæus was appointed joint Professor of Physick with *Rosen*. These two colleagues agreed to divide the medical department between them. Professor *Rosen* took *anatomy, physiology, pathology, and therapeutics*; whilst Professor Linnæus *natural history, botany, materia medica, dietetics, and the diagnosis morborum*. The systematick genius of this prince of naturalists displayed itself in his mode of teaching medicine, for he arranged in a table all the diseases that afflict mankind. *Sauvage* in France followed his plan, and made many improvements; and the late Dr. Cullen carried it to a high degree of perfection. According to this plan, diseases are arranged, in imitation of botanists, into *classes, orders, genera, and species*; and this mode of arranging disorders is called *Nosophy*. The reputation of the Swedish university at Upsal rose to a height before unknown, during the time that its medical department was under the direction of Linnæus. But that, which has established for

ever the name of Linnæus, and which has reflected honour on his country, is *THE SYSTEMA NATURÆ*. Nothing since the labours of Aristotle can be compared to it for depth of knowledge and extent of research.

From this period the reputation of Linnæus bore some proportion to his merit, and extended itself to distant countries; in so much that there was scarcely a learned society in Europe, but was eager to elect him a member; scarcely a crowned head, but sought some means to honour him. His emolument kept pace with his fame and honours. It was no longer *laudatur et alget*; his practice as a physician became lucrative; and we find him possessed of his country house and gardens in the vicinity of the capital. Linnæus received one of the most flattering testimonies of the extent and magnitude of his fame, that perhaps was ever shewn to any literary character, the state of the nation which conferred it, with all its circumstances, duly considered. This was an invitation to Madrid from the king of Spain, there to preside as a naturalist, with the offer of an annual pension of 2000 pistoles, letters of nobility, and the perfect free exercise of his religion. But, after the most perfect acknowledgments of the singular honour done him, he returned for answer, that "*if he had any merits, they were due to his own country.*"

This extraordinary man died January 11th, 1778, in the 71st year of his life, leaving behind him a glorious reputation. Uncommon respect was shewn to his memory. At the commemora-

sion of his death, by the Royal Academy of Sciences, the king of Sweden honoured the assembly with his presence; nay farther, in his speech from the throne to the Swedish parliament, that philosophick monarch lamented the death of Linnæus, as a publick calamity.

Linnæus had a good constitution, though often grievously afflicted with head-ache, and in the latter part of life with the gout. This great man was of a diminutive stature, his head large, and its hinder part very high. His look was ardent, piercing, and apt to daunt the beholder; and his temper quick; nevertheless his conduct towards his numerous opponents shews a dignified spirit of forbearance. He disavowed controversy, and never replied to the numerous attacks on his doctrine. He laid it down as a firm maxim, that every system must finally rest on its intrinsic merit; and he willingly committed his own to the judgment of posterity.*

* The Massachusetts BOTANIST is far from being disposed to censure any contemporary writer; but he cannot refrain from remarking, that Dr. Barton of Philadelphia seldom mentions OUR GREAT MASTER without a sneer. "*The Swede*," "*the Swedish naturalist*," and the like degrading epithets, run through *Barton's Elements of Botany*, which mark and disgrace a work, otherwise not destitute of considerable merit. Suppose, if speaking of the famous EDMUND BURKE, we should say, "*the Irishman*," "*the Hibernian orator*," "*the Irish declaimer*," would not the admirers of that great man be hurt and offended? Whilst Dr. Barton speaks in respectful and proper terms of of Martyn, Milne, Loefling, and other retailers of botanick knowledge, the fountain of it all is constantly spoken of in

Diminutive as was the stature of Linnæus, his mind was of gigantick size. He was possessed of a lively imagination, corrected by a strong judgment, and guided by the laws of system; added to these a most retentive memory, an unremitting industry, and the greatest perseverance in all his pursuits; as is evident from that continued vigour with which he prosecuted the design, that he appears to have formed so early in life, of *totally reforming and fabricating anew the whole science of natural history*: And this he actually raised, and gave to it a degree of perfection before unknown; and had moreover the uncommon felicity of living to see his own structure rise above all others, notwithstanding every discouragement its author at first laboured under, and the opposition it afterwards met with. Neither has any writer more cautiously avoided that common error of building his own fame on the ruin of another man's. He every where acknowledges the several merits of each author's system, and no man appears to be more sensible of the partial defects of his own.

Linnæus was well acquainted with the art of recommending science by elegance of language, and embellishing philosophy with polite literature. No man of the age had so happy command of the latin tongue as Linnæus; and no man ever applied it more successfully to his purpose, or gave to description such copiousness,

a tone of disrespect. Dear Doctor, can any of us make a book two inches thick on botany, without being indebted for half of it to the *Swedish naturalist*?

precision, and elegance. The glaring point of Buffon suffers in comparison with the pleasing but solid manner of Linnæus; for this prince of naturalists possessed the sound, distinct, and comprehensive knowledge of Bacon, with all the beautiful light graces and embellishments of Addison. He knew, that those authors who would find many readers, and whose lecturers who would secure attentive hearers, must please, whilst they instruct. He was not one of those teachers, who think obscurity contributes to the dignity of learning, and that, to be admired, it is necessary not to be understood.

Beside medals there are several monuments erected in honour of this great naturalist in the gardens of his admirers in different places in Europe. In 1778 Dr. Hope laid the foundation stone of a monument, since finished, in the botanick garden at Edinburgh.

The Botanist possessing an original letter, written by the son of this great man to the celebrated Dr. FOTHERGILL, giving an ac-

count of his father's death, conceives that its insertion here would be generally pleasing to the learned part of the readers of the Anthology, and particularly to every American naturalist.

CAROLUS a LINNÉ, *Filius nobilissimus & experientissimo Medicina & Botanices Professor Upsalia, Duo. Doctori Fothergill. S. P. D.*

LENTO per biennium morbo intebescens, omnibus tandem prostratis corporis viribus, vitæ statione septuagesarius: decessit pater opt. Archiater & Eques de stella polari CAROLUS a LINNÉ d. XV. Iduum Jan. MDCCCLXXVIII.

Hunc mihi totique domui Ejus lucuosum casum, exigente id non sinceram in TE observantia mea, ac, quæ beate defunctum TIBI junxit, amicitia necessitudine obsequiosissime significandum putavi.

Ut vero, qui TE coluit, viri post funera beati memoriz faveas, quaque ille, dum in vivis erat, apud TE valuit, gratiæ hæredem constituas Filium, quo decet vestrorum honore contendere, Deum immortalæ precaturus, velit, in singulare scientiarum decus & emolumentum, TIBI, Vir Nobilissime extantum omnique felicitatis genere refertum vitæ spatium concedere. Dabam Upsalia d. X. Cal. Febr. MDCCCLXXVIII.

To the Editor of the Anthology.

SIR,

If you will be so good as to refer your readers to the Monthly Anthology, vol. 1. pp. 486, 531, 587, they will see the propriety of the following Extract from "the Lady's Monthly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction," for November, 1893, with an elegant Portrait.

"MRS. KNOWLES is a native of Staffordshire, and now the widow of Dr. Knowles, a much esteemed physician in London. Her parents being of the society of Friends, she was carefully brought up in substantial and useful knowledge; but this alone

could not satisfy her active mind; for she has been long distinguished by various works in the polite arts of poetry, painting, and more especially the imitation of Nature in needle-work. Some specimens of this last having been accidentally seen by their Majesties, they

expressed a wish to see her ; and she was accordingly presented in the simplicity of her Quaker dress, and graciously received. This and subsequent interviews led to her grand undertaking, a representation of the King in needlework, which she completed to their entire satisfaction, though she had never seen any thing of the kind.

We next find her accompanying her husband on a scientific tour, through Holland, Germany, and France, where they obtained introduction to the most distinguished personages, such as the Prince and Princess of Orange ; at Versailles, to the Messieurs and Mesdames of the Royal Family ; and at last she was admitted to the toilette of the late unfortunate Queen by her own desire. The appearance of Quakers was to that princess quite a phenomenon, concerning whose tenets she was politely earnest for information, and acknowledged these hereticks to be philosophers at least.

She has written on various subjects philosophical, thebiogical, and poetical, some of which

have been published with her name ; but more anonymous ; and we are informed, her modesty retains in manuscript far more than has appeared to the publick, which her friends cannot but hope will sometime come abroad to the world. When tired on this subject, she would say, ' Even arts and sciences are ' but evanescent, and splendid ' vanities, if unaccompanied by ' the Christian virtues.'

We shall conclude this article with the dialogue between her and Dr. Johnson, by which it will appear, at least, that she is no contemptible advocate for the principles of the respectable society of Friends."

.....The dialogue then follows, which on comparison has been correctly printed in the *Anthology* for September ; with this difference however, that the person, "*one of the company,*" who made the remark that "*he never saw this mighty lion so chased before,*" was no other than Mr. JAMES BOSWELL himself, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson.

For the Monthly Anthology.

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE EXERCISES OF LATINQUIN—FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

LETTER III.

I AM every day more and more convinced, that men labour after calatnity, whilst happiness is within their reach. Unwilling to be only happy, they seek for something more ; and the brief candle of existence goes out, before they find that the world is too narrow

for such enjoyments. How hard it is to discover truth ! how easy to be deceived ! I have actually changed my opinion more than an hundred times respecting this nation, within the short space of thirteen days. Their ignorance has yielded to their wisdom, and their wisdom has been eclipsed by

their cunning. What was at first artifice, I afterwards thought ingenuouſneſs; but this was only aſſability made ſubſervient to intereſt; and I now find that intereſt governs all, and for this they labour and are exhausted. They have a national maxim which the infant is taught to liſp in its nurſe's arms; it is very long, and I do not recollect it; but I know it is equivalent to 'get money;' and I believe this uſeful leſſon is never taught in vain. The chief men have grown old in its practice; and ſtill hobble out, with all their infirmities to the place of traffick, when they ſhould be at home in their manſions waiting the call of death. With us, you know, there is content and thankfulneſs with a little: labour ceaſes with the vigour of manhood, and age ſits down to enjoy what it has acquired in the days of induſtry and youth.

The very women are not free from avarice. Some of them in the lower claſſes prefer pleaſure to employment, and prostitute their bodies for money; whiſt thoſe of a higher degree article for it in their very marriage-contracts!

When this is the predominant paſſion of a nation, nothing can be expected but its concomitant evils. The gentler virtues are unknown, and charity is driven into exile. Science is confined to the rules of commerce, and commerce erects an idol, before which all are proſtrate. The ſocial principle is loſt in its contemplation; love and friendſhip are diverted to its worſhip; and honeſty is dazzled with its golden ſplendour. In ſuch a country,

genius is like the miſtletow on the rock; it ſeems to exiſt upon the barren and unyielding ſurface only by its own reſources, and the nourishment it receives from the deys of heaven. The progreſs of literature has therefore been very ſlow; it ſeems juſt emerging from the clouds of ignorance, and its luſtre is yet too feeble to be ſeen by the eye alone.

Nearly oppoſite to the houſe in which I dwell, reſides one of their bards; with him I have lately become acquainted, and he has even condeſcended to honour me with his viſits and his friendſhip. He is of a ſhort fat figure, extremely good-natured and free in his diſcourſe. The laſt time I went to ſee him he complained bitterly of the 'ungrateful publick,' though he acknowledged a greater ſhare of favour than had been ſhewn to his contemporaries. He told me, he had publiſhed ſeven poems in quarto, and five political pamphlets in duodecimo; and at that very moment was in debt to his bookſeller £9. He informed me that his laſt poem, conſiſting of five 'cantos,' ſix hundred lines each, making in all three thouſand beginning with P, was then in the preſs, and ſpeedily to be publiſhed. "I am in haſte to get it out," ſaid he, "before a friend of mine ſhall publiſh his *critico herico* in A." He obligingly began to read me his poem, when he was interrupted by his bookſeller, who came to conſult "whether it ſhould be on wire, wove, hot-preſs, or imperial foolſcap." As there was much whiſpering between them, I thought

proper to retire ; and as I returned to my apartment the novelty of the composition made so forcible an impression on my memory, that I was able to write what I heard of it on paper. Of this, I send you a faithful transcript, together with the advertisement ; which it seems is here usually published before the work itself.

Four first lines of the poem in five 'cantos.'

CANTO I.

Prince Polion paus'd, perceiving pound-
ed peas

Plac'd parallel, prefaging *Punick* peace.
Plac'd's persuasive preassumptive power,
Presenting pleasure, pure perceptions
pour.

The advertisement I have extracted from one of their publick circulating prints.

✂ TAKE NOTICE.

Now in the press and speedily to be published, Prince Polion, a poem, in five cantos, with explanatory notes, adorned with cuts, decorated with en-

gravings, and embellished with a correct portrait and biographical sketch of the author, by himself. The uncommon velocity with which this production has circulated in Europe has induced the author to retouch it in his native land, and present it to his countrymen upon a beautiful, fine, light green, wire-wove royal-folio paper, elegantly bound, gilt, and lettered : the panegyrics which have been lavished upon this performance, against which the harmless shafts of malevolence and envy fall as against a polished cone, supersede the necessity of recommending it to an enlightened publick, and render all editorial remarks obtrusive and superfluous.

Booksellers living at a distance may be supplied with any number at the shortest notice ; a discount of 2 per cent. will be made on payments made in cash exceeding four hundred dollars.

Subscribers to this edition are requested to call or send for their books before the 31st instant.

Those gentlemen who wish this work bound in morocco, silvered, and lettered, must send their names to the publisher before Christmas.

This advertisement is written by the bookseller.—Farewel.

For the Monthly Anthology.

TO MEDICUS.

472.

IN a late number of the Monthly Anthology you have thought proper to attempt the vindication of a discourse delivered before the Humane Society, against the strictures contained in a review of that performance. Your production has excited me to examine those strictures carefully, as well as the subject of them ; and I confess they appear to me so just and so accordant with the present state of science, that I cannot refrain from offering such answers to your objections, as this investigation has presented.

Vol. II. No. 1.

D

In the first place you deny that the author of the discourse has considered animal heat, as " distinct from the respiratory process and dependent on an incomprehensible principle." Let us take the words of Dr. H., quoted by the reviewers on this subject, and see how far their assertion can be supported. He says, that animal heat is an effect of a *certain property* of animated bodies. What is this property referred to by him ? It is " the property of maintaining that action which the first impulse of motion commen-

ces, and of longer resisting the perpetual nifus for an equilibrium ;" and it is derived "from the nice and peculiar arrangement of the particles" "of animated bodies." But the *first impulse of motion* is given to animated bodies in their embryo state, and long before they are capable of performing the respiratory process. According to Dr. H. animated bodies possess the property of maintaining the action thus commenced, and "animal heat is an effect of this property, and is the criterion of the existence of this distinguishing characteristick." Surely animal heat should be coeval with the property of which it is the effect, and with the existence of which it is the criterion ; and surely then it is not dependent on a subsequent process, viz. the respiratory action, as you say he considers it.

But look again at this paragraph, cited by the reviewers. You will find, that animal heat is ultimately dependent on that cause, which gives the first impulse of motion. Now I presume that Dr. H. here refers to the "same principle, the same universal cause, which first gave motion to matter." These words, taken by themselves, would seem to imply a reference to the great first cause of all things ; but this is not his meaning, for he evidently supposes, it is a cause, which might be looked for in the animal machine, and that it does actually exist there during life. This appears by the following words, which he adds. "Vain and presumptuous is the attempt to discover this principle by anatomical investigation or chemical analy-

sis ; for its evanescent existence waits not their results, and the moment of research is but the signal for its escape." Pray, sir, is not this cause "subtle, incomprehensible, and unintelligible" ?

It is true that you understand the author's opinion to be, that animal heat is dependent on animal action, and animal action on respiration. I have looked thro' his discourse with attention, and cannot find any part, in which he says that animal heat is dependent on animal action. Even if he did say this, he surely could not say that animal action is dependent on respiration. I would not believe him guilty of such absurdity, without better evidence than your assertion. For how could he suppose that *animal action*, which certainly commences long *before birth*, is dependent on *respiration*, which commences *after birth* ? or how could he say that animal action is dependent on a process, which in some species of animals is never performed at all ?

In the next paragraph you observe, that as for the diaphragm you do not "believe it contracts at all." Is not the diaphragm a muscle ? if so, it must be a solitary exception to the general laws of muscular function, if it is incapable of contraction. Examine the structure of this part. Its posteriour and inferiour division is formed into two large bundles of muscular fibres, attached to several of the lumbar vertebræ ; its anterior and superiour to the cartilages of several ribs and that of the sternum, being tendinous in the middle. Who that ever saw a dissection of the dia-

phragm could doubt of its contractile power ?

This absurdity is nothing compared to what follows. You assert that "if it do contract, it is, as Dr. Howard says, its elevation;" but why? Because "if the diaphragm contract while the ribs distend, they must counteract each other." By the same reasoning, you might deny that the muscles of the abdomen contract for the expulsion of the abdominal contents, whilst the thorax is dilated in respiration by the contraction of the intercostals and other inspiratory muscles; for these and the abdominal muscles must equally counteract each other in this function. But farther, with respect to this same diaphragm you remark, "Elevation of the ribs must depress it to a plane, and contraction of the abdominal muscles press it to a cone." Now admitting the assertion ascribed to Dr. Howard, and which you say is true if the diaphragm contract at all, namely, that "if it do contract" "*it is its elevation*," then it must follow that when it does contract it must contract from a plane to a cone, that is, it must *contract* to an *elongation*! Into what follies do wild theories plunge their adherents.

You are consistent in speaking contemptuously of facts, as you do in the next paragraph. "Sir," say you, "as you are so fond of facts, let me sprinkle your face, first with cold and then with warm water, and you will feel the difference." This must certainly be allowed to be a just remark; but *its application* is not quite so obvious. It seems to be intended to invalidate the assertion of

the reviewers, that evaporation does not produce the first elevation of the ribs in the new born infant; because if it be covered at the instant of its exclusion it will not be prevented respiring; but that on the contrary respiration, when it does not commence of itself, is promoted by plunging the infant under warm water where evaporation cannot take place from its surface. The expression of "emerging into the air" (instead of its birth), is undoubtedly exceptionable, yet could not be misunderstood by a candid reader. You however have caught at it with avidity, as a fit subject for your witticisms and arguments, extended through a long paragraph; and all must allow it to be a subject worthy the talents of "Medicus."

The observations however appear to be intirely irrelevant to the *question in dispute*. You have confounded the idea of *cold* with that of *evaporation*. Losing sight of the latter, you have built the whole strength of your reasoning upon the influence of cold water, ice, &c. upon the human body; as if *cold* and *evaporation* were convertible terms. If this be not a "dereliction from all principle," it is at least *dereliction from all argument*; for you set out to prove that this commencement of respiration must be produced by *cold* from *evaporation*. Now let me, in my turn, ask a question. When you throw yourself suddenly into cold water, say to the chin, is there not instantly produced the same forcible inspiration, you have dwelt so long upon? and can there be any evaporation from the surface of the

body under the water ? But even if there could be, this would not affilt your arguments; for you tell us that "if any part of the body be left exposed, the contact of cold air or cold water to that part will raise the chest and produce inspiration." This is very well ; but how does it agree with your author's theory of evaporation ? "The function of respiration then," says Dr. H., "is to originate and maintain a certain motion of the animal fibre essential to vitality, and the effect is produced by the contraction from evaporation, excited by atmospherick air." Will you please to inform me, "Medicus," whether this paragraph of yours was intended to *oppose* or to *defend* Dr. Howard's opinion ?

Asperity in scientific controversy is unpleasant to every one who is inquiring for truth. It is therefore with regret that I make use of any expressions with that appearance, nor shall I do so farther than you have rendered it necessary. But with regard to the observations on hot and cold air, I must take the liberty to inform you that you have either deserted your author again, or else you do not understand the theory you are defending. Quoting the observations from the review, that

"as heat promotes evaporation, hot air should be better for respiration than cold air," you remark as follows. "For my part, I should think that hot air would heat the lungs faster than cold air, and that cold air would cool the lungs faster than hot air." Here, sir, you start from and avoid the matter in dispute ; but I must bring you back to it. According to your author, respiration is produced by *evaporation* from the skin and lungs. The question then is, whether *hot air* or *cold air* are most proper for *evaporation* ? The review asserts that heat promotes evaporation ; therefore, according to the *evaporative theory*, hot air is more proper for respiration than cold air. It is in vain for you to say "that, as the intention is to cool the lungs, cool air must be preferable to hot." Will cold air produce more evaporation in the lungs than hot ? It should seem your intention to leave the doctrine of evaporation to its fate ; but if that was designed, you ought not to have attacked this sentence which opposes it.

If you permit, I shall take the liberty of continuing my remarks to you on this subject, and in the mean time leave these things for your *candid* and *profound investigation*. PHILO-LAVOISIER.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE LITERARY WANDERER.

No. 1.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbis—HORATIUS.

AMID the numerous peculiarities, by which the productions of different writers are characterized, none appears more conspicuous, than diversity of style ;

a diversity, perhaps not less discoverable in common conversation, than in the most elaborate literary performance ; though at present I shall consider it in the latter

acceptation. Something discriminating predominates in every author's expression. Some are distinguished for humorous delineations, others for exquisite tenderness; some for cogency of argument, others for delicacy of sentiment; some for sublimity of conception, and others for beauty and amenity of communication. Thus, though all appear solicitous to reach the bourn of eminence, they employ according to their predominant propensities dissimilar vehicles for conveyance.

Judicious writers have ever regarded words, as subordinate to sense, and by no means, as constituting the principal excellence of any composition; but many, who seem enamoured of affectation, never condescend to express an idea, however natural, in a natural manner. By adopting this puerile mode of communication they imperceptibly become habituated to a very erroneous manner of conception; unhappily imagining, that magnificence of diction, novelty of expression, and uncommon constructions are essential requisites in an elegant performance; and that sentiment, method, and simplicity are but secondary considerations.

Hasty compositors exhibit a style, distinguished for animation and inaccuracy; for, if an object be incompletely conceived, the deficiency will be immediately discovered. Too indolent, or too much engaged in other pursuits for deliberate thought, they clothe their sentiments in such expressions, as most readily occur, regardless, whether they are the most elegant or appropriate. Glow of feeling however and enthusiasm not unfrequently manifest them-

selves in such precipitant productions. But animation and accuracy are in no degree incompatible. What I would suggest, is, that persons, who compose with scrupulous exactness, are commonly less remarkable for warmth of feeling in their writings, than those, who compose with greater rapidity at first, and afterward pay attention to correctness. The pathetic Virgil is reported to have pursued the latter course. In the morning he was habituated to pour forth in the glow of poetick enthusiasm a large number of verses, and to devote the remainder of the day to painful and rigid amendment.

As external objects have considerable influence on the mind, a person's manner of thinking will bear a striking resemblance of his favourite pursuit. A poet, accustomed to contemplate the lovely scenes of nature with an eye of rapture, exhibits in his pieces the restless ardour of his soul. His expressions are lively, picturesque, and energetic; he communicates a portion of his own ardent feelings to his reader. A single sentence will sometimes possess more intrinsic excellence, than a page of unanimated narration. For example; when our Saviour's turning water into wine was given, as a theme, at an English university, a member, who afterward became very distinguished for poetick abilities, instead of composing a long circumlocutory account, communicated his vivid conception in one line, which for beauty, force, and originality is perhaps unequalled;

"THE CONSCIOUS WATERS SAW THEIR
GOD, AND BLUSHED."

But however numerous may be the modes of expressing our sentiments, the utility of frequently composing cannot be questioned. A learned writer has observed, that "composition is for the most part an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements." But studies of greatest pleasure and facility are not uniformly most advantageous; since knowledge, attained with painful assiduity, is usually most useful and permanent. Books, it is acknowledged, are very pleasant companions to occupy the superfluities of time; but whoever wishes to appear to advantage, as a writer, must not only acquire a fund of refined and just ideas, but a handsome manner of communicating them. With the commanding majesty of Johnson he will unite the elegant simplicity of Addison, and with the impassioned exuberance of Burke the fascinating delicacy of Hawkefworth. Such endeavours will add double excellence to his performances.

Influenced by the delusive intimations of indolence, persons not unfrequently advance with tardy and involuntary steps to this elegant and beneficial employment. Some stimulus seems requisite to rouse the soul from this fatal stupefaction, and to direct it to active and commendable exertions. The reflection, which accuracy of composition demands, enables us to correct ill formed opinions, which the ardour and enthusiasm of youth may have contributed to produce. By careful attention to composition we think with more justness, judge with more accuracy, improve in propriety of expression, and at the same time dignify and ennoble the intellectual powers. We become more happy ourselves, and more qualified to communicate happiness to others.

As these lucubrations are to be principally composed of literary sketches, miscellaneous remarks, and diversified amusement, I have adventured to assume the appellation of LITERARY WANDERER.

B.

Andover, Jan. 15, 1805.

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA ;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES. *Continued from page 592.*

✂ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

VI. NATHAN FISKE, D. D.

From the Palladium.

MESSES. YOUNG & MINNS,

IN the obituary notice of the Rev. Dr. Forbes, in your paper of the 25th inst. it is stated, that "while at Brookfield, he assisted his worthy friend, Dr. Fiske, by

furnishing several numbers which appeared in the Worcester Gazette under the signature of "The Observer," and which, after the death of Dr. Fiske, were collected and published in a different form."

On this subject the writer must have been misinformed. If these

gentlemen ever did unite in a publication, as mentioned, the numbers, it is believed, have never been "collected and published in a different form"; they certainly have not in the manner the writer has mentioned.

The Moral Monitor, to which the writer must have alluded as containing "several numbers furnished" by Dr. Forbes, is a collection of essays, principally from a series of numbers published in the Worcester Gazette, under the signature of "The Worcester Speculator" and "The Neighbour," and in the Massachusetts

Magazine, under the titles of "The General Observer" and "The Philanthropist." These publications were not commenced until the year 1786, more than ten years after Dr. Forbes was settled at Gloucester.

The selection for the *Moral Monitor* was chiefly made by Dr. Filke, a few months previous to his death, and left by him in manuscript. The publication was undertaken with a view to further the benevolent intentions of the Author, and as a tribute of filial respect for his memory.

Worcester, Dec. 27, 1804.

For the Monthly Anthology.

ARGENIS :

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

[IF our readers will turn to the Month. Anthol. Vol. i. p. 269, they will find a translation begun of Barclay's *Argenis*. The following attempt is by another, and we presume to say, not less favoured son of the Muses. Whoever will be at the pains to compare the two translations with the original will feel no sensation of regret for the suspension of the first, except what must ever seize the humane scholar in witnessing the failure of a design, which was happily conceived, and not illaudably attempted. But as to the comparative merit of the separate efforts, we hesitate not to prefer the last. If it has not the scrupulous nearness to the Author, which belongs to the first, it is less harsh and circumstantial, and has greater force of expression. The new Translator however, we are certain, does not with this comparison made, and had no idea, in his undertaking, of doing a justice to the *beginning* of the Romance, which was denied it in a former volume; but he doubtless has the desire, which is common to men of order and taste, regularly to *commence* a work which he intends so complete. We warmly reciprocate his feelings, and hope that no frost of public neglect will blight this flower in our collection before it shall be fully blown.]

TO the admirers of literary anecdotes we can offer little gratification from the life of John Barclay. It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider how literally "the sons of science fade away," how little remains of those, whose writings have enlivened our gay hours by their wit, exercised our serious hours by

their acuteness, or softened the melancholy of sickness and solitude by the mildness of their wisdom and the dignity of their philosophy.

The gleanings from all the fields to which we have access are only these barren facts; that he was born in France in 1582 of immediate Scotch extraction, and

died in 1621, at that age when usually the judgment is just disciplined, the passions sobered, and the mental powers expanded to their full luxuriance. As he lived during the turbulence of the early part of the reign of Henry IV., so darkened by folly and crimes, most of his writings are tinged with a colouring of satire. He wrote the *Icon animorum*, a book of Latin poems, and was the probable author of the *Euphormio*. Unfortunately he has left none of his familiar epistles, which make a man his own best biographer, as they display the unmeditated feelings of the heart, exhibit the mind in undress, and in all the variety of its attitudes. Accordingly we find that the most valuable biographers since the days of Plutarch, excepting always Boswell's life of Johnson, which is, and from peculiar circumstances forever must be unrivalled and alone, are that of Cicero by Middleton, and that of Erasmus by Jortin.

It would be easy to multiply testimonies to the value of the *Argenis*, a book, which was almost perpetually in the hands of Richlieu; and which was scarcely known among the contemporaries of Barclay by any other title, than the "*aureus liber*." We select however only the epigram of Grotius on the purity of its style.

"*Gente Caledonius, Gallus natalibus hic est,
Romam Romano, qui docet ore loqui.*"

BOOK I.

BEFORE the world had yielded to the majesty of Rome, or the ocean submitted to the sovereignty of the Tyber, on that part of Sicily, where the waters of the

Gela meet the sea, a foreign ship disembarked a youth of uncommon elegance. His attendants with the assistance of the mariners conveyed his armour from the ship, and led the horses to the shore. Unused to the roughness of the sea, the stranger reclined on the sand, and endeavoured to compose his head, which still repeated the motion of the waves. He had scarce resigned himself to sleep, when a deep cry disturbed his slumber with an indistinct and unwelcome image of distress, and approaching nearer changed repose for horror.

An irregular forest arose at a short distance, amidst whose gloomy and entangled underwood appeared some acclivities, which seemed formed to conceal treachery. From this there suddenly rushed a lady of a noble countenance, the lustre of whose eyes was diminished by grief, and whose disordered hair gave her an air of wildness and terrour. The speed of her horse, though urged by blows* and repeated cries, seemed too slow for her wishes. His habitual reverence for misfortune was heightened by regard to her sex, and the violence of her grief. Such an event too at his entrance into Sicily seemed designed by heaven as a favourable omen.

"Oh! whoever you are," she exclaimed, as soon as her agitation allowed her to speak, "if you reverence valour, lend your assistance to Sicily, which in the person of its bravest hero is at-

* "*Nec mitius quam in Phrygio, aut Thebano furore ululanti,*" a simile taken from the extravagances at the feasts of Cybele and Bacchus, is too harsh to be literally translated.

"tacked by banditti. The danger is too imminent to allow time for entreaty, nor can I think of courtesy, when the life of Poliarchus is endangered by treachery. I fled during the tumult, and have, I hope, met you fortunately for his safety, and your glory. These," pointing to her attendants, which now approached, "will assist you in your pious and gallant exertions." While the lady made this address, interrupted by sighs and tears, the stranger prepared his arms, and while his attendants brought his horse he returned this answer. "That I am ignorant of Poliarchus, lady, you will pardon in a stranger, who has just landed on the island; but I shall thank heaven, if I can give assistance to such valour, as you have described." He then sprang on his horse, and requested her to lead the way. One of his servants followed him, while the other remained on the shore to guard the baggage, which haste made it impossible to collect.

They soon reached the entrance of the forest; but its numerous avenues confused the lady's recollection of the part, where she had left Poliarchus; and this uncertainty renewed all the violence of her grief. The stranger alarmed at this excessive sorrow hesitated, whether to remain with her or advance, when suddenly the wood resounding with the shouts of combatants, the clashing of arms, and the trampling of horses, he was roused by the approach of immediate danger. Three ruffians advanced in armour with swords unsheathed, and their hor-

ses on foam, presenting a doubtful appearance either of menace or fear. The stranger, with the rash apprehensions which surprise creates, for a moment suspected the fidelity of the lady, and demanded whether these were the enemies he was to encounter. He at the same time prepared his spear, which he managed with unrivalled skill. But flight was their only object, and by various paths they endeavoured to elude their pursuer. Poliarchus, for whom the lady had displayed so much anxiety, followed them alone, and with a single blow divided the body of the nearest. He pursued the others with increased ardour; but an inequality in the ground caused his horse to stumble, and threw him with violence, tho' without injury, to the ground. The lady, who immediately recognized Poliarchus, flew from her horse to his assistance; but unhurt either by his fall or his wound, he sprang forward to meet her.

When Timoclea, for that was the name of the lady, had informed him of the ready offer of assistance, which she had received from the unknown youth, he turned with eagerness to salute him. He had however already left his horse, and thus anticipated the courtesy of Poliarchus. "If heaven had permitted me to have known your character, I should have been offended with the tears of this lady, which have compelled me to ask forgiveness for the offer of my assistance. I looked with admiration on your intrepidity, when I saw three men flying before you; but with more, when the manner in which you sacrificed

"one of them to your revenge
"convinced me of the reasonable-
"ness of their alarm." Poliar-
chus with much urbanity return-
ed his acknowledgments; observ-
ing that the flight of the robbers
must be attributed to their timid-
ity, rather than to his bravery.

After these compliments they
exchanged salutations and each
had leisure to consider, not only
what to say, but the person whom
he addressed. They contempla-
ted each other's appearance with
eagerness and delight*, each ad-
miring in the other some grace,
which the other saw with admi-
ration in him. They resembled
each other in age, in symmetry,
in attire, in the animated glance
of the eye, and, though with different
features, there appeared the same
nobleness of countenance. The

* The words in the original "id
"quisque, miratus in alio, quo ipse vi-
"cissim mirantem rapiebat. *Ætas*, for-
"ma, habitus, et arcanus lumen
"vigor, pares anni, & quamvis in diver-
"sis frontibus una majestas," display
the familiarity of the Author with the
beautiful paintings of Livy, which live,
and breathe in every line, and on which
the translator is doomed to dwell with
melancholy delight, and to dismiss with-
out a hope of imitation. The minute
observer will notice the author's display
of the exactness of his Latin in ob-
serving the distinction between "*ætas*"
and "*annus*." Our language cannot
without circumlocution express a dis-
tinction between "two of the same age"
and "two the same number of years
old." Among the ancients however,
life was divided into various periods,
each of which was called an age. *Inf-*
antia makes fix; *Infantia*, *pueritia*,
adolescencia, *juventus*, *ætas senioris*, &
senectus. The divisions of Hippocrates
and Varro were in a slight degree dif-
ferent. See *Faciolatus Totius latinis*
Lexicon.

union of courage to so much ef-
fegance was almost a prodigy, and
Timoclea, rejoiced at the meeting
of excellence so closely allied†,
resolved to dedicate two portraits
to the Goddess of beauty. Al-
though delayed by various dis-
asters, she at length performed her
vow, and placed under the picture
this inscription.‡

Thus on each cheek the rose of beauty
glows,
Thus in each eye the mind's warm feel-
ings shine;
Think not that mortal fire such grace
bestows,
Such honours dwell not but on brows
divine.

Not with more lustre flames the living
light,
As glide the § youths auspicious o'er
the waves,
When clouds add horror to the shades
of night,
And o'er the deep the wild wind hoarse-
ly raves.

Not Mars more graceful in Lemnian
arms,
When the shrill clarions hostile armies
rouse;
Or when he clasps the Queen of beau-
ty's charms—
Ah! dreadful only to her hapless spouse.

(*To be continued.*)

† It may be doubted whether "*tan-*
tum par," the expression in the original,
is a pure phrase. Barclay might possi-
bly recollect the "*totum nil*" in Juve-
nal's humorous inventory of the goods
of Codrus, Sat. 3.

‡ The introduction of this circum-
stance will seem awkward, unless we
recollect the custom of the ancients, on
any prosperous event, to dedicate tem-
ples, statues, altars, pictures, &c. to their
tutelary gods.

§ Castor and Pollux, who were said
to appear on the waves during a storm
with their heads encircled with light.

THE SOLDIERS : A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from Vol. I. p. 649.

RODOLPHO's was not that restless passion of inquisitiveness, the never ceasing attendant on mean minds, whose ignorance swells trifles into magnitude ; 'twas the curiosity of sentiment, that he could not resist endeavouring to gratify, and he proceeded towards the cottage.

As he drew near the door the same man met him ; he was a tall spare figure, attired in the simple dress of a woodman ; but the intelligence of his countenance gave expectation of a cultivated mind ; his eyes were piercing, the deep lines of his face seemed to be the channels of sorrow—not age ; as he appeared not to have reached the meridian of man's life.

Rodolpho paid him the tribute of courtesy, the recluse returned it, and immediately said : “ If chance or curiosity have led you to this sequestered spot, or whatever may have been your motive, you are welcome to what my cottage affords. There is nought to pamper luxury ; yet I can offer you the temperate meal that will refresh nature. I *saw* the destructive polish of your weapons through the casement of my dwelling without dismay, and *felt* the motive of your order for sheathing them, as a mark of peace.”

“ It would ill accord with the character of a true Englishman,” replied Rodolpho, “ to intimidate a defenceless unoffending man. My sword,” said he, drawing it out of the scabbard, “ still retains its lustre, nor shall it ever be tarnished by an act so incongruous with the genuine bravery of an Englishman. Chance directed my steps to your dwelling. I am an English officer journeying to a distant camp, and according to the custom of travellers in this land, I stopped at the skirts of the wood to refresh myself and servants. Invited by the harmony of the choristers, and coolness of the deep shade, I strolled on while my horses were feeding, without any definable motive ; enjoying the serenity of the scene, I became insensible of time or distance, till this plain bursting to my view, roused my feelings, and fixed them in wonder and curiosity ; to which your appearance has added an interest more

worthy and more lively than general events excite in my breast.”

Whilst Rodolpho was speaking, the recluse was engaged in placing on a little table some fruits, bread and butter, &c. He appeared evidently agitated during his employment, every moment casting anxious looks out of the back window of the cottage into the wood behind, and as soon as he had completed his office of hospitality, without noticing what Rodolpho had said, he hastily left the room.

Our soldier was surprised at the singular demeanour of the solitary, and paused a few moments in hopes of his return. His manners had promised more courtesy. Ten minutes elapsed—all was still ; not a sound, but the waving of the trees was heard. Rodolpho took a more minute view of the room he was in.

It was plain, and simply convenient ; on a table by the front window lay a small silver tumbler, a thread case, and a volume of Thomson's Seasons, open at the sweet tale of Lavinia. Imagination now gave an interest to his feelings that made expectation painful. Fancy in a few minutes drew a fascinating portrait of the female that resided with the recluse : Hope said, she must be young, innocent, and beautiful, or the tale would be uninteresting to her.

Rodolpho wearied himself with vain conjecture ; the recluse did not return ; his men were wandering round the plain waiting his pleasure, the sun was already beneath the horizon, but the ardency of his wishes to know more of the solitary absorbed his reflections, and he forgot that a thick wood rose between him and the road, that led to a termination of his journey. He walked round the cottage endeavouring to find the path the recluse took, when he left him, but in vain ; it was impervious, and had he discovered it he would not have thought himself privileged to intrude.

“ Perhaps he did not believe my intrusion accidental,” thought Rodolpho, “ and is fled, from the fear of persecution. Alas ! how little does he know me ; but where is his family ? All is mystery beyond the development of conjecture.”

Reluctantly our soldier retraced his path to the cottage, and on a slip of paper he wrote with his pencil, "Lieutenant R— leaves this cottage with sentiments of gratitude to its owner, for the hospitality he has received, but with the painful apprehension that his motive has been mistaken."

He placed the paper on the opened page of Thomson, joined his men, and proceeded. When Rodolpho perceived the thick foliage of the trees, in some places, prevented the rays of the moon that was now risen, from lighting their steps, he condemned a curiosity that led any but himself into difficulty. He frankly told the men he had done wrong. They walked resolutely on, struggling with briars and thorns for some time, without perceiving they had wandered from the path they had entered the wood by; but as it stretched a considerable distance on the road side, they hoped to find their way out, and the situation they left the soldier and their horses in would then easily be discovered.

It was now night, and the darkness was only interrupted by the watery light of the moon, moving through the clouds that enveloped the horizon, and sometimes glimmering through the trees, exhibited their solitary path. Loud gusts of wind broke the silence of the hour, and at intervals the sound of distant thunder added to the dreariness of the scene.

At length Rodolpho perceived the glimmering light of a lamp, or candle, through the trees. It immediately accrued to him, that they had discovered the retreat of the recluse. He stood a few moments, debating if he should endeavour to reach the place the light proceeded from, and ask shelter from the storm that momentarily increased; or brave its fury, and leave the solitary to his repose, for he was persuaded it was him, and was prevented from immediate determination by the fear of again driving him and his family from their abode; for it was evident all had fled at his approaching the cottage.

The flashes of lightning darted in quick succession; the thunder drew nearer, and the rain poured in torrents. The darkness in the short intervals of the flashes was frightfully visible, and

as its pale gleams shone on the countenances of the men, they exhibited to Rodolpho the personification of terror. His stronger mind did not yield to the weakness of fear; but he was evidently anxious to get shelter for the men, whom he had involved in danger and difficulty. He encouraged them to follow him, and force their way through the thick underwood; for they could discover no path that led to the light. They were preparing to make an attempt, when their attention was arrested by soft and sweet music, that seemed to float in the air as the wind died away, and, as it again swelled, it seemed to swell with it, till its harmony was lost in the awful combination of thunder and wind.

Rodolpho with extreme amazement stood listening; he could not immediately determine what instrument it was he heard; but was convinced its harmony was increased by a female voice. The awfulness of the scene had before impressed his mind, and his silent aspirations had been directed to him who was riding on the wings of the wind, when the interposition of soft sounds touched the finest vibrations of his harmonious soul, and lifted it for a moment beyond this sublunary scene. Again the wind sank, the tones of harmony floated in the air, and were again lost in the storm.

The men remained fixed to the spot, nor either breathed a sound. *Terror* had rendered them mute; their feeble minds were now alive only to superstition, and each was impressed with the idea that something supernatural dwelt in the wood, and as it seemed by singing to rejoice at the tempest without, they considered it a malevolent spirit, and were anxiously wishing their leader would retreat *from*, instead of approach the shelter the light promised, and which was before the object of their wishes.

It would not be an uninteresting subject for the curious, in the noble microcosm of the human mind, to investigate why the man, whose life has been an evidence of courage, in whose breast the flame of valour has burnt with the most lustrous brightness, should feel his soul contract, his frame agitated by an involuntary horror, and his whole self

dwindle into the trembling coward, at a sound he cannot account for ; a fleeting form whose rapid motion eludes his full view ; or sometimes even the ignis fatuus, that deceptive terror on ancient record : but there are many movements in the mind of man, whose spring the philosopher may have discovered, tho' he does not declare them, because they would exhibit mortifying assurances of his weakness, and lower the proud standard he has erected.

The courage of the men now with Rodolpho had been tried ; they had stood the bayonet's point, and the bul-

let's course without shrinking, and yet they were appalled in the situation spoken of. Perhaps some, whom chance may direct to open these pages, will exclaim against my *uneducated* proof of weakness ; for we often compliment the higher orders of society with too much injustice, at the expence of the lower. *Courage*, nay *fortitude*, the quality of superiour minds, may be the reigning passions in the breast of a beggar as well as a prince, and wherever they are, their energies will be the same.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGIST.

MR. EDITOR,

The following effusion was written as long ago as the year 1784, and then addressed to an amiable girl, whose ashes have since mingled with common dust. As she was a particular friend of mine, and as the lines were composed by a youth, who was the intimate companion of our early years, I wish for a fairer and more durable copy of them than I can write myself. They were not written to be published, and I suppose will not bear criticising. If you will give them a place in your poetical department without any remarks or acknowledgement, you will gratify one of your constant readers.

MATILDA.

*****, Nov. 1, 1804.

HARMONIOUS beauties paint thy charming face,
And heavenly graces in thy form we trace.

Not the fam'd Helen so attractive shone,
Nor Venus' self so many conquests won ;
All hearts enraptur'd own thy matchless power,
Hail thee their victress, and their bonds adore.

Calm as the morn's soft breeze thy mind's serene,
Or Zephyr's gentlest breath thy temper's seen.

Rude passions never vex thy placid breast,
Disturb thy reason, or impair thy rest.
In heart as ardent, as in manners pure,
Studious to please, of pleasing all secure.

SELECTED.

IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

When snows descend, and robe the fields
In winter's bright array ;
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

When spring appears, when violets blow,
And shed a rich perfume ;
How soon the fragrance breathes its last,
How short-liv'd is the bloom !

Fresh in the morn, the summer rose
Hangs with'ring ere 'tis noon ;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gliding fire an evening star
 Streaks the autumnal skies ;
 Shook from the sphere, it darts away,
 And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
 And sparkle in the eye ;
 So from the lovely finished form
 The transient graces fly.

To this the seasons, as they roll,
 Their attestation bring :
 They warn the fair ; their every round
 Confess the truth I sing.

STANZAS.

By P. L. COURTIER.

Give me the kindling eye, from whence
 I learn within what tumults swell !
 Give me the lip's mute eloquence,
 With more than tongue could ever tell !

Too coy to breathe the gentlest vows ;
 Too warm to let her wishes die
 Though modest, yet what love allows
 She gives : the look, perhaps the sigh.

But ye I spurn of stoick breed,
 Who, nought admiring but yourselves,
 For self for ever joy or bleed,
 Ye heartless and ye tasteless elves.

The beaming soul ye never know,
 The raptur'd tear ye never feel ;
 Yours is the blank and sullen woe,
 Your eyes are dim, your hearts are steel.

But come, thou sympathising pow'r,
 Dear Sensibility, descend !
 And O, with youth's delicious hour,
 Thy magick and thy sweetness's blend.

SONNET.

By PETER BAYLEY, JUN. ESQ.

Oh bliss, how dearly priz'd ! once more
 enchain
 My weary soul ; return, O SLEEP,
 and shed
 Thy dews upon my eyelids ; round
 my head
 Bid thy light visions float in airy train,
 And foremost that enchantress bring
 again.

Oh bring her clad in smiles, and
 round her spread
 The softened grace, the meekness
 that has fed
 The flames of love, and bowed me to
 her reign.
 Then come, sweet sleep, to my fond soul
 be shown
 That beauteous vision, smiling sweet
 and fair,
 And banish from my pillow grief and
 care :

Too much of these my waking hours
 have known ;
 Ah why do those soft smiles but bless
 my dreams !
 Why fly they when the early morn-
 ing beams !

TO MIRTH.

HASTE thee, Mirth, enlivening power,
 Parent of the genial hour,
 God of sports, without delay,
 Bless, oh bless the votive day.
 Here, where new-born roses glow,
 And the hawthorn blossoms blow ;
 And the warbling linnets sing,
 Wave thy pleasure-breathing wing.
 Come, with all thy sportive train ;
 Come inspire the festive strain :
 Leave awhile the the Paphian grove
 Here the radiant Queen of love
 Strays the sylvan scenes among,
 Mistress of the rural song,
 And, how charming is the bloom,
 Does my Phœbe's form assume.

THE CHURCH-PORCH—(Continued.)

BE sweet to all. Is thy complexion
 fowre ?
 Then keep such companie ; make them
 thy allay :
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will
 lowre.
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
 Command thy self in chief. He lifes
 warre knowes,
 Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares
 not speak
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
 Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will
 break :
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst
 little do ;
 And do them not : that shall thy
 wisdom be ;
 And change thy temperance into
 braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
 'Tis a thinne webbe, which poysonous
 fancies make :
 But the great souldiers honour was
 compos'd
 Of thicker stuffe, which would endure
 a shake.
 Wisdom picks friends ; civillie
 playes the rest,
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with
 the best.

Laugh not too much : the witty man
 laughs least :
 For wit is news onely to ignorance.
 Lesse at thine own things laugh ; lest in
 the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit ad-
 vance.
 Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly
 That feeds on dung, is coloured
 thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy
 ground,
 Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusiveness.
 These are the scum, with which coarse
 wits abound :
 The fine may spare these well, yet not
 go lesse.
 All things are big with jest : nothing
 that's plain
 But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes the en-
 gineer :
 Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not
 with liking :
 But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
 Many affecting wit beyond their
 power,
 Have got to be a deare fool for an
 houre.

A sad wife valour is the brave com-
 plexion,
 That leads the van, and swallows up the
 cities.
 The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
 Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his
 ditties.
 Then he's the sport : the mirth then
 in him rests,
 And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective
 boldnesse :
 That temper gives them theirs, and yet
 doth take
 Nothing from thine : in service, care
 or coldnesse
 Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
 Feed no man in his finnes : for adu-
 lation
 Doth make thee parcel-devil in dam-
 nation.

Envy not greatnesse : for thou mak'st
 thereby
 Thy self the worse, and so the distance
 greater.
 Be not thine own worm : yet such
 jealousy,
 As hurts not others, but may make thee
 better,
 Is a good spurre. Correct thy pas-
 sion's spite,
 Then may the beasts draw thee to
 happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour, for the persons sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost ven-
 erate ;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his
 back.
 I care not though the cloth of State
 should be
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestrie-
 (To be continued.)

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1805.

"BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND."—HUMPHREYS.

ART. 1.

Sermons on various important subjects, written partly on sundry of the more difficult passages in the sacred volume. By Rev. Andrew Lee, A. M. pastor of the north church in Lisbon, Connecticut.

[Continued from Vol. i. p. 403.]

THESE sermons were partly reviewed in the Anthology for November last. In justice to so respectable a volume, we are bound to notice a few more of the excellent discourses it contains. In that upon "the danger of deviating from divine institutions" its ingenious author points out some of those means, by which innovations have been effected, and the success with which these means have been attended.

Some, *spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit*, have made changes in the divine institutions, and attempted improvements upon them since the commencement of the gospel day. This hath been a leading trait of character in the chiefs of the Romish church. Many of the heads of that communion have signalized themselves in this way. And some of their alterations have operated to impress what was thought to be religion, as hath been observed.

Another way in which they have manifested the same disposition hath been the multiplying of holydays. Under various pretences, nearly half the days in the year have been consecrated to religion, by order of those gods on earth. Some real, and many fictitious

faints, have days consecrated to their memory.

Here is a great shew of wisdom, and zeal for God and his cause in the world; calling men so often from their temporal concerns to attend to the duties of religion! Who can do other than approve it? Doubtless many have been deceived by appearances, and considered those as wise and good who have done these things. But this is far from being their character. These have been the doings of "Antichrist, the man of sin—the son of perdition! Because of these things cometh the wrath of God, on the children of disobedience!" All these specious measures are no better than Saul's sacrificing, Uzzah's steadying the ark, and the use of images in divine worship! They are opposition to the orders of the Most High, and rebellion against him.

"Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work"—Whoever takes it on himself to alter this appointment, "thinks to change times and laws;" which was foretold of him who should "speak great words against the Most High."

The Lord's-day is the only day which God hath sanctified under the gospel dispensation. This infinite wisdom judged sufficient. Had more been requisite, more would have been consecrated by divine order. But not a hint of any other holyday is to be found in the New Testament.

Occasional calls there may be to fasting and thanksgiving; and we have scripture warrant for attending them in their seasons. But fixing on certain days of the year, or month, *flatly* to call men from their secular business to attend to religion, and requiring the consecration of them to religion is adding to the book of God. However well

intended, it goes on mistaken principles, and however specious in appearance, is affronting the wisdom and authority of heaven.

Most of the errors referred to above, are found among Pagans or Catholics; but is nothing of the same kind chargeable on Protestants? "Are there not with us sins against the Lord our God?" And of the same nature with those we have been contemplating? The knowledge of others' errors may be for our warning; but the knowledge of our own is requisite to our reformation. Where then are we directed of God religiously to observe Christmas, Lent, or Easter? Where to attend the eucharist only twice or thrice a year; and never without one or more preparatory lectures? Where to add a third prayer at the administration of that ordinance, when our divine pattern only blessed the bread, before he distributed it to his disciples, and gave thanks to the Father, before he divided to them the cup? Where are we directed to attend quarterly seasons of prayer, or to hold weekly conferences for religious purposes?

But these are well intended. So probably was Uzzah's steadying the ark—But some of these do help on the cause of God, and even more than the stale attendance on Lord's-day duties. So thought those who introduced images and paintings into churches. [Some indeed attend those, who neglect Lord's-day duties.]

Have we then discovered defects in the divine plan! And do we feel ourselves capable of making emendations in it!—Of "teaching eternal wisdom how to rule!"—How to effect its purposes of mercy!

Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. "Vain man would be wise"—He naturally thinks himself qualified, even to ameliorate divine institutions. Temptation to this sin coincides with a natural bias in depraved humanity. Many and very mischievous errors have issued from it. Would we escape the snare we must listen to the apostle speaking in the text.—The sum of his advice is to keep to the divine directions, especially in matters of religion. These are contained and

plainly taught in the holy scriptures, which we have in our hands, and of the sense of which we must judge for ourselves; remembering that we are accountable to God the judge of all.

As some are spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit, others are corrupted by regard to the tradition of men and rudiments of the world. This endangered the Colossians, and eventually ruined the church of Rome. The leading errors of paganism were thereby introduced into that christian church, and rendered it completely antichristian. Errors, which seemed to have been destroyed by christianity, were again revived, and the abominations, which they had occasioned, were acted over again with enlargements!

The traditions of men, and rudiments of the world, have still their seducing influence. Most men swim down with the current of the times—adopt the sentiments and conform to the usages of those with whom they live. The popular scheme of religion they consider as the orthodox scheme, and the religion of the land the true religion. Therefore is one nation Papists, another Protestants, one Calvinists, another Lutherans. These differences of sentiment do not arise from differences in the mental constitutions of nations, but from the accidental difference of situation.

Few have sufficient independence of mind to "judge of themselves what is right." Many, who "call Christ Lord, receive for doctrines the commandments of men." Therefore doth religion vary like the fashions of the world. Was the fashion of the world to be the rule of judgment it might be wise to follow it: But "we must every one give an account of himself to God," and be judged by the rule which he hath given us. It becomes us therefore to "call no man master, because one is our Master, even Christ." To him we are accountable. At our peril do we neglect obedience to his commands.

In another discourse, upon the fear which terminates in the second death, he obviates those difficulties which the text might seem to create, especially in timi-

minds ; and proves that the fear to which such punishment is annexed, is a fear of that kind, *which precludes trust in God, and reliance on his grace in Christ ; which operates to explain away the practical laws of God ; which puts men upon duty in order to atone for sin, and which shrinks from the hardships of religion. When fear has this effect, it drives the sinner from the mercy, which alone can save him.*

We can speak with equal commendation of many other discourses in this volume ; of that upon divine impartiality ; upon the aggravated guilt of him who delivered Christ to Pilate ; upon the trial of Peter's love to Christ ; upon human characters determined only by divine decision, &c. : all of which discover deep reflection, correct judgment, and catholic sentiments. But we have given sufficient specimens of the work to recommend it to the perusal of such, as are pleased with sound and rational theology.



ART. 2.

Observations on the trial by jury ; with miscellaneous remarks concerning legislation and jurisprudence and the professors of the law. Also, shewing the dangerous consequences of innovations in the fundamental institutions of the civil polity of a state. Illustrated by authorities, and manifested by examples. Addressed to the citizens of Pennsylvania. By an American.

[Continued from Vol. i. p. 665.]

HAVING thus traced with much learning and minuteness the origin of the trial by jury ;

having proved by extracts from the best English authors of law and history that, among all their popular institutions, there is none to which the people of England have adhered with greater firmness, none which they have guarded with more rigid jealousy ; that in this country it was the birth-right of our American ancestors, and is secured as a constitutional right to every citizen of the United States ; that it has always been considered as the darling prerogative of the people, which they would not suffer to be violated with impunity ; that the depriving us in many cases of the benefits of a jury was one of the grievances stated in the declaration of independence, as a ground of our separating from the government of Great-Britain, and an high charge of misrule against the British king ; that the intervention of a jury is indispensable in every judicial tribunal of common law jurisdiction within the United States, our author indulges himself in expressions of honest indignation against those wild infuriated men who, under the pretext of being the exclusive friends of the people and the sole guardians of their rights, but in reality intent only on exalting themselves and promoting particulars interests by " grinding the faces of the poor" and unwary, have, with infernal artifice, attacked this " bulwark of our personal and private rights, this fortress against petty and private oppression."

Should any man appear among us, who should thus " dare," however covertly, in order to accomplish his own purposes, to seduce us out of our most invaluable rights, and thus violate the

constitutions of the land; such man ought to be marked as our worst enemy.—Let the man with those views also beware!—Let him not, by schemes of avaricious selfishness and personal ambition, attempt to impose on a worthy, free, and magnanimous people! If he should, unfortunately, have intrigued himself into the confidence of any portion of his honest, unsuspecting countrymen—and found his way into the councils of the nation, by his hypocrisy, his avarice, or his ambition; let him remember, that the constitution of his country—THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND—has interposed barriers against his projects for *stripping the rights of the people*. But if he should fail to bear this in remembrance, he may be assured that an enlightened people, jealous of their privileges and the liberties of their country, will not forget it. They will readily ascertain the nature and extent of those boundaries, which limit the power and authority of all publick functionaries, by the answer which will suggest itself to the question, *What is a constitution?* It will be found to be, in the emphatick words of judge Patterson, “The form of government, delineated by the mighty hand of the people; in which certain first principles, or fundamental laws, are established. The constitution is certain and fixed: it contains the permanent will of the people, and is the supreme law of the land; and can be revoked or altered, only, by the authority that made it.”

And if it be asked.—What are *legislatures*? the answer occurs, in the words of the same very respectable judge:—“Creatures of the constitution—they owe their existence to the constitution—they derive their powers from the constitution: it is their commission; and therefore, all their acts must be conformable to it,—or *disseverato*. The constitution is the work or will of the people themselves; in their original sovereign, and unlimited capacity: Law is the will of the legislature, in their derivative capacity.”

The writer observes, that the same men who have evinced their hostility to jury trial have manifested an unjust, an illiberal antipathy to the profession of the

law; the same men, so zealous for proscribing the one, are equally delirious for abolishing the other; and traces the origin of these preposterous and ungrounded prejudices, as the pious and learned Sir Mathew Hale had done before him, to ignorance, jealousy, and envy.

He then proceeds to give some account of the introduction of attornies in England. Formerly, according to the old Gothick constitution, as Sir William Blackstone remarks, every suitor was compelled to appear in person to prosecute or defend his suit, unless he was otherwise permitted by special licence under the king's letters patent; and this is still the law of England in criminal causes, though as to matters of law arising on trial for capital offences the prisoner is there entitled to counsel. The learned commentator further observes, that in the Roman law, though it was anciently the practice that no person could act in the name of another, yet because this was attended with great inconveniences men began to conduct their judicial controversy through the medium of lawyers; so in the English, and in our law, upon the same principle of convenience, it is provided in general that attornies, constituted by the parties, may prosecute or defend any action. The right then is clear and definite both by our law and the English in civil suits, and the constitution in this country has extended it in like manner to all criminal actions or prosecutions; and this right has grown out of the necessity of the measure, grounded on principles of reason and justice.

Our author next warns his countrymen, against projects of innovation on their ancient and established rights, however plausible they may be made to appear; against being deluded by unreasonable prejudices against courts and officers of the law, fomented by interested, treacherous, disappointed, or designing men. He reminds them of the dreadful consequences which flowed from this disposition, and from these absurd prejudices in England, in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry VI. In the former of these reigns, he observes, hosts of poor deluded people, instigated by a few crafty and mischievous leaders, broke into open rebellion against the government, committing in their mad career most horrible crimes of every kind. The pretences of these miscreants and their followers, according to Dr. Brady, were "liberty, changing the evil customs of the nation, and cutting off the heads of all the lawyers great and small wherever they could find them, for that the nation never could enjoy true liberty, till they were killed." These wretched men all paid the forfeit of their lives for their crimes; some were executed as traitors, others were killed at the head of the rabble.* Seventy years afterwards, in the reign of Henry VI., the same tragedy and

* Sir John Gower, who lived in the fourteenth century, and who is said to have been one of the most admired poets of the age, wrote a poem called "vox clamantis," which was a chronicle of this rebellion. The solemnity of the style and lowness of the subject give it in some places a burlesque appearance, as in the following catalogue of the leaders of the insurgents, which we beg:

farce were exhibited on the same theatre; the plot, the actors, and the catastrophe were also of a like nature. Cade was their chief. He also wished to "reform the government," and "ease the people"; he also abhorred the law, lawyers, and knowledge; and he, with twenty-six of his associates, by a most righteous judgment, expiated their crimes on a gibbet. *Quorum vestigiis insistant, exitus perhorrescant.* Our author concludes the work before us with some judicious reflections on the dangerous consequences of a violent party spirit in a free government.

The observations, which appeared in our Review for September last, on the style, the candour, and the independence of the political sentiments of the writer of the Constitutionalist, apply with equal propriety to the Author of the work before us, and, if we have not been misinformed, both productions were from the same gentleman.

At the close of this volume are inserted observations on the extension of the jurisdiction and powers of justices of the peace, published in the Lanoaster Intelligencer in December, 1802, and

leave to introduce for the amusement of our readers.

Watte vocat, cui Thome venit, neque Symme retardat,

Bitteque, Gibbe, simul Hythe, venire jubent. Ecce furit, quem Gibbe juroat nocumenta parantes,

Cum quibus ad damnum Wille coire vocit. Grigge rapit, dum Daive..scepit, comes est quibus Hobbe

Lorkin, et in medio non minor esse putat. Hudae ferit quos Judee terit, dum Tibbe juvatur

Jutke domus que viros valit, et ensecat, &c.

addressed to the legislature of Pennsylvania. They were written by the same author, previous to the work which we have already noticed at considerable length, and give a less extensive view of the same subject, the trial by jury.

We cannot bid adieu to our author, without again expressing our high sense of the independence and boldness, with which he nobly dares to deliver his sentiments on a most interesting topic, although those sentiments are obnoxious in the extreme to an immense majority of the people of Pennsylvania. If Horace believed that his heart must surely have been cased in oak or threefold brass, who first had the courage to entrust himself in a slender bark to the tempestuous billows of the ocean, what terms of admiration can we find to do justice to the magnanimity of that mind which, from principle, nobly dares to resist and encounter the perils and storms of the tempestuous sea of an uncontrolled democracy, the natural state of which is a state of turmoil? It has no repose but the repose of a volcano; the appearance of a calm disguises a deep fermentation which prepares only for a new explosion.

ART. 2.

A discourse to a society of young men in London; preached in the year 1719, by Rev. John Cumming, minister of the Scots church, London. Bolton. Manning & Loring.

FROM the advertisement of this discourse in the newspaper, one would very naturally sup-

pose that it was designed to counteract infidelity, and to lead christians to a common defence of their religion. It was also reasonable to expect that, as nearly a century had elapsed since it was first printed, some extraordinary merit which it possessed, or some peculiarly "seasonable thoughts," which it contained, recommended its recovery from the dumb forgetfulness, in which it had so long remained.

But we were somewhat disappointed and surprised when we found that, instead of being a vindication of our common christianity, it is founded on the principle of exclusive orthodoxy, and is a declaration of war against all, who do not espouse what is denominated the *common faith* respecting the "ever blessed and undivided Trinity." Christianity is represented as in imminent danger, and infidelity threatening to prevail, because all christians are not Trinitarians. To many persons this will appear a groundless and false alarm, considered as applied to our age and country; for we say nothing of the time and period in which it was written. Whoever was instrumental in offering it to the public at this time should hold himself responsible for its contents, no less, than if he himself were the writer. We trust this was not duly considered; if it were, as christians we can hardly desire to draw him from concealment.

The text of this discourse is the 3d verse of Jude. *It was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you, that you should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.*

A discourse on such a subject as this cannot be unseasonable at any time, and may seem necessary at a time, when the foundations of our religion are openly attacked, a new faith is imposed upon christians, and when the revivers of an exploded heresy impudently boast of numbers and authorities.

Now, reader, recollect that this discourse is published as containing "seasonable thoughts," and deserves the same strictness of animadversion as though it were recently written, and written for the present state of the church. We ask then, what is this "new faith," which "is imposed upon christians"? Who are the "revivers of an exploded heresy"?

"All distinction between heresy and sound doctrine is laughed at as ridiculous," &c. This charge may come very well from a devotee to a Presbyterian hierarchy; but where are we to obtain our authority for deciding on heresy, for discriminating in all points between sound doctrine and false?

"Things are come to a crisis, and the common vaunt is, that it will be the glory of this age to end in Arianism." It is desirable that this "exploded" controversy should not be revived; but, when what was designed as a reproach at the beginning of the last century, is so unfairly and presumptuously cast upon no one knows whom at the beginning of the present, we involuntarily wish to ascertain what is meant. Whoever has imagined this discourse so "seasonable," will doubtless inform us who have boasted or predicted, "that it will be the glory of this inquisitive age to end in Arianism."

After speaking of heterodox schemes and the opinions now propagated among us by the disciples of Arius, we find the following very sober and candid reflection.

When such a dreadful scene opens to our view, when there is a manifest conspiracy carried on against the fundamentals of our religion, it should animate the zeal of christians, &c.

Where, by whom, and in what manner is this dreadful and alarming conspiracy "manifested" and carried on against the fundamentals of christianity? In our country surely. By infidels? No, by heretical christians. In what ways? Through the instrumentality of books, pamphlets, newspapers, or periodical publications? By secret plots, inflammatory declamation, or addresses from the sacred desk?—This remains to be explained!

From remarking on the divinity and satisfaction of Christ, the the writer of this discourse proceeds to observe,

I might mention other principles in revealed religion, which have a necessary connexion with the former, and which are esteemed fundamental by the unanimous suffrage of all the reformed churches.

The "suffrage of reformed churches" is not admitted to the rule of faith by Congregationalists; nor indeed in words by any other churches. But it is very questionable, whether it can be made to appear that there has been such a harmony in opinions, as our author would make us believe. The reformed church of England, for example, has its ar-

ticles of faith, and those to which it requires the assent of all candidates for its protection, honours, and emoluments. But it is well known that many of its clergy and even dignitaries, most eminent, pious, and candid, have explained many of these articles in a manner very different from the writer of this discourse, and not very satisfactory to him who has disturbed his ashes. What will such say of Tillotson, Clarke, and Watson? They will not surely deny *them* the name of christians. It is not thought expedient to change or annul any articles or canons of faith in the English church. But, were its clergy assembled in council, we should be far from finding an "unanimous suffrage" in their favour; unless every one would comply with secret constructions and mental reservations.

Without stating many of his premises, this preacher to the young lays down his conclusion,

That it is a necessary part of faith, a fundamental in our religion, to believe that our Lord Jesus Christ is God, in the native and literal sense of the word as it signifies a being of infinite perfections, of absolute eternity, and *necessary existence*.

—This is that faith we must live and die in, if we will be christians: If we suffer ourselves to grow cold or indifferent towards it; it will be an easy matter for the adversaries of the truth first to make us scepticks, and then to overthrow our faith entirely, in those points of revealed religion that are apprehended to be of less moment, or in which a difference in opinion may be thought less hazardous.

It would be very gratifying, if the person who has given us this new edition of Scotch bigotry, would become his author's com-

mentator upon these sentences. And surely he will not shrink from the task through an apprehension of perplexing orthodox christians. He will not suffer *them* to wrest such passages to their own confusion. "Every one that will live and die a christian must believe that Christ is *absolutely eternal, and necessarily existent*." A glorious anathema, worthy of being fulminated in modern times! And who has authorized a Cumming of 1805 thus rashly to denounce many of our most pious and exemplary men, and to pronounce damnatory sentence upon the memory of some of our reverend fathers? How does he dare thus insolently to trample on the ashes of the dead? thus presumptuously to arraign the living who have not manifested all that temerity of judgment, and intrepidity in decision, which he is ready to exercise? Is this to become the spirit of our times? Is any one among us to assume it as a truth that a certain church rightly interprets a particular doctrine? to call those, who decide by the same scriptures, hereticks? and to revive a spirit of controversy on a subject, which has already sufficiently confounded the judgment and inflamed the passions of the christian world, and filled English libraries with volumes and volumes of Trinitarian and Unitarian tracts?

Throughout the whole bible Jesus Christ is definitively and absolutely declared to be God and Lord, and the titles and attributes of the only Lord God are, *without limitation*, ascribed to him, &c.

Many, who have read and thought upon this subject, will think that this sentence needs very

much explanation. The assertion it contains can apply to but a small number of texts which speak of Christ. It is a party decision founded on a few detached passages of scripture.

Let those, that think it proper to screen their real sentiments, make use of terms ambiguous and equivocal: it becomes the ministers of Christ to be open, free, and explicit in declaring what they believe; *what that faith is*, which they preach to others; and in detecting the errors, which are opposed to it. We had much better be altogether silent, than perplex men's minds and ensnare their consciences by giving an uncertain sound; or making use only of words, that have no determinate meaning, or which the greatest corrupters of the faith wrest to a contrary one.

All this doubtless is said with particular reference to the doctrine of the Trinity; for our author seems to consider it the sum and substance of christian faith. But no "ambiguous" nor "equivocal" words must be used. Extraordinary indeed! Then surely there is nothing mysterious in the Trinity, nor are there any texts relating to the person of Christ of doubtful interpretation. All serious men will unquestionably explain them precisely in the same way.

Speaking of the means to be used in contending for the faith, the writer remarks, "they are not carnal. It excludes all manner of violence, coercive power," &c. Humane indeed! But fail not to wield your spiritual weapons, to create false alarms, to hold up to publick jealousy certain sects of christians, and by those and other means to impair and destroy their reputation and usefulness.

In relation to our Saviour he says, "*He owns none but voluntary subjects, nor has appointed any other force to make them such, but that of constraining love, instructing reasons, and gentle entreaties,*" &c.

What an assumption is it then in his followers to have recourse to strong denunciations to terrify, and creeds and confessions containing subjects of "doubtful disputation" to bind and shackle the mind.

We come now to a very strange sort of rhapsody upon "false teachers and seducers."

When they blaspheme the Author and Finisher of our faith, deny his eternal Godhead, profane his blood, the price of our redemption, as accidentally shed, and turn into burlesque and ridicule the unity of the sacred Three; when such blasphemies, I say, appear without disguise and are vended without control, it is high time for the stewards of the mysteries of God (unless that character is to be given up in compliment to the tribe of libertines) to bestir themselves in vindication of those truths, that are in a particular manner committed to their trust.

All this doubtless has been thought applicable to our times, or, like some other passages in the original discourse inconsistent with all candour and decorum, it would have been suppressed.

For my own part, I cannot conceive how those, who depart from the common faith of the reformed churches in the doctrine of the ever blessed and undivided Trinity; who oppose the true Deity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, his being one God with the Father, of the same adorable nature; who regard his death as an accidental thing, or deny it to be a proper atonement for sin, a complete satisfaction to Divine Justice; can any longer retain

a due esteem for the scripture as given by inspiration of God.

Here the preacher has certainly represented as inseparable tenets, which are not always found united in the same creed. The absurdity of perpetually prating upon the "common faith of the reformed churches" strikes every one, who has a slight knowledge only of the diversity of opinion among their respectable clergy. That the disbelief of the Athanasian Trinity implies a denial of the atonement, we do not admit.

We produce the following as an example of our author's fairness and candour.

Such is the absurdity of a dependant God, who neither was made out of nothing, nor is the self existent substance, but a middle nature between created and uncreated ! who is not absolutely eternal, and yet always was ! who is indeed omnipotent, or may be so called, but is not supreme over all ! who is God over all, blessed forevermore, and yet a precarious, inferior being, as much depending upon the Supreme Cause, as those vain men, who form to themselves such a chimerical divinity ! Are these very intelligible notions ?

Certainly not. But it is very easy for a man of less ingenuity than the writer of this discourse to create a set of absurdities, and charge them upon a sect of christians.

On the subject of belief he says, "I grant it is no good reason why we should hold fast an opinion merely because generally received and long entertained," &c.

This is a concession, which the general spirit of the discourse gave us little reason to anticipate. We had thought before, that, in the

Vol. II. No. 1. G

opinion of the writer, the "unanimous suffrage of the protestant churches" was sufficient to establish a doctrine.

The faith of the gospel has been settled long ago. The church has been in possession of that faith from the beginning, and from the beginning took the word of scripture in a certain determinate sense, &c.

This is a downright falsehood.

And though no christian ought to ground his faith on any other testimony, than that of scripture, yet it should be no small satisfaction to all good men, that the great truths they contend for have been always held and maintained by the christian church.

The writer has certainly blended things in the strangest manner. He makes the scriptures competent to settle all points of faith, and yet brings in the church in all ages (including the testimony of fathers and councils no doubt) to settle points already settled. We have not room here to investigate this subject ; but the author of this discourse ought to have known that, on the doctrine of the Trinity, there has been a diversity of opinion in the "church" "from the beginning" ; fathers against fathers, and councils against councils, and sects against sects, and churches against churches.

What is commonly taught in the reformed churches in their confessions and articles, concerning the doctrine of the Trinity and the person of Christ, is the very same with what was believed and taught in the christian church from the beginning, though not without opposition from Satan and his emulraries.

Such hardihood in assertion is not common. Who would have imagined that there were any in

the midst of us capable of advancing what they can so ill support, and taking the responsibility of proving what will always remain uncertain?

Our readers have seen enough to show the spirit of this discourse. That there are some things in it which exhibit a christian temper is perhaps true. It would be strange if it were otherwise. But as a whole, we dare affirm that nothing has appeared for many years which rivals it in assertion unsupported, in declamation loose and ill directed, and bigotry indescribably narrow.

In the copy printed in 1719 there are several notes, containing a great display of criticism and apparent demonstration. These, except a part of one which the editors had better have suppressed, are omitted in the new edition. We complain not of this. But when, in the body of a discourse, several pages, which the author we should imagine deemed important, are struck out, the public are certainly entitled to a notice of it at the commencement of the work. We pretend to no great casuistry on this subject; but there is surely something that indicates all is not right, when parts of a scarce publication are omitted which strongly mark its character.

ART. 4.

A sermon delivered at Plymouth, December 21st, 1804, at the anniversary of the landing of our fathers in December, 1620. By

Alden Bradford, A. M. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

THIS sermon is written in a neat style; the language is generally pure, though a few words are introduced, not authorised by the best dictionaries, or sanctioned by any respectable writers. The sentiments are impressive, and the reasoning on the necessity of electing only christians to offices of influence and power is supported by the example of our forefathers and the force of candid arguments. The historical notes at the end are instructive, and merit the attention of Judge Marshall, who, in the first vol. of the life of Washington, has confounded the grave disciples of Robinson with the gloomy adherents of Brown.

ART. 5.

Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and eulogy by Professor Webber, at the funeral of Rev. Joseph Willard, S. T. D. LL. D. President of the University in Cambridge, with a sermon the next Lord's-day by Rev. Mr. Holmes. Cambridge. Hilliard.

THE language of eulogy has of late become almost as exactly determined, as the laws of the drama. We are always prepared to find a character brightened by every virtue and adorned with every grace; a picture covered with the most rich and lavish colouring, but without a single shade to soften the glare, and give interest and nature to the representation. This extravagance, for which the French cu-

logists are remarkable, must be forever repugnant to our moral feelings and taste, "incredulus odi," and no ingenuity can make us look with pleasure, on this "faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw."

We observe with pleasure, that the eulogy of Professor Webber is in no degree exposed to this objection. Indeed there could not be a more simple, chaste, and natural delineation of the fortitude of mind and the tenderness of heart; of the unbending dignity of manners, and the unadulterated nobleness of disposition, which distinguished the late venerable president. It is pleasant thus to see, that the rigid fields of demonstration are not barren of flowers, and that he who breathes the lofty and rarified atmosphere of speculation does not lose the best feelings and charities of social life.

The prayer by Dr. Lathrop is pathetick and appropriate; and as it contains many applications of the language of scripture, is necessarily solemn and sublime. The sermon by Rev. Mr. Holmes displays much piety, much judgment, and much manly and correct composition. We observe however, in more than one instance, a deviation from our present translation of the Old Testament; e. g. an ellipsis of the words *there is*, in the passage, "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Ellipses and hyperbata in Hebrew are more harsh than in any other language, and if we generally attempt to follow literally its construction, we shall find a multitude of phra-

ses which can never be naturalized into our language.*

We should extract some passages from these performances; but our limits are so contracted, that we are denied that pleasure.

ART. 6.

The wisdom and duty of magistrates.

A sermon, preached at the general election in Connecticut, May 10, 1804. By Zebulon Ely, A. M. pastor of a church in Lebanon. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin. 1804. pp. 35.

THIS is a plain, sensible, and appropriate discourse. The text on which it is founded is in the 2d Psalm, the 10, 11, 12 verses; and from it the author deduces the instruction, that "it is the wisdom and duty of kings, judges, and all in authority among men, how exalted soever their stations may be, to serve the Lord and be the friends of Jesus." He has ably delineated the character of a christian magistrate; and we could not peruse his discourse, without congratulating our sister state on the possession of such rulers, and a deep conviction of the happiness which would result to the world, from an universal extension of the principles of our holy religion.

* *As, ego pax, i. e. vir pacis. Psalm cxx. 7. Miserunt civitatem in ignem, i. e. ignem in civitatem. Deut. ii. 3. &c.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To "*Harvardiensis*."

SIR,

AN injudicious friend often proves as mischievous as a professed enemy, and extravagant encomium too often wears the semblance of irony, the severest species of satire. When we first read your address to the Boston Reviewers, we conceived that you were ridiculing the talents of a most respectable man, and we felt just indignation at the supposed insidious attack. But on a second perusal we found reason to believe you serious, and have concluded that you are some vain stripling, just entered into the sophomoric class, eager to display your scanty reading, and foolishly supposing that the honour of American literature is involved in the fate of the volume which you undertake to defend.

The respectable author must blush at the ridiculous praises that you have heaped on him, for no man living possesses more modesty, or is less infected with those most despicable of all human infirmities, vanity and egotism.

Our review was approved of by the best judges, as candid and just, copied into the Port-Folio, a publication of distinguished taste, and gave great satisfaction, we have reason to think, to the Colonel himself, who purchased several numbers of the Anthology which contained it, previously to his last leaving town.

Colonel Humphreys, Sir, we can assure you, is not vain of his literary talents, and so far from placing himself in the first rank of English poets, would modestly

retreat to the sixth, though the world in justice would willingly assign him a station in the fourth. His productions are those of a gentleman, who writes for amusement, and who has been prevailed on to publish, contrary to his own judgment, by the importunities of friends. He justly considers them as the trifles of his leisure, which his military and diplomatic character will probably out-live. We carefully culled all the flowers that we could find, and if we overlooked any of superiour bloom and fragrance, it was incumbent on you to supply our deficiency. We praised the life of Putnam as an interesting narrative, and if we were silent on his other productions in prose, it was because we could discover nothing in them to commend. They are in no respect superiour to the daily essays of a newspaper, and we are sorry to say, that his address before the Cincinnati cannot even boast this very moderate degree of merit.

Your authorities in support of false accentuation are nothing to the purpose, as *unknown* is the only word of the many objected to, which you can justify by quotations. You cite Watts and Pulteney as accenting it indifferently on the ultimate and penultimate, a sufficient proof that they were too loose in the use of language to be considered as authorities. We have yet to learn that Dr. Watts is a great poet, though we readily acknowledge him entitled to the higher praise of having been an excellent man. We must confess that of the poetical name

of Pulteney we have barely heard, and if he is, as you assert, among the *best English authorities*, we must take shame to ourselves for our ignorance. If on the other hand, he is merely an obscure translator, unknown to men of taste and literature, you ought to blush for citing such a writer. Johnson, who wrote his lives of the poets for the booksellers, had he been allowed, would doubtless have omitted many which he has inserted.

You attempt to justify the emphasis on adjectives, by quotations from respectable writers, and we willingly agree with you that it may occasionally be a beauty. But its frequent repetition is unquestionably a fault, as it carries with it the appearance of affectation; and we will undertake to affirm that there are more instances of this affectation in the works which you defend, than can be found in any two good poets in the language.

Your justification of *licit*, which you acknowledge is unauthorized, proves you a true disciple of Noah Webster, that scourge of gram-

mar, no less than your sneer at English literature. Yet let us inform you, young Sir, that all sensible Americans will rely on the great writers of that nation as authorities, until we can produce equal excellence. We know of no American language, that is not Indian, and feel no inclination to resort to the Choctaws, the Chick-saws, the Cherokees, and the Tuscaroras for literary instruction. Whilst we speak and write the English language, we are satisfied to be guided in our use of that language by approved English writers, by which we shall guard against modern foppery and provincial impurities. If we flatter ourselves that we have already attained to perfection, we encourage a vain delusion, which will tend to cherish vanity and prevent improvement. Should you, Sir, live till your beard grows, you will be ashamed of your puerile panegyrick on a volume, whose author is probably as much pleased with our candid remarks, as he must be disgusted with your absurd and fulsome adulation.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
For JANUARY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUEDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A Digest of the laws of Maryland, to which is added the acts of Congress for the District of Columbia, from the assumption of jurisdiction to the end of the session which terminated in the year 1804 inclusive. By Thomas Herty. 2 vols. Washington.

The Works of the Hon. James Wilson, LL.D. late one of the associate jus-

tices of the supreme court of the United States and professor of law in the college of Philadelphia. 3 vols. octavo. Philadelphia. Bronson & Chauncy.

A Digest of the revenue laws of the United States, by L. Addington, attorney at Law. Philadelphia.

An Epitome of the arts and sciences, being a comprehensive system of

the elementary parts of an useful and polite education upon the plan of a similar work of B. Turner, LL.D. of Magdalen college, Oxford; augmented, improved, and adapted to the use of schools in the United States; illustrated by various engravings of subjects in natural history. Philadelphia.

The counting house Calender for 1805, embracing a variety of useful tables well adapted to trading purposes. Baltimore. Warner & Hanna.

A Dissertation on the right and obligation of the civil magistrate to take care of the interest of religion, and provide for its support; in which the arguments in confirmation of said right and obligation, both from reason and the sacred scriptures, are adduced; the usual objections examined; together with several corollaries deduced from the subject. By Rev. Simon Backus, A. M. Connecticut.

A Companion for the festivals and fasts of the protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America, principally selected from Nelson's companion for the festivals and fasts of the church of England. By John Henry Hobart, A. M. an assistant minister of Trinity church, New York. To which are added, Pastoral advice to young persons before and after confirmation, by a minister of the church of England, and an exhortation to family prayer, by Bishop Gibson, with forms of devotion.

The universal reformation of all men proved by scripture, reason, and common sense. By Joseph Young, M. D. author of Calvinism and Universalism contrasted. 1 vol. 8vo. New-York.

Pamphlets.

A sermon preached before the general convention of the protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America, in the city of New York, 12th Sept. 1804, by the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, bishop of New York. New York. T. & J. Swords.

Sermon on the qualifications, the authorities, and the duties of the gospel ministry, delivered at the consecration of the Right Rev. Bishop Parker of Massachusetts. By Bishop White.

A discourse before the society for propagating the gospel among the Indians and others in North America, de-

livered in Boston, Nov. 1, 1804. By Rev. Levi Frisbie, A. M. pastor of the first church in Ipswich. Charlestown. Etheridge.

Rev. Mr. Parish's thanksgiving sermon, delivered at Byfield, Nov. 29, 1804.

A discourse delivered before the 2d Baptist society in Boston, on the annual thanksgiving, Nov. 29, 1804. By Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D.D. Boston. Adams & Rhoades.

A funeral sermon occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomas Lewis, A. M. delivered at Salem, Con. By Rev. Holland Weeks. New Haven.

A sermon delivered at Plymouth, Dec. 21, 1804, the anniversary of the landing of our fathers in Dec. 1620. By Alden Bradford, A.M. S.H.S. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

Republicanism and aristocracy contrasted, or the steady habits of Connecticut inconsistent with and opposed to the principles of the American revolution, exhibited in an oration delivered at New London, Con. July 4, 1804. By Christopher Manwaring. Reprinted at Boston.

A defence of the conduct of Commodore Morris, during his command in the Mediterranean, with strictures on the report of the court of inquiry held at Washington. Printed for Riley & Co. New York.

The accomplished demagogue, or patriot's Vade Mecum, concisely delineating the newest and most approved method whereby to become a man of the people, more particularly adapted to the meridian of Pennsylvania. By a descendant of the great Martinus Scriblerus. Pennsylvania.

Memorial of the agents of the New England Mississippi land company to Congress, with a vindication of their title at law. City of Washington. A. & G. Ways.

William Judd's address to the people of Connecticut on the subject of the removal of himself and four other justices from office by the general assembly of said state, at their late October session, for declaring and publishing their opinion that the people of this state are at present without a constitution of civil government. Printed for the general committee of republicans. From Sidney's press.

Mr. Daggett's argument before the general assembly of Connecticut, Oct. 4, 1804, in the case of certain justices of the peace; to which is prefixed a brief history of the proceedings of the assembly. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin.

A poem on the death of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, by a young lady of Baltimore.

The Changery, an allegorick memoir of the Boston exchange office; or the pernicious progress of bank speculation unveiled. By Perspective. Boston.

Collection of facts and documents relative to the project of a bridge from South-street in Boston to Dorchester-neck, and the annexation of that peninsula to the town of Boston. E. Lincoln.

The Philadelphia medical and physical Journal, collected and arranged by Benjamin S. Barton, M.D. professor of materia medica, natural history and botany in the university of Pennsylvania.

The Rainbow, series the first, a periodical paper, originally published in the Richmond Enquirer. Richmond. Ritchie & Worsley.

The second and concluding number of the life of Tom Gardner, to which is annexed an authentick copy of his last will and testament. N. York. Hopkins.

The life and military achievements of Touffaint Louverture. Baltimore.

Justification of Gen. Moreau from a charge of conspiracy exhibited against him by the imperial republic of France, translated by G. L. Gray. Norfolk.

NEW EDITIONS.

Le Tuteur Anglais, ou grammaire reguliere de la langue Anglaise; en deux parties; par William Cobbet. Seconde edit. Chez Jean Bonaldi, N. York.

Dilworth's Schoolmaster's Assistant, improved and adapted to the use of the citizens of the U. S. N. York, B. Jansen, publisher.

Wettenhall's Greek grammar, translated into English, with additional notes, &c. by W. P. Farrand. Philadelphia.

The Nurse's Guide, or friendly cautions to the heads of families and others very necessary to be observed in order to preserve health and long life, with ample direction to nurses who attend the sick and women in child-bed. The first American edition, with notes and additions.

A critical pronouncing dictionary and expositor of the English language; in which the meaning of every word is explained, the sound of every syllable distinctly shown; and where words are subject to different pronunciations, the preferable one is pointed out by being placed first; with directions to foreigners for acquiring a use of this dictionary. By John Walker. Abridged and adapted to the use of the citizens

of the United States, in the form of Perry's pocket dictionary. New York. Daniel D. Smith.

Travels in China, containing descriptions, observations, and comparisons made and collected in the course of a short residence at the imperial palace of Yeun-Min-Yuen, and on a subsequent journey through the country from Peking to Canton. By John Barrow, Esq. late private secretary to the Earl of Macartney.

The plays of William Shakespeare, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators. To which are added, notes by Samuel Johnson and George Stevens, from the 5th and latest London edition published in 1803. Revised and augmented by Isaac Reed, with a glossarial index. New York.

Pamphlets.

A discourse to a society of young men in London, from Jude, verse 3d, preached in the year 1719. By Rev. John Cumming, minister of the Scots church in London. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Report of the trial of Lord Headfort. Philadelphia.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Wanostrocht's Recueil de traits historiques et contes moraux. Boston. West & Greenleaf.

Mair's Cæsar. Philadelphia. Wm. P. Farrand & Co.

The history of the late grand insurrection or struggle for liberty in Ireland, impartially collected from Stephens, Hay, Jones, Gordon, &c. Philadelphia. Wanostrocht's Fr. grammar. Boston.

WORKS TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The works of Dr. Doddridge in 10 vols. Philadelphia. Farrand & Co.

Faith no fancy, or a treatise of mental images, by the Rev. Ralph Erskine, A. M. late minister of the gospel at Dunfermline. Philadelphia.

Valerian, a narrative poem, founded on some events in early christian history, and designed in part to illustrate the effects of religion on the manners of barbarous nations. By the Rev. John Blair Lim, late pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. To which will be prefixed, some account of the life and character of the author. Philadelphia. Conrad & Co.

Sermons on several subjects, by bishop Porteus.

The life of God in the soul of man, or the nature and excellence of the christian religion, by Henry Scougal.

Modern Geography abridged, by John Pinkerton.

Kett's Elements of general knowledge.

[The four last works to be published by F. Nichols & J. A. Cummings and others, Boston.]

Lectures on the elements of chemis-

try, by Joseph Black, M. D. professor of chemistry in the university of Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo. William Duane and B. Graves, Philadelphia.

Adams's lectures on natural and experimental philosophy, corrected and considerably enlarged, by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematics in the university of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. Woodward.

A history of the rise, progress, and termination of the revolutionary war between Great Britain and the United States of America, interspersed with biographical, political, and moral observations. By Mrs. Warren, of Plymouth. Boston. F. Larkin, publisher.

Aristotle's ethicks and politicks, comprising his practical philosophy, translated by John Gillies, LL.D. Norfolk. George L. Gray.

Burke on the sublime and beautiful. Portland. Daniel Johnson.

Cruden's concordance, by Thimber: Conrad & Co.

A new selection of songs, entitled, The Union song-book. William T. Clap, publisher. Boston.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Madison, president of William and Mary College, is preparing a map of Virginia, laid down from actual survey and the latest as well as most accurate observation. Every county, and most of the publick roads, &c. will be accurately delineated.

Richard Orchard, of this town, proposes publishing by subscription a correct likeness of Gov. Strong, to be taken from a painting made from the life by an eminent artist, to be of the size of ten by fourteen inches, handsomely engraved and printed on fine thick paper.

Marshall's life of Washington is printing in an elegant 4to. and 8vo. form in London. It is decorated with a fine print of the General, from the famous painting by Stuart, in the collection of the marquis of Lansdown, and is dedicated to that celebrated nobleman. Johnson, the proprietor and publisher, promises to insert at the conclusion of

the work a new and original communication from high authority respecting the treaty of 1783, probably from the marquis of Lansdown, who was then prime minister of Great Britain.

Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton has published part 1st, vol. 1st, of the medical and physical journal, dedicated to Sir Joseph Banks. The general plan of this work will be that of the "medical and physical journal," the "medical annals," the annals of botany, and other similar works that are published in Europe, and will regularly appear every six months, each number to contain at least two hundred pages. This publication will contain, 1. original communications relative to all the branches of medicine, natural history, and physical geography; 2. biographical sketches of the lives of eminent physicians and naturalists, especially those of the last half of the eighteenth century and of the present time; 3. reviews of and extracts from

new publications in medicine, natural history, and geography, especially those which have been published in the United States, or which have a particular reference to this tract of country, &c. 4. miscellaneous facts of various kinds, all however relating to the expressed objects of the work.

Several interesting sketches of the life of Dr. Priestley who died at North-

umberland in Pennsylvania, on the 6th of February, have already been published by Dr. Aiken, Mr. Belfham, and Mr. Toulmin, all of England.

Dr. Barton of Philadelphia has delivered an eulogium on Dr. Priestley before the Philosophical Society, which we understand is to be published.

MONTHLY POLITICAL REPORT.

Russia.

A mild spirit of interior government probably influences the councils of this country; but the aspiring disposition of its policy with respect to the east is not to be doubted. The emperor of France will be fortunate, if he should suffer nothing through the opposition of this government to his ambitious projects.

Austria

It is said to increase its power continually to such a degree, that a dissolution of the German empire is apprehended. According to a statistical account lately published in the *Journal de Commerce* Austria may be regarded, after France, as the first power in Europe, as well from the extent of her territory as of her population. The extent of her territory is estimated at 158,840 geographical miles, and her population at between 25 and 26 millions of inhabitants. Her army in the time of peace is fixed by a regulation of last year, at 270,000 men, and in time of war it amounts to 365,000. The revenues of Austria amount to about 10 millions a year; but during the late war she made considerable loans, and her public debt now amounts to about 40,000,000*l*. The principal cities are Vienna, which contains 254,000 inhabitants, Venice 180,000, Prague 80,000, Gratz 35,000, Presburgh 30,000, Buda 88,000, Cracovia 24,000, Lemberg 20,000, Saltzburgh 20,000, Trieste 18,000. The public edifices at Vienna, Buda, and above all, Venice, merit the attention of travellers. The noble Hungarians have castles which correspond with their

riches, but not always with our manners. In the castle of Esterhazy, a few miles from Presburgh, and which the Germans compare with the castle of Versailles, there were, when Fortin visited it in 1792, 400 clocks, and not one book.

Sweden.

The frequent collisions between Buonaparte and the king of this country seem ready to kindle between them the flames of war. The latter, counting perhaps on the aid of Russia, assumes a lofty tone in conference with the former, who is said to be preparing measures for a revolution among the Swedes.

Prussia

seems to be a neutral amidst the competitions by which Europe is convulsed; and the surrounding powers are unwilling to disturb this neutrality, lest they should lessen their imagined influence in the Prussian court.

Holland.

That liberty which was once the boast and the happiness of this country has taken to itself wings. The *Leyden Gazette* is suppressed; the murmurs of the people are changed to groans; and every thing indicates the subjection of this ancient republic to the despotism of France.

United States.

Whatever dislike we might have for the present administration of the American government, and however ruinous we might consider the ultimate tendency of its measures, it is our duty to state, that the common prosperity is not at present impeded by distracted

councils. Congress is in session, and the most interesting affair which it has agitated the past month is the impeachment of Judge Chase. The legislature of Massachusetts assembled on the 17th of January, and on the 18th his Excellency the Governor delivered the following speech before both branches of the Court.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

I MEET you with much satisfaction at this time, as I am persuaded, that from a continuance of harmony in the several branches of government, the business of it will be conducted with advantage to the publick, and with ease and convenience to those who are employed in its administration.

In the course of the session, you will have leisure maturely to consider those subjects which were postponed at the close of your first meeting. Permit me again to recommend to your revision the arrangement of the terms of the Supreme Judicial Court, established by the late act making further provision in the judicial department. If that arrangement is found to be impracticable or inconvenient, you will undoubtedly make the necessary amendments.

The secretary will lay before you the return of the Militia of the Commonwealth, which I have received from the adjutant-general, with a letter from him, stating some local inconveniences which have arisen under the existing militia laws. He will also deliver to you the quarter-master-general's return of the ordnance and military stores belonging to the state.

The major-generals of several divisions of the militia have informed me, that in the late reviews it appeared, that the regiments and corps composing the several brigades, had improved in all the points which constitute a well-regulated militia;—that their arms and equipments were in better order than at any former period, and that with few exceptions they had good cloth uniforms;—this latter circumstance being voluntary and not required by law, is peculiarly meritorious.

There can be no necessity, Gentlemen, of recommending to you the advancement of the various interests of the com-

monwealth; your time will be devoted to this object, in attending to the requests of individuals, and removing any just grounds of complaint; in affording suitable encouragement to every species of useful industry, and in supplying, as far as you are able, whatever is deficient in our present system of legislation.—While you thus consider yourselves as deputed to watch over the publick interest; while you support the just claims of our fellow-citizens, and gratify their reasonable expectations, you will merit, and probably retain their respect. But in whatever manner your services shall be estimated by others, you will have the satisfaction which arises from the consciousness of doing good.

We have associated with our fellow-citizens to preserve our rights, by supporting republican governments; in doing this we are all equally and deeply interested. When the constitution of the United States was first proposed, many good men doubted of the fitness or sufficiency of its provisions. But such important benefits have resulted from it, and such confusion and discord would follow from a separation of the States, that probably few, or none of the people are desirous of that event.

The constitution of this State unites us still more closely for our common safety and happiness. It is founded on the basis of equal liberty, and its value does not appear to be lessened in the estimation of the people, by the experience of more than twenty years; our country flourishes in peace and wealth, and we may be thought, from these favourable circumstances, to be out of the reach of danger. But when we see other republics disgracefully renouncing the fruit of their sufferings and exploits, and tamely submitting to the control of masters, we ought at least to reflect on the causes of their fall, and consider of the means by which we may be guarded against a like degradation.

It will, I think, be agreed that knowledge and virtue in the body of the people, are essential to the support of a free government: without them we should readily submit to any artful usurper. The first settlers of this State, aware of their importance, adopted every expedient in their power to promote them;

and so long as we preserve unimpaired the institutions which have been transmitted to us by the wisdom of our ancestors, and retain their purity of manners and the lessons which they inculcated, we may hope to be exempt from the vicissitudes to which other nations have been exposed.

Religious principles and institutions are necessary to all governments, and especially to republics. The teachers of religion, of whatever denomination they are, by their moral instructions, may have much influence in upholding the order of society, and regulating the conduct of the people; their offices would therefore be of great importance, even if they had no higher objects in view. But all nations have expressed a reverence for the Deity, and have united in the belief that some mode of worship is necessary to obtain his favour. Within a few years, indeed, an experiment has been made by the people of *France* of renouncing religion; but we have now seen the tendency and termination of their system.

To enumerate the institutions established by our ancestors might be thought superfluous; many of them, and particularly those which related to education, are still maintained, and we every day experience their beneficial effects. May their posterity not only preserve their institutions, but practice their manners and virtues!

It is often said, that most of the republics which I have referred to, were conquered by their powerful neighbours, and that our remote situation from *Europe* ensures the safety of our governments. Perhaps these observations are not so correct, as we are inclined to believe. Free states are in much greater danger from their own depravity, than from external enemies. The vices, disorders, and divisions in former republics have in all cases occasioned their ruin. It will be difficult to find an instance, where a free and civilized people have been conquered, who had not degenerated from that virtue by which their liberty was established. When they are surrounded by other nations, they consider them as watching to take advantage of their folly and weakness; this reflection operates as a constant

check upon their disorderly passions. If an invasion is threatened, and any public spirit remains in the people, they lay aside private animosities, and unite for their common defence: In this manner the apprehension of danger from abroad has in numberless instances prevented contention at home. Our distance from *Europe* will be a fortunate circumstance if we can be at peace among ourselves; it lessens the probability of foreign invasion, though it may increase the danger from internal feuds.

In the republics which I have just mentioned, the people had not sufficient virtue and public spirit to unite their efforts against the common enemy.— Their numbers and wealth were as great, as when they resisted the most powerful princes; and if they had acted with unanimity and vigour, their defensive attitude might have saved them from an attack. But they were divided and weakened by factions; their false patriots co-operated with their invaders, and their governments fell, not so much by the arms of a conqueror, as by the weight of their own vices. Such are the effects of violent disorders or implacable discord in all free states;— they lead to anarchy, and end in despotism. There may be much diversity in the process, but the result is nearly the same; the chief difference is, that small States generally call in a master from abroad, and great nations make a tyrant for themselves.

When political disputes are conducted with moderation and candour, they are innocent and may be useful. But when parties become eager and vehement;—when in the heat of contention they lose sight of the public interest, and endeavour to mislead the citizens by false representations, they corrupt the public morals, and tend directly to licentiousness and confusion. In such cases there would be danger that the most unprincipled would be the most successful;—they might resort to measures which their opponents might be unwilling to adopt;—for honest men would disdain to deceive the people, and would never deviate from right conduct to promote any cause, or produce any change in opinions or measures. But if men of corrupt principles should

thus predominate, they might choose rather to submit to a despot of their own selection, than hazard the loss of their ill-acquired influence.

From our situation we have the means of safety, in a peculiar manner in our own power, and it depends upon ourselves, whether as a people we become the most respectable or the most wretched.—If we are united in affection, if we retain a frugal course of living, and are animated with zeal for the publick good, we shall possess resources fully sufficient for our security, and shall rise to the highest state of publick honour and happiness. But if intestine divisions and civil discords prevail, we shall be exposed, not only to foreign insults, but to those revengeful domestick enormities, which have been the terror and disgrace of other nations. It is the great duty then of every citizen, instead of exciting variance and party strife, which are the sources of confusion and misery, to promote concord among the people.—And it will be the aim of good government to unite the citizens in the ties of friendship, and make the happiness of the State consist in the harmony of its several parts. Such a government will be superiour to selfish considerations and partial attachments; and will inspire respect by the equity and uniformity of its principles; by a constant adherence to probity and good faith in its measures, and by causing moral rectitude to be had in honour.

You will readily perceive, Gentlemen, that our safety would be endangered by a general relaxation either of the military or the political virtues; a decay of the former would expose to foreign aggression, and by the decline of the latter we should become an easy prey to the ambitious projects of restless and aspiring men among ourselves.—The history of other republicks will serve to lay open to our view the disguises, under which tyranny may be introduced in a free State. In the modern republicks of *Europe*, the scenes, which were formerly displayed in those of *Greece* and *Rome*, have been repeated. Dissension and party-spirit were excited among the people, and their passions were artfully inflamed against the most able and virtuous citizens, and against those institutions and restraints which wisdom had devised, and the experience of ages had sanctioned. These republicks, one after another, have lost their freedom, and have been subjected to domestick usurpation, or foreign dominion, by the intrigues of men, who affected the language of patriots while they aspired to the power of masters, and who under the specious pretext of asserting the rights of the people, betrayed and overwhelmed them. Let us take warning from their errors and misfortunes; and may heaven preserve us from a similar destiny!

CALEB STRONG.

January 18th, 1805.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Henry Paine, merchant, to Miss Olive Lyman, daughter of Theodore Lyman, esq.; Thomas Harris, jun. of Charlestown, to Miss Helen Lucinda Fales; by the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, Thomas Hughes, to Miss Sarah Balch, daughter of N. Balch, esq.; Simon Broadstreet, of Gardner, to Miss Lydia Nicholl; John Beath, to Miss Jerusha Babcock; Capt. Theodore Curtis, to Miss Goddard; James Hill, to Miss Mary Ellery; William Cheever, to Miss Maria Delano; John Park, to Miss C. Higgins; Benjamin Lamphear, to Mrs. Susannah King; Wm. Munroe, to Miss Temperance Hyde; Addington Davenport, to Mrs. Barron; Winslow

Wright, to Miss Sally Dunlap; John B. Hammett, to Miss Nabby Rumney.

In Waltham, Rev. Nehemiah Coye, of Newport, to Mrs. Lucy Peirce.

In Harvard, Rev. Thomas Beedé, of Wilton, N.H. to Miss Nancy Kimball.

In Newhaven, Mr. Jeremiah Day, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Yale College, to Miss Patty Sherman, daughter of Hon. Roger Sherman.

In Rochester, on new-year's day, Samuel Berry, esq. æt. 63, to the widow Dorothy Churchill, æt. 77. Fifty of their male descendants were present at the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. J. Clark, a nephew of the bride.

Necrology ;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—
*" Death is the privilege of human nature,
 And life without it were not worth our having."*
 —

In this town, on Monday, 21st inst.
 Hon. THOMAS DAVIS, esq.

Mr. Davis was born at Plymouth, of respectable parents, in June, 1756. He received a good school education, which he completed under Alexander Scammel, a distinguished officer, and who fell at the siege of Yorktown. Under this gentleman he not only acquired the rudiments of useful knowledge, but formed those habits of method, reflection, and perseverance, which marked his future life. Destined for commerce, while a youth, important concerns devolved upon him, in whose management he discovered that intelligence, integrity, and assiduity, which promised and secured success in enterprise. He mingled with the engagements of his busy avocation inquiries into practical science, and became well versed in the history and principles of commerce, and the sound maxims and rational theories of government.

The derangement of the municipal concerns of his native town, first induced him to engage in publick affairs. Empoverished by the war, and embarrassed by the perplexities which as often result from futile expedients as real distress, it required an intelligent, active, and persevering mind, to restore harmony, hope, and enterprise. Mr. Davis effected it by his natural arrangements. He insisted on simplicity, order, and punctuality. The result was credit and prosperity. His exertions and success acquired him the confidence of his townsmen, and produced an attachment which has ever been reciprocal.

At an early age he was elected a representative of his native town to the General Court, and for many years was continued in that station. From this period his whole life has been devoted to publick concerns.—In 1789, he was a member of the convention to decide on the Federal Constitution.—In 1792, he was elected a senator of this Common-

wealth, by the county of Plymouth, and the same year was chosen the treasurer of the State, in which office he was continued during the constitutional term. On retiring from the treasury, he was twice elected a senator for the county of Suffolk, when he was unanimously chosen the first president of the Boston Marine Insurance Company, in 1799, which office he held until his death. He was a member of the Humane Society, and the Boston Dispensary.—He declined also many honorary and responsible stations from those principles, which induced his acceptance of others.

Always in publick life, Mr. Davis retired from the notoriety of a publick character.—He did not take the post of honour for publick observation, but for the publick good.—He was the counsellor of his country, not its orator. His active, comprehensive, and penetrating mind was ever engaged in investigating the causes of national prosperity and the consequences of national measures.—His conclusions from his researches were cheerfully imparted. His friends embraced them with confidence, and his opponents examined them without jealousy or suspicion. The arts of intrigue, the madness of party, and the clamour of error, at the period of our civil contests, and during the consideration of the federal constitution, were greatly counteracted by his prudence, counsels, frankness, and perseverance. He knew the dependence of a republic on the energy of its intelligent citizens, and generously contributed to the claims of his country. His principles and his habits, his successful endeavours to view measures abstracted from personal considerations, were awarded with the discernment of truth, and a general conviction of the purity of his heart, and the strength of his mind established a most useful influence.—His life was a series and connection of actions produced and continued by principle.—

The favour of good men could not but encourage him, but he sincerely despised that popularity "which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime."—He was satisfied without praise, when he had done nothing to forfeit esteem. In fine he was that honest man, whose duty was the spring, the rule, and measure of his conduct.

The treasury of the Commonwealth at the time of the appointment of Mr. Davis to its direction, owing to our state debt, the emission of paper, our national depression after the peace, and the deficits in the collectors, was in a most chaotic state. The importance of public credit to our peace, honour, and prosperity induced him to undertake the arduous task of bringing order out of confusion. His comprehensive mind embraced the whole extent of national obligation and national resource. Our debt was funded on his system, in which there are some of the peculiarities of genius, which knows how to apply general principles with their exceptions. A sinking fund was established for its gradual discharge, which has been successful in its operations. A methodical arrangement was adopted in the treasury, and a strict punctuality faithfully observed, and rigidly exacted: Our credit revived; our finances proved adequate to our demands, which in the infancy of a civil establishment is not always proportionate to its ability: and at the close of Mr. Davis's constitutional term, his report of the state of the treasury secured him the thanks and approbation of those, who best knew the extent of his services; while his successes, by pursuing his plans, afford additional evidence of their excellence.

As president of the Boston Marine Insurance Company, he displayed the whole of his character. His prudence and judgment in the investment of their capital, his knowledge of the principles which applied to his office, and his justice and liberality in the adjustment of controversies, rendered him a director, counsellor, and judge. As an evidence of almost unexampled confidence in his judgment and integrity, notwithstanding his interest in this corporation, most of the disputes that originated in the office were referred to his sole decision.

He exerted here his usual assiduity, investigation, and perseverance, and from a studious inquiry into the laws of insurance in all countries and ages, his opinions on this most intricate and perplexing branch of jurisprudence were respected; not only by the mercantile world, but by advocates of professional eminence.

His intellectual and moral character was endeared by his social and generous feelings. Through the silence of thought, and the reserve of prudence, were visible the affections of his soul; and the irrefragable evidence of his amiable and friendly disposition is found in the warmest attachment of a numerous acquaintance. His charity was as diffusive as his mind was active, and his friends knew that he was a man, who denied the sufferer "nothing but—his name." When it is added to this, that religion was the base and crown of his virtue, we must readily admit that his friends have not been too partial, and the world but just in their affection, confidence, and praise.

In this town, Mrs. Lucy Pomroy, *æt.* 24; Henry Wickham, 51; George Singleton, 59; Miss Hannah Heath, 49; Bradstreet Johnson, 19; Mrs. Martha Emmons, 44; widow Sarah Elliot, 80; John Brown, 49; Mrs. Abigail Todd, 23; Elizabeth Gridley, 63; Ezekiel Andrews, 49; Phineas Spear, 34; Sarah Madden, burnt to death by accident; Richard Richardson, 43; Daniel Willard, 28; Mrs. Ann Houghton, 28; Mrs. Achsah Benjamin, 32; Wm. King, 30; Miss Arria Sargent.

At Bridgewater, east parish, January 18, Rev. Samuel Angier, *æt.* 62, late pastor of that parish.

At Haverhill, of a paralytick shock, Rev. Hezekiah Smith, D. D. pastor of the Baptist church in that town.

At Charlestown, Thomas Macdonough, *esq.* *æt.* 65, consul of his Britannick majesty for the eastern department of the United States.

At Shelburne, Hampshire co. John Long, *esq.* *æt.* 58, member of the house of representatives of this State.

At Northampton, Daniel Clark, *æt.* 92.

At Holden, Elnathan Davis, member of the general court.

At Rutland, Nathaniel H. White, *esq.*

At Worcester, in the prison, Daniel Robbins, a lunatick, æt. 33, committed four years since for murder.

At Stow, widow Mercy Gordon, æt. 83; her sister, Abigail Houghton, 101; her daughter, Abigail Gordon, 73; Bezaleel Hale, 88.

At Bolton, after a long and distressing illness, Dr. Samuel Brown, æt. 36.

At Nantucket, Stephen Hufsey, esq. collector of the customs; John Coleman, æt. 89.

At Kingston, Plymouth co. Thankful Adams, wife of John Adams, æt. 89. She had lived with her present husband above 70 years, and has left him a sincere mourner, aged 91, in full exercise of his reason. They have 10 children, all living in that town; and have had 73 grand ch. and 52 great gr. ch.

At Andover, wid. Sufannah Marshall, 90; wid. Bethiah Holt, 84.

At Boothbay, Maine, Joseph Thompson, æt. 82. His descendants were 18 children, 105 gr. ch. and 25 gr. gr. ch.

Drowned, in the ship *Hibernia*, lately wrecked at Plymouth, Capt. Andrew Farrill; Joseph Cordis, 2d mate, of Charlestown, and 8 seamen.

Connecticut.

At Wallingford, Rev. Seth Kingby, of the Baptist church.

At Saybrook, Col. Edward Shippen, æt. 71, an old revolutionary officer.

At Norwich, Samuel Brown, æt. 90.

New York.

At Kinderhook, Hon. Peter Van Nef.

At New York, Thomas Gardner. He served an apprenticeship to the tailor's business; and afterwards, by a steady course of industry, prudence, and good fortune, acquired real estate to the value of 1,000,000 dols.

At Goshen, Rev. Nathan Kerr, of the Presbyterian church, æt. 69.

Pennsylvania.

At Middletown, Jack, æt. 116, a man of colour, the property of Col. Chambers.

Maryland.

At Washington, Hon. James Gillespie, member of congress from North Carolina.

Hon. Samuel J. Potter, senator of the United States for Rhode Island.

Virginia.

In Northumberland co. Hon. James Henry, a member of the old Congress, and late a judge of the general court.

South Carolina.

At his residence in Sumter district, on the 20th ult. Laurence Manning, esq. æt. 48, adjutant-general of that state, and formerly an officer in the revolutionary war.

On Sullivan's Island, Captain Simon Tufts, æt. 83. He was one of the first naval officers appointed in S. Carolina in the late revolutionary war, and during the whole of his command behaved with the greatest bravery.

Georgia.

In Savannah, Hon. Joseph Clay, an officer in the revolutionary war, and subsequently judge of the inferior court.

James Thomas, ætat. 134. His eyesight was so little impaired, that he could read print without the assistance of glasses to the day of his death.

Louisiana.

At Camp Claiborne, Captain Azrae Gregg, of the 2d regiment of U. S. infantry; a valuable and brave officer.

Abroad.

At Gibraltar, General Barnet; Lord Pelham Clinton; major Raleigh.

Off Tripoli, killed by the blowing up of a fire-ship in which they were employed, captain Somers, lieutenant Wadsworth, son of the Hon. P. Wadsworth, of Portland, and Mr. Izard, of S. Carolina.

In England, Charles Bannister, the celebrated comedian.

In London, on the 6th of October, Mr. Thomas Withington, of Hillingden, at the very advanced age of 104. He retained all his faculties, as well to the very last hour as ever he did at any other period of his life, and could walk a distance of two or three miles with perfect ease. His long life was rendered remarkable by his very constant attachment to drinking; but he never had any other liquor than gin, of which he daily drank two or three glasses, till within a fortnight of his death. He was born in the reign of king William, and had a most perfect recollection of the person of queen Anne, of whom he often spoke. In the rebellion of 1715, he was employed in conveying troops and baggage from Uxbridge to London. His remains were interred a few days afterwards in Hillingden church yard, near his father's, who died about forty years ago, exactly at the same age.

Northumberland, (Penn.) Dec. 21. Yesterday morning Fahrenheit thermometer was 10 degrees below zero.

In New London, Con. from Jan. 1, 1804, to Jan. 1, 1805, died 10 males, 18 females, total 28. The present population is said to be 2931.

The number of deaths at Portland in 1804 was 135.

The deaths in Portsmouth, N. H. in 1804, were 109; 38 less than the year preceding. The town contains 6500 inhabitants.

The deaths in Salem, in 1804, were 89 males, 105 fem. total 194, 8 blacks included. The number in 1803 was 230.

At Plymouth, last year, in the 1st precinct, 38; in the 2d and 3d do. 17. Total 90. The number of inhabitants by the last census was 3538.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN BOSTON IN JANUARY, FROM THE RETURNS OF 17 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Male	36	Still born.	
Female	32	Male	2
		Female	2
Total	68		

DEATHS.

	M.	F.	Un.
Apoplexy,			1
Atrophy, 25d.			1
Cholera infantum, 20m.			1
Consumption, 49, 50, 30, } 32, 43, 45, 23, 28 }	2	6	
Convulsions, 3d.			1
Dropfy, 30			1
Fever pulmonick, 1			1
Fungous ulcer of the pericranium of 20 years continuance, 38			1
Infantile compl. 6d. 6d. 25d.	1	2	
Mortification, 10			1
Palfy, 49			1
Phthisis, 34			1
Pleurisy, 48, 82, 42, 21	2	2	
Typhus gravior, 32, 24, } 15, 17, }	1	3	
	12	14	3
Total	29		

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR JANUARY.

The most common complaints have been rheumatism and pneumonia. In the latter, the pleura has been chiefly, sometimes fatally, affected; although in certain cases the inflammation has extended to the lungs. Catarrhs seem to have been less frequent than in the former part of the season. The scrophulous inflammation of the glands of the neck has appeared often: and erysipelas occasionally, as in the last month. A few cases of typhus mitior as usual. A malignant disease, said to possess the typhoid character, has appeared in one family; singular for its fatal and contagious nature, and for its tendency to putrefaction.

It is worthy remark and a just cause of gratitude, that the severity of the weather has not produced even the usual proportion of diseases among our poor. The physician however often witnesses the extreme distress, which sickness adds to poverty during this very inclement season.

ERRATA LAST MONTH.

For *aneurion*, read *aneurism*. *F. cynanchi trachealis*, r. *cynanche trachealis*. Instead of, *vaccination extends slowly*, r. *vaccination extends slowly*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cornelia was received too late for the present number.

We exceedingly regret the necessity of again postponing Papers on duelling No 5. and of deferring, to our next Anthology, Theologist No. 3, and another theological communication wisely adapted to the times.

A valuable review of the eighteenth century is received. We thank the writer for his favour, which shall certainly enrich our future pages.

The writer of the Botanist will pardon our neglect to insert the errata, which he obligingly furnished, but which we have carelessly mislaid. He shall not be forgotten.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
AND
BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1805. No. II.

CONTENTS.

ANTHOLOGY.

Meteorology for February	- -	58
On Florian	- - - -	59
Papers on Duelling, No. 5	- -	60
On Junius	- - - -	62
The Theologist, No. 3	- - - -	65
Collectanea, No. 4	- - - -	70
Letter to Constance	- - - -	72
Letters to Leinwha, No. 4	- -	73
The Botanist, No. 7	- - - -	75
Theological communication	- -	78
The Soldiers, <i>continued</i>	- - - -	80
Poetry :		
Winter	- - - -	82
Ode to a Friend	- - - -	ib.
The Church Porch, <i>continued</i>	- -	88

REVIEW.

Letters of Shabcoolen	- - - -	85
Rev. Mr. Gardiner's Sermon on the death of bishop Parker	- -	88
Terrible Tractoration !!	- - - -	89

Rev. John Logan's Sermons	- -	91
Eccentrick Biography	- - - -	93
Dr. Lathrop's Discourse before the Boston Female Asylum	- - -	94
Turner's Epitome of Book-keeping		95
Rev. Mr. Ware's Sermon at Scituate		96
The Portsmouth Miscellany	- -	ib.
Rev. Mr. Dehon's Discourse before Female Charitable Society	- -	ib.
—		
Monthly Catalogue of new Pub- lications in the United States	-	97
Report of the Controversy between the Commonwealth of Massa- chusetts and the town of Boston, respecting the Old State-House		98
Treatise on Peach Trees	- - -	105
Newspapers	- - - -	106
Marriages	- - - -	109
Necrology	- - - -	110
Statement of Births, Deaths, and Diseases for February	- - -	112

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METEOROLOGY from 1st to 25th FEBRUARY.

Day.	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	Day.	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
1	8	29.5	30	W	Fair morning.—Afterwards snow and rain in small quantities.	14	8	29.8	41	SE	Cloudy A. M.—Rain P. M.—In evening wind very high.
	2	29.3	35	SE			2	29.5	42	E	
	8	29.2	35	SE			8	29.4	41	E	
	10	29.2	30	W			10	29.8	41		
2	8	29.3	26	W	Fair and clear.		8	29.1	26	Variable	Fair and clear. Wind continued high till near evening.
	2	29.3	33			15	2	29.3	30	Mottly from W.	
	8	29.3	27				8	29.4	26		
	10	29.4	19				10	29.4	21		
3	8	29.4	14	W	Fair morning. Snow from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. Afterwards fair.		8	29.5	17	NW	Cloudy. A little snow.
	2	29.4	25	WNW		16	2	29.4	21	W	
	8	29.4	15	NW			8	29.5	18	W	
	10	29.5	14	NW			10	29.5	16	NW	
4	8	29.5	12	NW	Cloudy. Some snow.		8	29.6	12	NW	Fair.
	2	29.5	17	NW		17	2	29.6	21	W	
	8	29.5	11	NNW			8	29.6	19	W	
	10	29.5	7				10	29.7	13		
5	8	29.5	6	W	Fair and clear.		8	29.7	14	WNW	Fair.
	2	29.6	23			18	2	29.7	28		
	8	29.6	19				8	29.6	25		
	10	29.8	14				10	29.9	25		
6	8	29.9	11	W	Fair and clear.		8	30	25	WNW	Fair.
	2	30	31			19	2	30	43	SSW	
	8	30	29				8	30	39		
	10	30.1	20				10	30	35		
7	8	30.1	23	NNE	Snow. Rain.		8	29.9	32	W	Fair.
	2	30	32	E		20	2	29.9	35	NNE	
	8	29.9	32				8	29.8	37	S	
	10	29.8	33				10	29.8	31		
8	8	29.7	32	NW	Cloudy.—Snow & rain in the course of the day.—Great thaw.		8	29.8	29	SW	Fair.
	2	29.6	34	W		21	2	29.9	44	NE	
	8	29.5	33	W			8	29.9	39	NNE	
	10	29.5	32				10	30	29	NNE	
9	8	29.5	31	NW	Cloudy and some snow in the morning.—Fair and clear P.M.		8	30.1	27	NW	Fair and clear.
	2	29.6	38	NNW		22	2	30.1	40	SE	
	8	29.6	33				8	30.1	34		
	10	29.7	29				10	30.1	28		
10	8	30	24	NW	Fair morning. Cloudy P. M.		8	30	31	SW	Fair and clear A. M.—Cloudy P. M.—Some rain in evening.
	2	30	40	SSW		23	2	29.9	46	SSW	
	8	29.9	35				8	29.9	39	S	
	10	29.9	35				10	29.9	37		
11	8	29.8	37	SW	Fair and clear.		8	29.8	38	SW	Fair and clear. Cloudy evening.
	2	29.9	54	SSW		24	2	29.8	51	SSW	
	8	29.9	45				8	29.8	43	W	
	10	29.9	41				10	29.9	40		
12	8	29.7	40	SW	Fair.		8	29.9	35	W	Fair and clear A. M.—Cloudy evening, a little rain.
	2	29.8	50	NW		25	2	29.8	54	E	
	8	29.9	43				8	29.8	47		
	10	30	34				10	29.9	41	S	
13	8	30.1	33	SE	Fair and clear.		8	30.1	33		
	2	30.1	40	S			2	30.1	41		
	8	30.1	42				8	30.1	42		
	10	30	39				10	30	39		

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1805.

For the Monthly Anthology.

FLORIAN.

LA HARPE is certainly too severe on Florian. He gives him little praise. For myself, I admire the sweet harmonious prose of the French Goldsmith. He is so gentle, so pure, so full of naïveté, that you are sorry when dinner or company oblige you to lay down the book. Florian seems to have been a perfect gentleman; the moment you address him, you become acquainted with him; you are at home with so easy, so refined a man, whose actions are all grace, and his words sweeter than the wild bee's buzz. La Harpe has not treated him well, though he awkwardly contrives to pay him a compliment on what he is capable of doing. Surely, he could not write a better pastoral, than his own Galatea, if he were to labour for years; and why will you suppose, that a hero is equal to the achievements of Du Guesclin, when he acknowledges, that he is contented if he can secure his castle from plunder, and defend his daughters from violence.

I always love that writer, who never fatigues me. Johnson com-

plains, that when we lay down Milton, we don't remember to take him up again. Now this is never the case with Goldsmith and Gesner. Whoever loves nature loves these writers; and I am afraid I should think badly of that man's heart, who did not like Florian. His tales are pleasant, like the stories of a gallant man, who had lived among knights, and had fought at tournaments, where there were ladies and the daughters of princes. I do not mean his Spanish, or his English or French tale; but his Gonsalvo de Cordova and his Numa Pompilius. In these he often soars to the dignity of epick, and always sustains a full, manly deportment. I do not believe he was made to be commanding in heroick song; yet his courtesy and nobleness always attract, and make me do him reverence. His little poems, pastorals, &c. are however my chief delight. These are sweet, chaste, full of rural life and manners. They abound with a kind of unknown beauty, like the peculiar fragrance of a wild wood rose, or like the song of Cowper's Task in early morn-

ing. I wish I could persuade my friends to read them. I would learn French, if it were only to read Florian; and though La Harpe has condemned him, yet

he is guilty in company with Shakespeare, "nature's darling child"; and with Milton, the pride of science, and the pomp of song.

For the Monthly Anthology.

PAPERS ON DUELLING.

No. 5.

MR. EDITOR,

PLEASE to insert from Rawley's 3d edition of *Refuscitatio*,

THE DECREE OF THE STAR-CHAMBER,
AGAINST DUELS.

THIS day was heard and debated at large, the several matters of informations here exhibited by Sir Francis Bacon knight his majesties attorney general, the one against *William Priest* gentleman, for writing and sending a letter of challenge, together with a stick, which should be the length of the weapon, and th' other against *Richard Wright* Esquire for carrying and delivering the said letter and stick unto the party challenged, and for other contemptuous and insolent behaviour used before the justices of the peace in *Surrey* at their sessions, before whom he was convented. Upon the opening of which cause his highness said attorney general did first give his reason to the court, why in a case which he intended should be a leading case, for the repressing of so great a mischief in the common-wealth, and concerning an offence which raigeth chiefly amongst persons of honour and quality, he should begin with a cause which had passed between so mean persons as the defendants seemed to be; which he said was done, because he found this cause ready published: and in so growing an evil, he thought good to lose no time, whereunto he added, that it was not amiss sometimes to beat the dog before the lyon, saying further, that he thought it would be some motive for persons of birth and countenance to leave it, when they saw it was taken up by base and mechanical fellows, but concluded: that he resolved to proceed without respect of persons for the time to come, and for the present to supply the meanness of this particular case by insisting the longer upon the general point.

Wherein he did first expresse unto th^e Court, at large, the greatness and dangerous consequence of this presumptuous offence, which extorted revenge out of the magistrates hand, and gave boldness to private men to be law-givers to themselves, the rather because it is an offence that doth justifie it self against the law, and plainly gives the law an affront; describing alse the miserable effect which it draweth upon private families by cutting off young-men otherwise of good hope, and chiefly the loss of the king and common-wealth, by the casting away of much good blood, which being spent in the field upon occasion of service were able to continue the renown, which this kingdome hath obtained in all ages, of being esteemed victorious.

Secondly, his majesties said attorney-general did discourse touching the causes and remedies of this mischief, that prevailed so in these times, shewing the ground thereof to be a false and erroneous imagination of honour and credit, according to the term, which was given to those duels, by a former proclamation of his majesties, which called them *be-witching duels*, for that it is no better than a kind of sorcery, which enchanteth the spirits of young-men, which bear great minds with a shew of honour in that which is no honour indeed, being against religion, law, moral vertue, and against the presidents and examples of the best times, and valiantest nations of the world, which though they excelled for prowess and military vertue in a publique quarrel, yet knew not what these private duels meant: saying further, that there was too much way and countenance given unto these duels by the course that is held by noble-men and gentlemen in compounding of quarrels who use to stand too punctually

upon conceits of satisfactions, and distinctions, what is before-hand, and what behind hand, which do but feed the humour : adding likewise that it was no fortitude to shew valour in a quarrel, except there were a just and worthy ground of the quarrel ; but that it was weakness to set a mans life at so mean a rate, as to bestow it upon trifling occasions, which ought to be rather offered up and sacrificed to honourable services, publicke merits, good causes, and noble adventures, and as concerning the remedies, he concluded : that the only way was, that the state would declare a constant and settled resolution to master and put down this presumption in private men, of whatsoever degree, of righting their own wrongs, and this to doe at once, for that then every particular man would think himself acquitted in his reputation, when that he shall see that the state takes his honour into their hands, and standeth between him and any interest, or prejudice, which he might receive in his reputation for obeying ; whereunto he added likewise, that the wisest and mildest way to suppress these *duels*, was rather to punish in this Court all the acts of preparation, which did in any wise tend to the *duels*, (as this of challenges and the like) and so to prevent the capital punishment, and to vex the root in the branches, than to suffer them to run on to the execution, and then to punish them capitally, after the manner of *France*, where of late times gentlemen of great quality, that had killed others in *duel*, were carried to the gibbet with their wounds bleeding, least a natural death should keep them from the example of justice.

Thirdly his majesties said attorney general did, by many reasons, which he brought and alledged, free the law of *England* from certain vain and childish exceptions, which are taken by these *duellists* : The one, because the law makes no difference in punishment between an insidious and foul murder, and the killing of a man upon challenge and fair terras, as they call it. Th'other for that the law hath not provided sufficient punishment, and reparation for contumely of words, as the *1^{re}*, and the like, wherein his majesties said attorney-general did shew, by many

weighty arguments and examples : that the law of *England* did consent with the law of *God*, and the law of *nations* in both those points, and that this distinction in murder between foul and fair, and this grounding of mortal quarrels upon uncivil and reproachful words, or the like disgraces, was never authorised by any law, or ancient examples, but it is a late vanity crept in from the practice of the *French*, who themselves since have been so weary of it, as they have been forced to put it down with all severity.

Fourthly, his majesties said attorney general did prove unto the Court by rules of law and precedents ; that this Court hath capacity to punish sending and accepting of challenges, though they were never acted nor executed ; taking for a ground infallible, that wheresoever an offence is capital or matter of felony, if it be acted and performed, there the conspiracy, combination, or practice tending to the same offence is punishable as a high misdemeanour, although they never were performed. And therefore that practice to impose though it took no effect, and the like, have been punished in this Court : and cited the president in *Garnons* case, wherein a crime of a much inferior nature, the suborning and preparing of witnesses, though they never were deposed, or deposed nothing material, was censured in this Court, whereupon he concluded, that for as much as every appointment of the field is in law but a combination of plotting of a murder, howsoever men might guild it : that therefore it was a case fit for the censure of this Court, and therein he vouched a president in the very point, that in a case between *Wharton* plaintiff, and *Elerker* and *Achlam* defendants. *Achlam* being a follower of *Elerker* had carried a challenge unto *Wharton*, and although it were by word of mouth, and not by writing, yet it was severely censured by the Court ; the decree having words, that such challenges do tend to the subversion of government : and therefore his majesties attorney willed the standers by to take notice that it was no innovation that he brought in, but a proceeding, according to former presidents of the Court, although he proposed to follow it more thoroughly then had

been done ever heretofore, because the times did more and more require it. Lastly his majesties said attorney general did declare and publish to the Court in several articles his purpose and resolution in what cases he did intend to prosecute offences of that nature in this Court, that is to say, that if any man shall appoint the field, although the fight be not acted or performed. If any man shall send any challenge in writing, or message of challenge, if any man shall carry or deliver any writing or message of challenge, if any man shall except or return a challenge. If any man shall accept to be a second in a challenge of either part : if any man shall depart the realm with intention and agreement to perform the fight beyond the seas : if any man shall revive a quarrel, by any scandalous bruits or writings contrary to a former proclamation, published by his majesty in that behalf, that in all these cases his majesties attorney general, in discharge of his duty, by the favour and assistance of his majesty and the Court, would bring the offenders of what state or degree whatsoever to the justice of this Court, leaving the lords commissioners marshal to the more exact remedies ; adding further, that he heard there was certain counsel learned of *duels*, that tell young men when they are beforehand, and when they are otherwise, and did incense and incite them to the *duel*, and made an art of it, who likewise should not be forgotten, and so concluded with two petitions, the one

in particular to the lord chancellor, that in case advertisement were given of a purpose in any to go beyond the seas to fight, there might be granted his majesties writ of *Nè exeat regnum* against him : and the other to the lords in general, that he might be assisted and countenanced in this service.

After which opening and declaration of the general cause, his majesties said attorney did proceed to set forth the proofs of this particular challenge and offence now in hand and brought to the judgement and censure of this honourable Court ; whereupon it appeared to this honourable Court by the confession of the said defendant *Priest* himself, that he having received some wrong and disgrace at the hands of one *Hutchest*, did thereupon in revenge thereof writ a letter to the said *Hutchest* containing a challenge to fight with him at single rapier, which letter the said *Priest* did deliver to the said defendant *Wright*, together with a stick containing the length of the rapier, wherewith the said *Priest* meant to perform the fight ; whereupon the said *Wright* did deliver the said letter to the said *Hutchest*, and did read the same unto him, and after the reading thereof did also deliver to the said *Hutchest* the said stick, saying, that the same was the length of the weapon mentioned in the said letter ; but the said *Hutchest* (dutifully respecting the preservation of his majesties peace) did refuse the said challenge, whereby no further mischief did ensue thereupon. *(To be continued.)*

For the Monthly Anthology.

ON JUNIUS.

HUGH BOYD.

AMONG the various characters to whom the authorship of the Letters of Junius has been attributed, Mr. Boyd is particularly distinguished, as well by the zeal of his friends, as by facts and arguments both numerous and important. Publications, avowedly intended to prove him to be Junius, have been sent into the world, which were written in all the blandishment of sophistry and

answered with all the opposition of disbelief. Mr. Lawrence D. Campbell, in a voluminous "Life of Boyd," Mr. J. Almon, in his "Biographical, Literary, and Political Anecdotes," as also in two letters addressed to Mr. Campbell, and Mr. George Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology," have severally contributed their sentiments in his favour.

We shall give a brief account of his life, so far as it is connected

with the present controversy, state the evidence advanced in his behalf, and the reasoning which thence has been deduced, and then introduce our own observations on the subject.

Hugh Boyd, the son of Alexander Macaulay, Esq. of the county of Antrim in Ireland, was born at Ballycastle, in that county, in the month of October, 1746. It is related, that from his earliest youth his naturally great abilities were highly cultivated. His father, who was a particular friend of Swift, superintended his education, and "observing that his prose was too poetical," prescribed to him as a model the chaste style of the Dean and of Addison, that he might learn to combine strength and precision with simplicity and elegance. So early as the age of fourteen he was placed at Trinity college in Dublin, and graduated in the year 1765. Amongst his fellow-students he was particularly famous for the retention of his memory; and although dissipated, wild, and extravagant, he was scholastick, generous, and humane. He was intended for the church, but the bent of his inclination was towards the army; the profession of a soldier being more congenial to his aspiring and ambitious mind. Before he had come to an ultimate determination, Mr. Macaulay died *intestate*; which event at once baffled his rising hopes, and dashed the cup of expectation from his lips. His pecuniary prospects thus overcast, rendered it necessary for him to adopt a more lucrative occupation; and he chose the *law*, as best adapted to gratify his desire of reputation, and literary wishes.

With this intention he went to London, in 1766, where he prosecuted the study for three years, and then discontinued it. This attention to his books was not without intermission; for his love of "living while he lived," carried him into excesses, and precluded the probability of profit. His knowledge of law was nevertheless considerable, his memory astonishing, and his acquirements in polite literature were distinguished. With these attainments, towards the close of 1768, he was active in collecting all kinds of political information. To facilitate this pursuit, he introduced himself into fashionable life and literary society, and became intimate with several political characters of the day. Mr. Burke, Lord Ashburnham, Mr. Wilkes, and Count Brühl, the Saxon ambassador, were numbered amongst his acquaintances.

About this time he married miss Morphy, a lady to whose evidence in his favour much confidence is attached. She possessed a handsome competency; but her husband's dissipation and pecuniary negligence soon obliged them to quit London, and they retired to a country house a few miles distant from the city. The entanglements which such conduct produced were so inextricable, that he never was entirely freed from them through the course of his subsequent life.

His biographer *relates, that he now began a correspondence with the Daily Advertiser, which he conducted with the most impenetrable secrecy; and even his most intimate friends were perfect strangers to his nature and design.

* Mr. Lawrence D. Campbell.

This correspondence he closed in 1772 ; just at the time when the letters of Junius ceased to appear. In 1776 he went over to Ireland, where the political furor was highly excited on account of an approaching election of member of parliament for Dublin. He addressed the people in several papers entitled "The Freeholder;" in which he attacks the ministry in a strain of brilliant invective, and enforced the necessity of parliamentary reform with great boldness of thought and freedom of expression.

When Mr. Boyd returned to England he found parties in a ferment. The declaration of American Independence, had just been promulgated, and had excited much interest of dispute and asperity of censure. He immediately sent a few papers on the subject to the "Publick Advertiser," and afterwards published a manifesto in the name of *Washington*, which attracted general attention, and was for a long time supposed to be genuine.

Mr. Boyd now attended closely to Indian politics, and wrote a pamphlet and several letters on certain transactions in India, which had then caused many disputes with the East India Company. Towards the latter part of the year 1779 he began the last political publication of any importance which he ever wrote. It was addressed to the people of England and entitled "The Whig." The spirit, manner, and style of this work closely resemble the writings of Junius ; indeed stronger affinity in every respect can be there, than in almost any other political tract extant.

The imperious demands of his necessitous situation now arrested the attention, which Mr. Boyd had hitherto paid to publick affairs, and turned it towards his own. Having sought employment, he was soon appointed second secretary to lord Macartney, on whom the government of Madras had been conferred ; and in the autumn of 1781 he departed from England for India. Soon after his arrival there, he was deputed by the governor and council of Madras on a special mission to the king of Candy. The object of this mission was an alliance of the two governments, but the ambassador returned without success.

The Indian Observer, a paper written by Mr. Boyd, appeared on the 9th of September, 1793 ; This was a literary work, and had much encouragement in India ; but intending to publish an account of his embassy to Candy, he closed it at the expiration of one year, with a conditional promise to renew it at a future period. A stop however was put to this intention, for on the 19th of October, 1794, a violent fever ended his existence.

Thus terminated the chequered life of Hugh Boyd, whose elegance of manners, beauty of person, and generosity of soul, were more remarkable than his depth of research, great wisdom, or wonderful acquirements. The retention of his memory, his lively imagination, and brilliant wit exalted his reputation ; but not more than his prodigality, his convivial dissipation, and utter disregard of the wants of his family dishonoured it. A.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE THEOLOGIST.

No. 3.

IN our former essays we have considered the necessity and advantages of a divine revelation. In the present we shall dwell on the probability, *a priori*, that the Deity has actually made some external revelation to mankind.

We have already shown, that it is necessary to our well being. Our noblest endowments are our intellectual powers, and their best use is in religion. Religion is therefore the principal end of our being; for it is easy to perceive, that the chief end of every creature of God is the best to which it is fitted. This capacity would however be in vain, without the perception of those truths on which religion is founded.* For if ignorant of the existence or attributes of God, or of our relations to him, we could render him no worship, nor have any regard to his will and authority. If reason be not a competent guide to these truths, the end of our existence must be perverted if no revelation be made. Is it probable, then, an all-wise Creator will leave his own designs unfinished? Is it probable, a Creator of infinite benevolence will permit his creatures to suffer through his neglect? It is impossible. If natural reason be insufficient to direct us in religion, it is as absurd to suppose a race of intelligent creatures without a revelation, as to suppose an animal of the common struc-

ture living without air and aliment.

Should we admit, that reason is sufficient to discover the essential truths of religion in a course of time, the probability of a revelation would be scarcely diminished. The evils resulting from ignorance would in that case be experienced by a part only of mankind. But neglect of an individual is equally inconsistent with the divine attributes, as neglect of the whole order of intelligent beings. It is most reasonable to believe, that not a single atom of his universe is misplaced, not an individual creature unfit for its end, nor a single act of his government inconsistent with infinite benevolence.

Should we grant all that can be demanded, that reason is a sufficient foundation for religion, yet, from the advantages of a revelation, it appears exceedingly probable that it would be granted.

There is both advantage and pleasure in certainty. In the affairs of common life we know its value, when we can take our measures with confidence of success, and enjoy the object of our wishes by anticipation, undisturbed by anxiety. In religion it is of greater importance, in regard to the lamentable consequences of error, and our need of its consolations while passing through this state of trial. When the Deity informs us of our relations to him, assures us of his mercy, providence, and grace, and promises immortal happiness to the just,

* This capacity of religion is that essential attribute which distinguishes man from brutes.—*See Howe's Living Temple, p. 4.*

there is no room for doubt in the pious heart, to restrain the exercises of faith, gratitude, and hope.* Is it not probable, that certainty so desirable will be put within the reach of mortals? If not to all, will it not be granted to some? if not in the beginning, yet at some period of time? Whoever can perceive marks of the divine wisdom and care in the structure of a plant, or the instinct of an animal, must acknowledge the probability of a revelation from the same paternal being.

To confirm what we have already advanced, we shall now endeavour to exhibit a probability, from matter of fact, that mankind were instructed by revelation at the beginning, and that all their religious knowledge has been derived from this source. We cannot pretend, that prior to the gospel there was ever made so complete a discovery of divine truth. But the great outline of religion has been the same in every dispensation, though the more minute parts of the divine plan have been gradually developed. In every dispensation sufficient has been discovered to teach the upright mind a way to find acceptance with God.

We must also confess, that the knowledge thus received has not been preserved in its simplicity, but, on the contrary, its utility has been nearly destroyed by mixtures of human invention; and the memory of its divine origin

entirely lost. These times of ignorance and error do not however prove, that truth was never revealed, but that men had neither wisdom nor inclination to retain it.

The proof, that all religious knowledge has been derived directly or indirectly from revelation, is difficult only by the deficiency of profane history. In those fragments that have been preserved, we find much to confirm and nothing to contradict the opinion; and this probability in its favour, when taken together with its apparent necessity, will amount to something, little less than demonstration. The subject requires a larger discussion, than is now admissible, and we must therefore content ourselves for the present with arranging a few hints under the following observations.

1. As to the state of the world prior to the deluge, we have only traditionary accounts in addition to the writings of Moses; but if no facts can be alleged in contradiction, the probability of our hypothesis remains undiminished. Besides, if the Mosaic account of the deluge be true, it is hardly conceivable, so tremendous a judgment would have been executed upon a race guilty of abusing natural reason only.

2. The account of the deluge with all its principal circumstances is to be found in the most ancient fragments of history, and is generally a part of tradition among unlettered nations. This fact is supported by all the evidence any reasonable man can desire. There can be no doubt therefore of a revelation to the family so wonderfully preserved

* The difference of the effects of probability and certainty, with respect to a future state, is strikingly displayed in the death of Socrates compared with that of any christian martyr. The first martyr Stephen is a good example.

to repeople the earth, and the advantages of it extended undoubtedly to their posterity.*

3. The universal prevalence of some religious rites renders it ex-

tremely probable, that men derived their religious notions from one common source. For the illustration of this observation we may mention, the rite of sacrifice,

* Grotius de Ventate Christ. Relig. Lib. i. sect. 16.

For the corroboration of the Mosaic history of the flood, Grotius brings forward the testimony of Berolus preserved by Josephus, and that of Abydenus by Eusebius and Cyrill. Among many others, which are to be found in that learned work on the truth of the christian religion, is the following fragment of *Lucianus de Dea Syria*, which is not important for the antiquity of the work in which it is found, but for the antiquity of the tradition it records, and the character of the writer, whose opposition to christianity is a security for his veracity in this passage. 'When he begins to treat of the very ancient temple at Hieropolis,' says Grotius, 'he adds. This temple, it is said by many, was built by Deucalion. I mean that Deucalion in whose time there happened the great flood of water. I have heard in Greece the following story, which the Greeks relate of this same man. The first race of men, say they, was destroyed, and the present is the second race, who sprung from Deucalion and have gradually multiplied into this great multitude. The men of the former race were extremely wicked, for they neither regarded oaths, were hospitable to strangers, nor worshipped the gods, upon which account they were overtaken by a dreadful calamity. Water suddenly began to gush out of the earth, rain fell from the sky, the rivers swelled, and the sea overflowed the land, so that every thing was inundated and all mankind perished. One man only was left upon account of his wisdom and piety to repeople the earth, and that was Deucalion. He was preserved in this way. He built a large ark, and, after he and his family were gone into it, there came horses and all kinds of lions and serpents, and in short every species of animals, of each a pair. Deucalion took them all into the ark with himself, and, through a divine influence upon

their tempers, they all lived together in the utmost harmony, and as long as the earth was covered with water they sailed about in the ark. This is what the Greeks say of Deucalion; but the people at Hieropolis say, that in this place there was a vast chasm made to receive the waters of the deluge, and that over this chasm Deucalion built the temple of Juno. In memory of this event, they have a ceremony of bringing water from the sea to the temple, twice every year. It is performed not only by the priests, but by all Syria and Arabia. This rite, they say was instituted by Deucalion in memory of the calamity which had destroyed the rest of the world, and of his own wonderful preservation. This is the old tradition concerning this temple.'

Sir Wm. Jones, that accurate scholar, in a discourse on the Hindu's chronology, shews with great probability that it is the same with our own, but embellished and obscured by the fancy of poets, and the riddles of astronomers. Their manwantaras and divine ages are merely astronomical periods. The following extract, giving some account of the avowed opinions of the Hindus, will not be deemed out of place. 'We are now,' says Sir William, 'according to the Hindus, in the first day or calpa of the first month of the fifty-first year of Brahma's age, and in the twenty-eighth divine age of the seventh manwantara; of which divine age, the three first human ages have passed, and four thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight of the fourth.'

In the present day of Brahma, the first *manu* was surnamed *Svayambhuva*, or *son of the self-existent*, and it is he by whom the institutes of civil and religious duties are supposed to have been delivered. In his time the deity descended at a sacrifice, and by his wife *Satarupa* he had two distinguished sons and three daughters. This pair were created for the multiplication of the human species, after that new creation of the world.

both eucharistical and atoning, and the observance of the seventh

which the Brahmans call *Padmasalpiya*, or the *Lotus Creation*.

Of the five Menus who succeeded him I have seen little more than the names, but the Hindu writings are very diffuse on the life and posterity of the seventh Menu surnamed *Vairata-putra*, or *Child of the Sun*. In the reign of this sun-born monarch the Hindus believe the whole earth to have been drowned, and the whole human race destroyed, by a flood, except the pious prince himself, the seven Rishis, and their several wives; for they suppose his children to have been born after the deluge. This general *pralaya*, or destruction, is the subject of the first *purana*, or *sacred poem*, which consists of fourteen thousand stanzas; and the story is concisely but clearly and elegantly told in the eighth book of the *Bhagawata*, from which I have abstracted the whole and translated it with great care; but will only present you here with an abridgment of it.

"The demon Hayagriva having purloined the Vedas from the custody of Brahma, while he was reposing at the close of the sixth manwantara, the whole race of men became corrupt, except the seven Rishis and *Satyawata*, who then reigned in *Draconia*, a maritime region to the south of *Carnata*: this prince was performing his ablutions in the river *Cutimala*, when *Vishnu* appeared to him in the shape of a small fish, and, after several augmentations of bulk in different waters, was placed by *Satyawata* in the ocean, where he thus addressed his amazed votary. 'In seven days all creatures who have offended me shall be destroyed by a deluge, but thou shalt be secured in a capacious vessel, miraculously formed; take therefore all kinds of medicinal herbs, and esculent grain for food, and together with the seven holy men, your respective wives, and pairs of all animals, enter the ark without fear; then shalt thou know God face to face, and all thy questions shall be answered.' Saying this, he disappeared; and after seven days the ocean began to overflow the coasts, the earth to be flooded by continual showers, when *Satyawata* meditated

day as a sacred festival.† These appear more like positive institutions, than inferences from the nature of things.

4. The learned Bochart has shewn, by his laborious researches into ancient geography and history, the great probability, that the family of Noah is the stock, from which have proceeded the nations that now dwell on the earth. This is an additional confirmation of the Mosack history, and, of course, the divine origin of religion.‡

5. When men have lost by misconduct the talents bestowed by

ing on the Deity saw a large vessel moving on the waters; he entered it, having in all respects conformed to the instructions of *Vishnu*, who, in the shape of a vast fish, suffered the vessel to be tied with a great sea-serpent, as with a cable, to his measureless horn. When the deluge ceased *Vishnu* slew the demon and recovered the *Vedas*, instructed *Satyawata* in divine knowledge, and appointed him the seventh Menu by the name of *Vawafwata*."

Let us compare the two Indian accounts of the creation and the deluge, with those delivered by Moses. It is not made a question in this tract, whether the first chapters of Genesis are to be understood in a literal, or merely in an allegorical sense; the only points before us are, whether the creation described by the first Menu, which the Brahmans call that of the *Lotus*, be not the same with that recorded in our scripture? and whether the story of the seventh Menu be not one and the same with that of Noah?—*Afianick Researches*, vol. I. p. 117.

See the story at large above alluded to, translated from the eighth book of the *Bhagawata*, by Sir Wm. Jones, in the *Afianick Researches*, vol. 2—or the same, with some judicious remarks, in the vol. supplementary to Calmer's Dictionary, entitled *Evangelium*, the last English edition.

† Grotius de Veritate, &c.

‡ Bochart's Phaleg.

the God of nature, they have no right to demand miracles for their restoration. But divine mercy is infinite, and therefore we may expect whatever act of mercy is consistent with perfect wisdom. It is too evident to be questioned for a moment, that religious knowledge has declined and risen at various periods. The causes of its declinations are to be sought for in the human heart ; but can we find in the same place the originating cause of its revival ? The probability is certainly on the other side. It is evident likewise, that the world at large has derived much benefit from the writings and institutions of Moses, and we can put no certain limits to the extent of that benefit. From the Hebrews the Egyptians and Grecians first learnt the use of letters, and copied many of their laws ; and from them these philosophers borrowed their ideas of the divine unity and attributes, which are so much vaunted as discoveries of natural reason. Modern inquiries into Asiatic literature have brought to light the most incontrovertible evidence of the knowledge of the Hebrew religion by the wisest nations in the East.*

6. With respect to the present age it cannot be denied, that the moral and religious knowledge so generally diffused is derived from those writings which claim to be a divine revelation.

At the christian æra what was

* Vide Grotius de Veritate, &c. Cudworth's Intellectual System, B. I. c. II. sect. 9. Gale's Court of the Gentiles, vol. I. Priestley's Comparison of the Mosaic and Hindoo Laws. Asiatick Researches,

the state of moral science ? The being of a supreme, spiritual, and holy God, was scarcely acknowledged ; the worship of imaginary deities was performed by the most absurd, disgusting, or barbarous ceremonies ; the rule of moral rectitude was so perverted as to justify the most licentious manners. Egypt and Persia had risen and fallen, and enriched with their spoils the literature of other nations. Greece had filled the world with the splendour of her arts and arms, and had yielded her stores of philosophy to her conquerors ; and Rome had added to these rich spoils the labours of her own philosophers. Whatever therefore can be achieved by industry, ingenuity, or time, is here to be seen, and it amounts to a system of superstition, folly, and vice, with scarcely a lineament of truth. Sad monument of human wisdom !

But if the world was actually overwhelmed with pernicious errors, and was unable to recover the knowledge which had been lost, does not a divine revelation appear consonant with the wisdom and goodness of the Deity ? One thing is certain, that a rapid and vast improvement took place at the time of which we speak. Is it probable, that human reason, after being so long enveloped with darkness, burst forth in so much splendour ? Is it probable, that these sublime discoveries, these exalted views of the divine character, and perfect rule of moral excellence were the productions of a few illiterate, uninspired fishermen. Incredible !

Here we shall leave the subject with our readers, with confidence,

that every one, guided by right reason, will acknowledge the necessity of revelation, and instead of deriding, submit with grateful reverence to its instructions.

COLLECTANEA.

No. 4.

"Tam prodesse quam conspici."

DIFFERENT vegetables require different soils ; and yet experiments shew, that they owe not their life and growth to the earth itself, but to some agreeable juices or salts residing in the earth. Mr. Boyle ordered his gardener to dig up and dry in an oven, some earth fit for the purpose, to weigh it, and to set in it the seeds of an Indian pompion. The seeds, when sown, were watered with rain or spring water only ; but though fruit was produced in one experiment of near three pounds, and in another of above fourteen pounds, the earth when dried and weighed again was scarcely diminished in its weight. — *Dialogues in a Library.*

Helmont dried two hundred pounds of earth, and planted in it a willow weighing five pounds, which he watered with rain or distilled water only ; and to secure it from any additional earth, he covered the box in which the willow was planted, with a plate of perforated tin. After five years, weighing the tree with all the leaves it had produced in that time, he found them to weigh one hundred sixty-nine pounds three ounces ; but the earth to be diminished only about two ounces in its weight. — *Idem.*

.... " I ENTERED a mosque, and read four sentences, which were very distinctly written on the wall, signifying that the world was given

us for our own edification, not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings ; life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleasurable indulgencies ; wealth, to be liberally bestowed, not avariciously hoarded ; and learning, to produce good actions, not empty disputes." We could not but respect the temple, even of a false prophet, in which we found such excellent morality. [Sir William Jones remarks on the island of Hinzuan, or Johanna. *Asiatick Researches*, vol. 2, p. 80.] — *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* These sentiments would honour the church in its most refined state ; and, considering from whence they are taken, are a severe satire on the controversial and bigoted spirit of many christians.

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THERE is one clear and well-attested fact, which, I think, proves that all the alphabets now known might be derived from one and the same origin. Can two sets of letters appear to the eye more different than the Samaritan and the French (or English) ? Yet it is very certain, and may easily be proved, that the letters of our alphabet were derived from the Samaritan. We received our letters from the Romans, they from the Greeks, these from the Phœnicians ; and the learned are now agreed, that the Phœnician and Samaritan characters were

the fame.—*Goguet's origin of laws, arts and sciences*, vol. 7, p. 183.

AMMON, one of the fathers of the Egyptian monks, by the entreaties of his friends, consented to marry. On the evening of his nuptials, he conducted the lady who had been selected for him to their wedding chamber; where, after reading to her St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, he expounded the apostle's admonition; and so effectually exhibited to her all the pains and inconveniences to which married women are exposed, that she consented to elope with him to the deserts, and to lead a monastick life.—*Gregory's Christian church*. vol. 1, p. 180. note.

An epitaph taken from an ancient grave-stone.

Qu an t d c vul st
os gals risti kro um nere avit.
R san Ch m tum ma i

Two miracles, of restoring sight to a blind man and of healing the hand of one who was lame, are ascribed to the emperor Vespasian. Suetonius has accounted for these stories in the introduction to his narration, saying, that "somewhat was wanting to give dignity and authority to a new-chosen emperor." At the beginning of his life of Vespasian he observes, that "the Flavian family was not renowned for its antiquity." It is easy for any one to discern from several things said by Suetonius and Tacitus, that Vespasian was very willing to encourage the belief of extraordinary things concerning himself.—*Dr. Lardner*.

PLINY observes, that the most ancient manner of writing was on the leaves of palm-trees. After-

wards the inner bark of a tree was used for this purpose, which being in latin called *liber*, and in greek βιβλος, the same names have ever since been retained in those languages to signify a book. Another way, practised by the Greeks and Romans, was to write on tables of wood covered with wax. On these they wrote with a bodkin or style of iron; and hence it is that the different manners of compositions were called different *styles*. But, on the invention of the *Egyptian papyrus*, all other methods of writing were superseded. This was made by parting the several inner skins of the papyrus, which in some degree resembled a bulrush, and grew in the marshes of Egypt near the Nile. From this, that on which we now write has the name of *paper*. The books of the celebrated library of Ptolomy Philopater were written on the papyrus. The paper which we now use is supposed to have been brought from the east.—*Prideaux's Con*. vol. 1. p. 496.

ABOUT 354 years before Christ, died Mausolus, king of Caria, who was celebrated by the grief of Artemisa who was his sister and wife. She gathered his ashes, and having beaten his bones to powder, took a portion of them in her drink every day, intending to make her body the sepulchre of her husband. In two years she pined to death with sorrow; but before she died, she erected a famous monument at Halicarnassus, which was considered as one of the seven wonders of the world. From hence all monuments of extraordinary magnificence are called *mausoleums*.—*Is. B.* 7. p. 469.

For the Monthly Anthology.

TO CONSTANCE.

*****, January 15, 1808.

YES, my dear Constance, the interesting science, whose tendency you have investigated and justly eulogized, does indeed shed new light on the best interests of man; and though to the mere naturalist it is little more than an amusement, to the christian botanist it presents a chaplet of never fading flowers.

And surely, my friend, since the love of nature is intimately connected with that of her Author, it is "devoutly to be wish'd" that a taste for all her sublime and touching beauties might be universally and assiduously cultivated. If the study of her lowliest children tends to contemplations the most elevating; if the vegetable world demonstrates the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of the creator, ought not an attention to grander harmonies to sublimate the soul and all its capacities?

To a well toned mind and refined taste inexhaustible sources of pleasure are opened. Change of seasons presents objects ever new; and even in the short compass of day and night, the senses and the imagination are regaled by a ceaseless variety of beauties. The mere connoisseur who criticises nature, as he does the fine arts, is insensibly animated and purified by it. The cheerful morning invigorates his mind and his affections; and the serene evening, while it soothes the jarring passions awakened by the events of the day, communicates to his heart that tenderness and benevolence, of which it seems the reflected image.

But how are these advantages enhanced, these pleasures ennobled, to the being who beholds the great Artificer through the medium of his works! In the simplicity and grandeur of that system, which blesses our world with alternate light and shade, he views the goodness of a Father, and adores the majesty of a God; whilst every proof of his omnipotence and omnipresence fills the heart with that sweet confidence, which is an antidote to all the ills of life. And when the west is splendid with crimson and gold, how superiour to the pleasure of the painter and the poet is the rapture of gratitude which raises the soul to him, by whose law grey masses of vapour are transformed into objects pleasing to the eye, animating to the fancy, and elevating to the feelings of the admiring observer!

I know your opinion of Cowper, the faithful poet of nature and of christianity, too well to imagine you can have perused his life, written by the elegant and affectionate Hayley, without pleasure. There is genuine satisfaction in finding the author whose works we admire, worthy our esteem and confidence as a man; his precepts acquire a strength and grace, when illustrated by his own example, which nothing else can give to them. We are grateful to the good-natured biographer, who, by presenting us with a favourable portrait, adds energy to the page whence we derive wisdom and delight. But there are dangers in this species of biogra-

ply; and on the whole, which do you think most beneficial to the cause of virtue and science, the tender partiality of Hayley, or the stern investigation of Johnson?

Hoping for an answer, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

CORNELIA:

For the Monthly Anthology:

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINGUIN—FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

LETTER IV.

THOUGH the people of this country are a nation of merchants, their passion for letters is not extinguished by trade. It is continually struggling with the obstacles that oppose it, and in its efforts to surmount them you may behold the glory of genius vanquished by adversity, and smiling superiour to neglect.

I always thought that a severe law in Latinguin, which prohibits any one to write a book, until he shall have passed an examination by the great Crit, upon the penalty of losing the thumb and first finger of his right hand, and having his belly blown up with the same quill which was instrumental in committing the offence. The lawgiver here has been more humane; there is nothing so hostile to *literature* in all their code. Every one has an unlimited right to think for himself, and write what he pleases. Almost all classes avail themselves of this indulgence. The mechanic, when the day is done, lays down his instruments and retires to his apartment; he examines the edicts of his national assembly, and furnishes the printer with his comments on their proceedings. He arraigns their judgment, or commends their wisdom.

He calls upon his fellow-citizens to co-operate with him in opposing their designs; or adopting their measures; and concludes with declaring his disinterested zeal for the welfare of himself, his country, and posterity.

There are others, who write in a manner called "*periodical*." Many of these productions I sent you by the last caravan. By them you may devise the pursuit of these authors. You will wonder perhaps at what you may imagine a want of method, the choice of expression, and the typographical negligence, which sometimes seem to violate the rules of composition. But, as they are written for the whole world, they are conveyed to the publick by the same vehicle, which contains the wants of the needy; a schedule of the merchant's articles which he offers for sale; an account of foreign and domestick intelligence; with a catalogue of murders and marriages. To this may be added another reason: the writers are generally those, who wisely study *originality*, rather than *elegance*; they are not restrained by those forms, which would only serve to abridge their performances; nor overloaded with reading, which would unavoidably steal into their compositions; and, as their avow-

ed object is to reform the errors of the age, surely none are better calculated than they, whose minds are unbiassed by any favourite system, and unoccupied by any thing but their object.

I find the women here are also writers ; and some of their productions are not inferior to those of the men. They are free from unnecessary exactness, and minuteness of style, beautifully miscellaneous, and abounding with tales. The love of imitating the bards prevails with these females ; in this character they allay the pangs of love when they describe its delight. My friend, whose poem I so lately mentioned to you, told me he had sold all his "copies." I suppose him to mean the printed books of his poem. In the course of his visit, he gave me a paper full of verses, which he said were written by a lady of his acquaintance, to whom he has promised to introduce me. She is a woman of great literature and uncommon virtue. I transcribe these verses for your collection of writings.

SONNET TO A RED-BREAST.

(Who flew in at my window while I was asleep, and flew out before I awoke.)

Sweet roseate songster of the leafy grove,
Return again ; sweet bird, again return ;
Warble those strains that Echo told to Love,
Before bright Phœbus could awake the morn.

And when I hear thy note from yonder trees,
Silence and Taciturnity shall sleep ;

Thy note shall mellow the perfum'd breeze,
And the soft breeze on wings of down shall creep.

Then shall the musick of the spheres be still,
Or if not still, less sweet, fair bird, than thine ;

Thy voice shall rise, the air shall seem a hill,
Round which to heaven thy melody shall twine.

Return, sweet bird ; sweet bird, again return ;
Nor let this breast thy absence, Red-breast, mourn.

DELLA AURORA BOREALIS.

I have not yet discovered the schools of the philosophers. I have however met with a proclamation in a common paper, from one of their learned societies, purporting to be the contents of a new book. I wished much to send it to you, but as I could not, its matters are here faithfully transcribed.

CONTENTS.

1. Dissertation on the zibeta occidentalis.
2. A new method to kill ducks.
3. An account of a spot seen on the sun's disk, July 13, 1731.
4. Origin of the word Dun.
5. Thunder and lightning, the cause of.
6. Account of a bone, dug up near a salt mountain.
7. Account of the discovery of longitude.
8. Commerce of the United States, how best promoted.
9. Concerning the planetary system.
10. Short and easy method for writing.
11. Anecdote of Dr. Franklin, and his whistle.
12. Improvements in agriculture.
13. State of the treasury.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE BOTANIST.

No. 7.

HAVING exhibited a biographical sketch of that eminent *physician* and *naturalist*, LINNÆUS, we mean now to give our readers a concise *history of botany*, from the earliest ages until the science came finished from the hands of that great master.

Borân in the Greek language means an *herb*, whence is derived botany, which at this day signifies the science relating to vegetables, for which the ancients had no name, as it was not in their days erected into a regular science.

Although botany as a science may appear to some a study too dull for an exalted and refined genius; yet if we cast our eyes back on the earlier ages, and trace this branch of knowledge down to our own times, we shall find, that it has been cultivated by those of the brightest parts, and caressed by men of great distinction. We need only mention him, who is called by way of pre-eminence "*the wise man*." Though born to a throne and destined to rule over a powerful people, yet was SOLOMON so captivated with the charms of botany, that he is said in the scriptures to have known plants "*from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall*;" and we find in his "*book of wisdom*," that he not only "*knew the diversities of plants, but the virtues of their roots*."

SOLOMON flourished about 170 years after the siege of Troy, or in the year of the world 2129, and is said to be the first botanist

on our records of mankind. But on examining the oldest book we have, we find an account of a plan for establishing a *botanick garden* as early, as 899 years before Christ. See the xxi. chapter of the 1st book of KINGS, 2d verse.

I can find no mention of a botanist, from the glorious SOLOMON down to the venerable father of medicine, *Hippocrates*. He gives us the names and virtues of 234 plants, but no description by which we can ascertain what they were. Cotemporary with the father of physick, lived *Cratesus*, whom he calls the prince of botanists. A considerable space after him appeared *Theophrastus*; who wrote ten books on plants, of which nine have reached our hands. These merit the highest encomiums.

Theophrastus was a disciple of Aristotle, and flourished in the third century, he may justly be considered as the *father of botany*. He treats of the vegetable life; and the anatomy and construction of plants, and of their origin and propagation. He divides vegetables into seven classes, which division is founded on the generation of plants, their place of growth, their size, as trees and shrubs, their use, and their lactescence, which last circumstance respects every kind of liquor, of whatever colour, that flows in great abundance from them when cut. This golden monument of botany cannot be too strongly recommended to the curious.

The Romans were devoted to *Victoria*, a deity so adored by

that rough people, that they paid little attention to the sciences. Pliny says that they were strangers to botany till Pompey conquered *Mitridates*, the most philosophick king of the age. His observations on the medicinal virtues of plants falling into the hands of Pompey were, by his orders, translated into latin. *Dioscorides*, though by birth a Grecian, lived under the Roman empire. He was the next botanist of note after Theophrastus. It is highly probable, that several botanists lived between the time of Theophrastus and Dioscorides, a space of nearly 400 years; yet if we except Antonius Musa, Euphorbius, and *Æmilius Macer*, who was a soldier, poet, and botanist, and the first who clothed botany in poetry, we find no mention of any one who paid attention to that science. Dioscorides mentions about 600 plants; 410 of which he described, together with their medicinal virtues; about 500 of them were mentioned by the father of botany. Dioscorides arranged plants, from their uses in medicine and domestick economy, into four classes, viz. *aromatics*, *alimentary vegetables*, *medicinal*, and *vinous*; a vague and fallacious distinction.

Pliny, in his immense compilation, called the history of the world, mentions 400 plants more than are to be found in Dioscorides; and yet he lived but about forty years after him. He, who wishes to see all the natural history of the ancients at a glance, may consult Pliny to advantage.

The famous *Galen* flourished about 130 years after Christ. It was for that day a great trav-

eller, and might have increased the catalogue of plants; but he contented himself in descanting on the medicinal virtues of those mentioned by his predecessor.

After the 6th century, learning was almost entirely abolished by the Goths. Whilst a northern swarm of barbarians were destroying taste and learning in the western empire, the Arabians, who were followers of the renowned Mahomet, over-ran the eastern. By conquering Greece, they monopolized all the writings of that famous nation. During 400 years there was no attempt to draw from its obscurity the botany of the ancients. At length one of the Saracen califs ordered the Greek books on medicine to be translated into Arabic, or their mixed Saracen language; and botany, which is a branch of medicine, attracted their notice. *Scorpio* collected the Greek and Arabian authors, who had written on plants; and after him followed Rasis, Avicenna, Averoës, Aquarius, and several others of less note. They were more attentive to the *materia medica* in general, than to plants in particular. To them we owe the knowledge of sugar, of distilled spirits, of rhubarb, senna, and most of the milder catharticks.

After a dark and dismal period, emphatically styled the barbarous or dark ages, a dawn of light began to appear, first in Italy, and from thence, a second time, over the world, when Medicine, and her hand-maid Botany, emerged from the gloom of barbarism; for in 1470 *Theodore Gaza*, a Greek refugee at Rome, re-

inspired philosophy by making elegant translations of Aristotle and Theophrastus, who were commented on in the sequel by Scaliger and Stapel. Dioscorides was likewise translated into pure and beautiful latin by a Venetian nobleman.

John Parkinson wrote his *Paradisus Terrestrius* in 1629. He was apothecary to the king. The history of flowers he gave at great length. In his *Theatrum Botanicum* he has comprehended more species of plants, than were to be found in any history of plants published before his time.

Among publick gardens, in which plants were demonstrated by professors, that of Padua is the oldest. It commenced about the year 1530. From that period professors of botany have been established in almost every school of medicine.

The famous *Cosmo de Medicis* founded a botanick garden at Pisa and committed it to the care of *Andreas Casalpini*, a celebrated physician, botanist, and anatomist, the father of the botanick system and professor of botany at Padua.

Prosper Alpinus was nearly as eminent in botany as in physick. He made a large and rare collection of plants in Egypt, and afterwards read lectures on botany at Venice.

The famous Henry the fourth of France founded the botanick garden at Montpellier in 1598. The care of which has successively been committed to distinguished botanists, who were also physicians.

Francis the first was a great admirer of botany and a liberal encourager of every plan that could improve and advance it.

Lewis the thirteenth founded a noble garden in the suburbs of St. Victors at Paris, and put it under the care of *Herard* his chief physician, and *Guido Brosses* his physician in ordinary.

It is about 150 years since botanick gardens were established in England. Those at Chelsea and Oxford are the most ancient. About the same time, botanick gardens were formed in Holland. The garden at Leyden is the most celebrated. The great *Boerhaave* was professor of botany there, at the same time that he filled Europe with his fame as professor of physick.

Prior to this period two illustrious brothers appeared, who alone have done more for the advancement of botany, than all the rest together, who preceded and followed them, until Tournesort. Rare geniusses! says the celebrated Rousseau, whose vast knowledge and solid labours, consecrated to botany, render them worthy of that immortality which they have acquired. For, till this part of natural history falls into oblivion, the names of *John* and *Caspar Bauhin* will live along with it in the memory of mankind. Each of these indefatigable men, *par nobile fratrum*, undertook an universal history of plants, and to add to it a *synonymy*, or exact list of the names that every plant bore in all the writers which preceded them.

John nearly completed his undertaking in three volumes folio, but did not live to publish the whole. *Caspar* laboured forty years, but the life of man is too short for the execution of a plan so extensive. Their works are still the guide to all those, who

wish to consult ancient authors on botany. John Bauhin was born at Lyons in 1541, and died in 1624. Caspar was born 1560, and died 1624.

After this period, scarcely an author wrote on medicine, but wrote more or less on botany; of these we must not omit *Fuchsius*, who in 1530 published 510 figures of plants; nor *Rondeletius*, a physician of Montpellier. Nor may we forget *Turner*, a learned English physician, who published the first history of plants in English with most of the figures of *Fuchsius*. He gave the names of the plants in Latin, Greek,

German, and French, in alphabetical order.

Hyæronymus Bouc, a German; was the first of the moderns who has given a methodical distribution of vegetables. In his history of plants published 1532 he divides the 800 species there described into three classes, founded on their qualities, habit, figure, and size; *Clusius* endeavoured soon after to establish the natural distinction of *Theophrastus*, which was into trees, shrubs, and under-shrubs. Others attempted to characterize plants by the roots, stems, and leaves, but all were found insufficient.



For the Monthly Ambology.

MR. EDITOR,

IT seems to be the aim of some persons, abounding more in zeal than in knowledge or moderation, to force their opponents upon one of the horns of this dilemma.... either to maintain their speculative religious tenets in the public newspapers, or to pass with the public at large as incapable or timid. The former course of conduct, I hope, will never be pursued, whatever may be the consequence. Timidity or incapacity can only be inferred by those, whose opinions are unworthy of regard.

The subscriber is not, assuredly, one of those, "who have no preference of one style of Divinity to another"; nor does he even think it a matter of small importance what are the speculative tenets of an instructor of youth; yet he cannot but be of opinion, that it is of less importance, whether the candidates for the

vacant chairs of the university be followers of *Arminius* or of *Calvin*, of *Arius* or of *Socinus*, than that they be learned, able, pious men, capable of diffusing instruction, and anxious, by discharging their duty with fidelity, to approve themselves worthy servants of their great Master. Though not a follower of the Reformer of Geneva, the present writer could never think of objecting to a man as a public instructor, that he was a Calvinist; and he must do so much justice to those who think with him, as to assert, that they are generally incapable (as indeed are all sensible men of different sentiments) of a proceeding so uncandid and intolerant. It is very well known, however, that the alarm has been raised, Beware, he is an *Arminian*! he is an *Arian*!

Fœnum habet in cornu—longe fuge!

Feeling, as I do, most seriously

interested in the prosperity of our Alma Mater, I shall lament, as deeply injurious to her usefulness and reputation, that hour, when her present liberal principles shall be exchanged for subscriptions to Articles of Faith ; or, what is the same thing, when the belief of a certain speculative system shall be esteemed necessary in him, who aspires to the honorable station of an instructor of her sons. The next step, a very short one, is to require such a condition from the youth at their matriculation ; to turn the college catalogue into an Index Expurgatorius ; and to expel from the shelves of the library all heretical publications. So shall all access of error be prohibited, and the fountain of knowledge shall flow with an unpolluted stream from generation to generation.

I beg leave to introduce to your readers, a short extract from bishop Watson's preface to John Taylor's "Scheme of Scripture Divinity," published in the first vol. of his tracts.

"The reader is here presented with the plan which Dr. TAYLOR followed, in leading his pupils to a just and rational acquaintance with the principles of religion, founded upon an accurate knowledge of the scriptures.

"The importance of this service, and his accountableness in a great measure for the event, were considerations of the last moment, and caused him to compose, and deliver his academical instructions with the utmost circumspection. To his own judgment, after the strictest revival, the principles here advanced, appeared just and scrip-

tural ; but he did not therefore presume they were absolutely free from error ; much less did he think himself authorised, as a publick tutor, to impose his sentiments on young minds with an overbearing hand. That he might do justice to his pupils, and himself, he always prefaced his lectures with the following solemn CHARGE, which does honour to the author, and affords a noble precedent to seminaries of learning.

I. "I do solemnly charge you, in the name of the God of Truth, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and before whose judgment-seat you must in no long time appear, that in all your studies and inquiries of a religious nature, present or future, you do constantly, carefully, impartially, and conscientiously attend to evidence, as it lies in the holy Scriptures, or in the nature of things, and the dictates of reason ; cautiously guarding against the fallies of imagination, and the fallacy of ill-grounded conjecture."

II.—"That you admit, embrace, or assent to no principle, or sentiment, by me taught or advanced, but only so far as it shall appear to you to be supported and justified by proper evidence from Revelation, or the reason of things."

III.—"That, if at any time hereafter, any principle or sentiment, by me taught or advanced, or by you admitted and embraced, shall, upon impartial and faithful examination, appear to you to be dubious or false, you either suspect, or totally reject such principle or sentiment."

IV.—“That you keep your mind always open to evidence.—That you labour to banish from your breast all prejudice, prepossession, and party-zeal.—That you study to live in peace and love with all your fellow-Christians, and that you steadily assert for yourself, and freely allow to others, the unalienable rights of judgment and conscience.”

Now, Mr. Editor, supposing such a man as Taylor were now a candidate for a vacant chair in the University, would his religious sentiments be an insuperable objection? and what opinion must we form of the Christian charity and candour of those, who would shut the doors of the lecture rooms in the face of such a man, because he was an Arian? C

THE SOLDIERS: A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 29.

ONE of the men, whose terror rendered mute every other feeling, besought Rodolpho to retire into any other part of the forest; that he had rather stand a *hundred* tempests, or any thing except being *shot* for desertion (for then a man can never expect to go to heaven), than remain within the sound of the voice of the devil, whom he knew could take any form to destroy.

Our soldier was roused from the pause of mind; that suspended his faculties, by the intreaty of the soldier; but as he was endeavouring to reassume his spirits, the voice, unaccompanied by any instrument, in the sweetest tone, sang the following *Sonnet*.

SONNET TO HUMANITY.

Humanity, thou parent of the tear, and tender sigh

That bursts from virtue's breast; that loves to feed

The wretched orphan in its time of need,

Cast on the world's bleak waste, no friend or parent nigh;

Thy power pervades the grated dungeon dark,

Where, chain'd and wretched on his bed of straw,

The prisoner scarce his feverish breath can draw,

Whilst to his aching ears ten thousand fetters clank.

Thine is the voice of heaven, that sounds so sweet,

Which love celestial speaks to man below,

In soft and melting tones to sooth his woe,

To mitigate the heart's tumultuous beat. Ah! what is grandeur to such pride as thine!

Ambition, avarice, shrink and bend beneath thy shrine.

The full notes of wild harmony, that were evidently confined to no rules, in which this imperfect but feeling sonnet was sung, for some moments entranced Rodolpho; he was reluctant to move, and though he did not imagine he was in an enchanted forest, or to encounter a supernatural being, yet he vaulted into the regions of romance, and dressed up in his imagination a *mortal* goddess, whom he was now impelled by an irresistible impulse to endeavour at seeing.

The storm, while the sonnet was singing, had gradually decreased; the moon emerged from the clouds, that passed in rapid succession, and discovered to the wanderers a path that appeared by its direction to lead to the light.

Rodolpho endeavoured to quiet the fears of the most timid of the men, and proceeded. In a few minutes they came to the cottage, from which the light glimmered. Immediately Rodolpho said aloud; “some travellers, who have lost their way, appeal to the *humanity* of the being who sang its delights, for an hour’s

shelter, till morning will enable them to retrace their path out of the wood."

The moon shone brightly on the casemates of the cot, and they perceived an old negro woman looking out of the window, who asked, "who they were?" "Strangers in distress," replied Rodolpho. Immediately a voice from within said, "lay a faggot on the fire." And the next moment the door opened; and the same person Rodolpho saw in the morning appeared with a lamp in his hand.

Rodolpho repeated his request. "I opened the door for you," replied the recluse, "ceremony is unnecessary in a wilderness,—troublesome in a palace." And he led the way to a room that our soldier perceived was the same in which the recluse had left him in the morning, and that he had now entered by the back way.

The two men did not follow their leader, the appearance of the stranger impressed their minds with apprehension; the settled gloom on his countenance as the lamp gleamed on it, they construed into malevolence.

The recluse placed Rodolpho a seat, and stirred the fire into a blaze; but his silent manners repelled familiarity.—"My attendants are wet and weary, will you allow me to call them in?" said our soldier, after a minute's pause of wonder.

"Yes," said the recluse, and again stirred the fire; it seemed a well-timed signal of welcome.

When the men entered, he opened the door of an inner apartment, in which was another wood-fire, and pointed with his hand for the men to go to it. He then called aloud "Faithful." An old negro appeared. "The travellers are wet and weary," said the recluse. The woman disappeared, and soon returned with a change of dress, which she first placed before Rodolpho; and then carried the remainder to the two men, without uttering a syllable.

The gloomy reserve of the recluse, and the silence of his servant puzzled Rodolpho, and restrained within painful bounds the acknowledgments that were due for the comforts he enjoyed, and repelled every advance to familiarity.

Vol. II. No. 2. M

There is no self denial so painful to a mind of genuine sensibility, as that felt from restraining the effusions of gratitude; every expression that flows from that sublimated source dissipates the oppressive idea of obligation, and gives us back that independence of mind, so dear to the heart of man.

Would those favoured beings, whose felicitous dispositions prompt to deeds of benevolence, for a moment suppose themselves in the situation of the obliged, they would feel that their endurance of grateful expression, from the being they have benefited, confers a more refined obligation, by indulging a sweet and soothing emotion, than even the deed that excited the first sensation of thankfulness.

Restraint of expression was as painful to Rodolpho, as a heart awake to thankfulness can imagine; but he entered into the humour of his host, changed his apparel in silence, and with a look of thankfulness only, acknowledged the kindness.

The men for some time gaped with wonder at the silence of the recluse, and the negro; then debated in whisper if they should either change their apparel, or refresh themselves with the offered repast. The most timid of the two, declared his opinion to his companion, that the old negro was an imp of darkness, and the solitary her familiar; therefore the provision and clothes *must* be poisonous to good Christians, for whom these sort of beings had a peculiar hatred. He immediately began to relate a dismal tale of an old witch, whose appearance and actions he contrived should resemble the old negro, till at the end he worked up his imagination to the full stretch of fear; his limbs trembled; his courage left him; and to look round the room that was enlivened only by a blaze of a wood fire, was an effort beyond his resolution.

It is among the inexplicables, why a mind much more enlightened than this man's, attending to the description of images, that thrill the soul with horror, should solicit a continuance of such sensations; but so it is; for we may observe whenever a tale of horror has been related by one in a party, that every other member in his turn, will rummage

his memory for some incident, if possible, still more terrific, and when reminiscence can furnish no more, he feels dissatisfied, and had rather ruminate in silence on events out of the order of na-

ture, than make an effort to free himself from prejudices (that contract the mind) by rational investigation.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

WINTER.

*Translation of Mr. William Thompson's Ode
Brumalis.*

By the Reverend Mr. Tatterall.

ALAS ! no longer now appear
The softer seasons of the year.
Of sports and loves what Muse now sings?
Away my lyre ;—boy, break the strings.

Old joyless Winter, who disdains
Your sprightly, flow'ry, Attick strains,
Wrapt into sable, calls for airs,
Rough, gloomy, as the rug he wears.

Pleasure, for ever on the wing,
Wild, wanton, restless, flatt'ring thing,
Airy springs by with sudden speed,
Swifter than Maro's flying steed.

Ah ! where is hid the sylvan scene,
The leafy shade, the vernal green ?
In Flora's meads the sweets that grew,
Colours which Nature's pencil drew,
Chaplets, the bust of Pope might wear,
Worthy to bloom around lanthe's hair ?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,
The silver-tressed Summer's gone,
And golden Autumn ; nought remains
But Winter with his iron chains.

The feather-footed hours that fly,
Say, " Human life thus passes by."
What shall the wife, the prudent ?
they
Will seize the bounty of to-day,
And prostrate to the Gods their grateful
homage pay.

The man, whom Isis' stream inspires,
Whom Pallas owns, and Phœbus fires,

Whom Suada, smiling goddess, deigns
To guide in sweet Hyblaean plains,
He Winter's storms undaunted still sustains.

Black lowering skies ne'er hurt the
breast
By white-rob'd Innocence possest.
Roar as ye list, ye winds,—begin,—
Virtue proclaims fair Peace within ;
Ethereal pow'r ! 'tis you that bring
The balmy Zephyrs, and restore the
Spring.

ODE,

To a Friend, dissatisfied with his situation.

By TURNBULL.

IN vain from place to place we roam,
In vain we quit our native home,
In vain explore tempestuous seas,
To purchase happiness and ease ;
And hope to find serener skies,
Where undisturb'd contentment lies :
Dæmon Care, fly where we will,
Pursues us like a blood-hound still.

In frigid northern realms confin'd,
We curse the ruthless winter's wind ;
The chilling frost and beating rain
Drive pleasure from the naked plain ;
And fiercer foes than those prevail,
To make mankind their lot bewail :
Oppression rules with iron rod,
And vassals tremble at his nod.

If we retreat to milder climes
The scene presents a land of crimes,
Where freedom prostituted bleeds,
And bears the name of horrid deeds.

Which discord, in her maddest fit,
Hath made outrageous fiends commit;
Who, eager to enjoy the spoils,
Involve the land in endless broils.

Where Roman greatness once bore sway,
The hills are green, the fields are gay;
The garden Mootas in many a hue,
A thousand temples rise to view,
Rich palaces of costly mould,
Blaze to the sun in burnish'd gold;
But superstition's ghastly face
These scenes of luxury disgrace.

And see! where Greece in ruin lies!
Fair Greece, the mighty and the wise;
Where classic Athens rose sublime,
Whose learning o'er the wreck of time
Spreads science to each distant shore,
To live when Athens is no more;
Now held in slavery's basest chains,
Proud ignorance in triumph reigns.

Behold! on Persia's golden coast,
Her ancient wealth and splendour lost,
Her lofty domes in ashes laid,
Her richest cities long decay'd;
Those groves where once her magic
stray'd

The rude barbarians now invade,
And void of law, a people's guide,
Dire outrage lords its far and wide.

If we to Indian groves repair,
Care's meagre form will meet us there:
Amidst Arabia's spicy vales
Devouring pestilence prevails,
And though on fair Columbia's coast,
Rich Mexico her mines can boast,
Her solid hills of richest ore
Cannot the bloom of health restore.

Where will the boundless search extend?
Where will the painful labour end?
Bright reason wisely whispers, "Care,
"Weak man, will haunt thee every
where!"

Content alone can boast the charm,
That can the busy fiend disarm;
And care will ever fly the cell,
Where innocence and virtue dwell.

THE CHURCH PORCH. (Continued.)

THY friend put in thy bosom: wear
his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's
there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all
his fear;

But love is lost, the way of friendship's
gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ
his Job.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take
it: rather

Both friends should die, then hinder
them to live.

Fathers first enter bonds to Nature's
ends;

And are her sureties, ere they are a
friends.

If thou be single, all thy goods and
ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than
all.

Give one estate, as one life. None is
bound

To work for two, who brought himself
to thrall.

God made me one man; love makes
me no more,

Till labour come, and make my weak-
ness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or
wittie.

Usefulness comes by labour, wit by
ease;

Courtesie grows in court; news in the
citie.

Get a good stock of these, then draw
the card:

That suits him best, of whom thy
speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know
best;

For so thou dost thy self and him a
pleasure:

(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than shew his cards) steal from
his treasure

What to ask further. Doubts well
rais'd do lack

The speaker to thee, and preserve thy
stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once; but
husband it,

And give men turns of speech: do not
forefall

By lavishness thine own and others
wit,

As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil
guest
Will no more talk all, then eat all the
feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness
makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mis-
takes

More then his sicknesses or povertie ?
In love I should : but anger is not
love,
Nor wisdom neither : therefore
gently move.

Calmness is great advantage : he that
lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his
fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his
frets ;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds : the
bow that's there,
Doth often aim at, never hit the
sphere.

Mark what another says : for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own
notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal
care
Balance each dramme of reason, like a
potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with
them both :
Share in the conquest, and confess a
troth.

Be usefull where thou livest, that they
may
Both want and wish thy pleasing pre-
sence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are
the way
To compass this. Finde out mens
wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly
joys go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects
high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous
be :
Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the
sky,
Shoots higher much then he that means
a tree.

A grain of glorie mixt with humble-
ness
Cures both a fever and lethargick-
ness.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting
where,
And when, and how the business may
be done.
Slackness breeds worms ; but the sure
traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth
on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such a
one.*

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it
be
In love or honour : take account of all ;
Shine like the sunne in every corner :
see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or
fall.
Who say, I care not, those I give for
lost ;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit
the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean
degree ;
(Love is a present for a mightie king)
Much lesse make any one thine enemy.
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth
refuse
The meanest tool, that he may
chance to use.

All forrain wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given ; whether
wealth,
Or love, or language ; nothing comes
amisse :
A good digestion turneth all to health :
And then, as farre as fair behaviour
may,
Strike of all scores ; none are so cleare
as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name ; but scorn
their ill :
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his
will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'll runne thee out of all
thy wit.
(*To be continued.*)

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For FEBRUARY, 1805.

BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND.—HUMPHREYS.

ARTICLE 7.

Letters of Shahcoolen, a Hindu philosopher, residing in Philadelphia, to his friend El Hassan, an inhabitant of Delhi. Boston, printed by Russell & Cutler, proprietors of the work. 1802.

THESE letters are represented in the publishers' advertisement, as "successful imitations" "of the oriental style." If this be so, the *Persian Letters* of Littleton, and Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, have been greatly misconceived; there is not the smallest affinity subsisting between these productions and the Letters of Shahcoolen. These occasional essays were first published in the New-York Commercial Advertiser, and it evidently appears from the author's preface, and the letters themselves, they were never calculated to meet the publick eye in their present form. But such is the rage for book-making, that every "ephemeral" contributor to the columns of a newspaper, after a time, comes forth "stitched in blue" or "bound in calf." So that a library, composed of modern publications, will soon exceed the ancient Roman laws, which, according to Livy, *tam immensus aliarum super alias acervatarum legum cumulus*, that they were computed to be the burthen of many camels. This is one of the evils incident to the early state of literature in all countries, and which

can only be alleviated by time and experience. It was not till three centuries after the taking of Rome by the Gauls, that publick schools were erected, or learning engaged their attention. So rude were they at that period, that a nail was annually driven up with great pomp and ceremony in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in order to assist the common people in reckoning the years. At present there seem to be more writers than readers in this country; but as we advance, the numbers of the former will be lessened, and those of the latter increased; the multitude of fine-bound books will cease to accumulate; the eye will become weary with the baubles of literature, and the ear sated with their sound.

The little volume, in review, comprises fourteen letters; they are of a local nature, and the juvenile writer does not seem to have looked beyond the city from which he indites. The four first letters contain "a general account of the new philosophy and the practical influence of Mary Wollstonecraft's writings in the United States." In his remarks on this subject the writer is unwarrantably severe. The publications of Miss Wollstonecraft have had little effect, comparatively, with the author's statement. In some of the warmer southern states she may have found votaries to whom her notions were congenial,

but in the temperate regions of the north passion has not yet overturned the empire of reason. It is a gross and indecorous charge to attribute such general and extensive influence, as to revolutionize the morals of a country, to a woman whom he calls "*phrenzied*," "*and extravagant in her mind* ; "*whose writings are obscure,* "*rhapsodical, and often wholly* "*unintelligible* ; where figures "*are daubed with extravagant* "*colouring; shadows and subtil-
ces are joined ; he-goats and* "*foxes are yoked together ; so* "*that a man of correct mind and* "*dignified taste must be shocked* "*with the rhetorical absurdities in* "*every page.*"

His delineation of Mary Wolstonecraft's character is a specimen of "successful imitation." Those who have seen the works of Goldsmith, Littleton, and Montequieu, in the oriental manner, may now decide upon the merit of Shahcoolen.

It requires no great acuteness to discern the reason why Mary laboured to establish this doctrine. She was herself a *lewd woman* ; and, unless lewd women could be made respectable, she was conscious that she must also yield to that infamy, which well regulated societies universally throw upon female impurity. After being engaged in several open and shameful amours, particularly with a *Mr. Imray*, an American gentleman, and *Mr. Fuseli* an Italian, Miss Wolstonecraft toward the close of her life married one William Godwin, having previously cohabited with him several months. This man has written her history, in which, so far from expressing any remorse on account of his connection with so abandoned a woman, he celebrates, in strains of philosophical eulogium, the purity of her mind, and the ardour of her affections.

In the letter immediately sub-

sequent to that, from which this specimen is taken, the author, it must be confessed, makes his nearest approach to the eastern manner of writing, and, with an abatement of the hyperbole, we do not hesitate to give it as the author's happiest effort.

Often, when reclining on a sofa, by the side of a fair American, I have thought that her white bosom, scarcely veiled at all from my sight, and her finely proportioned limbs, which the extreme thinness and narrowness of her apparel rendered quite evident to the eye, would have excited impure emotions in any heart, less subject to reason, than that of a Hindu philosopher.—When I have stopped in my walks, as I often do, at some publick corner, the confined motion of the limbs, in robes scarcely eighteen inches in breadth, has enabled me to compare with great accuracy the delicate proportions, and graceful movements of the sprightly fair ones, who wander forth into the streets of this metropolis.

We believe the profanity, mentioned in the fourth letter, is applicable to no *sex* of females, but that with which Shahcoolen seems to be so intimately acquainted. In what society are "*curses distributed as the common compliments* "*of an evening*" ? Where does the female "*curse her fate at a* "*card-table, damn the soul of her* "*partner for inattention, and grace* "*every exclamation with an appeal* "*to her God*" ? The author incurs the imputation of gross falsehood, when he states it to be a "*remarkable fact,*" that this practice of profane cursing and swearing "*has acquired the most extensive sway in the most polished circles.*"

Letter sixth contains the state of American poetry, and extracts from poetical writers. The writ-

ter is here a little too ironical with regard to the poets of what he unwittingly calls "*English America*." America has not yet produced (and it would be injustice to expect it from her) poets, who can in any measure stand in competition with those of England. There is a coldness, a want of energy and harmony, which characterize American poetry; those who have endeavoured to avoid this are involved in the obscurity of *bombast*. The reasons are obvious. Few have yet applied seriously to literature. Those who have practised in metrical composition are either uneducated females, who publish every thing they write, or men, who write rather from motives of vanity than the impulse of genius. Perhaps the Conquest of Canaan, an epick poem by Dwight, is the happiest specimen of American poetry.

The description of the "Catact of Niagara," in the seventh letter, is very *uncouth*. It is more like the definition of a geographer, than the delineation of a Hindu philosopher.

In letters ninth and tenth the "Song of Solomon" and the "Gitagovinda of Jayadeva" are injudiciously said to be analogous. It is not for us to point out the difference. If it were, the writer has superseded the necessity by *large extracts*; a portion of these, *so similar* to the "Song of Solomon," will be sufficient for our purpose.

With a garland of wild flowers, descending even to the yellow mantle that girds his azure limbs, distinguished by smiling cheeks, and by ear-rings that sparkle as he plays, Heri exults in the assembly of amorous damsels. One of them presses

him with her swelling breast, while she warbles with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stands meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretence of whispering a secret in his ear, approaches his temples, and kisses them with ardour. One seizes his mantle, and draws him towards her, pointing to the bower on the banks of Yamuna, where elegant *Vanjulas* interweave their branches. He applauds another, who dances in the sportive circle, whilst her bracelets ring as she beats time with her palms. Now he caresses one, and kisses another, smiling on a third with complacency; and now he chafes her whose beauty has most allured him. Thus the wanton Heri frolics, in the season of sweets, among the maids of Vraja, who rush to his embraces, as if he were pleasure itself assuming a human form.

In letter twelfth, the author informs us he "*has not yet done with the Gitagovinda of Jayadeva*."

The two last letters are political; they form a dialogue between the writer and a modern philosopher, on the banks of the Schuylkill, which is by far better calculated to display the author's powers, and the general nature of the performance, than all the preceding letters.

Upon the whole, we cannot but wish that the *lucrative* views of the publishers could have been satisfied in some other way, than by *presenting* to the publick, in a form *amenable to criticism*, essays, which grew out of occasion, and which were intended to be laid aside with the newspaper in which they appeared. There is a puerility which pervades them throughout; a looseness and inaccuracy of expression, inexcusable even in private epistles. Phrases are made use of, which it would be unnatural to suppose a Hindu would acquire, or adopt. He uses some unmeaning terms, many wholly

unauthorised, and not a few objectionable. The following are *vulgaries*: "reverential respect," "sexual tenderness," "kept mistresses," "little Bohea," "round half speed," "nibble half a biscuit," "jaded spirits," "glowing novels," "dazzling splendours," "imbued with virtue," "roaring over rugged bottoms," "dipped into a poem," "heath and jungle."

The writer, in his preface, by way of apology, pleads *numerous avocations, a hasty review, and imperfect health*. It is our duty to inform him, that *invalids should never appear in public*. There is nothing so censurable, as that *passion* which some men have to be reputed *authors*. The interests of literature are absorbed in the contemplation, and in labouring to gratify it we lose sight of its consequence. Under the colour of *reform*, vanity introduces innumerable errors; and, if a work is only admired, its *effect* is but a secondary consideration.

ART. 8.

A sermon preached at Trinity Church, December 9, 1804, on the death of the Right Reverend Samuel Parker, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Massachusetts. By John Sylvester J. Gardiner, A. M. assistant minister of Trinity Church. Published at the unanimous request of the wardens and vestry. Boston, Gilbert & Dean, 1804. Text Heb. xiii. 7.

DISCOURSES upon funeral occasions are designed principally to benefit the living, by exciting the hearers to an imitation of the virtues they once saw exemplified.

To this object Mr. G's discourse is happily directed. The text stands only as a motto; and the whole discourse is a delineation of the character, virtues, and honours, which were possessed, exemplified, or acquired by Bishop Parker. It informs us of the difficulties to which he and his church were exposed, during the commencement of the late revolution, his perseverance and firmness under them; by which means, the episcopal interests in Boston were essentially served, and the church saved from dissolution. It then portrays his various characters of usefulness as a minister and citizen; the piety of his heart and the hospitality of his house; his zeal and fidelity as a friend, his tenderness as a husband, and affection as a parent; the approbation bestowed upon his services, and the dignity with which they were rewarded.

His address to the relict of the Bishop is sufficiently pathetick and copious: that to the children is masterly and unrivalled: and throughout the discourse the elegant and classic style of the author is as apparent, as in his other productions.

The respectable lady, left with eleven children, will remember the important duties imposed on her. Deprived of one protector and guide, they will look up to her for advice, instruction and consolation. She must supply the place of her deceased consort, and perform the offices devolved on her with fidelity. The task is indeed arduous, but it is noble, and great will be her reward. She will recollect, that those, whom God loveth, he chasteneth, that wholesome, though unpalatable, is the bitter medicine of adversity. She will call to mind the frailty and uncertainty of human life, the diseases that torment, and the

verations that harass man, during his short pilgrimage on earth, that he is born to trouble, that he is destined to affliction and sorrow, that he has a short time to live, and is full of misery, that he cometh up like a flower and is cut down. She will call to mind, that her calamity is not peculiar and uncommon, that many noble instances of passive courage have been displayed by her sex, which as far surpasses ours in true fortitude, as in numerous other virtues. Above all, she will remember, the promises and consolations of her religion, and feel assured, that the righteous widow's barrel of meal will not waste, nor her cruse of oil fail; that the righteous woman will not be forsaken, nor her seed be left to beg their bread. Next to her Heavenly Father, she will repose confidence on her numerous and respectable connexions, and the countless multitude of her friends. Every support and consolation, which they can afford, she may be assured of receiving; and while thus sustained and consoled, she will exclaim, in the language of christian resignation, "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

ART. 9.

Terrible Tractoration !! A poetical petition against Galvanizing trumpery and the Perkinistick institution. In four cantos. Most respectfully addressed to the royal college of physicians. By Christopher Caustick, M.D. LL.D. A S S. Fellow of the royal college of physicians, Aberdeen, &c. &c. First American, from the second London edition; revised and corrected by the author, with additional notes. New-York. Stanbury.

THIS is a humorous poem, in which the style of Hudibras is most happily imitated. Those, who delight to laugh at the philosophick follies of the day, will be much gratified by a perusal of "Terrible Tractoration." In ev-
Vol. II. No. 2. N

ery age the half-learned are offering their wild theories and exhibiting their minute discoveries to the world, for which they claim high seats in the temple of science and demand evergreen honours. Such always find gazers to look up and admire, whilst flattery decorates them with laurels. It is the part of satire to assign them their proper rank, and to strip from their brows the unmerited wreaths, which encompass them. To a certain portion of the philosophers and empiricks of the day Christopher Caustick has performed this office, although it would seem incidental only to the main object of his work.

This "petition" was written in London, and, as appears by the title, is addressed to the college of physicians in that place. By ironical praise of various subjects and personages, which have received attention from the medical publick there, and by a ludicrous exhibition of arguments, which have been offered by medical men against the use of the tractors, the author upbraids the faculty for their opposition to Perkinism. He humorously relates his own "lamentable story," declares that "he once stood high on Fortune's ladder," boasts his superiority to many philosophers of the age, and then adds,

But I in spight of my renown
Alas! am harass'd, hunted down;
Completely damn'd, the simple fact is,
By Perkins's Metallick Practice!

That they may avoid a similar fate he urges his medical brethren to wage war against Perkinism, and to lay low its adherents; and endeavours to alarm them by suggesting, that drugs and

doctors will be rendered useless by this new, safe, cheap, and expeditious method of curing diseases. Had Mr. Perkins offered a reward to the best advocate of the tractors, he could not probably have found any one so able to advance his cause as this laughing poet.

The author has for the most part been just, as well as severe in his satire, but he does not appear to us to be so in every instance. We do not understand what provoked the attack on Mr. Coleman. We have considered him an ingenious and worthy man, and he is at the head of a respectable institution. His pupils must receive from him very useful instruction, even if they do not remain with him long enough to be fully inducted in the veterinary art. With respect to the communication to the Royal Society, mentioned p. 43, we have to remark that the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, as well as Dr. Caustick, have unjustly censured the author of the experiments therein recited. No physiological fact is to be considered useless. It appears to us an affected delicacy to mourn the sacrifice of a few animals, in any mode for the benefit of philosophy, when we daily consume them without reflecting, whether they were ever alive or not.

The torrent of ridicule poured out upon Dr. Haygarth is so immediately connected with the cause of Perkinism, for the advancement of which the work was written, that the notice of the first leads to the consideration of the other. Mr. Perkins had professed, that the virtues of his tractors

were to be attributed to a peculiar combination of metals. That the application of his tractors could produce beneficial effects he proved by certificates from sensible and learned men of various professions, who were eye witnesses to his experiments. No one pretended, that the use of the tractors was injurious, and many began to hope, that a remedy was discovered for the relief of pain and disease, at once safe and simple. Dr. Haygarth however, with some others, entertained a suspicion that the real operation of the tractors was, like animal magnetism, through the medium of the imagination. To determine how far this suspicion was just, he instituted some experiments with instruments similar to the tractors in form and appearance, though different in substance; such as pieces of ivory, wood, &c. By the application of Dr. Haygarth's tractors cures were effected, which will bear a very good comparison with those performed by Mr. Perkins and his disciples. Similar experiments were performed by Mr. Smith, a friend of Dr. Haygarth, and since that time, by others, with similar results. Dr. Haygarth conceived that his suspicion was justified, and published some observations on imagination as a cause and cure of diseases, among which he introduced the experiments with his tractors.

To the justice of the conclusion drawn by Dr. Haygarth, Mr. Perkins and his friends did not assent. The substance of their objections, as given by Dr. Caustick, is as follows. The experiments by Dr. Haygarth

were not fairly made, since no friend of the tractors was present when they were performed; they were not contrasted with such experiments with the genuine tractors, as Mr. Perkins could have exhibited; for they were accompanied with much parade, formality, and grimace, whereas the genuine tractors do not require this assistance in effecting cures; and, lastly, that the genuine tractors cure the diseases of infants and of brute animals, on whom they surely cannot operate through the medium of the imagination. This last objection only appears to us worthy particular attention.

These experiments on brute animals and on infants have been much insisted on by Mr. Perkins, and, if true, they constitute the best evidence in favour of the specific physical influence of the tractors. But here it is to be noted, that while bishops and doctors of divinity, with learned laymen, have attested the cures effected by the tractors on the adult human subject, such characters are not found to certify the cures of infants and horses; at least, certificates from such men have not come to our knowledge. It must be interesting to Mr. Perkins to substantiate his history of such cures, when produced, and it behoves him to call in good witnesses on these occasions.

For our own part, we do not yet find reason to doubt the explanation of the *modus operandi* of the tractors offered by Dr. Haygarth. The wit of Christopher Caustick will induce many persons to join him in the laugh at this physician. We will not

undertake to become the defenders of Dr. H's reputation in every point; but on this subject he appears to have laboured worthily. When a remedy is offered to the publick for the cure of disease, without any explanation of the principle, on which its application is made, the investigation of this principle becomes the proper office of physicians. If the composition of the remedy be a secret, it is not only fair, but praiseworthy to inquire, if we have any other means in our hands, which will produce similar effects. Such has been the conduct of Dr. Haygarth.

But we are told that, if a remedy is found useful, it should not be rejected because the *modus operandi* is unknown. This is certainly true; nor is it controverted by Dr. Haygarth. Let Mr. Perkins proceed in his benevolent labours, and join to himself as many disciples as he finds worthy. But every one cannot work cures with the tractors. With respect to physicians, we know, that many have found themselves incapable of giving relief by the use of them; they have therefore of necessity left this work to more successful labourers.

ART. 10.

Sermons by the late Rev. John Logan, F. R. S. Edinburgh; minister at Leith. First American from the fourth London edition. Boston, printed by D. Carlisle for Caleb Bingham.

THESE sermons have been much celebrated in Great-Britain; and we are glad to see an Amer-

ican edition, so well printed, and at the same time rendered so easy to the purchaser, by comprising the two volumes in one, which met with a ready sale at a very advanced price.

In this volume are contained thirty-five sermons, five lectures, and two discourses at the sacrament of the Lord's supper, which, in Scotland, is administered with great solemnity, and very *seldom*, lest the minds of the communicants should grow familiar with it. In this we think them *too superstitious*; and it is certainly contrary to the rules of the primitive church, where they enjoyed a love feast and broke bread every Lord's-day. The sermons of Mr. L. are well suited to this occasion, and although very pathetick, and highly descriptive, contain excellent sentiments, by which the mind may be improved with what deeply affects the heart.

Contrary to the expectations of most readers, the lectures contain no peculiar illustrations of scripture, nor critical remarks. They are mere expositions for the morning service, instead of a sermon. This is commonly practised in the Presbyterian churches, and calculated rather to ease the preacher, than exhibit the fruits of close application to study; though we conceive the practice of expounding might be rendered in a high degree profitable.

The thirty-five discourses are upon different subjects, and executed with different degrees of success. They all contain useful, practical observations in so lively a style, that many will eagerly peruse them for the beauties of composition, who regard not the se-

rious truths they contain. We are convinced of the propriety of diffusing serious works, which have a tendency to win people over to true wisdom by the alluring graces of the author. The following extract, from the discourse on Rom. xii. 11, must please every class of readers.

We are urged to the practice of some virtues by our strong sense of their inviolable obligations; we are allured to the love of others by the high approbation of their native beauty, which arises in every well disposed mind; we are engaged to the performance of others by our experience of their utility and influence upon the publick good. Piety is equally enforced in all these respects. Its obligation is indispensable; its beauty is supreme; and its utility is universal. It is not so much a single virtue, as a constellation of virtues. Here reverence, gratitude, faith, hope, concentrate their rays, and shine with united glory. Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, honest, and of good report, if there be any merit, any praise in human actions, piety comprehends the whole. There is not a disposition of the mind more noble in itself, or which is attended with greater pleasure, than piety. It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It exalts us to a state little lower than the angels. The most illiterate man, under the impression of devotion, and in the more immediate acts of divine worship, contracts a greatness of mind that raises him above his equals. Thereby, says an admired ancient, we build a nobler temple to the Deity, than creation can present.

Some of these discourses however are not only less correct than others, but have too much tinsel with the pure ornaments of speech. In attempting the sublime he soars to the *super-sublime*; the language is more artificial than natural, and the writer is so fond of antitheses, as to be dis-

gusting to every reader who prefers English sermons to the Anglo-Frenchified tribe of authors. Some, who prefer truth in a simple dress, will say, that all the discourses have the rich and glowing style of the poet; for Logan is distinguished among the *Scottish bards*. Who can read the *Braies of Tarrow*, or the *Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate young lady*, without feeling every tender emotion, of which the human bosom is susceptible? Yet, with all his luxury of imagination, the preacher exhibits substantial truths in many beautiful passages, well adapted to the occasions upon which they were delivered.

Our author's sentiments are evangelical, according to the common use of this term. His candour is still more worthy of praise, than his orthodoxy. He maintains the doctrine of a vicarious sacrifice; the insufficiency of the best moral life without the graces of the gospel; and says so much concerning the ordinances, that he almost makes them necessary to salvation. But he never scolds like certain divines of the *Kirk*, and seems more desirous to convince by the light of truth, than with *matches of brimstone*, or corruptions from the *lake which burneth with fire*.

Having made these observations, our duty obliges us to say something, not so much in the author's favour. We find whole pages transcribed from one sermon to another, which, though practised by Sterne and others, is not allowable. We may expect it from mercenary scribblers, not from celebrated divines. But this is not the greatest fault of this

book. The sermon upon *Charity*, from Isaiah lviii. 7, is taken in a great measure from Seed. Let any person peruse a sermon upon Prov. iii. 28, which he will find in the volumes of that sweet and fascinating writer, and he will see not only the same definition of *Compassion*, the same plans of discourse, but the same sentiments conveyed in the same words. Doubtless, the preacher at Leith had no expectations that this would ever be printed; how injudicious, therefore, are the friends of deceased authors to exhibit posthumous works!

This is sometimes done, with a desire to serve the cause of religion and learning; sometimes, it is owing to affection and esteem for an author, who did not publish enough during his life; but, more frequently, from pecuniary considerations. Nothing can justify it. How very little can be obtained from the *gleanings* of an author's study to add to his reputation! Whatever is prepared for the press by his own hand may well be given to the publick; but the world is too full of books to make it necessary to print every thing which appears in the hand-writing of those, who have made themselves eminent. For there are some, who have plenty of oil, and yet will borrow of their neighbours greater abundance; as well as those who, having none of their own, would fain trim their lamps, and hang them up in temples of knowledge.

ART. 11.

Eccentrick Biography, or memoirs of remarkable characters ancient and

modern ; ornamented with eight portraits. Boston. B. & J. Homans. 1804.

SUCH is the nature of curiosity, that it is frequently more excited by successful vice and eccentric behaviour, than by virtuous renown, or a uniform life of literary celebrity. Fielding's history of Jonathan Wild is probably more read than Jortin's account of Erasmus, and the peaceful tenour of Robertson's life never raised such emotions as the few anecdotes in Boswell's Johnson of the gay, the ingenious, and the dissolute Beauclerk. This propensity is not dangerous, if we are guarded against fascination ; and the bulk of mankind are seldom led by the perusal of acts of heroism or eccentricity to enterprises of danger, or courses of irregularity. The volume before us principally contains the lives of misers, adventurers, players, impostors, et hoc genus omne. Some characters of literary and political renown are introduced, such as Bacon, Butler, Cromwell, &c. The accounts are generally short, but incidents and anecdotes are well selected and arranged. Little indelicacy offends the reader, yet that little is too much, and is too glaring. This volume is the biography of eccentric men, and is distinct from that of women, which we have not seen, but which the publishers in an advertisement prefixed to this volume say, is also to be purchased. This work will probably do little injury ; and will certainly excite laughter, surprise, curious thought, and droll remark. As a specimen we offer the life of Hastings,

Hastings, an original character, was son, brother, and uncle to the earl of Huntingdon. In 1638, he resided at Woodlands, in the county of Dorset. The mansion house stood in the middle of the park, surrounded with deer, fishponds, and plenty of hares and rabbits. He kept all sorts of hounds for buck, fox, otter, hare, and badger ; long and short winged hawks. The great hall was filled with all kinds of dogs and cats in great plenty ; gamekeeper's and hunter's poles ; with a vast number of hawks, perches, terriers, hounds, spaniels, and marrow bones. The walls of the house were covered with the skins of foxes and pole cats. The great parlour windows were filled with cross bows, stone bows, and arrows. His old green hats were full of pheasants' eggs and litters of young cats. Tables, dice, cards, and books were not wanting. The pulpit in the chapel was well stored with gammons of bacon, roast beef, venison pasties, and large apple pies. His pulpit door was always open, which made him much caressed. His cellar, in which was plenty of strong beer, was always open to his neighbours. He lived a century and died in 1650. He was always very temperate at meals, when he only drank one pint of small beer, stirred with rosemary, and one or two glasses of wine, with syrup of gilliflowers. His dress was always green cloth, with a green hat. He ate oysters twice a day throughout the year, and rode to the death of a stag when near 90 years of age.

ART. 12.

A discourse delivered before the members of the Boston Female Asylum, Sept. 21, 1804, being their fourth anniversary. By John Lathrop, D. D. minister of the second church in Boston. Printed by Russell & Cutler. 8vo. Text Lam. v. 3.

DISCOURSES upon charity have been so frequent, that novelty is scarcely to be expected. But the subject is, always interest-

ing, and the feelings of an audience are generally alive whenever it is touched upon. A person ever comes forth to advantage when addressing an assembly like that, to which this sermon was delivered. The altar and the wood are already prepared, and a spark almost will kindle the fire of benevolence in the breast of the hearers. The author seizes this opportunity. He delineates the deplorable situation in which orphans, and particularly females, are left, when extreme poverty is added to orphanage, and commends the benevolence of an institution designed "to rescue them from want and suffering, from temptation and vice, and by assistance and instruction, to prepare them for useful employments, and respectable situations in life." Through the whole of this discourse we trace the amiable temper and benevolent heart, which are universally known to distinguish its author. It is respectable for style, and is well adapted to the design for which it was written. If it may not be classed among the most elegant discourses upon charity, it still holds a respectable rank.

ART. 13.

An epitome of book-keeping by double entry; delineated on a scale suited to the faculties and comprehension of senior school boys and youth, designed for the mercantile line. Comprising systematick and unerring rules for the forming monthly statements of books, as well as those for opening, conducting, adjusting, and closing them; with explanations of theory, and exhibitions of practice, rendered easy to the small-

est capacity; and calculated to initiate them in the true principles, and to make them perfect in the rules, by a little practice. To which are added, rules for keeping retail books by double entry, without altering the process of single entry in the day book or journal, for all sales of merchandize; by which one half the writing is saved, and the ledger exonerated from items, and rendered a prompt and sure proof of monthly balances and annual profits. Also, the most easy, concise, and safe way of calculating any rate per cent. And especially that of interest at six per cent. per annum. By Thomas Turner, professor and teacher of book-keeping, at Portland. Portland. Jenks & Shirley. 1804. pp. 148.

AFTER reading the above formidable title page, we expect to find, that the author has reduced the science of book-keeping to a state of perfection. But we are compelled to pronounce, that in our opinion, the design of the work is much superiour to its execution. Mr. Turner has omitted to describe the waste book, considering it as of no value to the learner. He has given the journal and ledger ready posted, but has neglected to explain the manner of posting; and he has merely mentioned the names of the subsidiary books, without any exhibition of their real utility. The author pretends to teach the method of keeping retail books by double entry, forming his double entries upon books of single entry, and yet he has omitted to teach the manner by single entry. The principal novelty of this work is the "monthly statement balance," a thing productive of

great trouble and little advantage. This work is intended "to instruct senior school boys and youth designed for the mercantile line." But from the author's improper use of technical terms, and from his unphilosophical treatment of the subject, we fear, that his work will be equally useless to the merchant and to the scholar.

ART. 14.

The service of God, as inculcated in the bible, our reasonable choice. A sermon delivered at Scituate, Oct. 31, 1804. By Henry Ware, A. M. pastor of a church in Hingham. Published by request. Boston. Lincoln. pp. 20.

THIS discourse was not probably written with a view to publication, though its worth entitles it to that honour. It is founded on that memorable passage in Joshua, xxiv. 15. "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom you will serve." After a short and easy introduction, the author considers the appeal in the text as grounded on the principle, 1. That every man will have some kind of religion. 2. It is not a matter of indifference what religion a man chooses. 3. Christianity is the best of all religions. 4. In proof of this assertion, he asks, What is there valuable in other religions, which is not in the gospel? And, on the contrary, What is there in the gospel, which ought to be expunged? The form of this division is happy, though not altogether novel. Jortin has a similar method in treating the same subject. But in his answer to the last question, which indeed seems to be the scope

of the sermon, Mr. Ware is perspicuous and searching beyond ordinary preachers. The discourse in short is exactly such as might be expected from that meek, sound, and excellent divine.

ART. 15.

The Portsmouth Miscellany, or Ladies' Library improved; designed as a reading book for the use of young ladies' academies. Prepared and published by Charles Pierce. Portsmouth.

A RATHER precious and useful compilation, from the writings of Miss More, Mrs. Chappone, Gregory, Bennet, &c. and at the close a list of books recommended to the perusal of young ladies. Mr. Pierce seems by no means a convert to the system which supposes female intellects so giddy and unsober, that they cannot submit to severe research; as we find he recommends to their attention the works of Butler and Josephus!

ART. 16.

A discourse delivered in Providence, September 6, 1804, before the Female Charitable Society for the relief of indigent widows and children, by Theodore Dehon, A. M. rector of Trinity Church in Newport. Providence. Heaton & Williams.

THE author has attempted by pathetick description and refined sentiment to excite the feelings of his audience in favour of a very laudable institution. From a careful perusal of the discourse, we presume that Mr. Dehon did not fail in so delicate and dangerous an attempt.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUEDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA FLURA.....MART.

The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the present list; but wishing that this article may contain a sort of history of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requesting the aid of authors and publishers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and proposals shall be furnished, free of postage, they shall be gratuitously inserted.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

Addressees of the successive presidents of the United States to both houses of Congress at the opening of each session, with their answers, from the commencement of the present government to Jan. 1, 1805, with the inaugural addressees of the same period, and the farewell address of General Washington. Washington. Samuel Harrison Smith.

Pamphlets.

A sermon, addressed to aged people, entitled, *The infirmities and comforts of old age.* By Joseph Lathrop, D.D. pastor of the first church in West Springfield.

A sermon delivered at the opening of the Branch church in Salem, February 6, 1805. By Joshua Spalding, A.M.

A discourse delivered at the ordination of Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster to the pastoral charge of the church in Brattle-street, Boston. By Joseph Buckminster, D.D. pastor of the north church in Portsmouth, N. H. To which are annexed, the charge, by Rev. Mr. Cushing of Waltham; and the right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Emerson of Boston. 8vo. pp. 36. Boston. For Young & Minns.

A man in the smoke, and a friend endeavouring to help him out; being remarks on Mr. Baldwin's sermon upon the eternal purpose of God, the foundation of effectual calling. Also a scriptural explanation of the words purpose, elect, and election. By Elias Smith. Portsmouth.

The answer and pleas of Judge Chase to the articles of impeachment exhibited against him by the house of representatives of the United States. Salem.

Vol. II. No. 2. O

Conjectures on prophecies, written in the fore part of the year 1799. By John Bacon, Esq.

Dr. Waterhouse's lecture upon the pernicious effects of tobacco, and ardent and vinous spirits. Cambridge. Hilliard.

The third number of the Literary Miscellany, for November, December, and January. Cambridge. Hilliard.

A letter to a federalist, in reply to some of the popular objections to the motives and tendency of the measures of the present administration. Boston. Adams & Rhoades.

A report of the trial of Richard Dennis, the younger, for the murder of James Shaw, with all the evidence, speeches, and arguments, as they were delivered by the counsel for the prosecution and the prisoner. To which is prefixed, a discourse upon the probable causes of the gross relaxation of morals which has for some time been observably increasing in this community, and a hint at the remedies which ought to be applied, and particularly at the duty of juries. By S. C. Carpenter. Charleston, S. C.

New Editions.

Illustrations of Masonry. By Wm. Preston. The first American improved edition; to which is annexed, many valuable masonic addenda, and a complete list of the lodges in the U. States. Edited by George Richards, F.O.S.G.L.M. Portsmouth. W. & D. Treadwell. 12mo.

Memoirs of the life, writings, and correspondence of Sir William Jones. By Sir John Shore, now Lord Teignmouth. 1 vol. 8vo. With a portrait of Sir Wm. Claisick Press, Philadelphia.

Jay's sermons. 1 vol. 8vo. Boston.

A report of the trial of Joshua Nettles and Elizabeth Cannon, for the murder of John Cannon. By S. Cullen Carpenter. Charleston, S.C.

Perry's spelling-book, carefully revised, corrected, and enlarged. Worcester. Isaiah Thomas, jun.

By Subscription.

Dr. Hunter's sacred biography. New York. Deane & Andrews.

Knox's hints to publick speakers, with an essay on eloquence by Jenningham. Boston. For B. & J. Homans.

A beautiful pocket edition of Milton's works. In 2 vols. Charlestown. Etheridge & Stebbins.

Shakespeare's poems, from a late pub-

lication by Mr. Malone. Philadelphia. G. White & T. J. Rogers.

The history, civil and commercial, of the British colonies in the West Indies. By Bryan Edwards. 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. James Humphreys.

Doctor Johnson's dictionary of the English language, with a life of the author. By J. Aikin, M.D. 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. James Humphreys.

The young carpenter's assistant, or a system of architecture adapted to the style of building in the United States. By Owen Biddle, house carpenter and teacher of architectural drawing. Philadelphia.

Young steam engineer's guide. By Oliver Evans.

LAW REPORT.

REPORT OF THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE TOWN OF BOSTON, RESPECTING THE OLD STATE-HOUSE.

AT the Supreme Judicial Court holden at Ipswich, for the county of Essex, in June, A.D. 1800, Mr. Sullivan, the attorney general, presented, in behalf of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, a petition for partition of the Old State-House, which is situated in Boston. The commonwealth claimed in the petition "to be seized in fee simple and undivided of seven eighth parts of the estate in common with persons unknown." The Court ordered publick notice to be given, and assigned a day for a hearing at the term following for the county of Suffolk. At that term, which was holden in February 1801, the town of Boston appeared by Mr. Lowell, and objected to the petition of the commonwealth, and claimed to be sole seized in fee simple of the estate, whereof petition was prayed. The county of Norfolk, which was formerly a portion of

the county of Suffolk,* also appeared by Mr. Ames, and in their plea denied, that the Commonwealth was seized of more than one half of the estate, and claimed "to be seized and entitled to their proportional part of the demanded premises," but did not specify that proportion. A special jury was, at the motion of the attorney general, summoned from the towns of Hingham and Chelsea in the county of Suffolk, to try the issues, which were severally joined between the commonwealth and the town of Boston, and between the commonwealth and the county of Norfolk. After a hearing of the parties, the Court ordered the cause to stand continued to the next term, for the purpose of obtaining further information, and

The division took place March 20, 1793.

a new day was assigned. At the next term the cause was again heard. The claim of the county of Norfolk, being by the Court considered in aid of that of the commonwealth, was not permitted to be prosecuted. The jury, after a full investigation, brought in a verdict, "that the commonwealth had no right to the soil, but were entitled to one half of the building, for the purposes for which it was erected."

Mr. Sullivan appeared for the commonwealth; Mr. Parsons and Mr. Lowell for the town. The Court were equally divided in sentiment. The chief justice Dana and judge Sewall expressed in their addresses to the jury an opinion favourable to the town: the judges Bradbury and Strong insisted, that the claim of the commonwealth was well founded.*

The attorney general moved for a new trial on the following grounds, 1. That the verdict was rendered against the weight of the evidence. 2. That it was given against the principles of law. 3. That it did not decide the question, which was involved in the issue. And 4. That as the case was to be decided on legal deductions from facts, which were not disputed, and as there was no decision of the judges on the principles of law, the trial ought not to be considered as conclusive. The action was continued without any decision had on this motion, and at the next term in Feb. 1802, the parties agreed to

refer the case to the Hon. Oliver Wolcott, Esq. of Connecticut, appointed by the Court, the Hon. Benjamin Bourne, Esq. of Rhode-Island, appointed by the attorney general, and the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Esq. of New-Hampshire, appointed by the selectmen and town-clerk, "to hear the parties and to determine finally in equity and justice, what proportion the commonwealth was entitled to have and hold of the said land and buildings." On 20th July, 1802, the referees met in the senate-chamber of the New State-House in Boston, and the parties were publicly heard.

* A right to the soil in Massachusetts, which is included within a line running "three miles to the south of Charles river and three miles north of Merrimack river from the Atlantick to the South sea," was conveyed by the patent of the council of Plymouth to Sir Henry Rosewell and his associates. In 1628 this title was confirmed by the royal charter of Charles I., the original design of which instrument was, to vest in the patentees the powers of a corporation, which should be similar to that of the East India Company. The government of the colony immediately exercised the right of granting land to the settlers, and to all who came over.

Boston was called by the natives *Shawmut*, and afterwards,

* The facts in this case were gleaned from ancient records of the commonwealth, of the county of Suffolk, and of the town of Boston. Mr. Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts and governor Winthrop's Journal were frequently quoted at the trial.

* The judges Paine and Dawes, being citizens of Boston, did not sit in the cause, and judge Thatcher did not address the jury.

probably by the French, *Trimon-taine*. In 1630 the court of assis-tants ordered it to be called by its present name, which was the only account of its incorporation. But in the same manner were other towns incorporated. *Aga-wam* was ordered to be called Ips-wich; *Naumkeag*, Salem; *Mount Woollaston*, Braintree. The penin-sula, on which Boston is built, was originally claimed by a Mr. Blaxton†. In 1633 the govern-ment of the colony made him a grant of fifty acres at the west part of the town. This was the only instance shewn, in which the government undertook to grant land in a town, after having given it a name. In 1684 certain aged citizens deposed, before the gov-ernour of the colony, that the inhabitants purchased of Mr. Blax-ton his right to the soil, and that each householder paid him six shillings for releasing his right. But the deed from Mr. Blaxton could not be produced, nor was it shewn that it could be legally demanded, as the first law which made a deed necessary was enact-ed in 1641, and the release from Blaxton was as early as 1635.

† "Mr. Blaxton left England, being
"dissatisfied there, and not a thorough
"conformist: but he was more dissatis-
"fied with the non-conformity of the
"new-commers. He told them, he
"came from England because he did not
"like the Lords Bishops, but he could
"not join with the Lords Brethren. He
"claimed the whole peninsula upon
"which Boston is built, because he first
"slept upon it. He had a grant of a
"very handsome lot there, at the west
"part of the town, but he chose to quit
"all, and removed to the southward, at
"or near what is since called Provi-
"dence, where he lived to old age."—
1 Hutchinson's Hist. Col. Mass. 21.

The town produced a deed of release of the soil to them, dated in 1684, from an Indian chief whose name was *Wampatuck*. In the recital to this deed he men-tions, that he had been informed by aged Indians and by his own council, that his grandfather *Chick-atubut*, who originally owned the soil, granted it to the inhabitants of Boston. But this deed was executed in the time of James II. when the colony feared that they should lose their charter, and was probably fabricated for the cir-cumstances of the times.

Whether the soil, on which the house stands, was originally the site of a fort, or whether it was used for a market place, was very doubtful. The spot was most ineligible for any purposes of defence, and the circumstances of the colony would not permit the construction of a fort for or-nament. Before 1635 a fort was built on what is now called Fort Hill. The streets were not named by the authority of the town un-till 1708. And though Mr. Win-throp, in his Journal, says, that in 1632 a fort was erected "in the cornhill," yet it did not ap-pear, whether the street, where the house now stands, was at that time, as it is at present, called Cornhill, or whether corn was not cultiva-ted on Fort Hill, which might have led Mr. Winthrop to adopt the expression. It was equally uncertain, whether this fort was intended for defence against the French, or against the Indians.

When it was first proposed, that a house should be erected for the accommodation of the colony, the county of Suffolk, and the town, the latter proposed, that if

any of the citizens would undertake to build the house, they should be entitled to the profits of the building. By this was probably meant, that the publick objects being first attained, the proprietors should be entitled to all advantages, which could be derived from other uses, to which the house could be applied, together with the right to the soil. Nothing was done in consequence of this offer.

A house, which was in 1657 built at the expense of the town by subscriptions obtained from the inhabitants, was used by the respective governments of the colony, the county, and the town. In 1660 the town offered to the general court the use of this building for legislative and other purposes of the government, praying at the same time, that in consideration thereof the court would remit the proportion of the colony tax, to which the town would be liable for one year. The court accepted the offer, and remitted the tax on the further condition, that the county of Suffolk likewise should have the privilege of using the house for the sessions of its courts of justice.* The town always received the rent of the cellar and of those parts of the building, which were not occupied for the above purposes. One half of the expences of repairing that building was paid by the colony, one

quarter by the county of Suffolk, and one quarter by the town. In 1693 this proportion was established by law.

After the conflagration in 1711, in which the Old Town-House was consumed, the province designated this spot, being the site of that building, for a new State-House. Accordingly a house, of which the walls of the present were part, was built, and the expense was defrayed by the province, the county, and the town, in the proportion which was established in 1693. That house was partly consumed by fire in 1747, and again repaired. The town remonstrated against its share of the burden. Faneuil-Hall, in which all municipal affairs were then transacted, having been built five years before, the town had no further use for the State-House. In the remonstrance it is said, that the house was originally built on land belonging to the town. Of that building, which is the subject of the present controversy, the commonwealth, the county, and the town have continued in possession to the present day.

*Sketch of the arguments of Mr. Parsons for the town, and of the Attorney General for the commonwealth.**

MR. PARSONS. The referees are bound by the terms of the sub-

* The time when the general court first occupied this building was not discovered, till after the discussion had been closed. The above fact, which took place in the year 1660, was found by Mr. Lowell in one of the ancient journals of the general court and was by consent of the parties submitted to the referees.

* This sketch was formed from a few brief minutes, which were taken at the hearing before the referees. If there are errors in the statement of the facts, or in the heads of the arguments, they must be attributed to the writer. At the same time he wishes, that he could have done justice to the eloquence of the learned counsel on both sides.

mission to decide, whether the commonwealth is seized of any to declare what the proportion is, part of the Old State-House, and Their award will be in the nature of an interlocutory judgment. They have not a discretionary power to leave the law of the land, and to decide on the broad ground of the equity of the case, though the submission might have been expressed, so as that the present decision should have been final.†

A title to the soil in Massachusetts was by the patent to Sir Henry Roswell and his associates, and by the charter of Charles I. vested in the Old Colony. It is a rule of the common law, that at the dissolution of a corporation, all the lands of which it is possessed shall revert to the donor. But if while in existence it has conveyed land to others, that land in the possession of the grantees will not at the dissolution of the corporation revert to the original donor. If then the old colony conveyed lands of which it was lawfully seized and during the existence of its charter, the dissolution of that corporation will not affect the title of its grantees, or of their assigns.

The inhabitants of Boston are lawfully seized of the soil on which the town stands. We must view the law and the transactions of the times, when Massachusetts was first settled, according to the language and views of those times. Our ancestors brought with them such principles of the common law of

England as were applicable to their situation. In incorporating a town, however laconic the act of incorporation, they meant to convey all those rights and privileges, which were well known by them to belong to towns. When the government of the colony ordered this peninsula to be called Boston, they in reality conferred on it, in the simple manner of that day, the immunities of a corporation. To grant lands was one of the prerogatives of the government. But when a town had received a name, the government never assumed the right, except in the solitary instance to Blaxton, to dispose of the lands within its limits. After the settlements had multiplied, and the lands had become valuable, the boundaries of the towns were fixed. This simple mode of conferring the rights of a corporation suited the circumstances of those times. It will be vain to say, that towns could not be thus created. When government gives any thing, the grantee acquires by the gift power to receive. Such gift destroys the incapacity, if any previously existed. There is then a reasonable certainty, that the soil on which the house was built belonged to the town. It has not been shewn, that this spot was originally reserved by the colony for the site of a fort, or for any publick purpose. The first house was undoubtedly erected at the expense of the town. If that house was used by the colony for legislative purposes, it was without question with the consent of the town, who did at that time and have ever since continued to derive advantages from this ap-

† The parties finally agreed to interpret the rule, so that the referees should decide the case on its most equitable grounds.

propriation of the building. But can it be pretended, that the special occupation of a house for a particular purpose by government or by an individual, for any length of time, will convey to the occupant a general right to the soil?

If the town ever conveyed this estate, or any part of it, let the grant be shewn. The town having exhibited a title, the burden of proof is shifted upon the commonwealth. It is a well known maxim, that a grant shall not be presumed where records exist, and, during the whole time which this controversy embraces, regular records have been kept by the government, the county, and the town. The expenses of repairing this building were, it is true, divided between the parties. It is but equitable, that the occupants of a building should repair it: but because government contributed to the repairs, does it follow, that it is entitled to the soil on which the house is built?

The commonwealth has now the same right in this building, which it has had ever since the year 1711. It may be still used by the government for legislative purposes, but for no other. This title to an appropriate use was founded on a good consideration, and may be claimed by a prescriptive right. We admit, that the commonwealth has a right to the use of certain parts of this building for certain purposes. If it is seized in common of any part, it must be for general purposes, and for this part a writ of partition would lie. But a writ of partition will not lie, where the petitioner has but a right to the

use of the thing, not to the thing itself. Partition may not be made of any thing, which by the partition would be destroyed.

We may expect, that the evidence relative to recent events should be clear and satisfactory: but where facts, to be ascertained, are involved in the obscurity of ancient times, we must be content to obtain reasonable evidence. Vain is it to insist on certainty, where demonstration is impracticable.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL. He first considered the law relative to partition. Neither tenants in common nor joint tenants could be compelled at common law to make partition. The statutes of 31 Hen. viii. c. 31, and of 32 Hen. viii. c. 32, provided a writ for this purpose. By the common law parceners could always be compelled to make partitions. In all cases where a writ of partition may be brought at common law, or by those statutes of Hen. viii., partition may be had under the statutes of this commonwealth.

The attorney general then noticed the rule and the facts which led to the submission. The referees were not, he considered, to be confined to those strict legal principles, which would govern a court of law: but in conformity to the spirit of the rule and the wish of the parties, their award should be founded on the equity of the case.*

* The advocate for the commonwealth here produced the report of a committee, consisting of Dr. William Eustis and William Smith, Esq. appointed by the town to consider the subject,

On what was the right of the town to the soil originally founded? The naming of a town could not convey to its inhabitants the soil, for it would be a grant but by implication and contrary to all legal ideas. Neither did it invest the rights of a corporation. The colony was originally a body with the rights of a corporation. Till 1634 there was no government, but that of the governor and assistants. Boston was then first organized, and before that year had not the powers of a corporation. The grant to Blaxton proves, that the government did claim and exercise the right to dispose of lands in a town, after having given it a name, and thereby invested it, as the counsel on the opposite side contend, with the immunities of a corporation.

Does the commonwealth own any part of this building? In 1711, when the province designated this spot, on which to erect a State-House, and the town agreed to it, nothing was said of the right

and to report to whom the Old State-House belonged. They reported, that the soil and one quarter of the building belonged to the town, one half to the commonwealth, and the remaining quarter to the county of Suffolk. Mr. Lowell—"This committee were never acquainted with the extent of the legal rights of the town in this property. They never investigated them. The statement in the report is erroneous; and it is well known, that the error of a party shall not injure him." Mr. Parsons—"This paper contains only the opinion of those gentlemen. It is however neither a grant, nor the evidence of one." Attorney General—"I do not consider it as either. The report was submitted to the town and accepted. I offer it as the sense of the town on this subject."

to the soil. The parties agreed to build a house for their mutual accommodation. This must be considered either as chicanery and cunning on the part of the town, or else a grant, or the concession of a grant, that the province was entitled to a certain proportion of the soil.

It cannot be denied, that a tenancy in common may be acquired by prescription. Ninety years ago these parties came together, and constructed this building. No one at that time, nor till this controversy arose, doubted the title of the commonwealth to a certain proportion of this building. Quiet possession of land for sixty years will vest a title in a corporation or a state, as well as in an individual: and the commonwealth has been possessed in common of this building from the year 1711 to the present time. This fact alone proves beyond controversy, that the claim of the commonwealth, which is set forth in the petition for partition, is well founded, and will serve to guide the referees to an award, which will be founded in equity and which will be conformable to the law of the land.

REPORT OF THE REFEREES.

*The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
by James Sullivan, Esq. Attorney
General,*

vs.

The Selectmen of the town of Boston.

The referees having fully heard the parties, their evidence, and the pleas and arguments of their learned counsel, report, That the said commonwealth is not seized of any undivided part of the land, whereof partition is prayed for.

The referees do further report and award, that the said commonwealth hath a right to use and occupy the building in the said petition mentioned and described, for the purpose of holding the sessions of the Governour and Council, and the General Court of the said commonwealth: and that certain bodies corporate have other rights and uses in the same building in such form and manner to be enjoyed, that the said building is not partible in the common and ordinary mode.

At the request of the said parties, and adopting their construction of the powers of the referees, under this rule, the referees do further award, that the commonwealth contributing to the ne-

cessary repairs of the said building is entitled to receive one half of the rents or income of the same. And whenever all the parties interested in the said building shall agree to dispose of the same, that the said commonwealth is entitled to one half the proceeds of sale.

The referees further award, that the costs be borne equally by the parties to this rule.

OLIVER WOLCOTT,
BENJ. BOURNE,
JEREMIAH SMITH.

Boston, July 28, 1802.

Supreme Judicial Court, August term at Boston, A.D. 1802.

Report read and accepted, and judgment accordingly.

JNO. TUCKER, Clerk.

AGRICULTURE.

WE have long had a wish, and we now begin seriously to purpose, to devote a portion of our journal to the interests of agriculture. We solicit the aid of gentlemen farmers towards rendering our labours of this kind easy to ourselves, and useful to the publick. The following letter has been lately sent us, which we publish with pleasure.

PEACH-TREES.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

If you deem the following treatise on preserving peach-trees worthy a place in your collections, by inserting it you will favour your friend and the publick.

N. V.

WITHIN the course of a few years I have made a discovery, which to me was entirely new, respecting the preservation of peach-

Vol. II. No. 2. P

trees, during the winter season. It has been a general established opinion, supported by experiments, that the northern part of these New England states is so cold during the winter months as to kill peach-trees without admitting even an exception. Though this opinion, like the great laws of nature, had received such a sanction in the publick mind, that to call it in question would only demonstrate our ignorance, I nevertheless attempted silently to try some experiments, knowing that personal experience would afford a stronger conviction on the mind, than the greatest received maxims. In the course of my experiments I planted some peach-stones in various parts of the garden, which produced promising shoots. As soon as the snow fell, I was careful to remove it from

many of the young trees, so as to constantly keep the ground naked round them the distance of 4 feet. The next spring I found, that those trees which I thus treated were all alive and promising, but those I neglected were entirely dead. In this way I treated my peach-trees, and the last season they afforded me considerable fruit as a reward for my labour, which I suppose is the first fruit of the kind raised in this northern climate.

This led me to meditate on the subject, and make some philosophical inquiries into the nature of such different effects. In these inquiries, the most reasonable theory which presented itself to my mind was this. The snow generally falls before the surface of the earth is frozen, and consequently keeps the earth and roots of the tree in a comparative state of warmth. When the season begins to open, the roots of the tree, kept under a cover of snow, feel the vegetative powers of nature sooner, than if they were inclosed with a body of frozen earth. When the roots are thus covered with snow, the sap or juices of the roots are in a state ready to ascend, as soon as the sun by its warmth opens the pores of the tree. The pores of the trunk and branches are frequently opened, in a very early part of the season, at mid-day, when they

receive the full rays of the sun. The roots of the tree thus kept from the frost have nothing to check the sap from ascending, and, when the frost of the night returns, it chills and freezes this sap in the trunk and branches, and at once destroys the power of the pores and the life of the tree.

This is principally owing to two considerations. The first sap which arises is very weak, and ascending so early, there is but a small quantity of it. Like weak adulterated spirits, it does not contain sufficient strength to withstand the frost in the surrounding atmosphere, and being in that part of the tree which nature never designed for a congealed state, it deranges the order of nature and renders her powers abortive. But when the ground is frozen, though the pores of the branches are open to receive the sap at too early a period for the climate, the roots being surrounded by frost keeps the sap from ascending till the earth and atmosphere have received sufficient warmth to raise a large quantity of it in a day, and not destroy its life by frost in the night.

On these principles it would be worthy the attention of every gentleman in these eastern States to keep the snow from his peach-trees through the winter. It may prevent the tender buds from dying, which is frequently experienced in these States.

NEWSPAPERIALS.

Count Rumford has presented to the Royal Society, (England,) an account of a curious phenomenon, which he, in company with Professor Pictet, of Geneva, observed on the Glaciers of Chamouny. This phenomenon, which is

said to be very common in those high cold regions is thus described: "At the surface of a solid mass of ice, of vast thickness and extent, we discovered a pit, perfectly cylindrical, about seven inches in diameter, and more than four

feet deep, quite full of water ; the sides were polished, and the bottom well defined."

From the guides our philosophical travellers learnt that these cylindrical holes are frequently found on the level parts of the ice ; that they are formed during the summer, increasing gradually in depth as long as the hot weather continues ; but that they are frozen up, and disappear on the return of winter. These circumstances are thus explained by Count Rumford : "The warm winds which in summer blow over the surface of this column of ice-cold water, must undoubtedly communicate some small degree of heat to those particles of the fluid with which this warm air comes into immediate contact ; and the particles of the water at the surface so heated being rendered specifically heavier than they were before, by this small increase of temperature, sink slowly to the bottom of the pit, where they come into contact with the ice, and communicate to it, the heat by which the depth of the pit is continually increased."

MEDICINAL.

M. Tommasi, a Neapolitan chemist of some celebrity, who has been several years at Paris, has lately made many experiments to prove the power of the muriat of soda, or kitchen salt, in destroying the long white worms which are found in the intestinal canal.—When he put those worms into a solution of an ounce of salt in fifty ounces of water, they did not live more than 24 minutes ; but when the same quantity was dissolved in eight ounces of water, they lived only 8 minutes. Hence he infers, that the method of curing the malady is easy and effectual.

MECHANISM.

Mr. Thomas Beatt has constructed a Grist-Mill, Saw-Mill, and Fulling-Mill, to go with the tide (or any stream of an equal force.)

The grist mill has two pairs of stones, and is so constructed as to grind both together, or separate, with either flood or ebb, or the one with the flood and the other with the ebb.

The Saw-Mill and Fulling-Mill work on the same principle, either together or separate, with either flood or ebb.

The whole works on a water wheel that rises and falls with the tide or stream, and will work each mill separate, or either two, or all together.

The model has been placed divers times on different places on the tide, and in the presence of a number of respectable citizens and men of mechanical genius, and is found to completely answer the end designed.

Mr. BEATT is a native of New Jersey, and a citizen of the township of Greenwich, in the county of Gloucester.

A model of this curious machine is in my possession, and may be seen gratis, by any citizen inclined to view the same.

JOHN FIRTH.

Barnsboro', Gloucester County,
N. Jersey, January 1, 1805.

COTTON MACHINE.

The ginning and carding part of this machine was invented some time ago, by Mr. M' Bride, in South-Carolina, before he moved to this state, and may be used with great advantage by private families. He has lately, after many trials and much labour, constructed it to gin, to card, and to spin at the same time by the turning of one wheel. It requires daily one person to attend it. It is not necessary to stop the machine, except for the purpose of mending a broken thread, or of taking away the full spools and putting empty ones in their places. The threads break very seldom, and by paying more attention to the workmanship, the inventor believes, that this inconvenience will be almost wholly removed. It spins yarn of the size of seven hundred, at the rate of 15 dozen in 12 hours, though it be constructed for spinning only 15 threads at a time. It may be easily altered to spin yarn of any size in common use. Machines of this kind can be made either upon a small scale, to work by the hand of the attendant, or on a larger to go by means of horses or water. After the portion of cotton, which each of the saws gives to their respective brushes, has passed through the cards and rollers, which prepare and stretch them small enough for threads without interfering in the least degree with each other, they are twisted close to the rollers, and gently taken on by the spools, which are regularly filled by means of another

part of the machine, which slowly recedes and returns for that purpose. Two sets of spools will be sufficient, as the inventor has fixed a reel at the one end of his machine to reel one set while the other is filling.

It is the opinion of competent judges that the yarn spun upon this new invention is equal, if not superior, to the yarn which is generally spun in families upon common wheels.—*Tennesse Pa.*

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. Jan. 15th. The first snow we had here the present winter was Nov. 14; it fell about an inch on the surface, and was carried off by rain the succeeding day; but the neighbouring mountains have since been covered with snow. The latter part of November was warm and pleasant. Dec. 3d and 8th inconsiderable snows fell, and again on the 11th and 12th, since which we have had good sledding, generally extreme cold weather, with frequent though small snows, except on the 10th, when it fell 9 or 10 inches deep. The river closed, so as to impede navigation from this place to New York about the 30th. The coldest seasons we have had are as follows: December 13, at sunrise, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 8 degrees below 0. January 4, 11 o'clock, a.m. at 9 degrees below 0. January 12, 7 o'clock a.m. at 17 degrees below 0. We understand the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer has never been known to settle lower than 19 degrees below 0, by any observation taken in this place. The snow is now, on an average 18 inches deep.

Novel cure for the Gout.—A person known at Shadwell by the name of the Doctor, having got rid of a severe rheumatism by an extraordinary pedestrian exertion, a Mr. Longden, of Ratcliffe highway, who for years had been a crippled martyr to the gout, resolved to attempt to walk off the malady; he accordingly laid a wager to walk from his house to Boston, in Lincolnshire, a distance of 117 miles, in four days. He started, lame in both feet, and supported himself on sticks; the pains, however, gradually subsided as he advanced, and although nearly exhausted by the fatigue of his march, he arrived

within the appointed time, and on Friday returned home without the least remains of the gout.—*Eng. Pap.*

Shocking accident and wanton barbarity.—One cold evening last week four apprentice boys of Mr. M'Intire's, stone cutter, Warren street, perceiving some people skating at a little distance from the shore, set out to go to them. Before they reached them, they met a man with a pole in his hand, and asked him how far he had been, the fellow assured them he had just come from the Jersey shore, and that it was good crossing all the way. On hearing this assertion three of them began to run, inclining a little up the river; the fourth got alarmed and returned, having in vain endeavoured to persuade the rest to come back with him. The three that persisted have not been heard of since. There can be no doubt, however, what must have been their fate, and that they are all drowned, for it is now known, that the river on the Jersey shore was not even skimmed over. Endeavours have been made, without success, to discover the man who betrayed them to their death. The names of the three who are drowned are John Craig, John Nesbitt and Adolphi Harris.—*N. York Rev. Post.*

Extraordinary example of Honesty.—A person of the Quaker profession having through misfortune about forty years ago become insolvent; and not being able to pay more than eleven shillings in the pound, formed a resolution, if providence smiled on his future endeavours, to pay the whole amount; and in case of death, he requested his sons to liquidate his debts by their joint proportions. It pleased God, however, to spare his life, and after struggling with a variety of difficulties (for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labour) he at length saved sufficient to satisfy every demand.

A few days ago, the old man came with no inconsiderable sum, to the surviving son of one of his creditors, who had been dead about thirty years, and insisted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heart felt satisfaction.

Such a display of virtuous resolution we record with infinite pleasure, as it

not only reflects the highest honour on a worthy individual, but also on that society to which he belongs, whose members have long been distinguished, and deservedly respected, for their upright and equitable dealing.—*Law. Paper.*

CHARITY.

On perusing Dr. Parr's *Traits by Warburton, &c.* I was peculiarly pleased with the following eloquent description of CHARITY, which Leland gave, in his reply to the letter-writer:—"CHARITY never misrepresents; never ascribes obnoxious principles or mistaken opinions to an opponent, which he himself disavows; is not so earnest in refuting, as to fancy positions never asserted, and to extend its censure to opinions, which will perhaps be delivered. CHARITY is utterly averse to sneering, the most despicable species of ridicule, that most despicable subterfuge of an impotent objector. CHARITY never supposes, that all sense and knowledge are confined to a particular circle, to a district, or to a country: CHARITY never condemns and embraces principles in the same breath; never professes to confute, what it acknowledges to be just, never presumes to bear down an adversary with confident assertions: CHARITY does not call dissent infelice, or the want of implicit submission a want of common respect.—*Centi.*

ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. Whiston, so well known in the literary world for his writings, being one day in discourse with the late lord chief justice King, who was brought up at Exeter a rigid dissenter, a debate arose about signing articles which men do not believe, for the sake of preferment; which the chief justice openly justified, "because," said he, "we must not lose our usefulness for scruples." Mr. Whiston, who was quite of an opposite opinion, asked his lordship, "If in their courts, they allowed of such prevarication? He answered, "They did not." "Then," said Mr. Whiston, "suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world, as my lord chief justice is to this, where are we then?"

ANECDOTE OF A ONCE OBNOXIOUS MINISTER.

When Sir Robert Walpole was minister, in the Spanish war, a scheme was mentioned to him of taxing the American colonies. He smiled, and said, "I will leave that for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and less a friend to commerce than I am." He added, "It has been a maxim with me, during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies in their utmost latitude (nay, it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe); for by encouraging them to an extensive growing foreign commerce, if they gain 500,000. I am convinced, that, in two years afterwards, full 250,000. of their gain will be in his majesty's exchequer." He ended with saying, "This is taxing them more agreeably both to their own constitution, and to ours."

Bill of mortality for Portsmouth, N. H. for the year 1804.

Aptha	2	Hooping cough	4
Apoplexy	2	Lock jaw	1
Atrophy	9	Mortification	5
Bilious fever	2	Nonclosure of the	
Consumption	26	foramen ovel &	
Convulsions	13	canal arteriosus	1
Cholera of inf.	5	Old age	6
Casualties	7	Palfy	5
Dropsy	3	Pulmonick fever	1
Dropsy of the		Phrenzy	1
brain	5	Purperal fever	1
Dysentery	1	Quinif	4
Gravel	1	Still born	3

Total 110

Of which 51 were males, and 59 fem.
The births in the same period were 163 males, and 130 females; total 293.
Marriages 64.

Portsmouth is situated 43°. 5'. N. lat. and 6°. 26'. E. long. from Washington, and contains about 6000 inhabitants.

In New-York, during the month of January, there were born 157 males, 148 females, total 305; the deaths, during the same period, were 111 males, 106 females, total 217.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. Stephen Higginson, jun. to Miss Louisa Storrow; Daniel Livermore, Esq. to Miss Hannah Sumner; Mr. John Long, to Miss Elizabeth Rogers; Dr. Anthony Porronomy, to Miss Betsey Needham; Mr. Eliza Wild, to Miss Priscilla Greenwood; Mr. Christopher Lincoln, to Miss Eliza Williston; Mr. Jonathan Cloutman, of Salem, to Miss Ann Sancry; Mr. Wm. Frost, of Salem, to Miss Prudence Blood. At Newburyport, Captain George C. Horton, to Miss Mary Clarkson.

At Kennebunk, Dr. Joseph Gilman, to Miss Hannah Grant.

At Keene, New-Hampshire, Deacon J. Lanman, to Miss Susan Goldthwait.

At Westhaven, Vermont, Mr. Christopher Minot of this town, to Miss Catherine Smith.

London, Dec. 13.—The Earl of Ormond yesterday led to the Hymeneal altar the amiable Miss Clark, of Sutton Hall, who is possessed of a fortune of near 30,000*l.* per annum, besides near 100,000*l.* in ready cash.

Necrology;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our having."*

Died, in this town, on the 15th inst. WILLIAM POWELL, Esq. aged 79 years. It was the happiness of this gentleman to rank among those few mortals, who live according to nature, by leading a life of order, and "doing every thing in its proper season." But whilst he realized many satisfactions, naturally springing from regularity, it was impossible that he should be wholly exempt from the vexations of a world, where the mass of its inhabitants without rule or reason give the reins of their conduct into the hands of passion and prejudice. Possessing quick perceptions and a strong mind, he readily formed his opinions and purposes, and was not easily diverted from the one, nor shaken from the other. Descended from a rich and respectable family, he was ambitious to increase its wealth, and preserve its fame; and this laudable ambition was abundantly gratified. He lived to see the success of those plans, which his good sense, enterprise, and industry promoted in early life. Although he lived to be old, his age was not burdensome. He manifested great partiality for his native town, from which he would rarely be absent even for a night. He was exemplary for his attendance on publick worship, and saw, what every wife man fees, a close connexion between the observance of religious institutions

and the prosperity of a people. His days were passed methodically, and therefore prolonged. Business was necessary to him through the force of habit; whilst geography, music, and walking formed his principal amusements. Though discriminating and moderate in his pleasures, he was no stranger to convivial joys, and relished highly the conversation of well bred men. Alternate cares and relaxations thus agreeably diversified his hours, and so gentle was the approach of age, that it neither impaired the agility of his step, nor dimmed the brightness of his intellect. He defied the common enemy in its first advances, and submitted to his fate with fortitude.

In reviewing such a life, we think we discern the operation of a settled detestation of unrighteousness in principle and practice. If a uniform course of integrity in mercantile affairs, loyalty and patriotism as a citizen, fidelity as a husband, and of strong attachment to his children, to whose education and happiness he was incessantly attentive, give evidence of an equitable character, Mr. Powell was entitled to that high honour. In cases where he might have retained his property without injury to his reputation; in cases where he was never likely to be applauded for his mercy; and in cases where he might

greatly have augmented his fortune by small and too customary deviations from the line of strict integrity, he was known, by particular friends, to have been scrupulously and nobly honest. In this grand article of character he sustained through life an unspotted reputation. And this surely is no common praise. For whoever considers the importance of equity in all the arrangements of social intercourse, will acknowledge in the well known lines of the poet,

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Mr. John Coxe, *et. 38*; Mrs. Ann M'Million, *et. 81*; Mrs. Mary Freeman, *et. 66*; Mrs. Mercy Goodwin, *et. 76*; Miss Eliza Coxe, *et. 20*; Mr. Eben. Pope, *et. 85*; Mrs. Ann Williams, *75*; John Lewis, *et. 55*; Mrs. Mary Saxton, *et. 50*; Mrs. Polly Green, *et. 29*; Mrs. Sally B. Rallion, *et. 36*; Abraham Tuckerman, *esq. et. 81*; Miss Sally P. Hatch, *et. 17*; Mrs. Louisa C. Farnum, *et. 29*; Capt. Roger Bartlet, *et. 81*.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Robinson, *et. 94*.

At Charlestown, Timothy Tufts, *esq.*

At Leicester, Mr. Wm. Earle, *et. 90*.

At Marlborough, Mrs. Ann Quincy, *et. 80*, relict of the late Jos. Quincy, *esq. of Quincy*.

In Nantucket, on the 24th Jan. last, the Hon. STEPHEN HUSSEY, *Esq. et. 69 y. 6 m.*; chief justice of the court of common pleas, and collector of the customs. In the year 1766, he was chosen a representative to the general court at Boston, and continued a representative, successively, from the year 1768 until 1775; and at the close of the American revolutionary war, he took his seat in the first congress of the United States. He then received his commission as a civil magistrate, and collector of the customs; both of which places he filled with satisfaction to the general government, and his fellow-citizens; and presided as chief justice of the county until the year previous to his death. He was of a mild, happy disposition and temper; an agreeable address; truly religious; indefatigable in fulfilling the duties of his office—no partizan; but an invaluable friend to the best interests of his country. He left a widow, and five children to bewail the loss of one

of the most affectionate of husbands and parents, and society to regret the exit of one of its most valuable members.

At Eastport, Maine, John Allan, *esq. et. 66*.

At Oxford, Mrs. Eliz. Kidder, *et. 93. New-Hampshire.*

At Portsmouth, T. Martin, *esq. et. 73*.

At Concord, Mrs. Hannah Lovejoy, *et. 90*. Of her posterity 89 survive her. *Connecticut.*

In Litchfield, Isaac Baldwin, *esq. et. 94*. He took his degree in Yale college, in the year 1735.

In Wilton, Mrs. Rachel Betts, *et. 102*. She had enjoyed good health till within a few days of her death, which was occasioned by a fall upon the ice.

New-York.

In New York, the Hon. JOHN SLOSS HOBART, in the 67th year of his age; judge of the district court of New-York. In the death of judge H. another of our revolutionary patriots has left the stage. During the war he was employed in some of the most confidential and influential situations in New-York; and always acquitted himself to publick satisfaction. Mr. Jay, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Yates were the three judges of the supreme court first appointed after the revolution. This situation he held for many years. He was once elected senator of the United States. Of judge Hobart it may with truth be said, that from his earliest manhood to his death, no man ever sustained a more blameless and unspotted character.

New-Jersey.

At Morristown, Gen. Joseph Brearley, *et. 93*.

In Amwell, Mrs. Naylor, *et. about 103 years*. She was born in that neighbourhood, in its first settlement. Her husband was killed in Braddock's expedition, in the year 1755; since that time she remained a widow, being left with nine children. She enjoyed good health till within twenty-four hours of her decease, and last summer could walk two or three miles. It is remarkable, that for upwards of fifty years past her whole diet consisted of bohea tea, and a little bread and butter three times a day; and her amusement was continually smoking tobacco.

Virginia.

Col. John Talliaferro.

In Brunswick county, Mrs. Harrison, æt. 110.

At Richmond, Mrs. West, jun. of the Virginia theatre.

At Norfolk, Col. Littleton Savage.

At Fincastle, Mr. William Dunkin, æt. 124. He possessed his mental faculties to the last hour.

Abroad.

In England, Rev. Richard Graves, rector of Claverion, author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, and various other works.

Rev. Mr. Ayscough, æt. 55, a librarian of the British Museum, and an eminent compiler. He was said to have exam-

ined more books than any man in England.

Mr. George Morland, æt. 40; a celebrated painter of rural scenes.

Alderman Boyde, æt. 87; one of the most eminent encouragers of the arts in the age in which he lived.

In Scotland, Lieut. Col. Blakenly. He was severely wounded in the battle of Bunker's hill, North America.

In France, Mechain, a respectable astronomer.

In Prussia, M. De Struensee, minister of state, æt. 70; celebrated for his great talents and services under three kings.

MEDICAL REPORT.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR FEBRUARY.

Rheumatism has been less frequent than in January, and pneumonia has nearly disappeared. Catarrhs have been more common. Glandular inflammations have occurred more frequently than usual, in many instances suppurating. The malignant disease which appeared last month has in some measure subsided. Complaints of minor importance have been frequent, but the town has been unusually exempt from mortal diseases.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN BOSTON IN FEBRUARY, FROM THE RETURNS OF 12 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Male	22	<i>Still born.</i>
Female	28	Male 1
		Female 1
Total	50	

DEATHS.

	M.	F.
Cancer, 5	1	
Cancer uteri, 39		1
Consumption, 34, 18, 38, 22	1	3
Convulsions, 2		1
Bever-bilious malignant		1
Intemperance, 21	1	
Old age, 82	1	
Ovarial dropsy, 29		1
Pleurisy, 60, 29		2
Small pox, 34, 21	2	
	6	9
Total	15	

HUMANE SOCIETY.

At a late meeting of the Humane Society, the following officers were selected for the year ensuing:

Dr. John Warren,	<i>President.</i>
Rev. Dr. John Lathrop,	<i>First V. P.</i>
Dr. Aaron Dexter,	<i>Second V. P.</i>
Rev. Dr. John Eliot,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Dr. William Spooner,	<i>Correspond. Sec.</i>
John Avery, Esq.,	<i>Recording Sec'y.</i>
Nathaniel Balch, Esq.	} <i>Trustees.</i>
Jeremiah Allen, Esq.	
Samuel Parkman, Esq.	
James Scott, Esq.	
Edward Gray, Esq.	
John Phillips, Esq.	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Medicus, Literary Wanderer No. 2, Admirer, &c. and an elegant parcel from a poetick friend were received at too late a day for the present number.

As we can have no interest in maintaining error, we will thank our correspondents to note them, as they may occur in the work, and transmit them for rectification.

It may be worth while to make the following corrections, in addition to those which we have formerly marked. Month. Anthol. vol. i. p. 511, for *dierefu* read *diarefu*; *ibid.* for *syranfu* read *synarefu*; *ibid.* p. 645. for *fraetis* read *braetis*. Vol. ii. p. 20, for *urbis* read *urbs*.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MARCH, 1805^a

TO "PHILO-LAVOISIER."

SIR,

IS there, or is there not, such a thing as *caloric*? Have philosophers told us idle tales, or is there a substance, which pervades all bodies, distances their component parts, and surrounds their minutest corpuscles? Do not all bodies expand and contract, in proportion as the caloric atmospheres of the integral corpuscles increase or diminish? Does not Lavoisier himself, and it seems by your signature that you are a friend to him, acknowledge this a *physical axiom*? If there be such a substance, is it not *caloric*? Where is the space, it does not fill? What body so solid, which it does not pervade? What system, planet, or atom moves without it? What phenomenon does not witness its influence? Does it not warm the cold, illumine the dark, soften the hard, liquify the congealed, animate the inanimate? In light, in sound, in taste, in smell, in touch, do we not feel its vibrations? * What

solution, decomposition, combination, or motion takes place without it? Is it not the *solvent*, in which matter moves, displays all its forms, its beauty, its magnificence, and its force?

Now, let me ask, can the animated fibre contract, unless its integral corpuscles approximate? Can its integral corpuscles approximate, unless they lose *caloric*? Will they not lose caloric by the contact of air, above or below animal temperature? The mercury, in a thermometer, whose surface is moistened with water, contracts in air above animal temperature. Why then should not the animated fibre? If moist surfaces, animate or inanimate, lose *caloric* in an atmosphere, whose pressure is diminished, or temperature increased, how can you explain this phenomenon upon any other principle, than that of *evaporation*? In air of a certain temperature or pressure, moisture must evaporate from all surfaces, that are moist, and it is proved by the thermom-

* *Vibrations*. This word is perhaps exceptionable. Caloric does not act, unless the compound corpuscles vibrate. But bodies in vibration, vibrate upon their atmospheres. Whether it be correct to say, their atmospheres vibrate

upon each other, I am not certain. I have thought fit however to use the word, *vibration*; and those who do not like it may substitute the word, *influence*, or some other they like better.

eter, that the moisture cannot evaporate without absorbing *caloric* from the surface, that was moist; and if caloric be evaporated, absorbed, or, in any way, abstracted from a *thermometer* or or an animal, will not contraction be produced? All *however* I contend for, is, that *animated matter* loses *caloric*, when it *first* touches the air; that hence the intercostals contract, the chest is raised, a cavity is formed, and, consequently, air is admitted. Air does not always produce this effect. A denser fluid, as *water*, is sometimes necessary. But of what consequence is it, whether the *caloric* be abstracted by air, water, ice, snow, æther, irritation of the schneidercan membrane, by whipping, or by the contact of any substance, solid, or fluid, which either *abstracts caloric* from the animated fibre, or *checks its vibration*? For it is a law, applicable to animal, vegetable, mineral, and all other substances, that the corpuscles of all bodies approximate, as they lose caloric, and that they lose *caloric*, as they lose their *vibration*. When air does not abstract sufficient *caloric* to produce this contraction of the intercostals, *water* will; but it must not be *warmed*. *Warm* water will not absorb caloric so fast as *cold* water. The difference of the sensations is a proof of it. Would you sprinkle a person's face with "*warm*" water to excite respiration? Do you open or shut the windows in case of syncope? Is there a *physician*, who would use "*warm*" water to recover a child from a state of asphyxia? Does it agree with principle or practice? Is

there one reason or example to support it? Dath cold water in the face, and the animal inspires. Every old midwife knows this:

You object to the theory of *evaporation*. Do you object to the theory of *abstraction of caloric*? How, I would ask, is the *first* inspiration produced in an atmosphere, that condenses, instead of evaporating? Explain this, and, perhaps, we shall agree about *evaporation*. Heat promotes evaporation. But this is no reason, that, the hotter the air, the better it is for respiration. Cold, likewise, promotes contraction of the intercostals. But would it not be too vague to say, that, the colder the air, the better it is for respiration? *Evaporation* would be promoted in a hot oven, or in a vacuum, and the *intercostals* would contract in an atmosphere, where mercury would congeal; but in such circumstances, the new-born animal could not *live*; though, if its surface were moist enough, the intercostals would contract, and the animal would inspire. It would have *one* gasp at least.

I have, indeed, asserted, that animal heat is dependent on animal action, and animal action upon respiration. You maintain, that animal action is not dependent upon respiration, and "that you would not believe Dr. H. guilty of such absurdity, without better evidence, than" my "assertion." "For how," say you, "could he suppose, that animal action, which commences long before birth, is dependent upon respiration, which commences after birth? or how could he say, that animal action is dependent upon a process, which,

"in some species of animals, is 'never performed at all?' You will please to observe. The Review for August, and those philosophers, whose theories Dr. H. presumed to doubt, maintain, that, at least, *animal heat* is dependent upon respiration. Your objection then is the same against *animal heat*, as against *animal action*. For the animal certainly has *heat* before it is born. You offer an objection against your own theory. I grant there is animal action before birth; but is it not impossible to continue animal action, without respiration, after birth? The embryo, in its chrysalis, or the chick in ovo, cannot, in the common acceptance of the term, be said to breathe. But, after birth, all action ceases, unless respiration commences. Unless animals breathe, they die. The animal in utero is a part of its mother, as the apple is of the tree. One or the other must breathe, or the fœtus dies. But you say, there are "some animals, in whom respiration is 'never performed at all.'" I do not know any animals, who do not breathe, and, if there are such, should be glad to be acquainted with them. When I say this, I do not mean to confine breathing to *air**, or any particular organization. If I were asked, how the vital action, in any species of animals, was supported; I should answer, by the alternate abstraction of *caloric* from the external and internal surfaces. This abstraction of caloric will, and nothing else can produce the contraction and consequent expansion of the vessels, upon which circulation depends.

If the contact of air, or water, upon one surface, in any species of animals, will produce this effect, this is what I call *breathing*. Viewing the subject in this light, why is it so absurd to say, that *animal action* depends upon *respiration*? If it be absurd, is it not equally so, to say *animal heat* depends upon *respiration*?

You affirm, that, if the contraction of the diaphragm be its elevation, "it would contract to an elongation." To this it might be answered, that, if the diaphragm contract, while it is distended, it then elongates in contracting. I know very well, that all physiological writers maintain with you, that the contraction of the diaphragm is its depression. I ventured to doubt; but am not unwilling to agree with them and you too upon this subject.

The experiment of sprinkling the face with cold water, you think, is "not so obvious, and invalidates," you say, "the theory of *evaporation*." Pour cold water upon a hot iron, or your own bosom, and is it not obvious, what produces the contraction? Is it not because *caloric* is absorbed by the water from the hot iron or warm bosom? Can you account for contraction upon any other principle? Of what consequence then is it, whether caloric be abstracted by air, or water? Is not the effect the same? Is the principle less true? If animals never breathed, until cold water was thrown in their faces, we should not think it correct to say, that *evaporation* was the cause of inspiration, or first contraction of the intercostals. But, if the intercostals contract merely by contact of

* Does a fish breathe air or water?

air, we conclude, that air, as well as water abstracts their caloric, and causes inspiration. The principle, upon which the fibre contracts, is the same in both cases. Hence the theory is not invalidated. The mercury contracts when the thermometer is sprinkled with water, or touched by colder air. Why should not the animated fibre?

You ask me, whether, "when I throw myself into cold water, say to the chin, there is not instantly produced a forcible inspiration? and can there," you ask, "be any evaporation from the surface of the body under the water?" I tell you again, I do not say, *evaporation* takes place under water. A thermometer or a man plunged under water do not lose their caloric by *evaporation*. But, if their moist surfaces be exposed to air above animal temperature, how do they lose their caloric then? Is it not

by evaporation? What else can you call it? In the preceding paragraph you assert, that respiration is promoted "by plunging the infant under warm water." Heat and cold then produce the same effect? Into what mistakes does *want of principle*, as well as "*wild theories*," lead us.

You tell me, that I have "caught at the word, *emerging*, with avidity, as a fit subject for my witticisms and arguments, and that all must allow it to be a subject worthy the talents of *Medicus*." What do you mean by this? Look again, and you will find, that nothing is said about it. The word, had it been noticed, would not have been thought worthy of comment. I have more respect and charity for you, at present, than to think you made this *blunder* on purpose; and believe me, I hate *wit* in all serious investigation of truth.

MEDICUS.

PAPERS ON DUELLING.

No. 8.

THE DECREE OF THE STAR-CHAMBER, AGAINST DUELS.

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 62.)

THIS honourable Court, and all the honourable Court this day sitting, upon grave and mature deliberation, pondering the quality of these offences, they generally approved the speech and observations of his majesties said attorney general, and highly commended his great care and good service in bringing a cause of this nature to publick punishment and example, and in professing a constant purpose to go on in the like course with others; letting him know, that he might expect from the Court all concurrence and assistance in so good a work. And thereupon the Court did by their several opinions and sentences declare how much it imported the peace and prosperous

estate of his majesty and his kingdom to nip this practice and offence of *duels* in the head, which now did over-spread and grow universal, even among mean persons, and was not onely entertained in practice and custome, but was framed into a kind of art and precepts; so that according to the saying of the scripture, *Mischiefe is imagined like a law*. And the Court with one consent did declare their opinions. That by the ancient law of the land, all inceptions, preparations, and combinations to execute unlawful acts, though they never be performed as they be not to be punished capitally except it be in case of treason, and some other particular cases of statute law: so yet they are punishable as misdemeanors and contempts: and that this Court was proper for offences of such nature, especially in this case, where the bravery

and insolvency of the times are such as the ordinary magistrates and justices, that are trusted with the preservation of the peace, are not able to master and repress these offences, which were by the Court at large set forth, to be not only against the law of God, to whom and his substitutes all revenge belongeth, as part of his prerogative, but also against the oath and duty of every subject unto his majesty, for that the subject doth swear unto him by the ancient law, allegiance of life and member, whereby it is plainly inferred that the subject hath no disposing power over himself of life and member to be spent or ventured according to his own passions and fancies, in so much as the very practice of chivalry in jousts and tourneyes, which are but images of martial actions appear by ancient precedents not to be lawful without the kings licence obtained. The Court also noted, that these private *duels* or combats were of another nature from the combats which have been allowed by the law as well of this land as of other nations, for the tryal of rights or appeals. For that those combats receive direction and authority from the law, whereas those contrariwise spring only from the unbridled humours of private men. And as for the pretence of honor, the Court much disliking the confusion of degrees which is grown of late (every man assuming unto himself the term and attribute of honor) did utterly reject and condemn the opinion that the private *duel*, in any person whatsoever, had any groundes of honor, as well because nothing can be honourable that is not lawful, and that it is no magnanimity or greatness of mind, but a swelling and tumor of the mind, where there faileth a right and sound judgement; as also for that it was rather justly to be esteemed a weakness and a confidence of small value in a mans self to be dejected, so with a word or trifling disgrace, as to think there is no recure of it, but by the hazard of life: whereas true honour in persons that know their own worth is not of any such brittle substance, but of a more strong composition. And finally, the Court shewing a firm and settled resolution to proceed with all severity against these *duels*, gave warning to all young noble men and gentlemen, that they should not expect the like con-

venge or tollerance as formerly have been, but that justice should have a full passage without protection or interruption. Adding, that after a strait inhibition, whosoever should attempt a challenge or combat, in case where the other party was restrained to answer him, (as now all good subjects are) did by their own principles receive the dishonour and disgrace upon himself, and for the present cause, the Court hath ordered, adjudged, and decreed, that the said *William Priest* and *Richard Wright*, be committed to the prison of the *Fleet*, and the said *Priest* to pay five hundred pounds, and the said *Wright* five hundred marks to their several fines to his majesties use. And to the end that some more publique example may be made hereof amongst his majesties people, the Court hath further ordered and decreed, that the said *Priest* and *Wright* shall at the next assizes to be holden in the county of *Surrey* publicly in face of the Court, the judges sitting, acknowledge their high contempt and offence against God, his majesty, and his laws, and shew themselves penitent for the same. Moreover the wisdom of this high and honourable Court thought it meet and necessary that all sorts of his majesties subjects should understand and take notice of that which hath been said and handled this day touching this matter, as well by his highness attorney general, as by the lords, judges, touching the law in such cases. And therefore the Court hath enjoyned master attorney to have special care to the penning of this decree, for the setting forth in the same summarily the matters and reasons, which have been opened and delivered by the Court touching the same, and nevertheless also at some time convenient to publish the particulars of his speech and declaration, as very meet and worthy to be remembered, and made known to the world, as these times are: and this decree, being in such sort carefully drawn and penned, the whole Court thought it mete, and so have ordered and decreed, that the same be not only read and published at the next assizes for *Surrey* at such time as the said *Priest* and *Wright* are to acknowledge their offences as aforesaid; but that the same be likewise published and made known in all shires of this kingdom.

And to that end the justices of assize are required by this honourable Court to cause this decree to be solemnly read and published in all the placings and sittings of their several circuits, and in the greatest assembly, to the end, that all his majesties subjects may take knowledge and understand the opinion of this honourable Court in this case, and in what measure, his majesty, and this honourable Court, purposeth to punish such as shall fall into the like contempt and

offences hereafter. Lastly this honourable Court much approving that which the right honourable Sir Edward Coke knight, lord chief justice of England did now deliver touching the law in this case of *duels*, hath enjoyed his lordship to report the same in print, as he hath formerly done diverse other cases, that such as understand not the law in that behalf, and all others may better direct themselves and prevent the danger thereof hereafter.

THE LITERARY WANDERER.

No. 2.

..... *Two Genii stood,
Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From eben
urn
The one unsparing dashed the bitter wave
Of woe; and, as he dashed, his dark-brown
brow
Relaxed to a hard smile. The milder form
Sbed less profusely there his lesser store;
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
Mourning the lot of man.* R. S.

WHAT more embitters existence, than the anguish of disappointment? A considerable portion of pain or pleasure accompanies the anticipation of misfortune or felicity; and these eventually operate less forcibly, because the eagerness of expectation renders them familiar to the mind; but disappointed hope is always affliction, and sometimes insupportable.

It would be superfluous to adduce a multiplicity of arguments, to prove the unhappy influence of a calamity, which all are doomed to encounter; for who has experienced uninterrupted prosperity; who has sailed down the stream of life without meeting unexpected obstructions? In the vernal period of our existence we enjoy a continued exhibition of novelties, a participation of innocent amusements. The morning breeze wel-

comes us to bliss, and the mild radiance of evening reluctantly bids us adieu. Elate with hope and juvenile ardour, we commence the journey of life. The pictured fields of prosperity and preferment gleam before us in their morning splendour. Distant prospects brighten with increasing lustre and beauty. Anticipation paints in brilliant colours the evening of our course; but no sooner have we overpast the fairy land of youth, than the delusion dies, and obstacles insurmountable intercept our passage.

Youth comes with smiling face and
beauteous mien;
Pleasures, enjoyments, life's endearments
sweet
Sport in her train, and promise endless
bliss.
The scene soon changes; soon the peaceful
hours,
Which fond imagination once foretold,
Are changed to cares, to sorrows, and
vexations.

With advancing years we imperceptibly advance with them into the dreary wilderness of the world. All is dark. What we once considered the offspring of causeless inquietude, sudden exclamations of misery, which are soon heard no more, we ultimately experience in bitterness of heart.

The hand, which we fondly anticipated would continue the munificent dispenser of comforts, either reposes in the grave's cold quiet, or, what is still more afflictive, is metamorphosed into ice ; and the eye, which once beamed with heavenly benevolence, beams on us no longer. Such is the melancholy declaration of the unhappy, who are too often accustomed to magnify inconsiderable misfortunes, and to extenuate or not acknowledge the numerous positive pleasures of life. We all know, that infelicity is incident to humanity, and that every situation has its peculiar disquietudes ; but we also discover, that existence is diversified with pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows ; and that the happiest are not allowed to ramble the bright fields of continual prosperity, nor the unfortunate doomed forever to roam the dark, unlovely region of adversity.

A return of a traveller to his native country seldom produces that unmixed satisfaction, which imagination officiously promised. Diversity of pursuit, extensive intercourse with mankind, and the imperceptible hand of time obliterate juvenile impressions, and cause inconceivable changes in the human character. Viator laments his long absence from the companions of his youth ; imagines their former attachment unchanged ; and is assured they will receive him with the cordiality of friendship, and the ardour of congenial affection. He arrives ; what frustration of hope ! Most of his youthful acquaintance, to whom he was united by the tender endearments of friendship,

have paid the mournful debt of nature, and the remainder, "estranged in heart," with difficulty recognize their former intimacy, and, "beholding him with quick-averted glance, pass on the other side." The frigid indifference of their countenances, and the insignificant formality of their behaviour evince the pleasing picture, which fancy had painted in such attractive colours, to be nothing more than a short-lived delusion.

Having adventured his all on the ocean of uncertainty, Mercator anticipates a return of such abundance, as will enable him to relinquish the servility of trade, retire to some sequestered country seat, and pass the residue of life in affluence, ease, and contentment. The same wind, which was to bestow complete happiness, disconcerts his schemes of enjoyment, and drives him into a state of destitution.

Persons who indulge an inordinate desire of attaining some future advantage, are frequently too ardent and positive to entertain a possibility of failure ; and by this means the pain of defeated expectation becomes doubly embittered. But hope, unaccompanied with exertion is productive of misery, since those, who implicitly obey the deceptive intimations of indolence, usually experience the bitterness of disappointment. Such indiscretion is not uncommon, and our best contrived schemes are likewise liable to prove abortive. Though disappointments occasion temporary unhappiness, yet experience demonstrates their frequent subservience to our best interests. Our contracted comprehensions are in-

capable of determining, what in the end will prove beneficial or injurious ; since apparent misfortunes are frequently harbingers of approaching prosperity.

As nothing is more unpleasant, than perpetual uniformity, and as vicissitude affords numerous intellectual gratifications, occasional disappointments discover the value of prosperity, as well as manifest the instability of temporal enjoyments, and repress the confidence of unbounded expectation. They withdraw us from too eager a pursuit of acquisitions, which are evanescent and precarious ; and direct us to a contemplation of those things, " which neither wax old, nor fade away."

Resolute resistance of adversity, superiority to adventitious calamities, and equanimity of mind in every situation of life are virtues, which secure their possessors from numberless perplexities, and sweeten the delights of life. Reliance on Providence best serves to dissipate those clouds of despondency,

which sometimes darken around us. We should participate with gratitude the bounties of heaven, and endure with resignation, fortitude, and composure its adverse dispossessions ; confident that our kind Benefactor allots every incident of our lives for our improvement in virtue. Though the star of hope sometimes sink from the despairing traveller's view, still its lovely beams will rise with renovated splendour, and guide him on his lonely way ; though ills press on ills, and disappointments pursue him through this vale of tears, still there is another, there is a " better world."

" And happy they, who in this holy faith

" Bow meekly to the rod ! A little while

" Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,

" The hard wrongs of the great. A little while

" Though shelterless they feel the wintry wind,

" The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,

" And all beneath be peace."

O.

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA ;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES. *Continued from Vol. I. p. 642.*

✂ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

7. DAVID TAPPAN, D.D. A.A.S.

MOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN HARVARD COLLEGE.

Rev. Dr. Tappan was born in Manchester, in the county of Essex, April 21, 1753. His father was Rev. Benjamin Tappan, the much respected minister of that town.

At a suitable age he was placed at Dummer Academy, under the care of the late Mr. Samuel Moody, a preceptor distinguished

for his love of the ancient classics ; his discernment of the characters of his pupils, and skill and success in conducting the early education of some of the first men in our country.—Here he discovered abilities and disposition which endeared him to his master, and indicated his subsequent eminence.

At the age of fourteen he was admitted into Harvard College ; where, young as he was, he was remarked for his religious serious-

ness, his literary diligence and improvement, and his irreproachable morals. Having received the honours of the university, he occasionally taught a school; but was principally employed in theological studies with a view to the profession, to which his thoughts had been directed from earliest youth. He commenced preaching in August, 1773, and was ordained over the 3d church of Newbury, in April following:—Here in the exemplary discharge of the pastoral office, among a kind and respectful people, he spent eighteen years. During the whole of this period, he devoted a great portion of his time to study; composed his stated sermons with much pains and accuracy; and increased in professional gifts and qualifications, in usefulness and fame. In the year 1792 he preached the election sermon; which was received with high approbation, and contributed to extend the knowledge of his character and talent.

The office of professor of divinity in the college having been vacated by the resignation of Dr. Wigglesworth, on account of his infirmity, Mr. Tappan was chosen his successor. After a period of anxious and devout deliberation, with much diffidence and concern, he accepted the place. It opened a larger sphere for his industrious benevolence, he therefore regarded it as a station assigned to him by Divine Providence. The painful separation between him and his people having taken place, he was inaugurated into the office of Hollis professor of divinity in Feb. 1793. Entering upon the duties of this situation, with

a deep sense of their importance, he discharged them with unabating zeal, fidelity, and diligence, and with a success, which fully answered the expectations of his friends and of the publick. Dr. Tappan possessed much activity and vigour of mind; fertility of invention and force of imagination. He had a facility in fixing his attention, and discriminating and arranging his thoughts. His head was clear, and his apprehension quick. His readiness of conception, and command of language, enabled him, both in speaking and writing, to express what he thought and felt, with propriety, perspicuity, and force. His love of knowledge was ardent, and his abilities sufficient for acquiring every species of literature, necessary to adorn the station which he filled.

As a moral and religious being, Dr. Tappan appeared with distinguished lustre. His religion was at once the strong conviction of his understanding, the warm sentiment of his heart, the prevailing bias of his soul, and the steady tenour of his life.

His faith operated in solicitude for every part of virtuous and holy practice, and his love of God in the love of man. In the exercise of piety and goodness many of the tendencies of his natural temper united with religious principles and moral culture. He possessed an original sensibility, which fitted him for entering into the raptures of devotion, and feeling all the fervour of godly zeal. His nature disposed him to cheerfulness and hope, to affection and sympathy, to tenderness and love. Kind affections lighted up his countenance, gave a glow to his

conversation, and a cheerfulness to his active benevolence. Next to religion, and a good conscience, peace and union were dear and sacred to his heart. He was studious to please; cautious of offending; slow to be offended. So easy and obliging was his nature, that it would have cost him an effort to refuse even an improper request. He was ready to give up his opinions and rights, where discretion or duty appeared to require it, in condescension to the weaknesses, and in accommodation to the prejudices of others. Yet he had sufficient courage and constancy, to make a stand, in cases where he thought it proper and necessary: Although disdaining to be neutral upon interesting questions in religion or politics, and utterly incapable of the least indifference about moral distinctions; yet he was candid towards such as differed from him in sentiment; a mild interpreter of the actions, and an equitable judge of the characters of his fellowmen. His understanding was too much enlarged to allow his charity to be confined. He knew too much of the constitution of the human mind, and the causes of a diversity of opinions; he had too much regard to the rights of private judgment, and the uses of free inquiry; he was too wise, too modest, and too just, to indulge in himself, or to encourage in others, a dogmatical, intolerant spirit. To benevolence and candour, sincerity in speech, and uprightness in conduct, he joined the careful cultivation and practice of the personal virtues: knowing that the good servant of God and good friend of man must be master of himself.

He was humble, meek, and modest. He was superiour to low cares and little gratifications, to all fretful and anxious thoughts about his temporal affairs, and vanity of external appearance. He valued honest fame; not as a distinction, which gratified his ambition, but as a means, by which his talents might be rendered more useful. He had a command over his indolent propensities, his animal appetites, and angry passions: and submitted to the inconveniences and evils of life with patience and resignation.

In the intercourse of private life such a man could not but engage esteem and love. As a son, a husband, a parent, a brother, and a friend, he was most dear and valuable. In conversation he was instructive and entertaining; but not chargeable with haste and profusion of words. Fond of gaiety and wit; but watchful against improper levity. His deportment and speech bespoke an unsuspicious simplicity of heart, a dignified sense of propriety, and a deep conviction of religious and moral obligation. So far was he from erecting himself into a dictator in society, that he generally avoided disputation, and maintained his opinion in the character of an inquirer, and not of a combatant. In the written controversies in which he was engaged, he joined fairness with good temper, to acuteness and address.

In the publick relations which he sustained Dr. Tappan aimed to act up to the highest standard. In the offices of a christian pastor he was discreet, devout, laborious, and conscientious. His devotional addresses in publick and in pri-

vate, were solemn and affectionate. His sermons were the result of close thought and study. He dwelt frequently on what he deemed the peculiar doctrines of revelation; but ever sought to represent them as instruments of moral goodness; and to unite the warmth of exhortation with the light of argument. He had the eloquence of a man actuated by solicitude for souls, and intent on convincing and persuading those whom he addressed. If his style was diffuse, it was correct and perspicuous—and possessed animation and glow; and his metaphors were well chosen and applied. In delivering his sermons, a consciousness of the importance of his subjects to his hearers elevated his feelings, and animated his expressions, and secured to him the most interesting attention. His funeral sermons were remarkably appropriate; and his discourses at ordinations were composed and pronounced with great energy and pathos.

In the office of professor of divinity he exhibited a bright assemblage of the qualifications required by the situation. He entered into the young mind, and had a just comprehension of its movements. Not expecting youth to overlook their pleasure in their desire of improvement, he aimed, in his treatment of the several subjects of natural and revealed religion, in his public lectures, to be full, clear, and exact, and at the same time entertaining; to be at once didactic and persuasive, profound and pleasing. He sought to fortify his disciples against the errors and vices of the times, to put them on their guard against

the extravagant conceits of skeptical philosophy, and the pernicious tenets of libertine writers, and to bring them so acquainted with the foundation and principles of evangelical truth, that one class might be qualified to maintain their own faith, unperturbed by the artifices of infidelity; and the other be able, in the character of religious teachers, with skill and success, to defend and to dispense the word of God. He was always easy of access to his pupils, and delighted with every opportunity to assist and advise them. Young clergymen resorted to him with confidence, as to a sympathizing friend and a prudent counsellor.

As one of the executive government of the college, he discharged that trust with great mildness and firmness. Whilst desirous to conciliate the good will of the students, he was uniformly faithful to his colleagues, and supported the discipline of the university with steadiness.

As a citizen, whilst loyal and submissive to legal authority, he neither possessed nor affected an indifference about the political course of affairs; but espoused the principles of those men whom he considered patriots, associated for honest purposes, and addressing themselves to the reason and interests, and not the prejudices and passions of the people. In conformity to such principles he vindicated the rights, he unfolded the dangers, and inculcated the duties of his country, without entering into the violence of party-spirit, or departing, in any degree, from the decorum of his profession, the dignity of his station, or the charitable spirit of his relig-

ion. Considered as a minister, a professor, a christian, a man, and a patriot, Dr. Tappan occupies a high rank among those, who have been ornaments of human nature, and benefactors of mankind.

His publications are numerous and useful, and many of them worthy of a new edition. It is to be hoped, that a selection from his sermons and lectures will be printed, that the publick may derive that benefit from his labours, which accrued to his immediate pupils and occasional hearers.

In consequence of a feeble constitution, and severe application, Dr Tappan's health was always delicate, and often interrupted. On the first Lord's-day in August, 1803, having officiated both parts of the day, and administered the Lord's Supper, in Brattle-street church, he was much exhausted ; and on his return home, found himself quite indisposed. His disorder increased to a fever, which exhibited alarming appearances : These appearances, however, afterwards gave way to more hopeful symptoms, and for several days he was thought to be recovering, until about thirty hours before his death, when a change was observed, which soon indicated speedy dissolution. He received the intel-

ligence of the desperate nature of his case with surprize, but steadiness. During the following day, and part of the night, he had the exercise of his faculties, and manifested those views and dispositions, which became a dying christian. He declared his " hope, founded on what he considered the evidences of a christian temper in himself, the atonement of the Saviour, and the infinite mercy of God." He expired on Saturday morning, the 27th August.—A wife, and four children, and aged mother, brothers and other relatives, lament the loss of a guardian, a monitor, and a friend, one who felt the bonds of kindred, and sought the happiness of all with whom he was connected. His funeral was attended on the following Monday with every proper mark of respect. Dr. Lathrop, the oldest minister of the Corporation present, made a solemn and affectionate prayer, and Mr. Holmes did great justice to the melancholy subject in a sermon from Acts xi. 24—" For he was a good man." The excellent musick performed by the students, accorded with the mournful occasion. On commencement day, such notice was taken of the event, as consisted with the duties of the day.—*Col. Cent. Vol. 40. No. 2033.*

THE BOTANIST.

No. 8.

SUCH was the unsettled state of botanical method, when *Conrad Gesner* of Switzerland turned his eye to the *flower* and *fruit*, and suggested the *first idea* of a systematick arrangement. It was in 1560 that Gesner proposed to the world his idea of an arrangement from the parts of the flower and

fruit. No plan however was established by Gesner upon this principle ; he merely suggested the idea ;—but the application of it was made, twenty years after, by *Cesalpinus*, a physician and professor of botany at Padua, who thus favoured the world with the *first system* of botany ; which

occurrence marks the second grand æra in the history of this science.

It might have been expected, that a method, founded like that of Cæsalpinus upon genuine scientific principles, would have been immediately adopted by the learned, and, in establishing itself, have totally extirpated those insufficient characters, which during so many ages had disgraced the science. The fact however is, that this system of Cæsalpinus perished almost as soon as it had existence; for with this learned physician died his plan of arrangement; and it was not till nearly a century after, that Dr. *Robert Morison* of Aberdeen, attaching himself to the principles of Gesner and Cæsalpinus, re-established their scientific arrangement upon a solid foundation; and from being only the restorer of a system has been generally celebrated as its founder.

Imperfect as is the mode of distribution by Morison, it has furnished many useful hints to *Ray*, *Tournefort*, and *Linnaeus*, those great luminaries of the science, who were not ashamed to acknowledge the obligation.*

* We mentioned in our last number Dr. *William Turner*, an English physician of singular learning, who had the honour of publishing the first botanical work in the English language. There is a copy of this curious book in the library of the university at Cambridge, bearing this title, *A new Herbal, wherein the names of herbes in Greke, Latin, English, Dutch, French, and in the Poteraries and Herbaries Latin, with the properties, degrees and natural places of the same, gathered and made by William Turner Physician unto the Duke of Somersettes Grace. Imprinted at London, anno 1551.*

There are but few books in the English language, printed 250 years ago,

Ray proposed his method to the world in 1682. It originally consisted of twenty-five classes, two of which respect trees and shrubs, and the remaining twenty-three herbaceous plants. The distinction into herbs and trees, with which *Ray*'s method sets out, acknowledges a different, though not more certain principle, than that of Cæsalpinus and Morison. The former, in making this distinction, had an eye with the ancients to the duration of the stem; the latter to its consistence. *Ray* has called in the buds as an auxiliary, and denominates trees, all such plants as bear buds; herbs, such as bear no buds. The objection, which lies against *Linnaeus*'s distinction into shrubs and trees, from the same principle, may be still more powerfully urged in the present case: for though all herbaceous plants rise without buds, all trees are not furnished with them; many of the largest trees in warm climates, and some shrubby plants in every country, being totally devoid of that scaly appearance, which constitutes the essence of a bud.

Ray allots one division to submarine plants, or such as grow at the bottom of the sea, or upon

executed with more elegance, both as it regards the numerous figures of plants, as well as the type. There were but one or two botanical books, containing figures of plants, prior to this, in Europe; yet most of *Turner*'s wooden stamps are so well done, that the herbarifer would know the plant at first glance.

'Tis pleasant to compare these first efforts of the graphick art with the splendid performances of *Miller* and *Thornton* in London, and those of the *FLORA BATAVA*, executed under the direction of Messrs. *Sepp* and *Kop*, at Amsterdam.

rocks that are surrounded by that element. They are either of a hard stony nature, as the plants termed *lithophyta*, of a substance resembling horn, as the *corallines*, or of a softer herbaceous texture, as the *fuci*, *spunges*, and *sea-mosses*. It is curious, that the *corallines* have successively passed thro' each of the three kingdoms of nature. Some have classed them with the *mineral* kingdom; the greater part have arranged them with *vegetables*; but naturalists have now demonstrated, that they belong to the *animal* kingdom. The animality of this singular tribe of natural bodies was hinted at by *Imperati*, an Italian, in the year 1599, and afterwards by *Peyssonel* in 1727; but it is to *M. Bernard Jussieu*, a French academician, and *Mr. Ellis* of London, that we owe decisive facts and a regular detail demonstrating, that corallines are ramified animals. *Mr. Ellis* has, in his natural history of corallines, parcelled them out into their several genera, by means of fixed and invariable characters obvious in their appearance.

Ray's general history of plants contains *eighteen thousand six hundred and fifty-five* species and varieties. His method was followed by *Sir Hans Sloane*, in his natural history of Jamaica; by *Petiver*, in his British herbal; by *Dillenius*, in his synopsis of British plants; and by *Martyn*, in his catalogue of plants that grow in the neighbourhood of Cambridge.

Dr. Herman, professor of botany at Leyden, was the first who introduced into Holland a genuine systematick arrangement of plants from the part of fructification. *Morison's* method had

been left incomplete; and Ray's, though perfect from its first appearance, did not all at once attract the attention of the learned, and was indeed for many years studied chiefly in England, the native country of its author. Ray laboured under some disadvantages; he was not a physician, but a divine. The defects of Ray's original method, and its *impracticability*, did not elude the observation of *Dr. Herman*. He had applied himself with unremitting ardour from his earliest years to the study of plants, had examined with attention every plan of arrangement, and had actually undertaken a long and perilous expedition into India, with the sole view of promoting his favourite science. *Herman* exhibited such marks of unwearied diligence, that he alone, it is said, reared twice as many plants in the garden at Leyden, as had been introduced by all his predecessors, *Bontius*, *Clutius*, *Pavius*, *Clusius*, *Vortius*, *Schuylius*, and *Syenus*, put together, in the long space of a hundred and fifty years. Such a man merited the applause of the publick, and attained it.

Dr. Herman's method consists of twenty-five classes, which are founded upon the size and duration of plants; the presence or absence of the petals and calyx; the number of capsules, cells, and naked seeds; the substance of the leaves and fruit; the form and consistence of the roots; the situation and disposition of the flowers, leaves, and calyx, and figure of the fruit. The method proposed by *Herman* excels all, which preceded it, in the uniformity of its classical characters.

The famous *Boerhaave*, the glory of the medical art, was appointed professor of botany at Leyden in 1709. His method was a mixture of Ray's, Herman's, and Tournefort's. The submarine and imperfect plants, which find no place in the system of Herman, are borrowed by Boerhaave from Ray. Boerhaave's classes are thirty-four in number, and subdivide themselves into an hundred and four sections, which have for their characters the figure of the leaves, stem, calyx, petals, and seeds; the number of petals, seeds, and capsules; the substance of the leaves; the situation of the flowers, and their difference in point of sex. By this method Boerhaave arranged nearly six thousand plants, the produce of the botanical garden at Leyden, which he carefully superintended for the space of twenty years, and left to his successor Dr. Andrien Royen in a much more flourishing state, than he had himself received it.

Botanical writers were disposed to walk in the track of their predecessors. Few had sufficient courage to venture upon an unbeaten path. Morison followed Cæsalpinus; Ray improved upon Morison; Knaut abridged Ray; Herman formed himself partly on Morison, and partly on Ray; and Boerhaave makes Herman his guide. Rivinus, a professor of physick and botany at Leipzig, was the first, who in 1690, relinquishing the pursuit of affinities, and convinced of the insufficiency of the fruit, set about a method, which should atone by its facility for the want of numerous relations and natural families. A

method purely *artificial* appeared to Rivinus the best adapted for the purpose of vegetable arrangement. It rests upon the equality and number of the petals; a system no less admired for its simplicity, than for the regularity and uniformity of its plan.

The method of Knaut, Ludwig, Pontedra, and Magnolus, will be presented in our next number in the form of a table, together with several others from Cæsalpinus to Linnæus.

The celebrity of Tournefort requires that we should dwell a little on his history and character. Joseph Pitton de Tournefort was born at Aix la Provence in 1656. He was educated in the Jesuits' college in Aix, and like the great Boerhaave intended for a divine, but like that great man, quitted divinity for physick. In early life he was nearly as fond of anatomy and chemistry, as of botany. In 1679 he went to Montpellier, where he perfected himself in anatomy and physick. The botanick garden, established in that city by Henry IV., rich as it was, could not satisfy his unbounded curiosity. He ransacked all the tracts of ground within more than ten leagues of Montpellier. Then he explored the Pyrenean mountains, the Alps, and returned, examined the vegetables in Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Catalonia. He travelled through Spain and Portugal. He took his degree of doctor in physick in 1698, when he published his *History of the plants, which grow about Paris, together with an account of their use in medicine*.

In the year 1700 Dr. Tournefort received an order from the

ling to travel into Greece, Asia, and Africa, not only to discover plants, but to make observations on natural history in general, upon ancient and modern geography, and even upon the customs, religion, and commerce of the people. From this grand tour he brought home *one thousand three hundred and sixty-six* NEW species of plants, most of which ranged themselves under one or other of the six hundred seventy-three genera he had already established, and for all the rest he had only twenty-five genera to create, without being obliged to augment the number of classes. A circumstance, which sufficiently proves the advantage of a system, to which so many foreign and unexpected plants were easily reducible. When Tournefort returned to Paris he thought of resuming the practice of physick, which he had sacrificed to his botanick expedition; but experience shews us, says his biographer, *see Hist. de l'Acad. des Sciences. An. 1708*, that, in every thing depending on the taste of the publick, especially affairs of this nature, delays are dangerous. Dr. Tournefort found it difficult to resume his practice. He was at the same time professor of physick; the functions of the academy employed some of his time; the arrangement of his memoirs still more of it. This

multiplicity of business affected his health, and, when in this uncomfortable state, he accidentally received a blow on his breast, which in a few months put an end to his active, useful, and honourable life, which happened in Dec. 1708.

The system of Tournefort is too extensive and intricate to allow us to give even an analysis of it. We shall exhibit a mere outline of his method, in a tabular form, in our next number; and shall only observe here, that Tournefort surpassed all his predecessors in supplying a clue to the immense labyrinth, which the vegetable kingdom exhibited to the astonished botanist. He gave the first complete regular arrangement, and cleared the way for one still greater than himself. For in 1735* rose the sun of the botanick world, LINNÆUS, of whom we have already spoken, and to whom we shall frequently advert, as the source of light and intelligence.†

* The first sketch of Linnæus's system was published in 1735, the last edition of the *Systema Vegetabilium* in 1784; the *Critica Botanica* was published in 1737; the first edition of the *Genera Plantarum* the same year, and the last in 1764; the first edition of the *Species Plantarum* in 1758, the second in 1768 and 1769.

† We have compiled this history of botany from the writings of Linnæus, from the history of the French Acad. of Sciences, from Miln, and J. J. Rousseau.

SYLVA.

No. 1.

*Illic purpureis testis roseis
Omnis fragrat humus, colibæque pinguis
Et molles violas et tenues crocos
Fundit fenticulis uda fugacibus.....* PRUDENTIUS.

IRONY is a difficult rhetorical figure. It is seldom well supported through a long regular

course. Burke, whose mind was excursive as light, and whose judgment was as mature, as his

fancy was prolifick, has shown himself unequal to the composition of an ironical essay. He is known to have failed in his short treatise on natural society, though he was politely flattered in its being ascribed to lord Bolingbroke. I believe no one now reads it, except from mere curiosity ; regret, that Burke should have been the author, follows the perusal, and we are forced again to recollect the inequality of intellectual powers, evidenced in Euripides, Tully, and Burke.

I KNOW not why smoking a social segar should be severely blamed. *Valet auctoritas doctissimorum hominum.* Raleigh, Barrow, T. Warton, and Parr have sanctioned the use of tobacco, and the grave Dr. Johnson had a high opinion of its sedative qualities. It soothes the labours of the Lapland woodcutter, and relaxes the angry passions of the Turkish bathaw. An Hindoo loves the pleasant fumes of his cheroot after his religious bathing in the Ganges, and *mi Caballero Castellano* thinks that day a poor portion of a wretched existence, in which he has not enjoyed his segar and *fiesta*. Against the theological metaphor of king James, the dissertation of shilli-shalli Rush, and the pleasant lecture of the theoretical Waterhouse, I confidently oppose the similar practice of widely distant nations, and the authority of wit, virtue, and erudition.

NOTHING can excuse the want of resititude. No situation in private life and no political dilemma can justify a departure from

Vol. II. No. 3. S

moral principle. Virtue and happiness are inseparably connected ; they are like the heat and the light of the sun, always warming, enlightening, and invigorating the habitations of man. If you can lay down in your bed each night, and according to the advice of Pythagoras review the transactions of the day, and find that your heart has been honest and pure, where is the man under the canopy of the sky, with whom you would change situation ? There is none. Rejoice then and be glad. Happiness is always in your power, because you can always be virtuous.

If you wish to form your son, or daughter, to gracefulness and virtue, let them read the Spectator and the Rambler, in which they will also discover some good poetry and much genuine criticism.

EVERY art and science has a peculiar phraseology. The lawyer talks of *avowries*, *formedons*, *demurrers*, and *certioraris* ; a chemist of *muriate of soda*, *oxygenous gas*, *septen*, and *hydrogene* ; the metaphysician astonishes us with *occult forms*, *entities*, and *realities*, *essence* and *identity* ; whilst the grave geometrician talks soberly of *trapeziums*, *asymptotes* and *parallelipipedons*. My logical tutor puzzled me and himself also in *barbaras*, *sapescmos*, *concretes*, and *negatives pregnant* ; the next day I had to learn from the professor of anatomy the uses and properties of what he called *aorta*, *ganglion*, *diaphragm*, *duodenum*, and *os hyoides* ; and the merchant should not smile at professional pedantry, for who invented *bot-*

tomries, agios, ufances, and hypothecations?

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GLUTTONY is loathsome and immoral; perhaps epicurism is not. But excessive attention to the palate is certainly dangerous; it leads to many vices, it may occasion various disorders; and surely it is rash, unskilful, and hazardous to approach the confines of vice. Who will venture to the edge of a precipice of tremendous depth? Who can ascertain the nearest circle of safe approximation to an irresistible whirlpool? Fly then from the pleasures of the table; give no ear to the charm of the epicure, charming ever so sweetly; turn from the road, that leads to the house of feasting and drinking, for the wild storm is over your head, and the earthquake is bursting beneath you.

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SHENSTONE's short observations on men and manners discover a mind not unacquainted with the world. There is in them much good sense arising from experience, the mother of all useful knowledge; and it is conveyed in so easy, unembarrassed a style, that one might think, that he was never in debt. The Rev. Mr. Graves of Claverion, who knew him well, used to say, that Johnson's notion of Shenstone's continual embarrassment from sheriffs and writs was not true; and as that venerable pedestrian is now dead, we perhaps may anticipate some new and interesting notices from his papers respecting the poetick gardener of the Leafowes. According to Smith, to be out of debt is one of the three essentials

of human happiness, but from the general opinion that prevails respecting Shenstone, I am afraid that he seldom experienced this great and enviable blessing. From the epithet "*irritable*," which Horace applies to the "*genus vatum*," I should suspect, that the Roman bards were often harassed by their creditors; and they were probably not of a very different temper from their modern brethren, who, like Butler, Otway, Shenstone, and Goldsmith, were eminent for poverty, peevishness, and debt.

—
RELIGION is the only balm for a wounded spirit. It is the only sure staff for the weary traveller through this wilderness of misery and sin. What an inexpressible grace does it throw over the countenance and actions of its sincere votaries? It purifies, it adorns, it ennobles our nature. By it we are lifted far above the little considerations of an existence, short as the winter twilight, and unimportant as the faint vision of a distant star. We are led by its influence to contemplate "the first good, first perfect, and first fair"; and as without the aid of a telescope the shipwrecked sailor could never discern in the far-off horizon the vessel that is to bring him relief, but might abandon himself to despair; so without religion, man's views would be confined to a narrow circle of melancholy incidents and thoughts; and he might resign his mind to the dreadful idea, that the earth was his only home, and that death was an eternal sleep. But now he soars in certainty to other worlds of endless duration,

where he shall join his parents and his friends in the presence of a common God.

I know not if the commentators have well explained, "*Nutbook ! Nutbook ! you lie.*" 2d part of Henry 4th, in Dol Tearsheet's address to the beadle. From a late "critical review" I learn, that "nutk-but" in the language of the Bazeegurs or Nuts of Hindustan signifies "rascal" or "blackguard"; and that it was probably introduced into England by the gypsies, between whose language and manners and those of the Nuts a considerable similarity has been discovered by Mr. Richardson, as detailed in the 7th vol. of the Asiatic Researches. This is curious and interesting. Nothing escaped the all-pervading mind of Shakespeare. The chemist has melted every thing in his crucible....men, language, arts, gold, "wood, hay, and stubble." The enchanter had something better than Aladdin's lamp. He had the hoariness of the sage and the frenzy of the poet. He pierced into minuteness with a glass. He grasped extension at will, and remains undisputed sovereign in the regions of intellect.

Mr. Wilberforce has obtained some celebrity from his religious publication; the doctrine is however considered as too Calvinistick, and does not therefore perfectly suit the liberality of English divines. I do not mean to discuss the orthodoxy, or expedience of his sentiments. He may be an excellent theologian; he certainly is a most miserable parliamentary orator. His figure is awkward

and his stature small. He dresses very negligently, and looks more like a petty journeyman tailor, than a dignified representative of a British parliament. He loves to hear himself talk; but unfortunately his hearers are not much pleased with him, and therefore his long preaching affords an opportunity to take a lounge in the lobby, or a dish of tea in the coffee room. Sometimes he is not treated thus indifferently well; when the orator is tedious, as he often is, the members begin to scrape and sneeze and hum gently, and blow their noses, and though Wilberforce says, "I have nearly done," and though the speaker calls, "order in the house, order at the bar, order in the gallery," yet the noises still continue; the low voice of the honourable member is scarcely distinguishable; his diminutive, lean figure wriggles about; he twists his old hat; he says, "Mr. Speaker," and sits down mortified and impotently revengeful. Mr. Pitt's tall form then rises in majesty; the house is mute as a church at midnight; the oration commences in simplicity, continues in a regular flow, increases in dignity, grandeur, and force, concludes with mighty energy and irresistible effect; his friends are astonished, and his foes are confounded.

A curious dialogue might be composed between Homer and Shakespeare in Elysium, as to comparative superiority in the opinions of mankind. Homer should allege, that Alexander placed his Iliad in the most precious casket of Darius; and Shakespeare might declare, that

English virtuosos have given more for a mere play-bill of his age, in hopes of important discovery concerning him, than European literati have given for a "*princeps editio*" of the Grecian bard.

No complaint is more common among young men, who pretend to be learned, than that general female conversation is very insipid, because it principally turns upon weather, walking, fashions, visits, company, and other chit-chat. The charge is very ridiculous. Trifles compose the frequent business of human life. "Little things are great to little men." Politicians and statesmen may alter laws and constitutions; but the inferior arrangements of human life, the common incidents of domestic economy, the ten thousand things of a pleasant day spent in fashionable society, are important and imitable. The gentleman who can agreeably talk on all these minute actions and evanescent circumstances, is more enviable than the scholar who discourses about books and algebra. The former has silver and current money, with which he may buy oranges, nuts, and playthings for his boys and girls; the other has mines of gold in barren places, which nobody wants or cares for.

THE Greek scholar should have in his library Bos' *Ellipses*, Vige-

rus de *Idiotismis*, and Hoogveen's *Doctrina Particularum*. Every English Cantabrigian pores over the two first; and the latter work, by a learned Dutchman, sometimes perplexes the student, and astonishes the proficient. The Port Royal Greek Grammar and Scapula's *Lexicon* are absolutely necessary for him, who digs deep into the mine. Gibbon for some time had only Hederic's *Lexicon*, but he gladly resigned it, when he was presented with Constantine's; yet this is not generally esteemed so good as that of Scapula, and both are inferior to the wonderful *Theaurus* of Henry Stephens.

THE winter is gone and the pleasant spring has returned. Now is the time to walk in the tender fields, or by the river side in dry places. In a warm day at this season I like to pierce into the middle of a wood; to hear the south wind gently stir the old dry leaves; and listen to the large ground fly, as he buzzes round his winter's hole. This is to me better, than noise and the song and the midnight dance. I envy not the gay daughters of pleasure. I love the scenes of nature, the fresh smell of morning, and on a high hill the distant sounds of village labour. If then I have a good conscience within, and Cowper in my hand, what to me are riches, honours, compliments, and fame?

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. 4.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine, Vol. I. No. 14.

1 Cor. xv. 53. *The mortal must put on immortality.*

THIS to be sure is a very extraordinary proposition, and one

which severely exercises the mind of every rational believer. To be told, that the body of man, which is sustained by food, grows

to perfection, decays, dies, and corrupts like that of other animals, will hereafter be resuscitated and made a glorious and incorruptible body, is a doctrine so contrarious to present observation, that the deist immediately rejects it. But the marks of authenticity and truth which it bears convict him of extreme temerity. At least it merits a rigorous examination. Of all the proofs, and there are several, which are brought to its support, the weightiest and brightest is the resurrection of Christ. This argument, which is managed with great force in the context, lies in a small compass, and is easily apprehended. It is principally contained between the twelfth and twentieth verses, and the sum of it is this. If there shall be no resurrection of the virtuous, whence the resurrection of Jesus Christ? If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead, your faith

in the gospel is vain. If your faith in the gospel is vain, we apostles are of all men the greatest liars, and of all liars the greatest fools. For what do we gain by our false testimony and absurd doctrine? Mocking, scourgings, bonds, and imprisonment! In defence of this system of folly and fanaticism, our lives are every moment in jeopardy; and we have too many reasons to believe, that a firm adherence to our cause, and on this we are determined, will finally subject us to the shame, agonies, and death of our Master. No, christians. Our cruel sufferings and still more horrid expectations prove the truth of our *testimony*, which proves the truth of the *gospel*, which involves the reality of *Christ's resurrection*, which proves the possibility and certainty of *yours*, and is the deep and immovable foundation of your heavenly hopes.

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

No. 5.

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINGUIN, FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

THE fairest hopes of man are blasted in a moment, and when he fancies himself secure, at the very summit of felicity, he is most in danger of being hurled from the enjoyment. While I yet write, a pestilence desolates the city; and thousands are swept into eternity unpaid of their last honours! Death, who outstrips the fleeting feet of Fear, seems impatient of Time, and the only consolation left to the afflicted, is the certainty of following those whom he has taken away. It would harrow up thy heart, Leinwha, son of Tü-so-vang, to

behold the excess of grief in those, whose minds are not disciplined by philosophy, and who seem in their first paroxysm to forget, that death is the best gift from heaven to man.

.....As all communication with you will be now awhile cut off, and the avenues to the city closed to-morrow, I am about to retire into the country; and await the return of health and tranquillity.

Farewel! May that blessing, of which this land is deprived, never be wanting to the friend of my bosom,

ARGENIS :

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from Vol. I. p. 26.

AFTER this perusal of the countenance of his new friend, Poliarchus amused himself with observing the pallid countenance, and disordered hair of the lady, and gaily inquired, whether she had fallen among Satyrs. "Do not imagine," she answered with a careless smile, "that this disorder was the effect of distraction. Terror at your danger made me heedless of my path through the forest, and the opposing boughs unloosed the clasp of my hair. Retire however, without indulging in conversation, to my villa, happily not far distant, and repose yourselves after the danger of the sea, and the fatigue of the combat." The proposal was too grateful to be refused, and after collecting their servants, they took the path which the lady pointed out.

Poliarchus and his friend possessed those kindred minds which at once banish reserve ; he therefore readily answered to his inquiries, "that he had left the royal encampment in the morning for Agrigentum, and had overtaken this lady returning from a visit to the daughter of the king. While the attendants were carelessly wandering in the forest, till he was left almost alone with the lady, he was suddenly attacked by five ruffians. Happily however," said he, "I was at first their only object, and Timoclea's alarm being communicated to her horse, she was carried by a most auspicious accident to a friend both courteous and brave. Animated by the danger, and two

slight wounds, which were given me before I was on my guard, I disabled two of the robbers, and the remainder fled with a timidity as disgraceful, as their attack was unmanly."

While engaged in this conversation, they arrived at the villa of the lady, elevated on an eminence near the banks of the Himeta. Around one side of the mansion wound the slow current of the river, and on the other appeared

—thick-woven arboreta, and flowers
imbordered on each bank,*

while the eye was delighted with the extended prospect of the course of the river, the spreading plains, the forest, and the distant hills. The ample and regular economy displayed the character of the lady, whose spotless honour after the decease of her husband added lustre to her ancestry. The rapid approach of night compelled them to accept the hospitable offer of invitation of the lady to remain till morning. While supper was preparing, Poliarchus bathed his wounds in diluted vinegar, and softened their irritation with oil mingled with the flowers of the Acyon. This simple and unbought remedy was far more secure, than to confide to the mercenary skill of a physician, who often receives an iniquitous

* I shall be forgiven the anachronism of making Barclay quote Milton, when it is seen what a charming translation these lines are of *arbutus inter se implectis & lentato vimine miscentibus nenus*, the delightfully classical expression of the original.

seward for retarding the efforts of nature.†

When they had reclined on the couch at supper, Timoclea by delicate approaches inquired the name and country of her guest, and whether accident or design had brought him to the island. He was, he answered, a native of Africa; but that those, who had a right to exact obedience, required him to conceal his real name under that of Archombrotus. That he had directed his course to Sicily from design, attracted by the celebrity of the court of the king. Timoclea and Poliarchus looked on each other with astonishment to hear, that with such bloom of complexion, he was from Africa, and remarked with surprize, that he had neither the thick and protuberant lips nor the dark and hollow eyes, which distinguish its natives.

After the banquet was removed, and they had retired to rest, Archombrotus desired his friend to inform him from what cause Sicily was infested with robbers, who was Lycogenes from whose camp he supposed they had issued, and what was the state of the kingdom in all its relations. As they were now alone, Poliarchus answered these inquiries without reserve. "It is the tendency of some qualities," said he, "in themselves virtuous, to degenerate into faults, or rather such qualities

take the colouring of virtue or vice from accident and situation. Meleander, of whom you must have heard, holds the sceptre of Sicily by unquestioned right; a man of most gentle affections; but so ignorant of the dispositions of mankind, as to give indiscriminate confidence to others, expecting from his own goodness to receive in return equal confidence and truth. Perhaps too unmingled prosperity has been to him a source of misfortune. For at the beginning of his reign, the peaceful possession of unlimited power impaired his control of his passions, made him indulge in the common and almost venial vices of princes, and without destroying his reverence to virtue, lessened his severity to vice. He yielded to an immoderate passion for hunting, in which he dissipated the year. He formed his friendships without judgment and cherished them with ardour, lavished his revenues on the unworthy, and weary with the cares of government, committed it to the profligate. I wish, my friend, I could be silent on this subject; but it is better you should hear these things from the candour of a friend, than that they should reach you enlarged by rumour and distorted by enmity. For enemies seize with eagerness on every failing, and give it false and darkened shades.

Such are the causes of the misfortunes of our amiable monarch. The envy and ambition of Lycogenes has swelled every fault, and hung with malignant delight over every error. The haughty consciousness of royal ancestry makes him unwilling to move in

† It seems to have been the universal topick of merriment and satire to the wits of this and the succeeding ages to laugh at the disciples of Hygeia. Yet, however unjust may be such indiscriminate satire, he must be most copiously besprinkled with "Cimmerian dew," who does not enjoy the poignancy of *Le Sage*, and the vivacious sallies of *Moliere*.

a subordinate sphere. He is equally energetick in his designs and actions, and though from exquisite artifice of gentle demeanour to the populace, yet, where he may display himself with safety he is a man of unequalled ferocity, perfidy, and pride. He easily insinuated himself into the confidence of a man of Meleander's unsuspecting virtue, and

while the king was dissolved on the bosom of pleasure, he distributed the revenues and divided the offices of state among his retainers.*

* The portrait of Meleander is drawn with a master's pencil. The reader will perhaps enjoy these characters better, when he is informed that Meleander is a fictitious name for Henry III. of France, and Lycogenes for the house of Guise.

To the Editor of the Anthology.

SIR,

OBSERVING in a late number of the Anthology some interesting coincidences in the customs of nations widely separated from each other, I take the liberty of offering a similar communication; by the insertion of which you will oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

Men in eastern nations are extremely jealous of their superiority over the female sex; and hence it is that a man seldom condescends to eat with his wife. It is her business to serve her husband at table, with all the care and assiduity of a servant; nor does she find herself at liberty to sit down to a meal until he has done. He never desires her opinion, or deigns to converse with her on the subject of family affairs. He seldom assigns her a task which may not be performed without stirring abroad, nor any business abroad, but what may be performed under her veil. Women in every condition of life are subjected to these regulations, and their time is employed with their children and household affairs, which, however, from their plain and simple manners, require little application. I was struck with the great similarity I discovered in this point between the manners of the

American savages and those of the Arabs, as well as other Asiatick tribes; a resemblance very surprising, when we consider the great distance the Arab and American are removed from each other. In America the savage charges himself with nothing but his gun, while his wife follows behind him, loaded with every article of family baggage. In Asia it is the same. The savage entertains no conversation with his wife, nor does she presume to be present at any of his parties. The same are the manners of Syria, and indeed of the Asiatick continent in general. In the Bissayan isles, and among the Marratta tribes, as well as in America, the fields of Indian corn are cultivated by the women alone. The Arab mounts his ass, and leaves his wife with a large bundle on her head, to travel on foot. The savage sits at his ease in his canoe, while his wife labours at the oar without complaint. It appears very remarkable, that two people inhabiting opposite hemispheres of the globe, and wholly unacquainted, should so strongly resemble each other.

Travels round the world, in the years 1767-68-69-70-71, by M. De Pâgès.

TO MEDICUS.

Sir,

YOU support the opinion of your author in opposition to the "*doctrine of latent and sensible*," i. e. latent and sensible caloric, or combined and free caloric, or latent and sensible heat: these terms have been employed promiscuously. Let us investigate this matter.

About the year 1760 the illustrious *Dr. Black* made the discovery of the intimate combination of heat, or caloric, with certain substances, having previously acquired a high reputation by demonstrating the existence and properties of fixed air. These two discoveries, says his biographer, "fixed air, and combined heat, gave the incitement, pointed out the road, and furnished the chief helps for pursuing the improvements, which have since been made in this interesting branch of chemistry" (pneumatic chemistry). The truth of these remarks is confirmed by the great importance the French chemists gave to those discoveries, and the use they made of them in the experiments on gaseous substances, by which they subverted the phlogistic theory.

Lavoisier therefore commences his "elements of chemistry" with an explanation of the combinations of heat or caloric. "This substance," says he, "being the cause of heat, or, in other words, the sensation we call *warmth* being caused by the accumulation of this substance, we cannot in strict language distinguish it by the term *heat*; because the same name would then, very improperly, ex-

press both cause and effect." "Wherefore we have distinguished the cause of heat, or that exquisitely elastick fluid which produces it, by the term **CALORIC**."

"*Free caloric* is that which is not combined in any manner with any other body."

"*Combined caloric* is that which is fixed in bodies by affinity or elective attraction, so as to form part of the substance of the body, even part of its solidity."

"*Sensible heat* is only the effect produced upon our sentient organs by the motion or passage of caloric disengaged from the surrounding bodies."

Thus clearly and decidedly distinguishing between heat, as a sensation, and heat, as a cause, he also shows how heat or caloric may enter into and combine with bodies; and that it does so, when-

* In common language the word *heat* is used to express a sensation, and also to express the cause of that sensation.—According to Johnson, heat is 1. The sensation, caused by the approach or touch of fire. 2. The cause of the sensation of burning. This produces a confusion, which is apt to mislead unreflecting persons, who often mistake the effect for the cause. Though custom has hitherto authorized this double meaning of the word, it would be better to confine it to the signification of one only of these ideas. In my humble opinion, the Reviewers would have done well to give their assistance and authority to lay aside a term universally considered improper in the double application, and instead of it have adopted the word *caloric*, and *combined caloric*. The misuse of the word, however, does not in the least affect the great doctrine of latent or combined caloric.

ever a solid changes to a liquid, or a liquid to a vapour. That on the other hand, when a vapour is condensed, forming a liquid, and a liquid condensed, forming a solid, caloric is disengaged and communicated to surrounding bodies. Thus, water freezing gives out caloric; on melting, and on being converted to vapour, it absorbs caloric. When from a vapour it becomes water, and from water is frozen to ice, then it yields the caloric taken up before. On these simple principles were made a multitude of experiments, by the French and German chemists; and Lavoisier perhaps thought, that their labours with his own had established the doctrine of the English philosophers beyond the reach of scepticism. Indeed there does not now appear in opposition to it a single name of any note *on the other side the Atlantick*.

How frail are the proudest fabricks of human industry and ingenuity! How often do we behold works, raised by the indefatigable toil of years, vanish in a moment before the vivid corrutions of genius! A philosopher has arisen in this western hemisphere, who, spurning the base shackles of experiment and fact, has vaulted at once to the highest pinnacle of wisdom, and thence, in vengeance, levels the works of slow, plodding assiduity by a dash of his pen. To Medicus is due the honour of overthrowing those short-sighted literati. "What though," says this writer, "many philosophers, and the whole body of modern chemists agree in the doctrine of latent and sensible, Is there an

absurdity in philosophy, medicine, religion, or politicks, which authorities have not supported? Your lamentations, Sir, if sincere, are foolish. Heat is a sensation, and sensation is never latent; it is always sensible. If there be latent and sensible heat, why not latent and sensible sound, latent and sensible light, latent and sensible pain? Latent heat is in plain words *cold heat*, and sensible heat is in plain words *hot heat*.* Then triumphantly he concludes, "This is the doctrine so much contended for." Unfortunate Black, Irwin, Crawford, Cavendish, Scheele, Lavoisier, and Priestley, could you for a moment rise from the grave, how soon would ye again shrink to your dark habitations and 'hide your diminished heads' from the detecting frown of our philosopher!

Having paid a just tribute to your merit, I shall proceed in the discussion of those points on which we do not accord. The absorption of oxygen into the lungs has generally been believed by the followers of the pneumato-chemical doctrine of respiration; and seems to be credited by the Re-

* Some creeping supporter of the old doctrine might say, that Medicus had made no distinction, and perhaps known of none, between *heat*, the *sensation*, and the *igneous fluid*, which produces that sensation; that he had considered the term *heat*, as having been employed *only* to convey the idea of a sensation, and founded his arguments on that view of the matter; thus creating and attributing to his antagonists the absurdity, which nobody thought of before, of considering heat, the sensation, and heat combined, or latent caloric, to be the same thing. But such matter-of-fact objections as these are unworthy the attention of *exalted genius*.

viewers in that number, which has excited your ire. You therefore appear to have thought it necessary to set this important objection aside. As, according to the discourse, carbon and hydrogen must pass through the coats of the lungs to be extricated from the blood, the Review questions "why carbon and hydrogen should pass out more easily, than oxygen can pass in"? You say, "The answer is, because the carbon and hydrogen in the vessels of the lungs are not in an aeriform state; the oxygen inspired is."—Your answer is futile; for the oxygen gas in the lungs is decomposed before it is absorbed, and reduced to the same state as the carbon and hydrogen exist in, within the vessels.

The absorption of oxygen is not a circumstance absolutely necessary to the existence of the pneumato-chemical theory.* Yet there are such facts to prove it does take place, that I confess it will seem to me probable, until you offer some stronger objection, than that

* The ingenious Dr. Spalding of Portsmouth, in a very neat dissertation on animal heat, read at Cambridge, gives the following theory: "Respiration therefore appears to be but combustion in a less degree, in which atmospherick air is decomposed in its passage through the lungs, is robbed of its vital principle, caloric of the oxygen, which is combined with the blood, and with it diffused through every and the minutest part of the system, spreading its genial warmth and animating every fibre, till in the capillary vessels it is exchanged for hydrogen and azote, where the blood parts with its scarlet hue for a dark Modena red; surcharged with these new properties it returns to the lungs, where they are disposed of, and a new routine commences." *Vid. inaug. dissertation p. 22.*

"the oxygen inspired is in an aeriform state."

Dr. Goodwin's experiments on this subject are well known. By inflating the lungs of a living dog, he found, that the blood in the trunks of the pulmonary veins was florid, whilst that in the trunks of the arteries was black; and that, when this action was suspended, that of the veins was also black.

Priestley, to whom we are indebted for the first accurate ideas on this subject, observed that dark venous blood exposed to oxygen gas suddenly acquired a florid colour. Dr. Goodwin, repeating his experiments, introduced a quantity of venous blood into a glass receiver filled with vital air (oxygen gas), and inverted it over quicksilver. It immediately became florid, and the mercury ascended in the receiver; proving, that oxygen had been absorbed by the blood. This was confirmed by another experiment, in which he found the blood became heavier by this absorption.

Girtanner received, in a bottle of azotic gas, some arterial blood from the carotid artery of a sheep. It soon assumed the dark colour of venous blood, and on opening it the next day, the azotic was found mixed with oxygen gas, so that an animal could live in it, and a candle burnt in it for two minutes.

Arterial blood was received into a bottle, full of nitrous gas. The blood assumed a green colour upon its surface; a small quantity of green serum separated; and the day after, on opening the bottle, the vapour of nitrous acid was discovered. The nitrous gas therefore must have acquired oxygen from the blood.

Girtanner injected nitrous gas into the jugular of a dog. When it came, in the course of circulation, to the lungs, nitrous acid was formed.

Many other experiments he made to the same effect. In one he proved decisively, that the florid colour of arterial blood was not produced by the loss of its carbon and hydrogen. For he injected *oxygen gas* into the jugular of a dog, and found, that it rendered the blood in the *right* ventricle florid, though that blood had not parted with any thing.

These are some of the experiments in favour of the opinion, that oxygen is absorbed by the blood in the pulmonary vessels. I leave to you and the learned to decide, whether they are invali-

dated by your objection, that "the oxygen inspired is in an aeriform state."

In the the last sentence of the paragraph, above referred to, you assert that, "through the whole of the paragraph from which this question is taken, there is confusion and misrepresentation." I have carefully compared it with the discourse, and I believe every one, who examines candidly, will agree with me in declaring it perfectly clear, and perfectly accurate. Your assertion therefore deserves to be considered as the offspring of an unjust and childish petulance, or else the "confusion and misrepresentation" existed in your over-heated brain.

PHILO-LAVOISIER.

The following letter from a female correspondent seems designed as a compliment to the preface of our first volume, which accompanied the *Anthology* for December last. We regret that our engagements forbade us to give it an earlier insertion.

To the Editor of the Monthly Anthology.

IN sympathy with the publick feelings we give you our private gratulations on the adoption of a being, whose rights to parental tenderness you have so wisely legitimized, and whose promise inspires you with so much courage. Far from taxing you with presumption, we honour your compassionate disposition. We love to follow with you his future steps, and in fond speculation behold his hoary head crowned with wisdom. But, when we trace him through his Methuselahian years, we cannot but tremble at the vicissitudes he will experience from revolutions in manners, science, and politicks. Yes, the child of generous sensibilities

may become hard-hearted and churlish in the vale of age; and the polished youth, who now decks the majesty of truth with the flowers of literature, may become, through commerce with a corrupted world, a fanatical scio-lift, and a pander of despotism. Amidst the desolation of manners and principles, which were the delight and boast of happier times, he may hereafter recal the festive scenes of juvenility, when he attended balls, routs, and theatrical amusements; but will it be with the returning love of publick freedom and social felicity? In supporting his varieties of character, will he not have forgotten the gentle courtesies of

life, and retained the corrosive remembrance merely of disappointed ambition?

It is painful, Mr. Editor, to indulge these gloomy apprehensions; yet I cannot but express a fear, lest theological sentiments are to hold only a subordinate rank in the education of your ward. It is true, in a character so necessarily mixed, and formed by various contributions of charity, we cannot expect to see features the most nicely defined. After all the ornaments of learning, sentiment, and taste, with which his fosterfather has furnished him, our stranger appears to be no other, than a citizen of this lower world, exposed to some of its most mortifying hardships, and, like the first inhabitants of Eden, to death itself. Nor should such a calamity be lamented as untimely or singular. Concerning most of the works of our fathers, we may ask, "Where are they?" And how many libraries of the ancients have perished forever!

The only character superiour to innovation and death was drawn by the hand of St. Paul. In that are combined the finest polish of courteous manners, with the bravery of a warrior and the zeal of a martyr. But his education is of an extraordinary sort, and his habits formed by a new and peculiar process. His body is nailed to a cross; his senses are mortified; his passions are under a perpetual tutorage; or, in the bold language of inspiration, *he is dead*; dead to a world

of vanity, delusion, and sin. He passes, it is true, through courts and seminaries; but it is not in them he receives the rudiments of his education, or the form and complexion of his character. Strange as it may seem, he derives his birth and instructions from a world invisible and incorruptible. Thence he borrows his maxims of conduct, and there he is incorporated into the privileges of a being wholly spiritual, sublime, and immortal. In him we behold a hero, who not merely bleeds and dies, but who, until long habits have quelled the mutinies of passion and sublimated his desires, suffers a constant martyrdom. If he is prepared for conflicts, it is with "the preparations of the gospel;" if shielded for combat, it is with the unseen "breastplate of righteousness and faith;" and if he is crowned and already partaking of the greatness of his election, it is with "the hope of salvation." I am sketching the portrait of no imaginary being. I have in my mind a real person. It is he who is happy in a dungeon, because the father of lights illumines it with his support and promises. It is the exile who, forced to take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, yet clings with confidence and joy to an omnipresent hand. It is, in short, he who feels himself respectable amidst the obloquies of the crowd, rich amidst losses, prosperous in sickness, and living in death.

CONSTANCE,

***** Jan. 25, 1805.

THE SOLDIERS : A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 82.

RODOLPHO'S servant, whose mind was not so much the slave of superstition as the soldier's, observed, through the half-opened door, that his master had changed his dress, and was partaking of the refreshment on the table ;—this drove the tale of his companion from his mind, and with his persuasion, aided by the cheering warmth of the fire, the soldier followed his example, and changed his clothes ; comfort animated his spirits, superstition weakened, and with sharpened appetites they eat the offered repast, and soon lost their fears and fatigue in sleep round the fire, which the negro supplied with fresh fuel as often as it needed.

The mind of Rodolpho was too much engaged to sleep ; the repulsive manner of the solitary, while he performed such acts of kindness, was an inconsistency that engaged his reflections : fear never impels a generous mind to cordiality, thought our soldier ; his countenance was unmoved at the sight of us, our bayonets, our muskets ; his authoritative tone, and frigid look had nothing in it that implied dismay ; his conduct seems more the result of desperation ; he has fled society ; he is perhaps disgusted with his species ; life is not the object of his care ; to take it from him would only rid him of what he values not : he has therefore given way to the urbanity of his nature, which events may have rendered obscure, though not eradicated, and relieves those whom chance may cast within his influence regardless of the event.

These reflections served only to irritate the curiosity of Rodolpho ; he longed to see the female whose harmonious voice gave harmony to the tempest, and created such an interest in his feelings ; to hear why a man whose address and appearance betrayed natural politeness had chosen so complete a retirement abstracted from society : yet he could not resolve to commence a conversation with his host by asking questions ; it would be breaking a social law which directs us, as far as our powers will admit, to return the kindness we receive ; and to some characters, a compliance with their humour is the most

acceptable return we can offer. We are more flattered by an allowance for our failings, than by applause for our virtues,

Rodolpho considered the determined taciturnity of the recluse indicative of his humour, and remained silent, often looking at him, who kept his eyes fixed on the fire, except when he cast a momentary glance at our soldier :—his head was uncovered, his countenance had an expression of sternness, that seemed less the effect of nature than events ; for sometimes his contracted brow would relax, his features expand, to an appearance of candour, and then a sigh, indicative of sorrow, would heave his breast.

They had sat a considerable time silent ; Rodolpho took out his watch ;—“ It is *nine o'clock*,” said he ; the exclamation was involuntary, the recluse started, and cast his eyes on our soldier ; their eyes met :—there was something so sorrowful and impressive in those of the solitary, that dissolved the quick susceptibility of Rodolpho into a tear ; the recluse kept his eye fixed on it as it fell on the watch.

The contending feelings that passed in rapid succession through his countenance and which seemed by his heaving breast to be labouring for utterance :—the overflowing sensibility which appeared in that of Rodolpho :—the silence, of the scene, that was only interrupted by the rustling of the branches of the trees that surrounded the cottage, raised the feelings of Rodolpho to their full compass.

The recluse was evidently agitated, some tears fell, and he appeared to be on the point of giving freedom to his labouring breast, when a voice, that, to the ears of Rodolpho, gave an idea of seraphick sweetness and affection, exclaimed, “ My dear uncle, what is the matter ? why do you weep ? ” and instantly the form of a female, light as gossamer, sprang across the room, fell on his neck, breathing responsive sighs.

Rodolpho rose from his seat, and made an involuntary exclamation of surprise ; but a moment's reflection told him, to interrupt by inquiry, or to attempt consolation, would not be an act of kindness.

The soul whose sensibilities have been long suppressed feels a sensation of extreme relief, when nature meliorates the nerves that were become rigid; he sat down in silence viewing the female, who, in soft whispers, was comforting the recluse:—during her tender attentions, he often kissed and pressed her to his bosom.

The intellect of Rodolpho was lodged in his eye and ear. The female, while soothing her uncle, did not notice him; but she exhibited a face and form calculated to warm the frigid breast of an anchorite. To nature she owed all; her dress was in the simple style of a peasant, distinguished only by a peculiar neatness;—her hair flowed in all the luxuriance of nature; her employment gave an interest to her figure sensibly felt by Rodolpho.

Is there in nature a contemplation more enchanting to the mind, that can appreciate the sweet, the tender cordialities of life, than youth consoling the afflicted? What a magic influence does it cast over the character of a female when we view her soothing the pillar of age or sickness, or endeavouring to cheer the desponding mind with the bright colours of youthful hope; the consolation of young and uncorrupted hearts have an harmony all their own to the ear of age. Nature speaks in their voice, cheers and gently slopes their passage to the grave. And believe me, fair ones, to the eye of virtue it adorns you more than the gayest habit, and will yield more exquisite delight on reflection, when the parent, the friend, or the stranger is departed, that the most refined scene of sensual enjoyment.

The recluse gently disengaged himself from the embrace of the young woman, and said, "Antonia, take a chair and sit near me;"—Rodolpho made an effort to place a seat, but her light and rapid movement anteceded his; she observed it, and, smiling, acknowledged the kindness of his intention—she scarcely knew the meaning of the word '*polite*,' that slides so smoothly off the tongue of polished females, without springing from the heart. Untutored nature spoke in her voice, whose *politeness* is a disposition to be pleased and please.

The solitary recovered his scattered spirits, and fixing his eyes (that had lost all the sternness which before animated

them) on our soldier, thus addressed him. —"The reserve of my manner, that ill accords with the hospitality due to a stranger, may have impressed you with an unfavourable idea of my heart, and the agitation of spirits you have witnessed, given an appearance of weakness to my mind, that the frigid philosopher affects to despise."

"Whilst in the enjoyment of the comforts you have dispensed to me, a stranger," replied Rodolpho, "I should not merit their experience, if I felt any other sentiment than gratitude. I am a stranger, a barrier to your judging unfavourably of me, and the same barrier prevents my thinking of the agitation I have witnessed (the cause of which I am ignorant), with any other feeling than regret, fearing its removal may be beyond my power."

"It is," replied the recluse; "my language (vanity is dead in my heart) is not, I feel, in unison with the rustic simplicity of my dwelling and appearance; all to you seems enveloped in mystery; a mystery, that it may be your duty as a soldier, in these times of bloody warfare to unfold, when every man that is unarmed is esteemed an enemy to the country to which he belongs. I am of no country; I was a citizen of the world; I am now a being, whose boundary is a desert:" the recluse paused, memory seemed to have no pleasures for him.

Rodolpho was silent; every sentiment he could have uttered would have seemed cold and intrusive. Antonia spoke not, but the mantling blush of her cheek, the tenderness of her eye, that floated in liquid amber, told her participation in the feelings of her uncle.

Fifteen years only had Antonia been a being of this world, fresh and blooming as the rose of the wilderness where she grew was her countenance; pure as the lily of the valley was her mind; nature was all alive in her heart; vivacious and tender. With the lark she offered her morning orisons to the God of day, and chaunted with the lonely Philomel her evening thanks to the same beneficent Being; after that, her most lively sensation was love for her uncle. Her form and manner personified the idea of an Arcadian, beautiful and artless. (To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

DOMINUS PROVIDEBIT.

NEMO Deum vano confidens invocat ore ;

Et bene coelestes dextera sancta colit,
Sic ABRAHAM fidei subnixus robore
quondam

Præsentis sensit numina magna Dei.
Iussus erat natum sacras mactare per
aras,

Matris delicias, deliciasque patris
Quas non concepit tristi sub pectore
curas ;

Turbavit magnus territa corda dolor.
Magnus amor sobolis, reverentia magna
Jehovæ

Ambiguum mentis tunc habuere se-
nem,

Heu quid agat genitor ! sobolis num
pluris amorem,

Quam summi faciat iussa verenda Dei ?
Non ita ; divinis mandata capeffere
vocis,

Mentis opus sanctæ credidit esse pium,
Surgit et auriti succingens corpus aselli,
Lustra per obscurum devia carpit
iter.

Mons erat insigni florum vestitus amictu,
Campus in aerio vertice planus erat ;
Quo simul ac ventum est, fundamina
collocat aræ ;

Ponit et arsuris arida ligna focis.
Victima cum desit, Pater optime, filius
insit,

Quis gladii sibi, quis fomitis usus erit ?
Excipit hic genitor ; Domino prævisa
potenti

Concidet, et laudem victima grata
feret.

Dixit ; et impositum nodis ligat insu-
per aræ,

Armaque clam trepidâ stringit acuta
manu.

Quid censes animi tunc forte fuisse pa-
renti ?

Jam spes in puere parva salutis erat.
Istonat excelfo cum magnus ab æthere
clamor ;

Parce, pater, soboli, sic volo, parce
tum.

Nec mora : vervacem nudo Deus obji-
cit ensi ;

Mactato peragit quo pia sacra senex.
Tum nunquam Domini fidentes gratia
linquit ;

Fluctibus at mediis auxiliator adest.
Quid tecum, Fortuna, mihi, tua projice
tela,

En rebus DOMINUS providet ipse
meis ?

Providet ipse meæ vitæ Deus atque salutis ;
Ille meus Dominus, sit Deus ille meus.
L.

SPRING.

*Nunc pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus
Æther*

*Conjurgis in gremium læta descendit, ———
Virg. Georg. II.*

The merry pipe, the dance, the pas-
trel lay,

The simple tale, and laughter-moving
jest,

That whil'd the hour away,
Beneath the humble roof ;

And many a rustick sport and rude
conceit

To cheat dull winter of his iron sway ;
Diffus'd o'er hill and green,
Now welcome Spring's return.

The burthen'd sephyr on its bosom
bears

The blossom's perfume and the wood-
land song,

Or, while along the lawn,
Or mead, or longthen'd dale,

Through bending lilies as it winds its
way,

Shrill Echo reuses from her sylvan cells
And wakes a mingled sound,
And joins the general joy.

Oh gleeful Spring ! our groves and
plains for thee

With woods and vales their richest
livery wear ;

And o'er yon' eastern hill,
Refracted by the beams

From dewy tears dispersing vapours
shed,
See where the bright triumphal arch
is rear'd,
Bedeck'd with sprightliest hues,
To greet thy lov'd approach.

Now, while the swain ascends his moun-
tain side
To trace the orient blushes of the morn,
Or mark the purple gleam
O'erhang his western bed ;
Charm'd by the simple song and smiling
scene
Let thine own breath his bosom then
inspire,
When gazing on thy charms
To bless the source of Spring.

Oft let me wander, when departing day
hast serves to guide my vagrant feet
along,
Near yonder mountain's brow,
Or through its vale beneath,
And mark the lowly cot, the distant
spire,
The tinkling bell, or shepherd's simple
horn ;
Till Evening's dusky car
Slow circle o'er the plain.

Then, when the unseen wanderer wakes
the lyre
To sounds harmonious, sweet as infinite,
All but the breeze be still,
And Silence' self attend,
Till from the eastern wave, that owns
her charms,
The radiant Queen of Night, serene and
mild,
Lights the fair landscape round
With counterfeited day.

And now, while penfive as I stray beside
The stream, that woos her image to its
breast,
The sylvan chauntress claims
Awhile my list'ning ear.
And oft her plaintive ditty has beguild
To melancholy musing ; till the dews,
Soft stealing, warn'd me home
To dream it o'er again.

Thus, gentle Spring, with thee the
laughing year,
The loves, and graces, and the hours,
are led ;

And, while the seasons roll,
We hail thy genial sway.

&c.

SONG.

Tune—"Hollow Drum."

When the busy toil of day is done,
When beneath the mountain sinks the
Soft and fair [sun,
The vernal air,
And Echo answers merrily ;
When I move
To meet my love
My bounding heart beats cheerily.

When the yellow moon-beams light
the vale,
When the bird of sorrow tells her tale,
Sad and low
The warbl'd wo
Sounds thro' the wild woods drearily,
Then breathe I
The tender sigh,
While beats my heart less cheerily
&c.

SELECTED.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

CONTINUED.

AFFECT in things about thee cleanli-
ness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a
flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisom-
ness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last
hour.
Let thy mindes sweetness have his
operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habi-
tation.

In almes regard thy means, and others
merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain then to
give
Onely thy single market-money for it
Joy's hands with God to make a man
to live.
Give to all something ; to a good
poore man,

- Till thou change names, and be where
he began.
- Man is God's image ; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot : both images
regard.
- God reckons for him, counts the fa-
vour his :
- Write, *So much giv'n to God* ; thou shalt
be heard.
- Let thy almes go before, and keep
heav'n's gate
- Open for thee ; or both may come
too late.
- Restore to God his due in tithe and time :
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole
estate.
- Sundayes observe : think, when the bells
do chime,
- 'Tis angels musick ; therefore come not
late.
- God then deals blessings : If a king
did so,
- Who would not haste, nay give, to see
the show.
- Twice on the day his due is understood ;
For all the week so oft thy food he
gave thee.
- Thy cheer is mended ; bate not of the
food,
- Because 'tis better, and perhaps may
save thee.
- Thwart not th' Almighty God : O be
not crosse.
- Fast when thou wilt ; but then 'tis
gain, not losse.
- Though private prayer be a brave de-
signe,
- Yet publick hath more promises, more
love :
- And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a
signe.
- We all are but cold suitours ; let us
move
- Where it is warmest. Leave thy six
and seven ;
- Pray with the most ; for where most
pray, is heav'n.
- When once thy foot enters the church,
be bare.
- God is more there than thou ; for thou
art there
- Onely by his permission. Then beware,
- And make thyself all reverence and fear,
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking :
quit thy state.
- All equall are within the churches
gate.
- Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be
drest ;
- Stay not for th' other pin : why, thou
hast lost
- A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell
doth jest
- Away thy blessings, and extreemly
shout thee,
- Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul
loose about thee.
- In time of service seal up both thine
eyes,
- And send them to thine heart ; that
spying sinne,
- They may weep out the stains by them
did rise :
- Those doores being shut, all by the eare
comes in.
- Who marks in church-time others
symmetrie,
- Makes all their beautie his defor-
mitia.
- Let vain or busie thoughts have there
no part :
- Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy
pleasures thither.
- Christ purg'd his temple ; so must thou
thy heart.
- All worldly thoughts are but theeves
meet together
- To couzen thee. Look to thy ac-
tions well :
- For churches are either our heav'n or
hell.
- Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy
Judge :
- If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him
not.
- God calleth preaching folly. Do not
grudge
- To pick out treasures from an earthen
pot.
- The worst speak something good : if
all want sense,
- God takes a text, and preacheth pa-
tience.

To be continued.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For MARCH, 1805.

BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND.....HUMPHREYS.

ARTICLE 17.

A Treatise on the Law of Insurance. In four books. I. Of marine insurances. II. Of bottomry and respondentia. III. Of insurance upon lives. IV. Of insurance against fire. By Samuel Marshall, serjeant at law. First American, from the English edition; two volumes in one. Boston, printed by Manning & Loring for Daniel Johnson, of Portland. 1805.

THE works of the ancient writers on the law so much abound in technical terms, and are so much broken by the repetition of quaint maxims, that though they may rouse the attention, they will never fascinate the love of the student. But those writers were the original masters of the profession, and from their productions, as from living fountains, we may draw copious and healthful streams of legal science. It must be confessed, that the principal excellence of a treatise on the law will forever consist in the fidelity with which the author reports the principles and decisions, which belong to his subject. If he has with laborious research sought for truth, if he has discovered what was before unknown, or illustrated what was before imperfectly understood, he will by his work have rendered an acceptable service to science, although it should be deficient in the charms of elo-

quence. Formerly it was supposed, that the dry and abstract subjects of the law were incapable of the graces of diction: but who has read Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, or the *Essay on the Law of Bailments*, by Sir William Jones, and will not confess, that they will be read both with profit and delight by the lover of refined and elegant composition? To give interest to such subjects is, to be sure, a difficult task: but success in one instance proves the capacity of the subject to receive the impression of elegance; and therefore, in future, the writer of law reports, the commentator on statutes, and even the harmless lexicographer of the profession, must not feel themselves freed by their subject from an observance of the ordinary rules of criticism.

The style of this elementary work is clear, nervous, and elegant. The author sees things in their native forms, and describes them with admirable facility, and with just discrimination. But willing that our readers should, by their own diligence and observation, form their opinion of the treatise, we shall proceed to state, that the author treats, 1st, of marine insurances, including the subject of bottomry and respondentia; 2d, of insurances upon lives; and, 3d, of insurances against losses by fire. The first chapter is intended as an intro-

duction to the work, and contains an historical sketch of the origin and progress of this species of contract. Its origin, like the first beginnings of all the arts, is involved in much obscurity. Whether it was known to the ancients, or whether it was invented by the Jews on their banishment from France in the twelfth century, are questions of curiosity, and admit of much dispute. This author has avoided perplexing himself with the controversy, and considering insurance as the attendant of commerce, and as flowing from its necessities, he undertakes "to trace the progress of commerce, till it attained that height which rendered insurance necessary to its further advancement."

The Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Greek states, "carried on foreign commerce to an extent which would have rendered it a subject of insurance, had this contract been already in use among them. But it seems extremely probable, that their maritime commerce was never of sufficient magnitude, nor sufficiently perilous, to oblige them to resort to insurance as a means of enabling private adventurers to carry it on."

The Romans were a nation of warriors, and being devoted to the acquisition of military glory, they naturally despised the arts of peace. It should excite in us therefore no surprise, that the pages of their classic writers contain no term descriptive of a contract, the protectress of an inferior art, which was carried on by their slaves and by the freedmen of the great.

To the modern nations of Europe, and to those events, which tended to revive learning and civilization, must we look for the cause of the revival of commerce. Wealth being the principal source of national power, its acquisition by peaceable and honest arts became an object of the study of statesmen, and the honours, which were formerly conferred exclusively on the soldier, now began to be shared by the merchant.

During the dark ages which succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, down to the twelfth century, all was Gothic barbarism in the west of Europe. Science, literature, commerce, were things unknown, or wholly neglected. Many causes at length contributed to revive the spirit of commerce, and renew the intercourse between nations.

The crusades, about the close of the eleventh century, opened a vast communication between Europe and the East. Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern or Greek empire, had escaped the ravages of the northern barbarians who had overthrown that of the West. It was still a great and commercial city, where the elegances of polished life yet remained; and this became the place of general rendezvous for the christian armies on their way to Palestine, or on their return from thence. And though the object of these expeditions was conquest, and not commerce, and though the issue of them proved unfortunate to these romantick and insatuated warriors, their commercial effects were beneficial and permanent. The crusaders brought back with them a taste for the refinements and luxuries of the East; and this soon created a demand, which could only be supplied by an extensive commerce with those parts.

The close of the holy war was followed by the invention of the mariner's compass, or at least its introduction into Europe, about the year 1260. This, with the consequent improvements in navigation, opened a wide field for maritime enterprise.

The feudal system which had been established in all the western parts of Europe by the northern conquerors, had, about this time, attained its greatest height, and the overgrown power of the nobles, its natural concomitant, while it held the great body of the people in slavery, controlled or gave law, even to the sovereign himself. To create some power that might counterbalance that of these potent vassals, it became the policy of the monarchs of Europe to erect communities or corporations in the considerable towns, with exclusive jurisdiction, and privileges which might protect the inhabitants from servitude, or dependence upon the neighbouring barons, or any other than the sovereign himself. This expedient was first adopted by Lewis the Gros, about the beginning of the twelfth century; and though an ancient French author calls it a new and wicked device to procure liberty to slaves, and encourage them to shake off the dominion of their masters, yet the effects of this measure soon justified the policy by which it was dictated. The towns became the asylum of the oppressed, the acquisition of liberty produced a spirit of industry; and commerce soon began to establish an intercourse between different nations.

The free states of Italy, which arose out of the ruins of the western empire, fought, by the arts of peace, to raise themselves to that eminence, which others had obtained by arms and conquest. During the 12th and 13th centuries, the commerce of Europe was almost entirely in the hands of these Italians, more generally known in those ages by the name of Lombards, of whom companies or factories settled themselves in almost every state in Europe, where they became the only considerable merchants and bankers, and in those times rivalled even the Jews themselves in the arts of usury. One of these companies settled in London, from whom Lombard-street, in that capital, took its name. The rival republics of Venice and Genoa, at this time, took the lead in commercial adventure. They brought the rich productions of India at first by a northern circuit, through the Caspian Sea to Astracan, and from thence by the Black Sea to Europe. The Venetians afterwards, hav-

ing obtained permission from the Pope to trade with the infidels, and from the Calif of Egypt, the liberty of trading on the coasts of Egypt and Assyria, opened a more direct communication with India, the trade of which they now wholly engrossed, and continued the most powerful maritime state in Europe, till the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, and established an uninterrupted communication by sea, between Europe and the East-Indies.

Mr. Marshall then states the extreme probability, that insurancé came into use in Italy about the end of the 13th century; and that after the advantages attending it came to be understood, it was thence transplanted into most of the countries, where the Lombards had established their trading companies. He then traces the progress of commerce among the cities in the north of Europe, which associated together for their mutual defence, and extended their wealth and their political importance under the auspices of the Hanseatick confederacy.

The Lombards continued to engross the carrying trade with England, notwithstanding the parliamentary attempts in the times of Edward III. and Richard II. to encourage the English navigation, and in opposition to the jealousy and remonstrances of the Commons. But

It may be recollected also, that England, from the time of the conquest, down to the time of Henry VII. was almost constantly engaged in foreign or domestick wars. The arts of peace were, during that time, exiled, as it were, from this country, and so remained, until they found in the comparative tranquillity of the reign of that cautious prince, a degree of protection, under which they began to acquire some portion of strength and stability.

Two great events also, which hap-

pened in this reign, gave to the reviving spirit of commerce, a new and extraordinary impulse. While the Portuguese were creeping along the coast of Africa, and slowly and cautiously exploring a passage by sea to India by the east, Columbus conceived the project of sailing thither by the west, and in the attempt discovered the West Indies, and the vast continent of America, in the year 1492. The Portuguese still persevered, and, in the year 1497, achieved their great design. Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and opened a passage by sea to India, China, and Japan. Europe now emerged out of that darkness, in which she had been involved from the subversion of the Roman empire. The arts awoke from a slumber of 12 centuries. So vast a field for foreign discovery and commercial enterprise was now opened to the view of the maritime states of Europe, that the thirst of military glory, so long predominant, soon gave place to the avidity of wealth, and a passion for adventure in the newly discovered regions. Colonization followed, and the English soon formed valuable settlements in the East and West Indies, and on the continent of America.

Having traced the growth of commerce and the corresponding improvement in the marine law, the author proceeds to consider that branch both of the law of merchants and of the marine law, which is denominated the law of insurance, and which was borrowed by the English from the Lombards. This law is to be found "in the marine law and in the custom of merchants, which may be collected 1st, from the ordinances of different commercial states; 2d, from the treatises of learned authors on the subject of insurance; and 3d, from judicial decisions in this country, and others professing to follow the general marine law and the law of merchants."

This author has in a satisfactory manner discussed in his second chapter, the question on the legality of insurances on the property of the enemies of the state in time of war. On the policy of such contract, political writers, as well as judges among commercial states, have differed in opinion. Bynkerhoek, the eminent Dutch jurist, condemns such insurances, as contrary both to law and to good policy. He says, that while they do most certainly extend the commerce of the enemy, it remains extremely questionable, whether from such custom more gain than loss will, result to the insurers, and therefore he concludes, "*quod quia hostibus est utile, et fere redundat in nostram necem, omni ratione prohibendum est.*" *Quæst. Jur. Pub. l. i. c. 21.*

In France, such insurance is unlawful. Valin, who wrote a learned commentary on the celebrated ordinance of the marine of Louis XIV. in reference to the conduct of the English, who constantly in the course of the war, which was terminated by the peace of Paris, in 1763, insured French ships and cargoes, whether destined for France, or for her colonies, or to the ports of her allies, or to neutral ports, observes, "that it is true, this did not prevent our ships when taken, being declared good prize; but the consequence was, that one part of that nation restored to us, by the effect of insurance, what the other took from us by the rights of war."

The practice of insuring the property of the enemies of the state, in time of war, arose in England, rather from a notion of

policy and expedience, than from any principle of law. Lord Mansfield thought, that such insurances were, in point of law, void ; but he considered that the law of England was, in this respect, impolitick and unwise, and therefore in trials on policies on enemy's property, he did all in his power to prevent, what he considered so dishonourable a defence being made.

However grateful it is to our indolence, to recline on the authority of precedents, more especially when they are fortified by great names ; yet it must ever be recollected, that judicial decisions are the sentiments but of men, and that there may be incorporated in them a portion of human error. A lawyer is bound to examine the foundation of solemn judicial decisions, and likewise the simple opinions of eminent judges ; and when he finds that they were not originally supported by good reason, or that their authority has been weakened or overthrown by time, he ought with modesty, but with firmness, to state the result of his investigation. In the long list of judges, who have adorned Westminster Hall, no name is more renowned and venerable, both at home and abroad, than that of lord Mansfield. But still we heartily approve of the following observations of Mr. Marshall on the sentiment and conduct of that judge on the above subject.

From this statement of the learned judge, (Sir Dudley Ryder) it is evident that he himself doubted, at least, of the legality of insurances on enemy's property, and that the opinion which he so anxiously sought, and which lord Mans-

field so studiously withheld, was, that, *in point of law*, they were void ; but that he thought the law of England was, in this respect impolitick and unwise.—Entertaining this opinion, it was certainly competent to him and Sir Dudley Ryder, *as members of parliament*, to argue against the policy of the law, when the question was agitated *there*, whether these insurances should be restrained by an express statute or not ; because every member of parliament has an undoubted right to call in question the wisdom, or the policy, of any rule of law, when he opposes the passing of a bill which is meant to enforce the observance of it. But to avow or insinuate, that it might, in any case, be proper for a judge to prevent a party from availing himself of an indisputable principle of law, *in a court of justice*, upon the ground of some notion of fancied policy or expedience, is a new doctrine in Westminster Hall, and has a direct tendency to render all law vague and uncertain. A rule of law once established, ought to remain the same till it be annulled by the legislature, which alone has the power to decide on the policy or expedience of repealing laws, or suffering them to remain in force. What politicians call expedience, often depends on momentary conjunctures, and is frequently nothing more than the fine-spun speculations of visionary theorists, or the suggestions of party and faction. If expedience, therefore, should ever be set up as a foundation for the judgments in Westminster-Hall, the necessary consequence must be, that as different men must often entertain different notions of expedience, that which to-day would be deemed law in one court, might be thought contrary to law to-morrow in another, or even in the same court. Indeed the learned judge himself has given us an instance of this ; for he says, that *in the present war*, he thinks the insurance of enemy's property *would not be expedient*, and yet he informs us, that lord Mansfield was of opinion that it was for the interest of the country, *in his time*, to encourage such insurances.

The third chapter is occupied “ on the subject matter of marine insurances.” No contract of in-

insurance is valid, which is intended to protect risks, which are undertaken contrary to law. Because an engagement to do what is unlawful, is not a contract, and can raise no obligation. In the words of Mr. Park, at the conclusion of his twelfth chapter, "all insurances upon a voyage generally prohibited by law, such as to an enemy's garrison, or upon a voyage directly contrary to an express act of parliament, or to royal proclamation in time of war, are absolutely null and void." *System of the Law of Marine Insurances*, p. 243.

By the law of England, an insurance on a contraband trade is illegal, notwithstanding the nature of the trade was known to the insurer at the formation of the contract. At the trial, the insurer may avail himself of this objection. This privilege does not proceed from any disposition to favour him in preference to the insured, but from the general policy of the law, which will not lend its aid to a man, "who founds his cause of action upon an immoral or an illegal act." Roccus considers, that the insurer is not in such case discharged, unless he has had no notice of the illegality of the trade. But Bynkershoek holds, that the contract is void, even if in the policy it were stated, that the goods were contraband. In such cases, the performance of the contract depends on the mere will of the parties; and "*quod merx voluntatis est in iudicio defendi nequit.*"

Whether a trade prohibited by the laws of one country, may be the subject of a legal insurance in another, is considered in this

chapter; and on this question there has been much difference of opinion amongst writers on insurance. Valin insists, that an insurance on goods prohibited by the laws of another state, is valid, provided that the insurer was apprised of the contraband nature of the goods. According to Emerigon, goods may be insured in France, which are contraband only with respect to foreign countries, provided they are not so by the laws of France. But Pothier, who was swayed by a morality much more pure and elevated, combats this opinion, and insists, "that to carry on an illicit commerce in a foreign country, and to engage the subjects of that country to assist in so doing, is against good faith, and consequently, a contract made to favour or protect this commerce is peculiarly unlawful, and can raise no obligation."

But the law of England in this respect pays no regard to the revenue laws of other countries. On the authority of lord Mansfield, in the case of *Lever vs. Fletcher* at N. P. after Hil. 1780. Park, 237, if an insurer has with full knowledge of the fact, insured a smuggling trade with another state, it is a fair contract between the parties.

In further considering the subject matter of the contract of insurance, Mr. Marshall informs us, that the wages of seamen cannot legally be insured. The reason of this prohibition, as laid down by Bynkershoek, is, that it will tend to stimulate their best exertions in behalf of the ship and voyage. This is conformable to the policy of all maritime states,

which have generally not only prohibited insurance on the wages of seamen, but have enacted laws to restrain masters and owners from paying their seamen beyond seas above a certain proportion of the wages, which are then due to them. In most cases, the payment of the wages of seamen is made to depend on the successful termination of the voyage. The following case, decided in France, is quoted from Emerigon, and seems to have been adjudged upon sound principles.

A seaman, who was engaged for a voyage, while the ship was in a foreign harbour, threatened to leave her, unless his wages already earned were secured to him. The captain gave him a note, by which he undertook to pay him his wages then due to him at all events. The ship was afterwards taken.—The seaman, on his return to France, sued the captain on the undertaking. The captain alleged, that this undertaking was against law, and that he only gave it to prevent the seaman from deserting the ship.—This was considered as a just and proper answer to the seaman's demand, and his suit was dismissed with costs.

In England, freight may be insured, and this, according to the following passage from Roccus, Not. 96, is conformable to the practice in Italy. "*Locata navi pro asportandis frumentis in civitatem Neapolis dominus ipsius se assicurari fecit pro naulis ei promissis, et dum iter faciebat dicta navis, capta fuit ab inimicis; ergo locator contra assicuratores pro solutione integri nauli. Decisum per Consulatam fuisse condemnatos assicuratores ad solvendum integrum nautum in casu predicto.*"

To entitle the owner, however, to recover for a loss, on a policy on freight,
Vol. II. No. 3. W

it must appear that, before the loss, the owner's right to freight had commenced; that is, that the ship had actually begun to earn freight, for till then the risk on freight does not commence. Therefore, if the cargo be ready to be put on board, but the ship is lost while preparing for the voyage, the insured shall not be entitled to recover for the loss of freight. But if part of the cargo be shipped, there is then an inception of the risk on freight, and the insured, upon a valued policy, shall recover for the whole freight. So, if the ship sail on her voyage to the port where she is to take in her cargo, this shall be a commencement of the risk on the freight, and if the ship be lost before her arrival at her port of loading, the insurer on the freight is liable.

It has never yet been decided in England, whether profit was *eo nomine* an insurable interest. In the case of a loss, it would be a most difficult thing to calculate the profit: and in estimating a total loss upon goods insured by an open policy, the profit has never been avowedly added, even where the loss has happened at the port of delivery.

We have now communicated to our readers the principal subjects of the three first chapters of this work, and have, by copious selections and by an analysis of some of the most interesting discussions, introduced them to an acquaintance with the style and manner of the author. If we find leisure we shall prosecute our review of this treatise, which is in our opinion well calculated to inspire a taste for the science of insurance. We recommend it to the patronage of the mercantile part of the community, and to the particular attention of law students.

To commerce we owe all the refinements and most of the con-

veniences of life. The invention of insurance affords to this source of national wealth and grandeur greater protection and encouragement, than can be derived from the establishment of numerous and powerful fleets. The study of its principles affords sincere delight and satisfaction, since they flow from the fountain of equity, and are calculated to inspire an exalted sentiment of the system of commercial law.

ART. 18.

The true reasons on which the election of a Hollis professor of divinity in Harvard college was opposed at the board of overseers, Feb. 14, 1805. By Jedidiah Morse, D.D. member of the board of overseers. Charlestown. Printed for the author. 8vo. pp. 28.

THE object of this pamphlet is not a little singular. It is to prove, that it was the intention of Mr. Hollis, the founder of the professorship of divinity in the university of Cambridge, to confide that office solely to one professing calvinistick sentiments; that in the late choice of a professor, no evidence has been given of his being a Calvinist; and, consequently, that the nomination of the corporation, and the confirmation of the overseers have been improper, contravening the intent of the founder, and even subversive of the tenure of the bequest.

The title is not very correct, for though the pamphlet may set forth the "true reasons" upon which Dr. Morse and some others ground their opposition, yet it will not be pretended that *all* the

opponents acted under the influence of these reasons; political considerations, if we are not misinformed, were the cause of opposition with the majority.

The design of our fathers in the foundation of the university, it is justly remarked, was to give to religion the aid of learning; *Christo et Ecclesie* being the motto of the college arms. The principles of the founders were undoubtedly calvinistick; and of their zeal to perpetuate those principles there is sufficient proof. Mr. Hollis himself appears to have been much in the same sentiments with respect to doctrine; though we can by no means judge decisively upon that point from the extracts given by Dr. Morse. Except a general expression to Dr. Coleman, accompanying a present of the works of Calvin, "I imagine they will please you as they do me," of which we say only, *valeat quantum valere potest*, we see no expressions which an Arminian might not have used.

In his (Mr. Hollis) "Rules, Orders, and Statutes," relating to his professor, he is explicit in declaring what *shall* be his qualifications and principles, and in prescribing his duties. The *first* and *eleventh* articles declare what shall be his qualifications and principles.

I. "That the professor be a Master of Arts, and in communion with some christian church of one of the three denominations, Congregational, Presbyterian, or Baptist."

XL. "That the person, chosen from time to time to be a professor, be a man of solid learning in divinity, of sound or orthodox principles, one who is well gifted to teach, of a sober and pious life, and of a grave conversation."

The *second*, *fourth*, and *fifth* prescribe his duties.

II. "That his province be to instruct the students in the several parts of theol-

ogy, by reading a system of *positive*, and a course of *controversial divinity*, beginning always with a short prayer."

IV. "That the professor read publickly once a week upon divinity, either positive, controversial, or casuistical; and as often upon church history, critical exposition of scripture, or Jewish antiquities, as the corporation with the approbation of the overseers shall judge fit, always terms of vacation excepted."

V. "That the professor set apart two or three hours one afternoon in the week to answer such questions of the students, who shall apply to him, as refer to the system, or controversies of religion, or cases of conscience, or the seeming contradictions in scripture."

We subjoin here as explanatory of these articles (as we think Dr. M. in fairness should have done, instead of choosing to consider it separately) the "*Plan or form for the professor of divinity to agree to at his inauguration.*"

"That he repeat his oaths to the civil government, that he declare it as his belief that the scriptures of the old and new testament are the only perfect rule of faith and manners, and that he promise to explain and open the scriptures to his pupils with integrity and faithfulness, according to the best light that God shall give him. That he promise to promote true piety and godliness by his example and instruction; that he consult the good of the college and the peace of the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ on all occasions; and that he religiously observe the statutes of his founder, and all such other statutes and orders as shall be made by the college not repugnant thereunto."

And here naturally comes up to view the main point in the controversy, viz. what did Mr. Hollis mean by the phrase in the 11th article—"of *sound or orthodox principles*?" Did he, or did he not, mean that he should be of the principles commonly denominated *calvinistic*? These words were not used by the founder without meaning. They were carefully examined, not only by Mr. Hollis himself, but by a number of the most learned

divines, who had been educated at the first universities in Europe, and who must have perfectly understood the meaning of these terms. They evidently imply, that in the view of the founder, some sects of christians were *sound* or *orthodox*, and that others were *unsound* or *heterodox*. The latter he meant to exclude from his professorship. Will it be pretended that all sects of christians are orthodox; i. e. "sound in opinion and doctrine"? It is believed no one will avow this sentiment. Some then must be heterodox. But who are they? Not Calvinists, for they are universally distinguished, nay, sometimes reproached, by the term *orthodox*. To no other sect of christians has the term ever been applied. In all ecclesiastical history, the doctrines which Calvinists hold, as the truth of scripture, and which, for substance, are comprised in the articles of the Church of England, and the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, in which Mr. Hollis was educated, have been denominated the *orthodox faith*, in distinction from the doctrines of Arminius, Arius, and Socinus, and their followers. The term has never been applied to the faith of any of these sects of christians.

But if a doubt remain in the mind of any person, as to the meaning of these terms in the article before us, it must vanish when it is recollected what was the religious faith of the man who used them. Every man has a right to explain his own language; and certainly it would be very absurd to suppose that Mr. Hollis, by "*sound or orthodox principles*," meant Arminian, Arian, or Socinian principles, which are all essentially different from his own. The principles of these sects are the principles, beyond all reasonable doubt, which he meant to exclude from his professorship.

We agree that this is the main point of the controversy, viz. Whether Mr. Hollis, by ordaining that his professor should be "a man of sound or orthodox principles," meant to confine the choice exclusively to a Calvinist; and that, not only in the first instance, but in all future elections. Dr. M. says, the affirmative is

certain ; but this, in our opinion, he has by no means proved.

It appears indeed, with sufficient clearness, what tenets Mr. Hollis considered as "sound or orthodox," but it does not appear that he was guilty of the egregious folly of determining, that all electors of professor, through all future time, should be of precisely the same opinion with himself. The words, we admit with Dr. M. "were not used without meaning." On the contrary, they appear to us the result of much deliberation, and to have been very happily selected. Mr. Hollis wished to guard against licentiousness and irregularity ; he probably wished also to avoid imposing fetters upon the understandings and consciences of his successors ; a proceeding, which his own observation of the state of religious opinions in the circle of his particular friends must have proved to him both unjust and inefficient. He chose therefore terms of *general signification*. He knew, (what Dr. M. seems not to recollect) that all sects of christians consider themselves as sound, or, synonymously, as orthodox ; and therefore left the corporation and overseers to elect any person, whom they should conscientiously consider as "sound or orthodox."

This we believe was the intent of the founder, and in no other sense can the words be understood. If Mr. Hollis meant to impose upon the college, at every election, a man of one particular set of opinions, instead of using words admitting such latitude of interpretation, why did he not, as Mr. Henchman has done,

make some such article as the following... "The professor of divinity shall profess and teach the principles of the christian religion according to the well known confession of faith drawn up by the synod of the churches of New-England" ; or—according to the principles of the Westminster confession ; or—according to the doctrinal articles of the church of England ? The necessity of some such precise mode of expression could not have escaped Mr. Hollis. That he did not use it is very fair proof that he did not mean to tie down the electors to the exclusive choice of a calvinistick professor.

Our limits do not permit a farther investigation of this subject. Strong proof however, if we mistake not, may be produced ; and we wish that some son of Harvard, zealous for the honour of his Alma Mater, would vindicate the liberality of her statutes, and rescue the character of this excellent and liberal benefactor of the university from an imputation so disgraceful. We have always understood that Mr. Hollis was a liberal-minded man. It appears, that tho' a Baptist, he did not require his professor should think with him in that particular. The learned Dr. Jeremiah Hunt was his pastor and confidential friend, and was particularly consulted upon the establishment of the professorship ; Dr. Hunt, who voted against subscribing that article of the Westminster confession declarative of a belief in the Trinity ; who justly thought that the bible *only* ought to be the religion of protestants, and especially of protestant dissenters from

the established church; and nobly declared, that he would sign NO ARTICLES not expressed in scripture language. Is it probable such a man would bind the electors to choose their professor from a particular sect, and that through every age, whatever changes of opinion might take place? Is it probable that a man, a dissenter from the national church, itself dissenting from the religion of its former days, would conceive it reasonable to bind the most worthy and intelligent men of a distant age and country always to choose the instructor of their youth, and the father of their churches, from the narrow limits of his own small sect? The thing is not to be presumed. The professor was to declare it as his belief "that the scriptures of the old and new testament are the only perfect rule of faith and manners, and promise to explain and open the scriptures to his pupils with integrity and faithfulness, according"—to what? to the Westminster confession of faith? to the synod of New England? to the articles of the English church? No—"ACCORDING TO THE BEST LIGHT THAT GOD SHALL GIVE HIM."

With the precise sentiments of the respectable man who is chosen and confirmed as professor of divinity, we are unacquainted. Dr. M. complains of want of information upon this subject.

It was observed that the candidate had not been examined by the corporation, and the propriety of such a procedure was doubted. The right to examine, indeed, was denied. The particular religious principles of the candidate, though often asked for, were not disclosed, and are, it is believed, still un-

known to a great part of the members of the Board, except so far as they may be inferred from the silence of his friends, from negative evidence, and from his catechism. It was particularly asked by one of the honourable members of the senate, whether the candidate was a believer in that important doctrine, the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ? The reply conveyed no precise or satisfactory answer on that point. While thus ignorant of the "*principles*" of the candidate, how could the board determine whether or not they were "*sound or orthodox*," whatever be the meaning of these terms? From the catechism published by the candidate, it was inferred, that he was not a Calvinist; that his sentiments on important points, such as the depravity of human nature, the impotency of man, the character of Jesus Christ, and the future state of the wicked, were widely different from those of Dr. Watts, whose catechism he professedly followed, as his "*model*," in compiling his own, so closely, indeed, as in general to adopt the same questions and answers.

It is probable the corporation and overseers wisely thought, that the character and principles of a candidate could be more certainly understood from his publick services and private conversation, than from answers to the few questions which might be asked; and were more desirous that he should be "*of Christ*," than anxious to ascertain, whether he were exclusively "*of Paul, of Apollos, or of Cephas*."

Dr. M. allows that the opposition to Mr. Ware was rested solely upon his not being proved of sound or orthodox principles.

His character as a man, a scholar, and a citizen, was treated with the utmost respect. p. 21.

Why did not Dr. M. add—as a christian; or do he and his friends think, bona fide, that a

man cannot be a good christian without being a good Calvinist ?

It is proper in this place to notice a misrepresentation, which has gone abroad, in respect to the views of the minority, in opposing the election of Mr. Weare. A writer in the Anthology of February, before alluded to, would have it understood, that the election of this gentleman to the professorship, was opposed *merely* because he was not a Calvinist, and that this conduct is "uncandid and intolerant."

This passage we do not perfectly comprehend. If we understand the drift of Dr. M's pamphlet, it is to prove, that no one but a Calvinist is eligible to the professorship. If Dr. M. opposed the late candidate solely because he thought him ineligible according to the statutes of the founder, to *him* the charge of want of candour does not apply. Fiat justitia. But we agree with the writer of that article in styling those, who, upon other grounds, would limit the choice to a member of one particular sect, "uncandid and intolerant."

It is asserted, that Dr. Wiggleworth and his son were Calvinists. This admits of doubt. To those who choose to investigate the point, we recommend the examination of a MS. essay in the hand writing of Dr. W. sen. presented by his son to the college library. We have been informed that though a Calvinist in early life, he saw reason to change his sentiments. Several gentlemen who knew the late Dr. W. most intimately, assert positively, that *he was not* a Calvinist.*

* As Dr. M. seems to lay a stress upon an *examination* of the professor, it may be proper to state, that no examination, in his sense of the word, took

But these are matters of little importance.

The following extract from the concluding sections of the pamphlet, contains, it will be seen, charges the most severe, and insinuations the most pointed, against the electing members of the corporation and overseers. As however, in our opinion, the premises are not proved, these will drop harmless to the ground,

Tantum imbellis sine ictu.

We have seen the singular anxiety and caution of Mr. Hollis by his *letters*, and by a *bond*, to secure the object of his Foundation, and to guard his professorship against error and innovation in all future time. Now if barriers so sacred can be removed, what guard can be devised, which shall secure any bequest against violation ? What assurance can any well disposed persons in future have, that any donations, they may wish to make to Harvard College, will be applied to their objects, even one century ? How this will affect future benefactions it is easy to predict. What effect this change in the religious character of the professorship, and of the university will gradually and ultimately produce in the state of our churches, and on the religious and moral character of our citizens, cannot with so much certainty be foreseen. In respect to New England it is an untried experiment. God forbid, that this change should be injurious and ruinous ; that in consequence, the faith of our churches should become less pure, their discipline less strict, the standard of christian morality lowered, the difference lessened between those who professedly serve God, and those who avowedly serve

place at the election of Dr. Tappan. The sentiments of an eminent clergyman must be known from the general tenour of his public discourses ; and if the boundary-lines of opinion be not in every instance distinctly marked, we know not that any injury is derived from that circumstance, either to orthodoxy or charity.

him not; till at length the spirit and power of our religion shall have evaporated, and its very forms be abolished.

"FOR CHRIST and the CHURCH," was this ancient college founded by men, whom we delight to call our Fathers; "for CHRIST and the CHURCH" has it hitherto been cherished, instructed, and governed, by men of like christian principles and spirit; "for CHRIST and the CHURCH" oh may the God of our Fathers, who still lives and reigns, in mercy preserve it, so long as the sun and the moon shall endure!

The concluding wish we fervently reciprocate; and while men, every way so worthy as the professor elect, are chosen to the instruction and government of our university, we shall have good hopes of the spread of sound religious principles, and of the prevalence of real orthodoxy.

ART. 19.

Cautions to young persons concerning health in a public lecture delivered at the close of the medical course in the chapel at Cambridge, Nov. 20, 1804; containing the general doctrine of chronic diseases; shewing the evil tendency of the use of tobacco upon young persons; more especially the pernicious effects of smoking cigars; with observations on the use of ardent and vinous spirits in general. By Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D. &c. &c. University Press, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 32.

THE object of this lecture is sufficiently detailed in the title page. The general doctrine of chronic diseases is briefly summed up in the following paragraph.

Chronic diseases are those, that come on slowly, and continue long. We place under this head, *depraved appetite, jaundice, and the long and gloomy train of nerv-*

ous disorders. To these we may add *gout, asthma, palsy, and apoplexy*; as well as that imbecility or morbid derangement of the absorbent system, occasioning *dropries*; which is accompanied by that generally depraved habit of body, known among physicians by the name of *cachexia*; all of which are owing to *chronic weakness*; the source of which is an imbecility of the digestive organs, occasioning errors in "the first concoction," which deranges the whole chain of processes, occurring between chylification and sanguification.

As this lecture was not delivered to a medical class alone, but to all the students in the university, it is possible that the professor did not think it necessary to be accurate in delivering medical opinions. Had it been otherwise, we might remark that his doctrine is more recommended by its simplicity, than by its perfect accordance with observation. That an imbecility of the digesting organs is often a predisponent cause, and that it is a frequent symptom, where it is not a cause, of chronic diseases, may be freely admitted. But if we understand rightly the reference of the words "all of which," the professor considers an imbecility of the digestive organs the source of all chronic diseases.

Dr. Waterhouse has certainly done well in exhorting young men to be temperate. Health cannot be too highly estimated; nor can the abuse or the neglect of it be too severely deprecated. We agree with him most fully in condemning the liberal use of tobacco, which fashion has introduced; but further evidence must be offered to prove us that smoking causes consumptions; or that the recent deaths in our university are fairly to be charged to this

noxious plant. Reasons powerful and sufficient are opposed to the use of tobacco, without straining the evidence against it; and our duty obliges us to express our dissent to an opinion, which we do not believe to be correct.

While we censure some parts, we commend the object of the work; and recommend the perusal of it to all classes of society.

ART. 20.

The doctrine of predestination unto life explained and vindicated, in four sermons, preached to the church of Christ, meeting in Brattle-street, and published at their general desire: with some additional passages and quotations. By William Cooper, one of the pastors of said church. With a preface by the senior pastors of the town of Boston. pp. 132. Second edition. Boston. Printed and sold by E. Lincoln. 1804.

WE could not read the title page of this little volume without exclaiming with Tacitus, "*rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, & quæ sentias dicere licet.*" We may now inquire without fear, and communicate the results of our researches without suffering persecution.

Referring to his text, the author observes,

It is here said of a number of the children of men, as distinguished from the rest, that God has foreknown them. And this foreknowledge implies choice; his having pitched upon them to be the objects on whom his redeeming grace shall be glorified. *p. 9.*

And in *p. 14* he says,

Nor is it a doctrine purely speculative; no, it has powerful influence upon vital religion and practical godliness. It has a direct tendency to advance the

glory of God's grace in our salvation, to humble the pride of man, to engage the love, excite the praises, and constrain the obedience of God's children.

In these words is comprised his view of the doctrine of predestination; and of its correctness we must leave our readers to judge. The first pages of the work will secure for it the favourable reception of all the followers of Calvin; while those, who admit the use of reason in their inquiries for religious truth, will be discouraged from entering an edifice, the vestibule of which is enveloped in so thick darkness.*

The elect are not predestinated unto life, provided they perform the conditions of salvation, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are holy, in which they are left entirely to their own will and choice. No; the predestination we are speaking of, is no such conditional, uncertain thing as this makes it to be. The objects of it are by one determinate decree appointed to a certain salvation, which they shall obtain through faith and sanctification, which are given them in consequence of the decree." *p. 20.*

If this be a just view of the Christian dispensation, why did our Saviour and his apostles call on *all men* to come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved? Why do the ministers of this religion, in the name of their Master, require *all men* to be holy, and assure salvation to *all* who will comply with the conditions of its attainment? If, by an irrevocable decree, it be *persons* who are predestinated, called, and chosen, and if faith and sanctification be

* Christians who are desirous of obtaining information on this long contested subject, are advised to the perusal of "A key to the apostolick writings," by J. Taylor of Norwich. It is contained in the 3d vol. of Watson's tracts.

given to them in consequence of this decree, why urge the wicked to penitence and reformation, or the good to perseverance? Surely St. Paul has subjected himself to the imputation of absurdity in the caution, *let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall*; and if any one has not a certainty of his election, he is very unwise to deny himself and to take up the cross. The advocates of this interpretation of the doctrine will deny that these are just conclusions from it; but their simple denial proves no more than their simple affirmation.

Having "represented and stated the truth of the doctrine" in the first discourse, he endeavours, in the second, to "establish the point, that a certain great and glorious number were elected by God, in his eternal counsel and purpose, from the rest of fallen mankind, to be in time effectually called and justified, in order to their being finally brought to eternal life and glory, and this out of his mere good pleasure, and for the praise of his glorious grace." p. 53.

The design of the third discourse is,

To clear this truth of some *misrepresentations* made of it; and to give an answer to the *objections* commonly made against it. p. 74.

And it is the object of the last discourse to expose

Some of the absurd consequences which follow upon the denial of this doctrine, and the *difficulties* with which the contrary scheme labours, and with which they are embarrassed who are on the other side of the question. p. 105.

We revere the memory of the venerable author of this little
Vol. II. No. 3. X

tract; but we think he has not obviated the "objections" which he has stated; nor are we less "embarrassed" by the "difficulties" of his, than of the "contrary scheme." Though few subjects have been controverted with more asperity, the language of Mr. C. is mild and gentle; and those who have adopted and are determined to retain his interpretation of this doctrine, will find his book a valuable manual.

ART. 21.

The speeches at full length of Mr. Van Ness, Mr. Gaines, the Attorney-General, and Gen. Hamilton, on the great cause of the People vs. H. Crosswell, on an indictment for a libel on Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States. Hudson, N. Y.

THE prosecution of the editor of the Wasp, for certain animadversions in his paper against Mr. Jefferson, president of the United States, and the very extraordinary manner in which that prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general of New York, Mr. Spencer, excited at the time an extreme degree of interest which this publication may serve to perpetuate. The remarks in the Wasp were these.

Holt, the editor of the Bee, says, "the burden of the federal song is, that Mr. Jefferson paid Callender for writing against the late administration." This is wholly false. The charge is explicitly this, Jefferson paid Callender for calling Washington a traitor, a robber, and a perjurer; for calling Adams a hoary-headed incendiary; and for most grossly slandering the private characters of men, whom he well knew were virtuous. These charges not a democratic editor has yet dared or ever will dare to meet in an open and manly discussion.

The indictment stated that Croswell himself said "Jefferson paid Callender for calling," &c. ; thus making that the defendant's own charge, which in fact he had merely stated to be the federal charge. This difference was suggested by Croswell's counsel, but disregarded by the judge. On the first hearing, at a court of general sessions for Columbia county, the counsel for Croswell moved for a continuance, on the ground that Callender, a material witness, was absent. The affidavit of the party was filed, stating, that he expected to prove by him the truth of the charges set forth in the indictment ; but the court overruled the application, saying, that in their opinion the witness was not material, and could not be sworn if present, since *the truth was no justification on indictment for libel*. We will not here deny the correctness of the opinion of the honourable judge ; but as in charity to the president we were bound to suppose the charge to have been false, we cannot but regret that the attorney-general, whom we understand to be a personal and political friend of the president, could not have been persuaded to *dispense, in this instance*, with the strict, rigid rule of the law, and before a court of justice to have proved the falsehood of a charge deeply implicating the character of Mr. Jefferson, and thus to have effaced a blot on his character that has now become indelible.

After the application was overruled the judge directed the jury, after the manner of Mansfield, "to find only the fact of the publication, and the truth of the innuendoes." The question of intent

and libel, or not, was "to be decided *exclusively by the court*, and therefore it was not his duty to give them an opinion." The proceedings were afterwards carried by certiorari to the supreme court. Here a motion was made for a new trial on six distinct grounds ; the first of which was, that the trial ought to have been put off, in order to give an opportunity to the defendant to procure the testimony mentioned in the affidavit. This necessarily involved the question, whether truth be a justification on indictment for libel, which is really the point most laboured in argument by Messrs. Van Ness, Harrison, and Gen. Hamilton, for Croswell—Mr. Caines and the Attorney-General, for the prosecution.

The argument of Mr. Van Ness is neat, luminous, and impressive. Little is wanting, nothing redundant. The opening of the prosecution was assigned to Mr. Caines. When we observe that his argument covers above twenty octavo pages, our readers will perceive the first fault. This gentleman suffers for want of neatness and method, yet is not without eloquence. The argument of the Attorney-General and Mr. Harrison are what might reasonably be expected from gentlemen of their established reputation for talents, learning, and forensic elocution.

In the speech of Gen. Hamilton we do not see that decided pre-eminence over his antagonists and associates, which that gentleman was universally allowed to possess ; yet we have understood from those who were present at the trial, that General H. who was always "the pride

of the bar and the admiration of the court, whose apprehensions were quick as lightning, and whose developement of truth was luminous as its path," on this occasion excelled himself; and that we can form no idea of the original speech from the one which appears in the publication.

We recommend this pamphlet to our readers as a learned discussion of the common law doctrine on the subject of libels.

ART. 22.

An address to the people of Massachusetts. Boston. 8vo. pp. 32.

An appeal to the old whigs of New Hampshire. Portsmouth.

THESE are occasional pamphlets published for general circulation among the people previously to the election for governor in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and written by men belong-

ing to the two powerful parties which have long divided this country. Between the political sentiments which these writers advocate, and the characters of the gentlemen they recommend to the suffrages of their fellow citizens, there is as deep a gulf placed as there was between the rich man tormented in hell and Lazarus blessed in Abraham's bosom. Whatever satisfaction as Americans we may derive from the freedom we will enjoy of expressing our political opinions on subjects which involve the welfare and happiness of our country, in our characters as reviewers it would not become us to enter into discussions of political men or measures; but we most fervently pray that such measures may be always adopted, and such men elected to offices of honour and responsibility, as will promote the honour and glory of our country.

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For MARCH, 1805.

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Pamphlets.

Defence of Young and Minns, printers to the state of Massachusetts, before the committee of the house of representatives; with an appendix, contain-

ing the debate, &c. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

The Philadelphia Pursuits of Literature, a satirical poem, by Juvenal Junius, Esq. of New Jersey: with copious notes. Philadelphia.

The true reasons on which the election of a Hollis professor of divinity in Harvard College was opposed at the board of overseers, Feb. 14, 1805. By J. Morfe, D. D. member of the board. Charlestown; for the author. 20 cts.

An essay on the modes of adjusting particular averages, arising out of the case of Johnston vs. Shedden. By T. Strickland of Liverpool. Philadelphia, J. Humphreys.

A Sermon on the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on the general or last judgment; delivered before both Houses of Congress in the city of Washington, by J. Hargrove, minister of the New Jerusalem church. Baltimore.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FROM BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Among the literary curiosities of the present year, this life, correspondence, and papers of the late celebrated John Wilkes will hold a distinguished place in the republic of letters. Mr. John Almon, author of the life of Chatham and other works; many years the publisher and intimate of Wilkes, has obtained from his family, and from the executors of Miss Wilkes, all the letters and literary remains of that extraordinary man. Several noblemen and gentlemen, friends of Mr. Wilkes, have also sent contributions of letters and papers to enrich the proposed work. These highly curious and interesting papers Mr. Almon intends to publish in four or five elegant volumes, to which he will prefix a full and accurate life of Mr. Wilkes, embellished with various engravings.

The memoirs of the late Gilbert Wakefield, chiefly collected by himself, in two vols 8vo. were advertised in London for publication in Oct last.

Dr. Hissel is engaged on a novel, in which he proposes to expose "the craft of methodism."

The publication of the memoirs of the life and writings of the Rev. Hugh Farmer may be soon expected. A new edition of the works of Ben Jonson, with a life, is preparing for the press by a gentleman of London.

Kotzebue, having visited Paris in the spring of 1804, has written an account of his journey, of which a translation will soon appear in London.

A splendid work has appeared in England under the title of modern London. It consists of a systematic account of the present state of the British metropolis, illustrated with a great number of uncommonly beautiful engravings.

A new edition of Pope's works, with additions and new illustrations, is in a course of preparation by the Rev. Lisle Bowles, author of sonnets, &c. &c.

William Gifford, Esq. the translator of Juvenal, has completed his prepara-

tions for a new edition of *Massinger*. A very accurate collation has been made of the early editions, which abundantly prove, that the text is exhibited in a most corrupt and mutilated state in the publications of Corseter and Monck Malen. Mr. Gifford has accompanied each piece with notes, critical and illustrative, and subjoined to each play a critique on its merits and defects. Mr. Malone has communicated a curious and copious fragment of an unpublished play of *Massinger*. It is only a fragment, for the bottom of each page of the manuscript is mouldered away by length of time.

From a catalogue annexed to the *Journ. Gen. de la Littérature de France*, it appears, that in the year 1804 there were published in France 1001 books. Of these 175 treated of natural history, botany, chemistry, physics, medicine, and mathematics; 71 of the mechanic arts, manufactures, politics, statistics, military tactics, &c.; 994 belonged to the department of history, biography, geography, law, ethics, and religion; 849 are to be classed under the head of belles lettres, 108 of them being tales or novels. The remaining 112 consisted of miscellaneous and bibliographical works, dictionaries, &c.

AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are very glad to learn that the design of republishing Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which had been relinquished for want of encouragement, is resumed. The expense will be defrayed by the funds of the society, who will trust to the sale of the work for a reimbursement. It is intended to reprint at present the three first volumes only, which are out of print. The first numbers of this valuable work, which were originally published in the *American Apollo*, can now be found only in the library of the society, or in the few sets owned by the members.

Proposals have been issued at Portsmouth N. H. for a periodical work to be called the *Piscataqua Evangelical Magazine*. This work will be under the direction of the *Piscataqua Missionary Society*. It is to be published every two months, and each number is to contain 40 pages.

A novel, from the pen of Mr. Godwin, was promised in London to appear before last christmas.

A Paris paper says, that M. de Humbolt, correspondent of the Institute had read, at the last sitting of the class of physics and mathematics, a third memoir on the journey he had performed with M. Bompland, in the interior of middle America and Mexico. In the 1st he had traced the observations made in the Atlantic ocean, at the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, and in the province of New Andalusia. In the 2d he had remarked his operations in the province of Venezuela, and the plains of Calobozo, where he had made some curious experiments on the *Synodus electricus*. In the 3d memoir he has presented an abridged summary of his navigation on the Orinoco, the Rio-Negro, and the Carliquiare, a dangerous navigation performed to determine astronomically the communication of the Orinoco with the river Amazon. These memoirs, which comprise every thing interesting in those countries, that relates to geography, botany, mineralogy, and the moral history of man, will be shortly printed. An artist has already commenced the engraving of several designs of M. de Humbolt.

The first and second numbers of the *Assembly's Missionary Magazine* have appeared at Philadelphia. It is published under the patronage of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States.

The following advertisement appeared in a late Philadelphia paper:

Dr. Rees' New Cyclopædia. Samuel F. Bradford is now preparing for the press, the new Cyclopædia, or universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in twenty volumes quarto; formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the dictionary of Mr. Chambers. Comprehending the various articles of that work, with additions and improvements, together with new subjects of biography, geography, and history, and adapted to the present improved state of literature and science. By Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. editor of the last edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with

the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen. Illustrated with new plates, including maps, engraved for the work by some of the most distinguished artists. The whole improved and adapted to this country by gentlemen of known abilities, by whose aid it will be rendered the most complete work of the kind that has yet appeared. A prospectus of the work will be ready in a few days.

An edition of Johnson's dictionary, abridged, including however the preface to the folio edition, is about to be published by J. Johnson, Philadelphia; to be improved by the standard of pronunciation established by Walker's dictionary; "but where words occurred, not to be found in that, (of which the instances were numerous) other sources have been investigated, particularly Marchbank's 4to edition of 1798, and the pronunciation of those words carefully regulated by Walker's directions." The editor promises that this edition in point of correctness shall have the advantage of every other.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing Adams's lectures on natural and experimental philosophy, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematicks and (pro tem.) teacher of natural philo-

sophy in the university of Pennsylvania. The publisher is now waiting for a new edition of the work coming out in London, by Jones.

Proposals for publishing by subscription in monthly numbers a work entitled *Amoenitates Graphicae*, or instructive and amusing collection of views, animals, plants, flowers, fruits, minerals, antiquities, costumes, and other interesting objects; carefully selected and engraved, either from drawings after nature, or from the best representations of those objects; with descriptive and explanatory sketches in English and French. The whole calculated to excite in youth of both sexes a taste for useful and ornamental knowledge, and to assist the cultivation of the same as well as the cultivation of the languages in which the sketches are written. The descriptive and explanatory part by L. H. Girardin, professor of modern languages, history and geography, in William and Mary College. The engravings by Frederick Boissler. A preliminary and separate number is already issued as a specimen of the work.—*P. Fel.*

The Literary Magazine at Philadelphia, seems to be in a state of progressive improvement, and we hope of increasing patronage.

Necrology ;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD,

*"Bless'd are the pure in heart : For they
shall see God."*

At Londonderry, N. H. on the 4th of March, Mr. DAVID ADAMS, jun. senior sophister of Harvard University, Æt. 22.

When the eminently good are removed from this world, an account of their characters becomes interesting; and may be useful not only to their friends, but to the publick.

Especially when the young, distinguished by uncommon piety, and purity of life, are taken away, an example is afforded us, which the duty we owe to heaven and ourselves directs us seriously to notice, and rightly to improve.

Seldom do we witness a life so pure, and a death so happy, as were exhibited

by this truly excellent and amiable young man. Possessing the most placid and affectionate disposition, united to a strong and cultivated mind, he attracted the esteem, and conciliated the affection of all, who knew him. Distinguished by uncommonly correct principles, his life was untainted by the vices, and unspotted by the irregularities of youth.

He was a pattern to his youthful companions of regularity of life, and purity of manners; and by his excellent and seasonable advice diverted many from levity and excess.

A stranger to anger and revenge, he never knew an enemy, and never lost a friend. The constant and benignant smile on his countenance denoted the habitual serenity of his mind.

In his collegiate connections, he was respectable as a scholar, and amiable as a man, esteemed by his instructors, and beloved by his class-mates. Their sense of his merits, and affection at his death have been recently displayed, by a dear and intimate friend, in a just and affectionate tribute to his memory. Habits so regular and manners so amiable would appear to many a sure presage of a happy death and glorious immortality. But, while grateful to an overruling providence for preserving him from many enormities of vice, this exemplary youth deeply felt the wickedness of his heart. He placed no dependence on his past life, but trusted in that precious blood, which only could cleanse him from sin, and in the influences of that blessed spirit which only could renew his heart. That he experienced the riches of divine grace through Jesus Christ, his constant and fervent prayers, his love to God, and lively hope afford his Christian friends the most pleasing and ample testimony.

Uniformly calm and rational, no one who knew him, ever thought him bigotted or superstitious. His opinions were the result of an habitual and deliberate examination of the scriptures, and his feelings the effect of divine grace upon his heart.

The morality of his life, united to the religion of his heart, renders him a striking example to youth, and especially to those, who knew him, and were intimately connected with him.

O may this solemn providence be religiously improved; may it arrest the thoughtless, and reclaim the vicious; and may it teach those, who are distinguished by regular and moral habits, and are yet strangers to holy affections, the infinite importance of an interest in redeeming love.

In England, the Most Rev. Father in God, Dr. John Moore, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, at. 75. He is succeeded in his office by Dr. Sutton, late bishop of Norwich.

ERRATA LAST MONTH.

P. 27, note *, for *Gratius de Veritate*, read *Gratius de Veritate*. For *Hindu's*, r. *Hindu chronology*. P. 68, note †, for *Bochartes*, r. *Bochartii Phaleg*. P. 69, l. 26, for *these philosophers*, r. *their philosophers*.

MEDICAL REPORT.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR MARCH.

Some pneumonic affections have been observed. Rheumatism as usual at this season; and cases of erysipelas and of abscess. Icteric cases and some dyspeptic complaints begin to be seen. A few instances of typhus gravior have occurred during this month. On the whole the town is very healthy.

There exist a greater number of vaccinated patients than during the 2 or 3 months past.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN BOSTON IN MARCH, FROM THE RETURNS OF 18 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Males 34 Still born . . . 6
Females 36
Sex unreturned . 6

Total 76

DEATHS.

	M.	F.
Aptha		1
Atrophy		1
Convulsions, 30		1
Croup, 1		1
Consumption, 19, 39, 42, 24, } 38, 22, 64 }	3	4
Drowned, 7		1
Dysentery, 88		1
Fracture of the skull, 10		1
Intemperance, 39		1
Infantile complaints, 5d. 9d.	3	1
Pneumonia, 48, 8, 1		1
Scirrhus of the stomach, 4		1
Scrophula, 6m.		1
Typhus gravior, 28, 30	3	
Typhus mitior, 6		1
Total	15	13
		28

RETURNS FROM 3 PHYSICIANS, OMITTED LAST MONTH.

BIRTHS.

Males 11 Still born . . . 2
Females 8

Total 19

DEATHS.

	M.	F.	T.
Atrophy, 79		1	
Consumption, 17			1
Consequence of a burn, 4			1

METEOROLOGY from February 25 to March 25.

Day	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	Day.	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
26	8 30 10 30	30.1 30.2	32 34	N NE	A little rain and snow A.M.—After 3 P.M. fair and clear.	23	8 29.8 10 30	27 29	W 19	Fair.	Some clouds
27	8 30 10 30	30.2 30.1	33 30	W WSW	Fair morning. Cloudy P. M.	24	8 30.1 10 30.3	28 28	SW 28	Fair.	
28	8 30 10 30	30.3 30.3	38 33	W NW	Cloudy.—Fair towards sunset.	25	8 30.4 10 30.2	30 37	N S	Fair.	
1	8 30 10 30	30.1 30.0	32 30	WSW SW	Fair and clear.	26	8 30.2 10 30.1	38 40	S W	Fair.	
2	8 29.9 10 29.5	30.3 30.3	34 41	W WSW NW	Fair and clear.	27	8 30.1 10 30.2	42 40	W W	Fair.	
3	8 29.9 10 30	30.4 30.4	41 34	NW SE	Fair and clear.	28	8 30 10 29.6	40 34	SSW 44	Fair.	
4	8 30.1 10 30.1	30.1 30.1	47 35	SE SW	Fair and clear.	29	8 30 10 30.1	35 43	N NE	Cloudy. Rain last night.	
5	8 30.1 10 30.4	30.1 30.4	36 47	WSW SSW	Fair and clear.	30	8 30.1 10 30.1	41 41	ENE 41	Mis.	
6	8 30.2 10 30.1	30.2 30.1	36 47	S S	Cloudy evening.	31	8 29.7 10 29.7	50 49	SSW W	Cloudy in A.M. and P.M.—Fair P.M.	
7	8 30.1 10 30.1	30.1 30.1	40 51	S SE	Rain last night. Cloudy morning.—Fair and clear, P. M.—Cloudy evening.	32	8 29.8 10 29.9	31 40	W NW	Fair and clear.	
8	8 30.1 10 30.1	30.1 30.1	40 51	SSW S	Cloudy. Rainy evening.	33	8 30.2 10 30.1	28 29	NW 29	Fair and clear.	
9	8 30.2 10 30.2	30.2 30.2	50 46	N NNE	Clouds and showers.	34	8 30.2 10 30.3	35 33	NW ENE	Fair and clear.	
10	8 30.3 10 30.3	30.3 30.3	37 37	NE E	Fine mist, A. M.—Rain P. M.	35	8 30.2 10 30.3	35 33	NW ENE	Fair and clear.	
11	8 29.8 10 29.8	30.3 30.3	35 37	NW N	Rainy till near sunset. Afterwards fair.	36	8 30.3 10 30.1	35 33	SSW 33	Fair and clear.	
12	8 29.7 10 29.7	30.3 30.3	33 34	NW W	Cloudy.	37	8 30 10 29.9	30 30	SW 50	Fair.	

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

APRIL, 1805.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM:

FIRST CANTO OF TERRIBLE TRACTORATION.

A CONCERN for the literary reputation of our country is one of the least suspicious forms, in which true patriotism displays itself. Whoever feels this concern will not take up a poetical volume, the production of his fellow citizen, but with liveliest emotions. Our country has its character to form. We are yet in our literary infancy, just "lisping in numbers," just preffing, with faint and faltering voice, our new and doubtful claim to literature and science. Terrible Tractoration has therefore been read with peculiar interest; and the general sentiment will warrant us in saying, with equal satisfaction.

In commending CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC, we are only subscribing to the opinions, expressed by the people of another country. To be behind that country in our appreciation of his merits were a stigma; it is very pardonable to go beyond it. National vanity may be a folly; but national ingratitude is a crime. Terrible Tractoration was successful in England on its first appearance, and as yet seems to have lost none of its popularity. It belongs to

Vol. II. No. 4. Y

that class of productions, which have the good fortune to escape what Johnson angrily, but too justly, denominates "the general conspiracy of human nature against contemporary merit." It has already been re-printed a second time; the impression which is read in Boston being a revised and corrected copy of the second London edition. The occasion of the work seems to have been accidental, and its design, originally, nothing more than to ridicule the overglowing zeal, with which certain English physicians persecuted the reputation of Perkins' metallick tractors. But the work grew beneath the author's hand. He found that *Quackery* was not confined to *Medicine*. He traced it with his eye, and followed it with his scourge, into the regions of Philosophy, Natural History, Politicks, Morality, and Poetry; till, in the end, a scanty newspaper essay grew to be a volume of satire, on various subjects. In the prosecution of his views the author has confined himself to legitimate means. While pursuing humorous associations he never grows intemperate, immoral, or inde-

corous. On this point he is entitled to every commendation. His wit is neither embittered with the malice of Pindar, nor corrupted with the sensuality of Moore.* The first canto, and that to which all particular remarks in this paper are confined, is entitled OURSELF!—and is, what it should be, a neat and compact description of the design of the canto. As a fair specimen of the author's manner, we transcribe the eight first lines, which are neither the best nor the worst to be found in it.

From garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The poorest wight that ever sung,
Most gentle Sirs, I come before ye
To tell my lamentable story.
What makes my sorry case the sadder,
I once stood high on Fortune's ladder;
From whence contrive the fickle Jilt did,
That your Petitioner should be tilted.

In despite of the Muses, who, as he chooses to say, refuse to inspire him, he makes himself poetical by inhaling a quantity of Dr. Beddoes' *gaseous oxyd of nitrogen*. This fancy gives him an opportunity of exercising much raillery on that boasted catholicon.

* The writer foresees that he shall be charged with *puritanism*, for objecting to the delicious verses of the Translator of Anacreon. Be it so. In his opinion the author, who cannot please, without endangering the morals of his readers, had better study ethics, than write poetry. On the restraints which youth, with infinite pains, imposes on its passions, Mr. M. breathes the effusions of licentious ingenuity, and they dissolve like scorched flax. The association of impure, unhallowed sentiments, with the enchanting power of genius and poetry, is one of the most fatal possible combinations against human happiness.

Grown giddy himself by this inhalation, he chooses to consider the poetical giddiness of Southey as produced by the same cause; thence exculpating Apollo from having any share in the inspiration of that poet.

In the following stanza the author contrives to compliment himself, by a pretty successful play upon words; a species of wit, at which an unfortunate attempt creates great disgust.

How these confounded gasses serve us!
But Beddoes says that I am nervous,
And that this oxyd gas of nitre
Is bad for such a nervous writer!

Dr. Anderson, in the "Recreations in Agriculture and Natural History," had said with great gravity, "that the mathematician can demonstrate with the most decisive certainty, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit without communicating motion to it." This important discovery, and others of the same learned Doctor, are very properly ridiculed.

—Could tell how far a careless fly
Might chance to turn this globe awry.
If sitting round, in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

The follies which disgrace the affected lovers of natural history receive no small share of Caustic's derision. It is indeed time, high time that they were hooted from society, loaded with the reprobation and contempt of every man of sense. Among the crowds of men there is no one more despicable, than he who thinks it an object to rear a race of rabbits *with one ear*; unless it be another, who laments the extinction of a breed of dogs *with three legs*.

The whimsies of St. Pierre, the deistical and atheistical speculations of Darwin, that heresiarch in poetry and philosophy, and the fooleries of William Godwin, are assailed in the canto with much spirit and success. There are two schools in religion and literature, as well as in politics. It is gratifying to the disciples of the *old*, that the author of *Tractoration* displays wit, and sense, and poetry on its side, against the pride and the folly, the ridicule and the ribaldry, the pitiable ignorance and the hateful malignity of philosophers, deists, atheists, and reformers. He believes that the harvest of infidelity and French *Philosophism* is sorrow and delusion; that they who sow the wind, shall thereof reap the whirlwind.

The versification of the first canto is uncommonly harmonious. It might be difficult to select, from the same compass of Hudibrastick poetry, more unexceptionable lines. To some of the rhymes, however, astute criticism might object. *Description* is made to rhyme with *subscription*; *problematic* with *symptomatic*; *elated* with *inoculated*. In these cases, the two last syllables of the words, and those which form the rhyme, are not only similar in sound, but precisely the same. Such rhymes may have precedents in books of authority, and in long works it may be difficult to avoid them; but to the ear of the writer of this article they give no delight; and, as no poetry can be *neutral*, they of course displease. Johnson objects to one of the epitaphs of Pope, that *light* is made to rhyme with *night*.

Nor can I say that I receive pleasure from rhymes, when the corresponding sounds are farther from the end of the line than the penult syllable. Therefore, when *electricity* chimes with *duplicity*, *propriety* with *society*, *utility* with *perfectibility*, the pleasure arising from similarity of sounds is destroyed. In heroicks the rule imperiously fixes the rhyme to the last syllable. In Hudibrasticks, a *poet's license* will permit him to vibrate between the final and the penult. This, it may be said, is catching at small or doubtful errors. Be it so. But unless we can give form and substance to these, we shall cease to be the author's critic, and become his eulogist.

If *Terrible Tractoration* be considered a satire, it is formed rather after the example of Horace, than of Juvenal and Pope. There are exceptions, but as a general rule it may be said to be rather a laugh at the follies, than a censorious reproof of the vices of mankind. To the first canto this observation applies strictly. All is gay, pleasant, and playful. There is no angry satire in the poetry, no indignant declamation in the notes.

In point of scholarship, the author appears not to be deficient. In the phraseology of Burnet, he has "laid out his learning with as much success as he laid it in."

On opening the book one is reminded of the elegant alliterative metaphor of Sheridan, "a neat rivulet of text murmuring through a meadow of margin." This is certainly matter of questionable propriety, but it is the taste of the times. Modern poets determine to be their own commentators,

and to leave nothing to the labours of a future Eustathius, Johnson, or Wharton. It is more easy to account for this practice, than to justify it. Modern poems are occasional performances, deriving their incidents from particular occurrences, and full of allusions to particular characters. The knowledge of such incidents and characters, necessarily confined to a small circle, must be generally circulated, before the poem can be read with general pleasure.

The notes, which constitute the bulk of the volume, partake of the spirit of the poetry. In general they are sprightly, appropriate, and occasionally abounding with poignant irony. It is possi-

ble they contain some levities of expression, not unexceptionable, even in this sort of composition. To call the moon "miss Luna," or the prophets "miss Sybil," requires no part of the wit of Christopher Caustic. Such sophomorical associations are made by any body. To speak, too, of a "comet's taking it into its head," is frivolous, if not flat; and so, I imagine, is the imitation of a drunken man, by splitting the words he is made to use. *Homer sometimes dozes.* On the whole, Terrible Tractation is a work which does honour to its author, and goes far towards refuting the slanders on American genius:

D. W.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LITERARY MISCELLANY:

IT has been often remarked, that periodical publications, more than any other, contribute toward forming the manners of a people. Their size is commonly such, that they are easily diffused, and for the sake of their novelty they are eagerly read. The papers of Addison, as Dr. Johnson informs us, added not a little to the civility of England; and in our own country, where every man may procure a newspaper; every man thinks himself a patriot and a politician. Until within the last year the only periodical publication of much literary merit, circulating in New England, was the Port Folio, and to the taste and talents of the editor of that paper we gladly take this opportunity of paying our tribute of respect.—Three numbers of the Literary Miscellany have however lately appeared, and, as being native a-

mong us, they claim particular notice. The general character of this work seems to be, that it is conducted with some ability, but that it is deficient in exciting interest or affording amusement. Its merit indeed is very unequal, but we may form some estimation of it from an examination of the several pieces contained in the last number, the character of which is very similar to that of the two preceding. In the following observations we may not however confine ourselves strictly to these, but if we find occasion, refer to those which have before been published.

It is a bad omen to stumble at the threshold. We are perhaps wrong in complaining of want of amusement; for one must be very dull to read soberly, and somewhat ill-natured to read with a sneer, rather than a smile, the wild

conjectures and curious observations, that he may find in the first piece, which this third number contains, the title of which is *Primitive History*. It would at least have been proper for the author to explain more fully, where he made his novel discoveries; what *Terra Australis Incognita* of Literature he may have been exploring; or to speak seriously, how he established the identity of the persons and places mentioned by different names in the Hindoo books and in the sacred scriptures. Until this is done, common readers may perhaps believe him to have been *wise above what is written*.—The following conjectures are perhaps as curious, as any ever spied out by the sharpened eye of an Antiquarian.

“We regret,” says the author, (p. 111. No. 11.) “that we have no other means to fix their residence [that of three sons of Enoch], but a resemblance of names, as this alone is the least satisfactory of all evidence. Such as it is, we give the reader our opinion and leave the narrative to support it. *Tamasa* the eldest settled in Great Britain, and gave his name to the principal river in that island. *Raviata* settled in the upper part of Italy. His country was called *Rhoetia*, and his city *Reatè*. *Ultama* went to Greece and built a town to which he gave his own name, but his postdiluvian successors corrupted it to *Athens*.”

Is it not allowable to parody the advice of the friend of Pope, and to entreat of the author to **write next winter more commentaries on the revelations*?

From *Antediluvian History* we turn with pleasure to the third number of *Literary Dissertations*, which contains information, to

many new, and which to some may be useful. In this age, however fond of novelty, and which retains so little of the persevering industry of former times, we join with the author in his despair of being able to recal attention to the severer studies of Jewish literature, even though these studies may tend to illustrate the *Book of Life*.

We proceed to the “*Retrospect of the eighteenth century*,” written in a style, which has some resemblance to that, which the ancients called the *Asiatic*, but which has so long been the disgrace of our country, that it may now with unfortunate propriety be denominated the *† American*; a style, which may be well described, in the words of *Petronius*, as being “*rerum tumore et sententiarum vanissimo strepitu*.” When the editors of the *Miscellany* again convene, we could almost wish them, if the author should offer to write once more, with Roman strictness to issue a mandate—“*I licitor colliga manus*.”

The biography of *Barthelemy* is undoubtedly interesting, but we believe the translator to mistake; when he “presumes [that] it has not yet appeared in our language.” An English edition (as mentioned in the *Monthly Review* No. 5. v. 40, p. 342.) was in the press in 1803.

Of the *View of literature in Germany* the matter is curious and the manner elegant. What has been said of *Gibbon* is however in some degree applicable to its author. He conveys knowl-

* Alas, alas, pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on
man. *Epic. to Sat. Dial. 2.*

† See Review of *Austin's Letters* in the number of the *Lit. Miscel.* which we are considering, p. 268.

edge rather by intimation, than by direct intelligence.

To this succeeds "The Examination of Modern Ethics," from a publication of Dr. Parr.* Not being original, it is not a proper subject of our criticism. We think however that no little praise is due to the good taste discovered by its selection.

The "Memoir respecting the union of the Swiss Cantons," is we fear to many readers not very interesting; for the learned it will not instruct, and the ignorant it will not amuse. It is too common for those who form abridgements of history, instead of delineating the motives and consequences of actions, to give only a dry detail of facts; instead of producing a miniature, to pack up a skeleton. We do not mean however to apply this observation in full force to the piece before us, and for ourselves we think, that if it were sufficiently *relieved* by others of a lighter and more amusing kind, it would be a valuable part of the compilation.

In the remarks on Charles I. there is little novelty, but much elegance.

We now come to the third of a series of letters of advice to a student of Harvard University. Advice is in general sufficiently disgusting, and we cannot compliment the author of these letters as alluring his disciples to drink the bitter draught from his cup by the honey on its brim,

*—veluti pueris abinthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur.*—

The language is harsh, and the

* The writer mistakes. The "Examination" was not written by Dr. Parr, but by Thos. Green, Esq. whose name is prefixed to a 2d edition of the work. *Ed.*

sentiments are common. That meditation is equally important with reading; that many waste precious hours by devoting more time to sleep, than nature requires; that diligence and method are necessary to success in study; that no person without diligent study ever attained high eminence in science; that social intercourse with literary friends is both useful and pleasant; and that even vacations are not to be idyllic; are certainly truths, but truths of which very few need information. To all the sentiments contained in this letter we cannot however so readily assent, nor would we advise any student, however much he may be dissatisfied by the interruption of a visitant, to endeavour to force him away by refusing to join in his conversation. We may assist the weak and improve the idle; we may benefit those, by whom we cannot be benefited.

At the following very grave remark one can hardly avoid smiling: p. 259, "Beside diligence, you must employ method in study, would you improve time to the most valuable purpose. Method was with great propriety denominated by the ancients the soul of science."

There is in Shakespeare what may be esteemed a parallel passage.

"The heathen philosopher, (says Touchstone) when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips, when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open."

Either truth, we believe, might have been credited without the sanction of antiquity.

Though this letter contains a

number of quotations we do not think any of them very happily introduced. A quotation is seldom elegant without it be at the same time an allusion or metaphor, without the ideas which it contains be placed in a new light, "parce detorta;" and its meaning somewhat altered by a new connection. The following passage from the *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a very fine example of the metaphorical use of quotation.

"I may not deny," says Burton speaking of the English gentry, "but that we have here and there one excellently well learned.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.
But they are few in respect of the multitude."

This is something like the situation of the learned men in our country.

We are pleased with the information and ingenuity of the author of the short piece on the Patronage of Genius. We cannot however with him think it questionable "whether neglect [he particularly refers to our own country] has that deleterious influence on the progress of genius, which it has been so fashionable to suppose." In our land, merely as a man of literature and genius, it is impossible to find maintenance; nor are there, in any of our colleges, establishments for the support of those, who may be willing to devote their time to studious exertion; and the contemptible state of the literature of our country is to be attributed to the consequent want of leisure in those, who might cultivate it, unless we are indeed that degenerate race, which some Europeans have been willing to believe. The men of literature in this

land do not claim reward for their labours, but merely compensation; we will endure, they might say in expostulating with their country, *toil, envy, want*, and a *patron*, if we may escape a *jail*; we ask not for places, where to repose, but for shelter, where to labour.

The reviews, which conclude the prose of this number, are in general well written. The merit of the first of these may preserve for some time the perishable remembrance of the "Letters from London." We perceive that its author has preoccupied one of our foregoing remarks with respect to "inflation of manner being characteristic of American composition."

There is but one poetical production in this number, the design of the author of which appears to have been so worthy of praise, that we are unwilling to treat its performance with much severity. With the following passage however we were very little pleased. Neither contempt nor indignation are expressed by railing.

Yet some there are, whose vile polluted
hearts,
To ease the torturing dread of just desert,
Persuade their dupish, menial heads to
think,
That o'er creation there presides no God.
Neither do we think the following attempt at sublimity very successful.
Thou then shalt calmly hear the thundering found
Of suns and systems tumbling into chaos.

As latin poetry of our own growth is so rare as to be a curiosity; the reader of the second number of the *Miscellany* will be attracted by the title "Epigrammæ

de Variola Vaccina."* This Epigram, however, the lines of which are collected from the commendatory verses prefixed to Cheyne's Essay on Health and Long Life, should not have been published as original. It bears marks of forcible avulsion ;

—pellit tristis simulacra fugacia spectri,
though an appropriate compliment to the combatant of the "English

malady," is not very applicable to the subject of present praise.

We now conclude our remarks on the Miscellany, written not with any design to injure its reputation, but with the most sincere desire to promote its future respectability. It cannot now claim but we hope it may soon the character described in the verse of Johnson,

Non ulla Mæsis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere,
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

* We were sorry to discover in the first line of this short piece two instances of false quantity. *EL*

THE THEOLOGIST.

No. 4.

COINCIDENCES BETWEEN NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

THE christian dispensation has been represented as a restoration of truths which were once possessed by mankind, but which in successive ages became corrupted and lost ; as an improvement or perfection of natural religion. This in part is correct ; but considered as a complete view of the gospel, it is a false and very dangerous sentiment, contradicted not only by the gospel, but by the histories of every age and nation by which it was preceded.

Natural religion is that knowledge of God, of the duties of man, and of a future state, which reason may attain by its own researches. This definition would be admitted by one, who denied the necessity and advantages of a revelation. To ascertain of what reason is capable, we must recur to countries which have not been favoured with a revelation ; or if it be found that, in every ancient nation in which reason has been improved, there have ever remained some fragments of a revelation which was once enjoyed, it will per-

haps be acknowledged, that the extent of discoveries which might be made by reason, unassisted by revelation, must forever baffle the most accurate investigation. Constituted as man is at present, it cannot be doubted, even if there had been no supernatural communications of divine truth, that some knowledge would have been acquired of that *great agent*, by whom the universe was framed and is governed. We have the highest authority to sanction the assertion, that many of the invisible things of God *from the creation of the world* are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made ; but it is as true that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither had nor could it have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for those who love him, which things he revealed to the apostles by his spirit.

What would be that acquaintance with the Deity which reason might acquire, would depend on the degree of its improvement. If we imagine a society possessed

of all that knowledge of nature which is now attained, unbiassed by contradictory prejudices of education, and uncorrupted by vicious affections and habits, we may reasonably suppose that they would arrive at the most correct sentiments of the divine Being. By following the chain of causes and effects, they would naturally and easily ascend to the throne of the Almighty. But, in proportion as this knowledge was restricted within more narrow limits, they would as necessarily stop at the highest cause which they could discern. In a reflecting mind it therefore excites no surprise, that the sun has been an object of worship in one nation, in another a river, and in a third whatever has been found by experience to be most beneficial or hurtful. Reason dictates the duty of homage to some superiour power. By revelation we are instructed that this power is God.

This is an interesting coincidence, and forcefully illustrates one of the benefits derived from revelation. It is not credible that the most ignorant savage, when he kneels before his idol, believes the wood or stone, or metalick substance, to be a god; but rather the symbol or representation of a being whom he fears or loves. The ox and other consecrated animals, the sun and sacred fire, the statue of Jupiter and the negro *fetiché*, were emblems of an incomprehensible intelligence, and only mediums of worship. By revelation we are made acquainted with the character and agency of God, and taught to worship him in *spirit and in truth*. The duty of religious homage may

therefore be deduced from the universal consent of mankind. If there be such a thing as natural religion, this is a part of it; and obstinate indeed must he be in infidelity, who can contemplate that character of the Most High which is exhibited in the scriptures, and deny that it is far more *reasonable* to adore and serve him in the manner which is there appointed, than either under any mythological forms, or merely by *silent admiration*, the pretended worship of the hypocritical unbeliever.

Religious homage is founded on a belief of the agency of the beings to whom it is addressed. It would be an absurdity too gross to be imputed to the most uninformed of mankind, that they would pay such services to any, of whom they supposed themselves to be wholly independent. The imagined agency of these objects of worship, whether demons or the spirits of departed men, an image of wood or a living animal, coincides exactly with the revealed doctrine of the *providence of God*. From revelation we derive our knowledge of the divine omnipresence and providence; but during the ages which preceded the christian æra, with few exceptions, nations the most refined and the least enlightened believed that particular deities presided over the different parts of nature, and thus left nothing in the universe to be the sport of contingency. By the disciples of natural religion it will perhaps be affirmed, that the sentiments of these nations do not approach nearer to reason and truth than those of christians; but if, without an acknowledgement of a revelation,

these sentiments were retained for many centuries, and by so great a portion of mankind, it will be very difficult for an unbeliever of the gospel to evade the conclusion, that for every correct opinion which he embraces of the divine nature and operations he is indebted to those scriptures, the divine origin of which he denies, and the instructions of which he affects to despise.

The origin of sacrifices is a subject of controversy. By the adherents to revelation they are believed to be of divine appointment.* They have constituted an essential part of almost every religion; and as we cannot conceive that reason would ever have dictated such means of intercourse with the divinities, the conclusion is at least probable, that all nations, in some distant time, have been enlightened by revealed religion. "We sacrifice to the gods," said Porphyry, "for three reasons; either to pay them worship, or to return thanks for their favours, or to desire them to give us good things, or to free us from evils."† These were almost precisely the purposes of the Jewish sacrifices. "Ovid, in the sixth book of his *Fasts*, supposes the sacrificed animal to be a vicarious substitute, the several parts of which were given as equivalents for what was due by the offerers.

Cor pro corde, precor; pro fibra, sumite fibras;

Hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus."

* Shuckford's *Connections*. Vol. i. p. 79. & seq. Dr. Kennicott's two dissertations the tree of life, and the oblations of Cain and Abel. p. 202. & seq.

† Shuckford's *Con.* Vol. i. p. 82.

But whether this be or be not considered a rational service, it will not be denied that there is an evident coincidence between the objects to be obtained by these sacrifices, and the offering which was made by Christ upon the cross; and that the general prevalence of this mode of worship is well adapted to prepare mankind for the universal, though gradual reception of the gospel. If it be true, as is asserted by some of the learned, that sacrifices were of human invention, the offering of them in all ages and in almost every country proves, that they are consistent with the common sense of mankind, and however decried, that they are a part of natural religion. It is not our business, at present, to defend either of these opinions; but whichever is embraced, the coincidence remains the same.

The ultimate end of all religious knowledge and observances is the attainment of happiness in the future life. The atheist only disbelieves that the spirit of man is immortal. Different sentiments are received by mankind concerning the future state; but the general concurrence in the belief, that the present is a state preparatory to the future, that death will be succeeded by judgment, and that the good will be rewarded and the evil punished according to their deeds, furnishes a pleasing coincidence with the instructions of the gospel on this subject. A deist who candidly reasons concerning the divine perfections and government, will naturally arrive at these conclusions. Of the manner of our existence in the future world, reason by its greatest ef-

forts can acquire no adequate conception; but the perfect correspondence between what it is capable of attaining, and that which is revealed, should induce the most implicit faith in the scriptures, and the most ardent gratitude for their bestowment.

COLLECTANEA.

No. 5.

"Tam prodesse quam conspici"

LYONET, a Genevan of the present day, unites the most ardent passion for natural history with uncommon perseverance, excessive thirst for fame and profound observation; he determined to strike into a path which should be perfectly new, and to produce a work single in its kind. He first determined to write on the Aphis, then on the Polypus; but he found that in the first Bonnet would be his rival, and in the latter Trembley. He then sought for another subject, in which so many difficulties should be combined as to preclude him from any danger of competition; and for this purpose engaged in the dissection of the Phalena confus. On applying to different persons to undertake the designs for the plates, his expectations were so extensive, that it was impossible to answer them, and every one shrunk affrighted from the task. He therefore immediately applied himself to learn drawing, in which he made so rapid progress that he executed designs incredibly difficult, with an exactness astonishing to connoisseurs and practitioners. But he was in the same predicament with the engravers as with the draughtsmen, and he was obliged to learn this art, in which he arrived at distinguished excellence,

and thus was enabled to complete his work.—*Mathison's Letters from various parts of the continent, between the years 1785 & 1794.*

PETRARCH thought meanly of his "Canzoni" and "Sonnette," which have been the principal means of giving immortality to his name; while his heroick poem "Africa," on which he reared his chief hopes of poetical renown, is forgotten. His friend Boccaccio, expected also to live to posterity, not through the "Decameron," which he contemned and sought to suppress, but solely through his latin works, which at present rest in obscurity. The "Decameron" has passed through sixty editions at Venice.—*Ib. p. 250.*

It is worthy of remark that St. Augustine was born in Africa on the same day with Pelagius in Britain. They were opposed to each other, and their controversies are well known in the learned world.

THE idea of Swift's "battle of Books" was taken from a little work, called "La Guerre Bêtes." Paris, 1671. And "Il Divortio Celeste" of Ferrante Pallavichini, very probably gave rise to the "Tale of a Tub."—*Anecdotes of distinguished persons, Vol. 2. p. 299.*

IN Israel all claims of kinship and transfers were formerly confirmed in this manner. A man pulled off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour; and this was a testimony in Israel.—*Book of Ruth, c. 4.*

DURING the reign of Edward II. the presenting of gloves was the manner of giving possession. They have also been used in presenting a challenge. The offended threw down a glove, which, if taken up by the offender, was a mark of his acceptance.

CARDAN wrote over the door of his library, *Tempus ager meus.* His idea was thus dilated by the learned Sculter.

Amice quisquis huc venis,
Aut agita paucis, aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva.

It is said that St. Bernard, approaching near to his end, thus addressed his brethren. Tria vobis observanda relinquo, quæ in studio presentis vitæ quo cucurri memini, me pro viribus observasse. Nemini scandalum facere volui; et si aliquid accidit, sedavi ut potui. Minus semper sensui meo quam alterius credidi. Læsus de ledente nunquam vindictam expetii.—I leave three things to be observed by you, which, to the extent of my power, I have always endeavoured to practise. 1. I have not intentionally calumniated any one; and if any one has fallen, I have endeavoured to conceal his misfortunes. 2. I have always considered less in my own, than in the judgments of others. 3. Whatever injuries I have received, I

have never retaliated. These are the golden rules of St. Bernard.

DURING the eleven years of the pontificate of Clement 13th, ten thousand murders were committed in the ecclesiastical state, and near four thousand in the capital alone.—*Historical and philosophical Memoirs of Pius 6th.*

POLITIANO, in his Miscellanea, says of Mariano Genazona, an ecclesiastick of the 15th century, "I was lately induced to attend one of his lectures, rather, to say the truth, through curiosity, than with a hope of being entertained. His appearance however interested me in his favour. His address was striking, and his eye marked intelligence—my expectations were raised. He began—I was attentive; a clear voice—select expression—elevated sentiment. He divides his subject—I perceive his distinctions. Nothing perplexed; nothing insipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument—I am enthralled. He refutes the sophism—I am freed. He introduces a pertinent narrative—I am interested. He modulates his voice—I am charmed. He is jocular—I smile. He presses me with serious truths—I yield to their force. He addresses the passions—the tears glide down my cheeks. He raises his voice in anger—I tremble and wish myself away.—*Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici. vol. 2. p. 157.*

"Are all such preachers?
Would to heaven they were!"

THE LITERARY WANDERER.

No. 3.

*Now the pleas'd eye from yon lone cottage sees
On the green mead the swale long-shad-
owing play ;*

*The redbreast on the blossomed spray,
Warbler wild her latest lay,
And sleeps along the dale the silent breeze.
Calin Contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour ;
Come fill my bosom, tranquillizing Power.*

R. S.

THOUGH a person may so far abstract his mind from observation of surrounding objects, as to meditate amid the noise and confusion of a busy multitude ; yet, I imagine, few would recommend to the studious such a distracting situation. Solitude and silence are more propitious. Removed from the interruption and disturbance of unthinking worldlings, they participate the pure enjoyments of tranquillity. No fears alarm, no disquietudes impede their advancement ; but content, harmony, and peace contribute their powerful assistance. Impressed with these sentiments, the wise in every age have exhibited a peculiar predilection for retirement. Cicero frequently visited his villa at Tusculum, enjoying infinitely more satisfaction than when thundering from the rostrum. Virgil and Horace were accustomed to spend considerable time at their country-seats, amusing themselves by a contemplation of nature's beauties. The tranquil retreat of Vaucluse afforded Petrarch more heart-felt gratification, than the tumultuous scenes of Arezzo. Experiencing misfortunes in this city, he flew to solitude, and there found the quietude he so anxiously sought. In this bower of seclusion, with a mind invigorated by the salubrity of his situation,

he cultivated his poetick talents, making every grove resound his Laura's excellences.

Being in a melancholy, contemplative frame of mind, which I am habituated sometimes to indulge, I last evening took a solitary ramble in the neighbouring wood-lands, and imperceptibly arrived within the limits of a circular glade, which opened toward the east. The setting moon gleamed on a distant lake. All was silent, save a waterfall that roared beyond the boundaries of the wood, and a light breeze which at times moaned through the unfoliated branches. The uncommon beauty of the evening induced me to pursue the train of congenial ideas, which the surrounding scenery had produced. It is not the cold suggestion of misanthropy, not the enthusiasm of a solitary disposition, that renders the solemnity of this hour and place so peculiarly grateful ; but the elevated sentiments and refined pleasures, which such rural prospects are calculated to bestow.

The advantages of contemplation are numerous and important. The mind, neither wearied by the severity of intense application, nor relaxed by the insignificance of trivial amusements, is engaged in a useful and agreeable employment. If tranquillity be more eligible than solicitude ; if improvement of mental faculties be preferable to attainment of riches ; and if self-knowledge be superiour to honorary distinction ; then contemplation with her attendant blessings affords more genuine happiness than grandeur, wealth, and ambition. Her plea-

fores are pure as the dreams of virtue ; innocent as the thoughts of childhood. Have we been deprived of endeared connexions ; we may cherish the soothing consideration, that their spirits, liberated from this tenement of dust, occasionally assist the solitude of our retirements, and perhaps are sometimes commissioned to avert impending destruction. Though such conjectures may be esteemed the offspring of romantick fancy ; still, like the deceptive promises of hope, they are happy delusions, which it is by no means unmanly to indulge.

—Nor can the halls of heaven
Give to the human soul such kindred joy,
As, hovering o'er its earthly haunts, it
feels,
When with the breeze it wantons round
the brow
Of one belov'd on earth ; or when at
night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it
the Days
And joys that are no more.

Reflexion tranquillizes the boisterous emotions of the soul, and has a direct tendency to correct vicious propensities. Must it not be attributed in a great degree to inconsideration, that abandoned characters advance from one pitch of turpitude to a higher, till the path of virtue appears lost forever ? Reflexion is not a companion of giddy circles of fashion, nor is she welcome at abodes of jollity and extravagance ; retired from anxious cares and intrusive solitudes, she loves to frequent some lonely grove, and when

The sober twilight dimly darkens
round,
to afford her votaries the most re-

fin'd enjoyments, of which humanity is capable ; to strengthen the energies of the mind, to facilitate acquisition of knowledge, and to lay a permanent foundation of future felicity. We are dissuaded from the virulence of rivalry, and at the same time accommodated with an unceasing source of rational amusement. Love of virtue and of religion becomes increased, judgment strengthened, and acquaintance with human nature extended. Of those, who are qualified to effect the advancement of science in a considerable degree, the number is extremely diminutive. Mankind become reciprocally beneficial by diversity of pursuit. While some pay attention to agriculture or commerce ; some to mechanick arts, which embellish and render life comfortable ; a discerning few of more contemplative minds, or more lively imaginations, devote their time and talents to the ennobling pursuits of literature. Though they become more delicately sensible of incidental misfortunes, still those peculiar gratifications, to which they are exclusively admitted, effectually counterbalance this trivial inconvenience.

Glory is not confined to the pomp of war, to the ensanguined field of battle, where the sighs of humanity are heard on every gale ; she never disdains to visit the peaceful vale of philosophy, to roam amid the groves of Academus, or, accompanied by the "nymph, sweet liberty," to inhale the salubrious mountain breeze. With her Genius loves to investigate untrodden paths, to trim at midnight the decaying ta-

per, and to experience the profusion of human enjoyments.

*Adjecere bona paullo plus artis Athena ;
Scilicet et possem curvo dignoscere rostrum,
Atque inter sylvas Academi querere verum.*

HORATIUS.

Indulgent Athens then improved my
parts,
With some small tincture of ingenuous
arts ;
Fair truth from falsehood to discern, and
rove
In search of wisdom through the mae-
sle grove. FRANCIS.

Contemplation teaches us to commune with ourselves ; to discover the wayward inclinations of our hearts ; and to revolve in our minds and imitate the brilliant examples of virtue. What are we benefitted by studies, which are not ultimately conducive to meliorate our condition ? Instead of being endured with patient resignation, the calamities which are incident to old age, unalleviated by the joys of retrospection, appear in prospect almost insupportable. But a virtuous mind, accustomed to cherish reflection in solitude, receives renewed gratification from remembrance of past occurrences ; and like the moon, bursting from an evening cloud, appears more bright and enlivening through temporary seclusion.

The pleasures of memory are intimately connected with those of contemplation. The pictured scenes of departed years pass and repass in imagination, diffusing over the soul that indefinable

sensation, which has been happily denominated THE JOY OF GRIEF. The endearing tenderness of parental affection is recalled ; and, though the protectors of our infancy may long since have reposed in the silent tomb, we affectionately renew the melancholly recollection. The impressions which their unremitted exertions, their sympathetick feelings, and their guardian vigilance have made on our minds, the relentless hand of time shall never obliterate. Their amiable qualities alone are repositied in our memories, for in their graves are buried all their foibles, all their animosities and resentments. A sigh, a tear accompanies the remembrance ; but they are sighs and tears, on which the heart delights to dwell. Every memorial of their friendship is "pleasant and mournful to the soul."

While the affluent are basking in the sun-shine of prosperity ; while the indolent are wasting their fleeting moments in dissipation and inactivity ; and while the unfortunate are journeying over the rugged regions of sorrow and disappointment, let us occasionally seclude ourselves from the intrusion of secular concerns, devote an hour to serious contemplation, and by the purity of our intentions and the regularity of our conduct become prepared for a happier state of existence.

D.

Andover, April 1805.

SYLVA.

No. 2.

Ὁς χητ' ἐπ' ὀχνη μῦλον δ' ἐπὶ ἀνελφ,
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ σαρπηλῇ σαρπηλῆ, σκυλον δ' ἐπὶ σκυλῶ.

HOM. ODYS. L. VII. 120.

I HAVE sometimes thought, that it would be a delightful privilege to be admitted to the study of a man of genius; to behold him in the attitude of meditation, bending over the page, which he is stamping with immortality.

I imagine we should behold in Milton, a countenance shaded by intensity of research and corrugated by the virulence of religious and political fanaticism, yet without having

"lost all its original brightness, or
 appearing
 Less than archangel."

While engaged in his mighty labours, I should expect to find him forgetting all his bitterness, and the musick of his numbers, like the harmony of his own fallen spirits, "suspending hell." We should see him collected and undazzled, elevated above solicitude by the consciousness, that he is *painting for eternity*.

In his arm-chair we should see the shrivelled form of Pope, his eye as penetrating, as his body enfeebled and diminutive, on every feature written judgment, keenness, perseverance, and activity. Sometimes however, I am afraid we should see him biting his nails, while toiling over some reluctant and unmanageable idea; sometimes resorting to the volumes of his predecessors, dwelling on their beauties, till his thoughts become steeped in and tinged with theirs; and never, I imagine,* enjoying a

* Except perhaps in the Rape of the Lock.

full and unrestrained flow of imagination.

GIFFORD'S JUVENAL.

THE best line which I find in this work, which in general has preserved the sense and dignity without much of the vigour, keenness, and spirit of the original, is the translation of

Probitas laudatur et alget.

For virtue starves—on universal praise.

This is exactly the line which Juvenal would have used had he written in English.

Bellus multorum capitium.

WHO would expect these lines from Milton, the unblushing defender of democracy and regicide.

What's the people, but a head confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble;
 They praise and they admire they know
 not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads
 the other.

By them to be dispraised were no small
 praise. *Paradise Reg. B. III.*

But indeed there never was a man of sense and taste, and delicacy, who did not know that this sentiment is true.

SIR W. JONES.

SIR Wm. Jones, among the objects of his all-grasping mind, contemplated a history of the American War on the model of Thucydides and Polybius. We can never sufficiently regret, that death has deprived us of a work, which from such a mind, would

have equally interested the man of the profoundest political science, and the gayest wanderer among the roses of literature.

—
MOORE,

THE translator of Anacreon, is such a poet as Paris was a warrior, blooming, voluptuous, and effeminate; and like him prefers the meretricious charms of the goddess of love, to the dignity of Juno and the wisdom of Minerva.

—
SOUTHEY.

Southey, with all his faults, is certainly a man of genius, and most truly a poet. There might be passages selected from his works, which would yield to none within the whole compass of English poetry. His invention is ever new, his fancy ever on the wing, and with magick hand he raises around him the iris, the rose, and the jessmin in regions, which had hitherto been resigned to hopeless sterility. But there appears such a perpetual strain after novelty; his imagination sometimes indulges itself in such contortions and grimaces, and his most "dolesful matter" is sometimes "so merrily set down," that he exposes himself, and justly too, to the pity of the judicious, and the sneer and witticism of the "mousing owls" of literature.

—
KEPLER.

I WILL challenge you to produce from the records of rhetoric, a parallel to this figure of Kepler. When on the point of discovering his second law of the planetary distances, he was for a time retarded by an apparent dis-

Vol. II. No. 4. Aa

agreement between his theory and some motions of the moon. After he had discovered his error, and completed his demonstration, in all the exultation of joy he applied to her these lines of Virgil,

Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante vi-
deri.

The sprightly Cynthia trips along the
green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run
unseen,
While a kind glance at her pursuer
flies,
How much at variance are her feet
and eyes.

Pope's imitation of Eccl. 3.

There have been poets who, by a great exertion of the license *quidlibet audendi*, have represented themselves as in love with the moon; but it was reserved for the warm imagination of a mathematician to snatch such a grace, as to represent the moon in love with him. Let us talk no more then of the dulness of mathematicks; let us no longer blind ourselves to the loves and graces of triangles, or refuse to relish the more sober, staid, and philosophick charms of anomalies, nodes, and syzygies.

—
HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

DR. JORTIN, in his dissertation on the state of the dead, as described by Homer and Virgil, asserts that Homer was not the inventor of the mythology which he uses. The truth of his conjecture has been demonstrated by Sir Wm. Jones, who has shewn that the gods of India, Greece, and Italy have a common origin.

And this too, it may be added, destroys the argument which the deists have drawn from the theory of Montesquieu, concerning the influence of climate on religious opinions.

When life on fluttering wing departing
flies,
Thou kindly, sadly, near my couch
shalt stand;
On thy lov'd form I'll rest my closing
eyes,
And grasp thee, dying, with a trem-
bling hand.

GERMAN METAPHYSICKS.

In the Orlando Furioso, one of the heroes take a journey to the moon in search of the wits of Orlando. If he should repeat his journey I wonder whether he would not find the wits of Kant, Fichte, Schilling, &c. They are certainly there or no where.

ΕΡΩΤΗΜΑ ΔΙΔΑΚΤΕΟΜΕΝΟΝ.

I NEVER feel more contented with life, than when I see an old man, who can say with the ancient, "I grow old, still relishing knowledge." It is certain that we may preserve the vigour of our powers as long as we will exercise them, and nothing surely can be more delightful, than to see a mind in green and animated old age, realizing, in a far nobler sense, the prophecy of the poet, "Non omnis moriar." When the silver cord trembles and is ready to break, when the voice changes the musick of its tones, for the feeble and faltering accents of second infancy, when every charm and every grace is fallen and scattered...how delightful to see the mind survive in undecaying youth and unaltered vigour!

TIBULLUS.

THERE cannot be more exquisite delicacy and tenderness displayed than in these lines,

*Te spectem suprema mihi cum veneris
hora,*

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

A friend of mine, who leaves me doubtful whether most to admire the qualities of his understanding or the feelings of his heart, has given me the following translation:—

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. 5.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine, Vol. I. No. 15.

MATT. v. 5. *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.*

Long had the heathen philosophers perplexed themselves and their scholars in discussing the subject of the "chief good." Their opinions concerning it were contradictory and endless. One sought it in riches, another in mirth, a third in revenge, a fourth in women, a fifth in conquest, a sixth in liberty, and a seventh in fame. The sage of Nazareth un-

tutored by Socrates, and unlettered in the lore of Aristotle, exposed the grossness of their errors, and by the radiance of his heavenly wisdom dispelled the clouds and darkness which enveloped their reasonings. He taught his disciple to look for the sovereign happiness not in the splendour of a court, but in the humble cottage of contentment; not in the dissipations of the gay, but among the pupils of adversity; not at the ta-

bles of the luxurious, but in the life of him who *eats of wisdom's bread, and drinks of the wine which she has mingled*; not in the indulgence of malevolent, but in that of the pacifick dispositions; not, in short, in the emoluments, distinctions, and pleasures of sensual and selfish man, but in patience, humility, and moderation; in the acquisition of that moral purity and that unfeigned benevolence, which constitute the felicity of God.

This doctrine, so astonishing and incredible in the eye of a corrupt and stupid world, carries proof of its divinity and truth to the heart of reflexion. How much happier, for example, are the MEEK believers in revelation, than proud infidels who condemn what they have never examined, and profane what they do not understand! How much happier the MEEK disciples of Christ who calmly endure affliction, than

froward fatalists who gail themselves with its yoke! How much happier the MEEK who are slow to anger and candid in construction, than those waspish spirits who make a man *an offender for a word*; the MEEK who forgive an injury, than the wrathful duellist who cleanses his honour in the blood of a companion; the MEEK who quietly enjoy, than the passionate who eagerly contend; the MEEK who by sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners are always multiplying friends, than the petulant and morose who are always losing them; the MEEK who prepare for trouble in the present world, which they consider as a passage to a better, than the impetuous and violent sons of ambition who are continually jostled and bruised in a crowd of rivals, and stung by disappointments, without a ray of consolation or of hope from the light of the gospel!

ARGENIS :

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from p. 136.

NOTHING, continued Poliarclus, was now wanting to complete the crimes of the licentious and aspiring Lycogenes, but open resistance of his sovereign. The growing murmurs of war at length awakened Meleander from his lethargy. He then for the first time felt for the honour of his name, and remembered why he had been placed upon the throne. Endued with powers as great as ever graced his elevated station, intelligent and penetrating to an uncommon degree, and the dupe of nothing but his own feelings, such was Meleander. It was reserved for the baseness of

Lycogenes alone to call these virtues into exercise, and perhaps from this very circumstance they acquired additional lustre. His disaffection had now assumed no "questionable shape"; but tho' the fate of the conspiracy, then in its infancy, might have been easily decided, yet the generous Meleander, indulging perhaps a hope of his repentance, forbore for a while all acts of violence. But Lycogenes, disdaining a dependence on the mercy of any one, immediately avowed his intentions. The king's daughter, the heiress apparent of his immense possessions was unmarried.

Here he fixed the basis of his hopes, and hence was drawn the constant support of his ambition. He sought her hand; and incredible, Archombrotus, as it may seem, attempted to obtain it by violence. On the banks of the Alabus, near its mouth, stands a castle, where she usually resided. Thither he secretly dispatched a band of desperadoes with instructions to secure her, together with the king should he chance to visit the castle. His machinations however availed nothing. His emissaries perished in the attempt, and Meleander piously ascribed his preservation to the goddesses of wisdom. In grateful remembrance of her favours he ordered that the coin should bear the impression of her favourite bird of the night, and whether engaged in the solemnities of devotion, or enjoying the luxuries of the banquet, he is invariably crowned with nothing but the olive wreath. He moreover consecrated to the goddesses the services of his daughter until her state of celibacy shall terminate; and now at each returning festival, arrayed in the proper habit of her order, she mingles in the train and officiates at the shrine of her tutelar divinity. But notwithstanding these deeds, so remarkably pious, a civil war ensued. The treasonable enterprise of Lycogenes was followed by a desertion, neither wholly unexpected, nor partial or premature. As the motives of his resistance, he assigned reasons both of a public and a private nature. Sometimes he represented himself the innocent victim of false accusation, and the selected sufferer of

punishment he had never merited. Sometimes he pretended that the wrongs of the people were increased beyond endurance, and that redress should be sought in the destruction of those who beguiled Meleander to such oppressive cruelty. Every day saw new converts to his principles, and his party daily found new supporters. Oloodemus, Eristhenes, Menocritus, all governors of the most powerful divisions of the realm, became his confederates. Mere instability of character cast many into the ranks of disloyalty, but the art of Lycogenes, who like a true usurper carefully disseminated all his defects, allured a still greater number to his banners. These things flattered his vanity, and he proudly dared us to battle. The king, surrounded as he was by a numerous army, was little inclined to avoid a combat. Fifteen days since, our armies met not far hence on the banks of the Gelas. The contest was bloody, for they were not dispirited by the badness of their cause, and we were animated by the patriotism of ours. At the close of the day the king remained conqueror, and Lycogenes, to preserve among his scattered troops some appearance of martial discipline, founded a retreat. Meleander, either satisfied with his victory alone and willing to spare a farther effusion of the blood of his countrymen, or judging the night too favourable to unguarded attacks, forbore a pursuit. He might perhaps be deterred from committing the utter destruction of the fugitives to bands in which he could not confide, as he well knew their

leaders, his chief noblemen, to be the secret adherents of Lycogenes and like many more employed in services other than undistinguished and open warfare. The king was indeed encircled by the disaffected, who fought his battles while their hearts were with his enemy. Such was the gloomy situation of Meleander, without confidence in his courtiers, betrayed in all his designs: to him the palace and the tent equally seemed with danger. In such circumstances, though he had gained a battle, yet he ardently wished for peace. After a secret correspondence between individuals of both armies, deputies arrived from Lycogenes with the pretended design of asking permission to bury their slain, but instructed to make some distant advances to an adjustment of differences. So favourably were their proposals received, that, presuming on our fears, they ventured to dictate the conditions of the truce. Meleander will, I think, embrace an accommodation on any terms, merely to disperse the partizans of Lycogenes, now associated by articles of confederation, and to make a reunion next to impossible. He will then gain time, sufficient to arrange new

plans, and perhaps to see that faction falling to decay, either by its internal dissensions, or its unpopularity, when present party prejudices shall cease to operate, and its own erring adherents shall return from the irksome works of sedition to duty and loyal respect and affection. In our negotiation with these proud and unforgiving enemies, I stood aloof. My age and origin I apprehended would excite much resentment if the king should require my assistance in a subject of such national consequence. I am like yourself, Archombrotus, a foreigner, and was induced to espouse the cause of the king by nothing but his misfortunes, which should be a solemn warning to nations never as they value peace, that makes every other blessing valuable, to permit licentiousness to violate the sacred majesty of the sovereign, or that sovereign's goodness to be made the instrument of his destruction. During this negotiation, so unpleasant to me, I have commenced a journey to Agrigentum merely with a design of gratifying my curiosity with a sight of some suits of armour, there fabricated by a native of Lipara in the most perfect style of workmanship.

PAPERS ON DUELLING.

No. 5.

MARESCHAL TURENNE.

It was well known of this hero, that his true heroism, for such it really was, was only to be equalled by his solid and manly piety, equally remote upon the one hand from the superstitions of his own age, and, upon the other, the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the

point of honour, falsely so called, was preserved in its full extravagance, the Marshal was never known either to fight a duel, or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity, with which he once released himself from an embarrassment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a suf-

Scient answer to the favourite question of the defenders of duelling, "how is it to be refused?"—Let this anecdote of Turenne answer them.

A young officer of noble family, and, in despite of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined he had received an insult from the Marshal, and demanded satisfaction in the usual forms. The Marshal made no reply to his challenge; the officer repeated it several times, but the Marshal still maintained the same silence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer resolved to compel him to the acceptance of his invitation; for this purpose he watched him upon his walks, and at length met him in the publick street, accompanied by two other general officers: He hurried towards him, and to the astonishment and even terror of all who saw him, spat in the Marshal's face. Let us endeavour to form some conception of the grossness of the insult. The object of it was the great Turenne, a marshal of France, and one of the greatest generals that Europe has produced!—The companions of the Marshal started back in amazement; the Marshal, his countenance glowing with a sense of indignity, seized the hilt of his sword, and had already half unsheathed it, when to the astonishment of the spectators, he suddenly returned it into the scabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, *Young man*, said he, *could I wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease, as I can your spittle from my face, I would take your life on the spot. Go, Sir—*

Saying this, the Marshal retired in all the majesty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was so much struck as well with his manner, as with his virtue, that he did not cease till he had obtained the pardon of the Marshal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and under such a predecessor he became almost the rival of his fame.

CROMWELL'S EDICT.

The rebellion of England, and the protectorate of Cromwell, is perhaps one of the most distinguished eras of history for the introduction of excellent laws, and a vigorous and inflexible execution of them. Two of those, the navigation act, and that against duelling, deserve all the praise which has been bestowed on them. To the former in a great degree the nation is indebted for its commerce, and consequent wealth; the latter needs only to have had an equal duration, and its fruits might have been of equal profit. This law, or rather ordinance of Cromwell, as protector, against duelling, is known to few but professed lawyers; we therefore present it to our readers. We should premise however that it is the only law in the whole code of English statutes, which prohibits duelling by the express mention of the word.

"CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

"It is enacted, That if any person should challenge, or cause to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge to fight a duel, he shall be committed to prison without bail for six months, and find security for his

good behaviour for one whole year after. Persons challenged, not discovering it in twenty-four hours afterwards, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, if death shall ensue, to be adjudged murder. The seconds, in the

last case, to be deemed principals, and in every other to be banished from the commonwealth for life, and to suffer death in case of return.

CROMWELL."

Whitehall, 1654. A. S.

THE SCRAPIAD.

No. 1.

"*A thing of freds and patches.*"—SHAKS.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM, GAS.

VAN Helmont says (see Watson's Chem. Ess. vol. iii. pp. 29, 30) that 62 pounds of oak charcoal will, by burning, yield only 1 lb. of white ashes. The other 61 pounds which are dispersed into the air, he considers as a vapour of an elastic nature, which can neither be collected in vessels, nor reduced into a visible form. This vapour he called by a new name, *gas*. On this word Dr. W. annexes the following note. *Hunc spiritum, incognitum hactenus, novo nomine gas, voco, qui nec vasis cogi nec in corpus visibile reduci potest.* Van Hel. Op. om. p. 103. Some derive gas from the Dutch *ghoart*-spirit; others from the German *gascht*, a frothy ebullition.

COURT.

THE following advice, though poetically and prettily given, seems little needed in a country, whose democratick spirit makes courtiers of clowns and clowns of courtiers, or rather seeks to bring all classes scrambling in the dirt together. To the credit however of the ladies be it said, they generally are the friends of heaven's first law.

Be wise in time, ye lovely fair, guard well

Your tender beauties from the blasting taint

Of courtly gales. The delicate, soft tints Of snowy innocence, the crimson glow Of blushing modesty, there all fly off, And leave the faded face no nobler

boast,

Than well-rang'd, lifeless features.

ZEAL OF AN ANTIQUARY.

THE celebrated Vaillant, according to Mons. Millin, was made prisoner by the Algerines, and was a subject of slavery for several months. Liberated at length he embarked for France with about twenty of the most valuable and unpublished gold medals he had contrived to preserve. In the midst of the passage he was menaced with a new danger by a privateer, which gained on his vessel. Insensible to his own situation, he dreaded nothing but the loss of his medals; and, under this embarrassment, came to the resolution to swallow them. The privateer and the merchantman were separated by a tempest, which cast the latter on the coast of France. The vessel was lost; but Vaillant and some of the crew were saved in the boat. He now became sensible of his danger, and consulted several medical men, who could not agree as to the remedy. Whilst they were in doubt,

nature, the best of all physicians, interfered, and restored the medals to our antiquary. What was the course he took? He had scarcely published his new treasures, when he set out to revisit Egypt and Persia, and to encounter new dangers in quest of his object!

INAUGURATION DAY.

The Newyork Daily Advertiser of the fifth of March last thus pleasantly adverts to the quadrennial jubilee. Yesterday, agreeably to the request of the Common Council, the bells, and cannon, and colours, in and adjoining the city, celebrated with every demonstration of gladness of which they are capable, the inauguration of the President and Vice-President. The utmost harmony and decorum, we are happy to say, obtained on this grand occasion, as every body seemed disposed to mind his business, and leave those harmless instruments of joy to keep *gaudeamus* entirely to themselves.

HIS LAST BREATH.

ABOUT an hour before Malherbe died, he awaked, as it were from a trance, to correct his nurse for speaking bad French. For this flightiness his confessor reprimanded him. "You talk to no purpose," replied he, "I will defend the purity of the French tongue with my *last breath*."

By an odd kind of association this anecdote brings to my mind another of a young flute-player, named Harmonides, who, Lucian relates, at his first public appearance in the Olympick games, to surprise and elevate the audience, began a solo with so vio-

lent a blast, that he *breathed his last breath into his flute*, and died on the spot.

REGIT NUMMIS ANIMOS.

AN antiquarian friend, handing me the following anecdote, the other day, looked so gravely at the moment, and gave it me with such an air of caution, that I should fear to meet him, were I not to preserve with it every particle of its rust.

In the year 1741, a medal was struck of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, by that ingenious artist, the late Mr. Laurence Natter.

On one side of it was represented the head of Sir Robert, in profile, with this inscription round it, ROBERTVS WALPOLE, ORD • PERISCLEDIDIS EQVES. On the other, the Figure of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with part of a verse out of Virgil, as a motto, above it, REGIT DICTIS ANIMOS.

A wag of those days, who was by no means satisfied with the propriety of the inscriptions upon the medal, nor with the figure upon the reverse of it; wrote a humorous ballad upon the occasion, entitled, "The Medallist, or the biter bit;" and prefixed to it a print of the medal, with the following his own legends upon it. *Face*, NEGOCIATOR PRÆCEPTOR ORBEM DICOR. *Reverse*, REGIT NVMMIS ANIMOS.

Some years after, Mr. Natter being in Denmark, and dining one day at the table of Count Moltke, the then prime minister there, that medal was spoken of, and the *variorum* for the reverse of it, which occasioned much laughter to the company, and a

digression on the methods of *managing* in Parliaments in England. One of them at length said, that the verse might be made out, and out he made it to their general satisfaction,

REGIT NUMMIS ANIMOS,
ET NUMMIS REGITUR IPSE.

With these *variorums* the medal lieth in several cabinets, both at

home and abroad ; as in like manner, to like end, will lie, it is hoped, in future ages, the medals of all such prime ministers, favorites of wicked or weak Kings, however set forth, who shall dare to tamper with the *publick treasure and offices*, and to corrupt with them the Legislators.

Runie Med, ap. 14, 67

For the Monthly Anthology.

MR. EDITOR,

I CONSIDER the variety, for which your publication is remarkable, not only as essential to the character, but a pleasing ornament, of a periodical work. I have therefore been surprized at hearing a few persons complain, that the Anthology contained some things of little or no importance. On farther attention to the matter, I found that those articles of which they complained were such only, as were uninteresting to themselves and a similar class of readers ; and that those were the very parts of the publication, most highly gratifying to an equal number of readers of a different taste.

One person perhaps cares nothing about meteorology ; but another may be exceedingly curious on that subject. A neighbour of mine dislikes to see in your pages President's Messages, Governour's Speeches, &c. because he has read them in the newspapers ; but another of my neighbours views them as valuable state papers, which ought to be preserved in some repository, to which recurrence may be easily had. A number of your subscribers probably never read that

VOL. II. No. 4. Bb

part of your work, in which new publications are reviewed ; but in the opinion of others this is the most valuable part of the publication. Literary gentlemen are not only pleased with this department, but they think great benefit must occur to the cause of literature in the community from a critical and judicious review. For myself I think this part of the country has long needed a work of the kind. Attempts to establish an American Review, in other sections of the United States, have hitherto failed, much to the regret of learned men. A multitude of books of different descriptions have been imposed on the publick, which do no honour to our literary character. Some of these probably would never have seen the light, had their authors contemplated an impartial scrutiny. The Boston Review, at least, bids fair to operate as a salutary check on ignorance and vice, and to be an antidote to an itch for book-making, of which some persons seem possessed, who have much to learn, and little wherewith to instruct the community.

On the whole, the complaint which it is the design of these

observations to silence, must forever lie against all periodical publications. No single reader, nor single class of readers, it seems to me, has a right to expect perfect pleasure in every communication. The nature of your work almost necessarily for-

bids it; and I cannot but conclude with a repetition of the sentiment, that the variety against which some persons object, is in reality a high recommendation of the *Monthly Anthology*.

— OBSERVATOR.

March, 1805.

THE SOLDIERS: A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 143.

THE utopia of her uncle's estate formed her ideas of the world; she knew not what sorrow was. She wept when her uncle looked sad; but this sympathy of nature, this melting tenderness, was a luxury not unpleasing to her, and by comparison gave a vivacity to her more pleasurable feelings. She seized with surprising avidity the knowledge her uncle imparted; her fancy was chaste and sportive, which rendered her infinitely amusing: no factitious restraint prevented her saying all that occurred to her mind.

She had a natural correctness of thought on those subjects within her knowledge that appeared to flow spontaneously from truth, and which she expressed in a way that prevented your wishing an idea or expression changed, for fear they should be less just, or less pleasing. The uncorrupted mind has a natural promptitude to just decision, when unchained by those rules which art has forged. Antonia knew none.

Rodolpho, during the silence of the solitary, contemplated her countenance with a lively interest; the singularity of his meeting her, that was tinged with the glowing colour of romance; the beauty of the fair one, the language and manner of the recluse, impressed his

mind with sensations to which he could give no name; he wished to hear more, that he might be at liberty to speak; he feared the morn would arrive ere he had heard all; he longed to speak of the melody that harmonised his soul, while in danger of effects from the rage of the elements, but he could not intrude a question or an observation; the look of the recluse was mournful; Antonia was silent. In a few minutes she rose to put fresh fuel to the fire.

Rodolpho rose; "let me assist you," said he. "It is a pleasure to me, I thank you," returned Antonia, "I always mend the fire, my uncle says it burns more cheerfully." It blazed brightly, as if to confirm the opinion: its light roused the recluse.

Again he addressed Rodolpho: "Your countenance has revived feelings in their full force, that I have been seven years trying to subdue: there is, I am convinced, a subtle attraction in some men, that impels them with irresistible force to regard each other; this morn I was sensible of that attraction to you; why may there not be an arcana in human feeling beyond the power of human solution, for we were absolute strangers?"

"My departure this morning

was abrupt and uncivil, in return for that urbanity you displayed, and by being unexpected was forcibly felt, and deeply impressed on my mind.

"Antonia first discovered the glitter of your fixed bayonets ; 'twas a new object to her sight ; but she had read of the calamities of war, and her untutored mind started at the idea of its being realised in the person of her uncle. Affrighted, she anxiously besought me to fly ; I did not ; but prevailed on her and the negro servant to retire to a small recess we have formed in the wood, the approach to which eludes a stranger's observation. I met you, and the anxiety of my looks, which must have been evident, were occasioned by seeing Antonia through the foliage of the trees in extreme anxiety and apprehension ; her fears for my safety were too lively to be restrained, and I was too apprehensive that mystery might fully her name, who must one day enter a world I had left, to allow her appearing. I quitted you, quitted her fears, and returned to the cottage. You were departed, I was disappointed ; the few lines you left, exhibited, I conceived, the man of feeling ; hurt at being mistaken, I wished for an opportunity of undeceiving you without the hope of obtaining one ; chance has afforded it me.

"Your meeting me in this wood must have excited your curiosity ; it has been evident, it awakened your sensibility. There is room for unfavourable conclusions ; every man of genuine integrity owes it to himself to withdraw the veil of mystery, when in his power, that events may have cast over his

name ; and this helpless orphan's claims are still stronger and more tender : she may suffer from being my companion, though withdrawn from the society of *man*.

"Experience first taught me his capabilities, while silent I was endeavouring to arrange events that are deeply impressed, and will never be forgotten. I attempted it, but the mind is not always sufficiently self-possessed to endure a clear and connected reminiscence of the past ; we must pause to collect fortitude. With the rising of the sun you will quit me ; but I first wish, if I have your leave, to unfold circumstances, that will explain why myself and this dear girl have withdrawn from society. Once my breast rose to meet and ameliorate the sorrows of *man*."

"I have every reason," said Rodolpho, "to conclude the same fellow feeling still prompts your actions ; all I see excites my wonder ; all I hear my admiration ; and I regret, that a man formed for society, should hide qualities, that might be useful and adorn it, in a wilderness.

"It is possible," returned the recluse, "that before I conclude my brief history, you will shut your heart against me. Busy, restless man, makes little allowance for the man of feeling, though his errors often originate in his virtues."

"I am sincerely disposed to hear with the deepest interest—I frankly own I have the most lively wish, and your hint of accounting for what I see was very grateful to my heart," said Rodolpho. "I feel the attraction you flattered me with ; the night is not far

spent, let me not depart uninformed to whom I am so much indebted."

Rodolpho looked at the recluse, who made an inclination of his head, and thus addressed Antonia :

"You are going to hear of a world of which you know but little, and that by report only : to have dissolved the sweet conceptions of innocence before it was really necessary, would have been cruel.

"In these shades, you have felt the sweets of native virtue, and I trust its influence will be immutable. The impulses of uncorrupted nature are confirmed by habit, and will become more dear to you, when compared to actions as opposite in their nature, as destructive in their consequences, and which the world presents to the view of inexperienced innocence, when they are cast into its absorbing vortex. Then, Antonia, you will feel the value of that virtue so dear to the human heart, that, when her form forfakes us, we pursue her shadow. Vice will not require the force of language to render it odious in your eyes, and incongruous to your feelings.

"Your danger, my dear Antonia, will arise from the amiable credulity of inexperienced virtue. It is the specious, the flagitious, you must be taught to dread. How is that knowledge to be imparted without contracting the heart, and dissolving the charm of innocence by infusing suspicion ! But it must be ; as the world is at present constituted, safety only is in caution, in suspicion ; the latter was a guest in my early days I would not admit, and my peace was a martyr to the lacerating ex-

perience of deception, that has driven me (to avoid its repetition) to this wilderness for shelter.

"Your tenderness, your felicitous dispositions, that have seized with fervour whatever I have addressed to your taste and fancy, your voice, which is modulated to my heart, has, while it charmed and soothed me, awoke fears for your future fate beyond the power of my philosophy to quell."

"Do not grieve for me my dear uncle," replied Antonia, "the God you have taught me to love and worship, and whose power and kindness every leaf that trembles at the breeze, as well as every star which glitters in the firmament, makes manifest he will be my guardian, when it pleases him to remove you to the world of glory you have taught me to aspire after. I will treasure your counsel in my heart. I will love the good, and pity the erring ; and he will be my guardian and protector."

She pressed her uncle's hand to her heart, looked cheerfully in his face—he returned the pressure, and a smile for a moment animated his features.

Rodolpho was silent, but his mind had ample food for observation and feeling. His passions were not "kindled by the lighting of a glance, nor warmed by the full assemblage of beautiful features only ; but the alliciency of beauty, the melting tenderness of a heart pure in its last recesses," gently slid into his ; and during the pause the recluse made, his heart whispered what an exquisite pleasure it would be to lead such a creature as Antonia through the world ! And "God

abandoned" must that man be, who would wish to spot so fair an impression of his works.

The recluse continued... "in this solitude I have habituated my mind to the selfish philosophy that infuses stubbornness, while the fortitude that gives patience has eluded my grasp. Consuming in this solitary grove seven years, I have been reasoning, but could not, as I hoped, forget

for one moment to feel—I strove against nature; the unnatural combat has nearly exhausted my frame, without relieving my heart.

"Your appearance and manner have roused my long dormant philanthropy; my mind seems recovering a degree of elasticity; its contractions expand; its affections renew; but it is too late. I wander.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

The writer of the following lines (the same we presume who communicated the piece entitled "Dominus providebit" in our last number) has caused us no little trouble in correcting his false quantities. Of similar faults in the other piece we forbore to complain; and as they were few, silently corrected them; but in the present there were so many negligences entirely unpardonable in any one who pretends to write latin verse, that nothing, but a sincere desire to encourage whatever wears the appearance of classical learning, could have persuaded us to prepare it for insertion. When we solicit contributions from versifiers in any language, we expect that they, and not we, should take care of their prosody.

AD VIRUM CLARISSIMUM

HERSCHELIUM.

CUM tua te genitrix vitali ferret in auras,

Dictaretque tibi prospera fata parens,
Adstiterant Musæ, plorantemque una
Sororum

Excipit, et dulci collinit ora favo:
Quærenti Uraniaque foret quod amabile nomen

Huic, Herschelius est agnomen puero.
Sic olim, dixit, cæli Septemplicis orbes,
Signa minora polo fixaque sidera
Metiri, occasum atque ortum signare docebit,

Astrorum, et quidquid incidus orbis
habet.

Ille vagos scribet Phœbi, Lunæque labores,

Et quo pigra modo phœstra Bootis
eant.

Ille Syracusium vincet senem ingenio,
nam

Sidus inauditum (sic Musa) aspiciet.

Herscheli clare, stant vota tua rata Divæ;
Illa jubet, jussus tu fac esse ratos.

Tu nos alta doces magni miracula mundi,
di,

Et fata quæ nobis flammea signa notant;

Quadrifidum et vartiis habitatum gentibus orbem,

Quoque jacent mundi climate regna doces.

Di dent pro tantis meritis, tibi, docte
Herschell,

Annos ut liceat cernere Nestoreos;
Notæque tam serb repetas feliciter æstra,
Quam tibi pro meritis docta juvenia
favet.

L.

MORNING.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the gentle smile and roscate gleam,

Sweet smiling herald of a brighter beam,
To count the varied charms

That to thy reign belong

Supplies the musick of my uncouth song.

Oft have I climb'd thorough cragg's lofty height,

To catch the lustre of thy earliest ray;

Attentive trac'd thee from thy glimmer-
ing light
To where thy mildness mingled with the
day.

O'er the blue hills the mists reluctant
glide,

The night-nurs'd children, from the vale
below ;

The mellow prospect smiling far and
wide,

And the west bright'ning with the ori-
ent glow.

The smoke, slow circling, from the cot-
tage rises,

The humble emblem of a virtuous mind,
That, while it soars to seek its native
skies

Leaves a bright cheering influence be-
hind.

At thy approach the waking worlds re-
joice ;

Borne on the bosom of the healthful gale
Floats the wild musick of the warbler's
voice,

While Echo bids thee welcome in the
vale.

The hum industrious of the village train,
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milk-
maid's song,

That claim'd the nodding tribute of the
nodding swain,

Or check'd the woodman as he jogg'd
along.

The softer musick of the pastoral lay,
A while submitting to the horn's shrill
sound,

Rousing by turns the sprightly lamb-
kin's play,

The eager courser, or the fleeting hound.

These various charms thy season
brings,

While, grateful to my eye,
Within my breast a transport
springs,

Art never can supply.

Thy mien presents the virgin's smile
To subtilty unknown ;
Who thinks each heart devoid of
guile

And spotless as her own.

In every blooming grace attir'd ;
Unmindful that her sparkling eye
Had all the villain's bosom fir'd,
And brew'd the storm of misery.

So thy smile mingling with the golden
light

That dries the rose's dewy tears away ;
Shall, from the earth and stream it gilds,
excite

A dark'ning vapour to obscure thy ray.

Queen of the gentle dews and roseate
gleam,

Sweet smiling herald of the brighter
beam ;

First attir'd in habit grey
Driving murky mists away,
Then with richest colouring on,
To receive the golden sun ;

In that recess, unhallow'd feet must fly,
With purest lustre steal o'er beauty's
mien ;

And, if not jealous of her sparkling eye,
Oh bid her come to contemplate the
scene.

And though thou canst not emulate her
mind,

Yet, while array'd with charms so like
her own,

The humbl'd maid perhaps will be
more kind,

And find perfection is not her's alone.

If here, beneath the mountain's
brow,

Sequester'd from the busy hives
That toil for fame, and find that wo

Is all the meed ambition gives ;
Far from the city's noise and strife,

From all its pleasurable pain ;
Oh could I pass my secret life,
Calm as the season of thy reign !

To scan the volume nature should un-
fold

And the gay landscapes that its page
adorn,

Whither my constant, earliest steps should
hold

To gaze, and greet the mellow charms
of morn. &c.

ODE TO MODESTY.

MUSE of the downcast eye,
Sweet blushing modesty,
Whose mien supplies the musick of the
tongue,

Thy charms were still delay'd,
Thy beauties unportray'd,
Though Fancy pencil'd while the Muse
sung.

More lovely to my sight
Than Morn's returning light
That wakes the lowly dew-encumber'd
rose ;
Or mingling into day,
With bright and purer ray,
Its mellow lustre o'er the landscape
throws.

Oh thou the more admir'd,
When seeming most retir'd,
Who far from pomp and grandeur
lov'st to dwell ;
Thou who art oftner seen
Upon the village green,
Or in the cottage, or the humbler cell:
Come, sweet nymph, and bring with thee
Thy sister, dear *Simplicity*.

Come, gentle exile of Patana's shore,
And draw the veil by fashion rent aside,
Forbidden each eye promiscuous to explore
Those latent beauties Nature meant to
hide.

Blume the cheek that recently display'd
At once the lily's and the morning's
glow ;
E'en in thy absence health begins to
fade,
And see the crimson yielding to the
snow.

And when thou com'st, more grateful
than the Spring,
Crown'd with green garlands, after
Winter's reign ;
With all thy blessings this instruction
bring ;
And let the moral echo round the
plain.

Those charms so fair were far more
lovely still,
If obvious only to the mental eye.
Those beauties, form'd the ravish'd heart
to thrill,
Expos'd to all will soon that power de-
ny.

Those smiles, so open to the vulgar sight,
Were soon unheeded as the mid-day
beam ;
That bosom gives more exquisite de-
light
Conceal'd—and throbbing but in fancy's
dream.

Arabia's perfumes lavish'd on the breeze
Soon grow familiar to the fated sense,

And each attempt that beauty makes to
please,
Devoid of modesty, but gives offence.
The lofty fruit, that toil to reach de-
mands,
Acquir'd, a richer recompence bestows ;
And the rude thorn, that guards from
vulgar hands,
But gives a higher value to the rose:

&c.

LINES

*On the Elm Tree, which for many years has
been the ornament of Court-street, and was
cut down in the beginning of this month.*

YON mutilated trunk but late
The fairest Elm tree rais'd,
That e'er adorn'd the rural state,
Or e'er by bard was prais'd.

'Twas there I stood, when on my mind
A voice exulting broke,
Which pierc'd its branch's stubborn rind,
And thus triumphant spoke.

" Where art's ambitious reign presum'st
To curb mild nature's sway,
Above the towers and shining domes,
My verdant honours play.

" With foes beleagu'ring still my race
Holds footing in the land :—
Lo, like a castle here I grace
The city's midmost stand :

" Confiding in whose sheltering care,
From distant grove and glade
Shall all the woodland spirits dare
Its hostile streets invade.

" The feather'd race shall hither throng,
Obedient to my call ;
And pour in choirs the forest song
From every echoing wall.

" The noisy artist's grating sound,
The lawyer's pedant phrase,
The merchant's cant shall cease around,
And lift to rural lays.

" The prisoner from his grate shall view
My green tops flourish fair,
And bless each bird upon the bough,
Whose song beguiles his care.

" She, on the gently waving bough,
Shall build the frequent nest,
And beat at peace, while all below
Unquiet scenes molest.

" And as feign'd oracles of yore
The delphick laurel shook,
And voices strange at midnight hour
Have through my branches spoke,
" The pilgrim bard shall oft again
Beneath my shadow stop;
And heard by him, the mystick strain
Shall wake the cheering hope.
" While one green offspring of the grove
Shall in this town abide,
Shall poetry and spotless love
Find dwellings there beside;
" And as my glowing branches tower
Above the structures proud,
One day restor'd to pristine power
Shall he condemn the crowd."
Alas, how vain the high pretence!
The blasted spot behold.—
The boastful Elm lies scatter'd hence,
Like murder'd beauty cold.
What demon spoke the fatal word
That fell'd it to the ground?
No 'Tancréd with his heaven-lent sword
Could give the impious wound.
'Twas av'rice—av'rice' cruel arm,
Its fall lamented brought;
The love of wealth's more potent charm
Than e'er Amida wrought.
And therefore I will hate the man,
His tasteless mind detest,
Who first conceiv'd the ruthless plan,
Or wrought the deed unblest.
Ye rural virtues flee the town,
Ye simple manners flee;
Your last stronghold was broken down
When fell that beauteous tree.
Sure, nature heard the stern command
To leave it on that day;
The ancient habits of the land
To pride and art gave way.
For by this Elm's sad overthrow
I'll fix the gloomy date,
When times shall hard and evil grow,
And man lament his fate.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

Concluded.

He that gets patience, and the blessing
which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost
his pains.

He that by being at church escapes the
ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions,
gains.

He that loves Gods abode, and to com-
bine
With saints on earth, shall one day
with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language or expres-
sion:

How knowst thou but thy sinnes made
him miscarrie?

Then turn thy faults and his into con-
fession:

God sent him, whatsoe're he be: O tar-
ry,

And love him for his Master: his
condition,

Though it be ill, makes him no ill
Physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs en-
dure,

As those who mock at Gods way of sal-
vation.

Whom oyl and balfames kill, what salve
can cure?

They drink with greedinesse a full dam-
nation:

The Jews refused thunder; and we,
folly,

Though God do hedge us in, yet who
is holy.

Summe up at night what thou hast done
by day;

And in the morning what thou hast to
do.

Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the
decay

And growth of it: if with thy watch,
that too

Be down, then winde up both: since
we shall be

Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts
agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the
man.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but
go.

Deferre not the least vertue: lifes poore
span

Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the
pains:

If well, the pain doth fade, the joy re-
mains.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For APRIL, 1805.

BY PAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND.....HUMPHREYS.

ARTICLE 23,

Discourses on Davila. A series of papers on political history. Written in the year 1790, and then published in the Gazette of the United States. By an American Citizen. Boston. Ruffel & Cutler. 1805. 8vo. pp. 248.

THE eighteenth century was remarkable for its literature and revolutions. It contributed more than the preceding to the development of general truth, and though the tremendous destruction of royalty and religion in France will mark it with an horrible blot, its various excellencies will forever excite gratitude and admiration. During that period the condition of the human race was not only improved, but it was tending as rapidly to a high degree of perfection, as the weakness and wickedness of man will allow.

In Europe we more particularly discovered the good effects of the last century. Every empire, kingdom, and republic seemed to have acquired a great degree of happiness in the course of a few years, rather by some sudden impulses, than by a laborious accumulation of ordinary improvements. This is a fact, which the nations knew to be true, though their writers have taken little pains in explaining its causes and tendency. In some of the states liberty was enjoyed in as great a degree, as is consistent with order; and where this

Vol. II. No. 4. Cc

great blessing was little known, the nations derived much happiness from their immemorial customs and usages, which were gaining the certainty of law; from the extension of knowledge, which teaches us the supply of our wants; from the dignity, splendour, charity, and munificence of their princes, aristocracy, and clergy, who corrected what they could not reform; and from the great revolution, which was taking place in the breast of sovereigns, who began to perceive and to feel, that their power was commensurate with the prosperity of the people.

This progress towards national felicity was fatally arrested by the French revolution. Advocates are indeed found, who represent this event, as the most glorious in the history of the world; and who endeavour to establish its necessity from a survey of the previous system of European politics; and to seek its beneficial effects in the delivery of France from feudal and ecclesiastical tyranny, and in its restoration to a due preponderance in the balance of power. But this on examination is found to be false and hollow. The revolution was not justified by necessity; and its happy results are less than vanity, compared with its horrors and its crimes. Besides the introduction of an atheistical and rebellious philosophy, the transfer of the sceptre from the house of

Bourbon to that of Bonaparte with all its effects, either consequential or collateral, will have finally operated such changes, as a century will not be able to remedy.

In this situation of human affairs it becomes the duty of every one to exert his talents for the preservation of what exists, and the renewal of what is past. This can be effected only by a steady, sober, and religious application of our minds to the development and settling of first principles in morals and politicks. Much, perhaps most, of the excellence of the past century, arose from the writings of Locke, Montesquieu, Vattel, Burlamaqui, and other national writers, whose noble views and enlarged speculations extended round the horizon, and took in the whole nature of man. It is true indeed that Voltaire, Priestley, Condorcet, and the bloody banditti of atheists, almost obliterated the benignant influence of the former class; yet wisdom and energy may still support the falling ruin, and perhaps may add some goodly stones to the foundation.

In America, where great happiness is the portion of every one, writers have not been regardless of their high duty in fixing fundamental principles. If they have not discoursed much on ocumenical politicks, they have illustrated the nature of our different constitutions, and have thereby thrown much light on the nature and condition of man. In this class are particularly to be mentioned Adams on the American constitutions, the Federalist, by Hamilton, and to these we now

add with pleasure the author of "Discourses on Davila."

Davila was a native of Cyprus. He flourished during the reigns of Henry III. and IV. of France, and died in 1634. At Venice he wrote in Italian his celebrated history of the French civil wars in fifteen books from the death of Henry II. 1559 to the peace of Wervins in 1598. In France he was particularly distinguished by the favour of Catherine of Medicis; and accordingly in his writings he has favourably represented the actions of that celebrated woman. The history abounds with profound political remarks, and has been admired by all statesmen and negotiators for depth of research and extent of observation. As it treats of the internal politicks of a great kingdom, during a very remarkable period, it is particularly adapted for commentary. The author of the discourses has therefore wisely chosen Davila for the subject of his remarks. He condenses the narration, and intersperses various political opinions, sometimes in regard to the affairs of the period treated of, but generally directing their view either to the operations of the national assembly of France in an early stage of the revolution, or else to certain immutable principles in morals and politicks. Though these discourses were first published in the Gazette of the United States, during the years 1790 and 1791, yet they have very properly been collected into a durable volume; for their object is neither transitory nor unimportant; as the author, by an elaborate inquiry into the nature of the human mind,

and by a survey of the politicks of France during a very stormy age, has endeavoured to establish the necessity of forming various checks and balances in every government; of uniting and yet opposing the one, the few, and the many, and of making the love of distinction, with all its modifications, subservient to good government and general felicity.

In the first discourse the author very properly gives a short account of the Franks, their conquest and settlement in Gaul, their fundamental Salick laws, and the origin of the houses of Bourbon and Valois. It is however incorrectly insinuated, that the name of "Franks" is original; but it should be observed, that this appellation is not to be found in the work of Tacitus "de moribus Germanorum"; and the truth is, that "Franks" is synonymous with "freemen," and that it was adopted by the Cherusci, the Catti, the Bructeri, and other German nations, who about 150 years after the age of Tacitus assembled on the banks of the Sala, preparatory to the invasion of Gaul, and entered into a league called "Francicum fœdus." The account of the Salick laws is perhaps equally incorrect; for the author says, "these laws, proposed by their priests, whom they named Salians, and instituted in the fields which take their name from the river Sala, were originally called Salique laws"; but most historians have agreed that these fundamental regulations take their name from a people called Salians, though not mentioned by Tacitus; and *they were made certainly by the lords or nobility*

who, at the time of their enaction, governed the Franks; and this appears conclusively from the preface to the Salick law, a most rare and curious monument of antiquity. "Gens Francorum inclyta, auctore Deo condita, fortis in armis, firma pacis fœdere, profunda in consilio, corpore nobilis et incolumis, candore et forma egregia, audax, velox et aspera, nuper ad Catholicam fidem conversa, immunis ab hæresi. Dum adhuc teneretur barbarie, inspirante Deo inquires scientiæ clavem, juxta morem suarum qualitatuum desiderans justitiam, custodiens pietatem, *disceverunt Salican legem principes ipsius gentis, qui tunc temporis apud eamdem erant retores.*"

A regular narrative commences from the reign of Francis I. The elevation and depression of the Bourbons, their intrigues and misfortunes, are delineated; and their history furnishes us with a sad and remarkable example of the evils resulting from the dependence of the judges on the executive: for the conspiracy of Charles of Bourbon, with all its effects, is to be traced to his indignation at the secret influence and manœuvres practised by the chancellor Duprat, through the king's orders, in the course of a law suit commenced by Louisa of Savoy against Charles, for the possession of the duchy of Bourbon. Charles was killed at the taking of Rome; the rest of the family, with Charles of Vendôme at the head, retired from court, and refused all places and honours. Here the discourser observes, that "the same causes produce the same effects. The

late revolution in France opened a prospect to the royal family not very different from that in 1515. Though the merits and injuries of Orleans may not be compared to those of a constable de Bourbon, yet the passions of a prince of the blood of the second order, may hereafter be painted by another Davila."

On the depression of the Bourbons arose the two ambitious families of the Guises and Montmorencies, and, as a specimen of the author's talents for character painting, we are happy to insert the account of the latter house.

The family of Montmorency produces Titles, which prove its descent, by an uninterrupted succession, from one of the principal Grantees who accompanied Pharamond in his first expedition. It has the glory of having been the first French house which received baptism and the Christian Faith. The memory of this distinction is preserved in the motto of their arms, *God help the first Christian Baron*; a splendid testimony both of the antiquity and religion of their ancestors. Anne of Montmorency, who united a vast genius, directed by prudence, to a grave and imposing deportment—who combined a singular address to a patience never to be exhausted in the intrigues and affairs of the Court, which change so often their aspect, sprung from this stock.—His high qualities merited the confidence of Francis Ist. After having passed through all the military gradations of the State, he was at first elevated to the dignity of Grand Master of the King's household, and after the death of the Duke of Bourbon, to that of *Constable*—in one word he concentrated in his person, the command of armies, and the principal administration of all the affairs, civil and political, of the kingdom.

In the history of the rivalry of the houses of Lorraine and Montmorency, we applaud the political remarks, though the

truth of the metaphysical foundation of inequality is very questionable.

Nature, which has established in the universe a chain of being and universal order, descending from Arch Angels to microscopick animalcules, has ordained that no two objects shall be perfectly alike, and no two creatures perfectly equal. Although among men, all are subject by nature to *equal laws* of morality, and in society have a right to *equal laws* for their government, yet no two men are perfectly equal in person, property, understanding, activity and virtue—or ever can be made so by any power less than that which created them; and whenever it becomes disputable between two individuals, or families, which is the superiour, a fermentation commences, which disturbs the order of all things, until it is settled, and each one knows his place in the opinion of the publick.

We proceed in the narration. The duke of Guise and the constable, holding the first offices at court and supported by different powerful friends, became necessarily jealous of each other and dangerous rivals of the king. He soon found reasons to disgrace them and these families experienced, what the Bourbons had suffered before; and Francis now saw that the house of Guise particularly had become dangerous to the house of Valois. We do not mean to follow the historical thread into the labyrinth of intrigues, and therefore only observe, that these great families regained their influence under Henry II. in 1547, and filled France with rivalry and with crimes.

The author here enters into a discussion of the constitution of the human mind. The leading sentiments are the same as those to be found in Dr. Adam Smith's book; they are here agreeably

expanded; and very important political reflections are drawn from an analysis of the nature, effects, tendency, and usefulness of rank, wealth, titles, and personal accomplishments. He shews, with great force and propriety, that these things are desired solely because they attract the attention, consideration, and congratulations of mankind. He points out with beauty and energy that from this source arise emulation and rivalry, with their effects, of the sublime virtues in peace, and the most useful industry in agriculture, commerce, &c. on the one hand; and hatred, revenge, and wars, on the other. He proceeds to discover the final cause of this constitution of things, and shows that nature has given us this passion of distinction in order to produce social activity, so that we shall be continually labouring for the good of mankind. All these doctrines are investigated with great ingenuity; enforced by examples drawn from history, and daily experience of the necessity of not extinguishing, but simply regulating the love of titles, rank, &c. What is discoverable in individuals is applicable to nations. As the passions are eternal and immutable, they operate on families and states, as on boys or officers, and hence arise national animosities and political alliances. After a long and elaborate discussion of the subject, which the author strengthens by the arguments of Smith and the poetry of Shakespeare, he says,

But why all this of Emulation and Rivalry?—Because, as the whole history of the civil wars of France, given us by *Davila*, is no more than a relation of ri-

valries, succeeding each other in a rapid series, the reflections we have made will assist us, both to understand that noble historian, and to form a right judgment of the state of affairs in France at the present moment. They will suggest also to *Americans*, especially to those who have been unfriendly, and may be now lukewarm to their national Constitution, some useful enquiries, such as those for examples: Whether there are not emulations, of a serious complexion among ourselves? between cities and universities? between North and South? The Middle and the North? The Middle and the South? between one State and another? between the governments of States and the National Government? and between individual patriots and heroes in all these? What is the natural remedy against the inconveniences and dangers of these rivalries? Whether a well-balanced Constitution, such as that of our Union purports to be, ought not to be cordially supported, till its defects, if it has any, can be corrected, by every good citizen, as our only hope of peace, and our ark of safety?—But it must be left to the contemplations of State Physicians to discover the causes and the remedy of that "*fever, whereof our power is sick*." One question only shall be respectfully insinuated: Whether equal laws, the result only of a balanced government, can ever be obtained and preserved without some signs or other of distinction and degree?

At the period of the publication of these discourses the National Assembly was the governing power in France. It was divided into various parties, such as the aristocratical, the democratical, the monarchical, and the neutral. Various theories of government were broached, according to the ideas of each party, and those doctrines were about to be put in execution, which destroyed the feudal and ecclesiastical orders; and fears were entertained of the settlement of the supreme power in one assembly. The author of the discourses on

Davila, after his inquiry into the nature and tendency of the love of rank, orders, titles, necessarily slides into an important investigation of these political doctrines, advanced by the French writers, and shews the futility, absurdity, nay, impossibility of annihilating these playthings for children of a larger growth. The folly of a sovereignty in one assembly may be exhibited from the history of Pennsylvania and Georgia. They have changed those constitutions, which had concentrated supreme power in one body, and have evidenced accordingly their political wisdom. Had France, when she threw off despotism of one kind, attended to the dictates of nature, had she consulted experience, and practised the doctrines of wise legislation, by giving authority and equilibrium to the one, the few, and the many, as they are found in the world and moulded in the English constitution, she might have enjoyed liberty with order, and would have brought into actual operation that system, which Montesquieu thought the European nations had practised in the heart of their woods.

The discourser, after giving some lessons of advice to the National Assembly, on the importance of different branches and balances, exhorts the Americans to rejoice in their promising essay towards a well ordered government. Reference is made to the proceedings of Boston in 1772, when the committee of correspondence, which was appointed to state the rights of the colonists, published their political principles, and in "an immortal pamphlet, which is a real picture

of the sun of liberty," asserted the necessity of different checks and proportions of power to establish civil liberty. The congress of Philadelphia, in October, 1774, laid down the same fundamental principles, and solemnly declared, "that it is indispensably necessary, that the constituent branches of the legislature be independent of each other." These opinions are certainly just, and we join the great author of these discourses in hoping, that they may be eternal. Yet we are obliged to remark, that few encroachments on our excellent system had been made when this author discoursed; but fourteen years have admonished us, that the constitution cannot preserve itself; and we fear there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." This number concludes with some excellent remarks on religion.

Let us conclude with one reflection more, which shall barely be hinted at, as delicacy, if not prudence, may require, in this place, some degree of reserve. Is there a possibility, that the government of nations may fall into the hands of men, who teach the most disconsolate of all creeds, that men are but fire-flies, and that this *all* is without a father? Is this the way to make man, as man, an object of respect? Or is it, to make murder itself, as indifferent as shooting a plover, and the extermination of the Rohilla nation, as innocent, as the swallowing of mites, on a morsel of cheese? If such a case should happen, would not one of these, the most credulous of all believers, have reason to pray, to his eternal nature, or his almighty chance, (the more absurdity there is in this address the more in character) *give us again the gods of the Greeks—give us again the more intelligible as well as more comfortable systems of Athanasius and Calvin—nay, give us again, our Popes and Hierarchs, Benedictines and*

Jesuits, with all their superstition and fanaticism, impostures and tyranny. A certain Ducheſs of venerable years and masculine understanding, ſaid of ſome of the philoſophers of the eighteenth century, admirably well, "On ne pas croit dans la Chriſtianiſme, mais on croit toutes les ſottises poſſibles."

The author proceeds from page 94 in a regular courſe of narration, interrupted only by the interſion of political remarks. As he has condensed Davila, it would be abſurd to abridge the diſcourſer; it may therefore be ſufficient to ſay, that he relates the continuance of the rivalry between the Guiſes and Montmorencies; the ambition of the queen mother after the death of Henry II.; the various plots and intrigues of the Bourbons, the Colignis, and other families of France; the ſtate and political effect of the Proteſtant religion in the ſect of the Huguenots; the civil wars between them and the Catholics; the aſſembling of the ſtates general in 1560; the plots of all the families after the death of Francis II.; the elevation of the Bourbons; the meaſures relating to the famous edict granting liberty of conſcience and of preaching to the Calviniſts, in 1562; the civil wars that ſhortly followed; the horrid maſſacre of St. Bartholomew's day; and the work concludes with ſome ſtrong and admirable reflections, of which we infer the following as a ſummary.

Instead of throwing falſe imputations on republican governments; inſtead of exciting or fomenting a vulgar malignity againſt the moſt reſpectable men and families—let us draw the proper inferences from hiſtory and experience—let us lay it down for a certain fact, firſt, that emulation between individ-

uale, and rivalries among families, never can be prevented: ſecond, let us adopt it as a certain principle that they ought not to be prevented, but directed to virtue, and then ſtimulated and encouraged by generous applauſe and honorable rewards. And from theſe premiſes let the concluſion be, as it ought to be, that an effectual controul be provided in the conſtitution, to check their exceſſes and balance their weights. If this concluſion is not drawn, another will follow of itſelf—the people will be the dupes, and the leaders will worry each other and the people too, till both are weary and aſhamed, and from feeling, not from reaſoning, ſet up a maſter and a deſpot for a Protector.

Thus have we finiſhed a long analysis of a very intereſting work. The ſtyle we do not commend, it is rough and unpoliſhed; the words grate harſhly, and the ſentences are often involved like Clarendon's.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non
ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

We recommend the diſcourſes to every ſtudent of politics; and even the veteran legiſlator will recogniſe the maxims, by which he may have aſſiſted in framing political conſtitutions. By attending to the dictates of nature, as ſhe operates in ſtates, and by a careful conſideration, remembrance, and practice of the hallowed lore of De Lolme, Burke, and ſimilar writers, our country may hope in time to enjoy the bleſſings of perfect balances, as far as what is human can be perfect; and when founded in the deep earth, and eſtabliſhed on the ſtrong rocks, its turrets may wave in the whirlwind, but "*ponderibus librata ſuis*," the workmen have been faithful, and the work is inmoveable.

ART. 24.

Two Sermons on the Christian Sabbath; for distribution in the new settlements of the United States—

By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. pastor of the first church in West-Springfield. Text, Rev. i. 10....

I WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY. Northampton.

Butler 1805.

IN the first of these discourses the author shews in a plain and familiar manner, that the christian church has, from the time of the resurrection of our Saviour, observed the first day of the week, in commemoration of that event. The second is devoted to reflections and inferences which flowed from the subject. From the "sequestration" of one day in seven to perpetuate the death and resurrection of Christ, he urges the vast importance of those events to mankind; the duty of christians to associate for the support and observance of publick worship, and the utility of attendance on divine institutions. He shews, that the sabbath is peculiarly favourable to the purposes of religion, and, from St. John's observance of that day in a state of exile and solitude, he infers, that we are not by the ordinary circumstances of life excused from the duties of the sabbath. He concludes with an affectionate address "to the people dispersed in the wilderness and in the new settlements," for whose benefit this

sermon was published by the "Hampshire Missionary Society, and among whom it was the benevolent intention of the society, that it should be distributed.

This sermon is well adapted to the circumstances of those, for whom it was particularly intended, and it will be read with pleasure and advantage by all who either regard the sabbath as a political device for the good of society, or who consider it as appropriated by the Supreme Being for the spiritual worship of himself by his intelligent offspring.

ART. 25.

God's wonders in the great deep, recorded in several wonderful and amazing accounts of sailors, who have met with unexpected deliverance from death, when in the greatest dangers; to which is added the seaman's spiritual directory, shewing what he ought to think and do, with forms of prayers suited to their several circumstances and various occasions. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, 1805.

THESE relations of dreadful danger and strange relief will be interesting to all seamen. The religious advice is excellent; and the prayers are well suited to the different situations in which all mariners may be placed. The book is badly printed; and the picture of a wrecked ship is most ridiculous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the REVIEWER of "The True Reason," &c.**

SIR—UNDER the authoritative garb of a *Review*, and with the advantages of concealment, you have published your strictures on my pamphlet. Of your success in invalidating its reasoning and design,

* See Anthology, vol. II, No. 3, p. 152.

the publick will form their own opinion. Be assured, sir, I am neither displeased nor wounded by your review. "*Tantum imbellis sine ictu.*" Nor should I give myself the trouble of a reply, but for the opportunity you give me of bringing before the publick some important facts and documents corroborative of what has already been advanced on this subject.

You begin by saying, "The *object* of this pamphlet is not a little singular." It probably would have appeared less "singular," especially to your readers, had you correctly stated it in the author's own language. On this point it would have been fair in you, and it is customary with reviewers, to let the author speak for himself.

"The *title*," you say, "is not very correct." If, sir, you will take the trouble to read it again, you will probably perceive your mistake. I professedly give the *true reasons*, which influenced *my own* conduct. I say nothing of the reasons by which others were actuated. I was not authorized to speak in behalf of those, who voted with me; nor have I done it. And let me ask, sir, was it correct or delicate in you to intimate, that a "majority" of the gentlemen, who were opposed to the election were influenced by "political considerations?" By what authority do you thus criminate the *motives* of a considerable portion of the honourable senate of this commonwealth? for doubtless you believe it improper, that "political considerations" should have had influence in an election of this kind? From the best evidence I have been able to collect on this delicate subject, (and I have such as enables me to speak with some degree of confidence) I have reason to believe that your charge is as unfounded, as it is ungenerous, (not to give it a harder name;) and that *party politics* had no influence on the late decision of the overseers.

"The extracts," which I have given, from Mr. Hollis's letters, &c. in your opinion, do not "decisively prove him to have been a Calvinist; because they contain "no expressions, which an *Arminian* might not have used"!! And can you seriously assert this? If so, either you or I must be ignorant of the distinction between an Arminian and a Calvinist. But as you are convinced that Mr. Hollis was a Calvinist of the stamp of the founders of the college, you doubtless have evidence of the fact stronger than any I possess, which is yet abundantly sufficient to convince ordinary men.

I am at a loss how to understand the following remarks of yours, viewed in connexion with the *eleventh* article in Mr. Hollis's statutes. "It appears indeed, with *sufficient clearness*, what tenets Mr. Hollis considered as "sound or orthodox;" but it does not appear that he was guilty of the egregious folly of *determining* that all *electors* of professor, through all future time, should be of precisely the same opinion with himself." The statute says, "That the person chosen *from time to time* to be a *professor*, shall be a man of *sound or orthodox principles*," &c.

Do you mean, sir, to concede that Mr. Hollis intended his *professor* should be "*from time to time*" of "*sound or orthodox principles*," like his own? but that he was not so egregiously foolish, as to determine

that his *electors* should, "from time to time," be of the same opinion with himself? If this be your meaning, whom does this arguing reprove? Who has asserted, that Mr. Hollis meant to prescribe, what should be the religious principles of the *electors* of his professor? No one surely. He has declared what shall be their *duty* not their opinions. Why then this pitiful subterfuge? Do you mean to maintain the opinion, that the electors, in choosing a Hollis professor of divinity, are to be governed, not by the *statutes of the founder*, but by *their own religious sentiments*? If this be your opinion, why not avow it explicitly, and tell us at once, that Mr. Hollis's statutes are no longer to be regarded as a rule for the electors. If I mistake your idea, I pray you to explain your meaning.

But waving other remarks on your review, "of which I will only say (reiterating your own words) *valeat quantum valere potest*, I proceed to the principal object of this reply. You say, "with the precise sentiments of the respectable man, who is chosen and confirmed, as professor of divinity, we are unacquainted." Again, "It is probable the corporation and overseers *wisely* thought, that the character and principles of a candidate could be more certainly understood from his public services, and private conversation, than from answers to the few questions which might be asked." And again, "it is asserted that Dr. Wigglesworth and his son were calvinists. This admits of a *doubt*." You then refer us to a MS. in the college library to prove, that though Dr. W. in early life was a calvinist, he saw reason to change his sentiments. You then, upon authority deny positively, that the late Dr. W. was a calvinist; and add—"but these are matters of little importance."

These sentiments, sir, and this mode of conducting an election, are certainly of modern origin. They are without precedent. You may say, perhaps, "our fathers were ignorant and we are wise; we disdain to follow their steps." But, sir, all of us have not yet grown so *wise* as to reject all precedents of our fathers on subjects of this kind, as "worm eaten authorities," of no value. There are still some among us, who venerate their wisdom, and think their mode of proceeding in the choice of so important an officer in the college as a divinity professor, judicious and worthy of imitation. Under these impressions I copy from the records of the college the following account of the proceedings of the electors in the choice of the first professor of divinity, and which appears to have been designed as a precedent for future electors.

"At a meeting of the overseers, &c. Jan. 24, 1721—2. The Rev. President reported to the overseers, that the corporation had proceeded to make choice of Mr. Edward Wigglesworth to be professor of divinity in Harvard College, and that *preceding* the choice *they had examined* the said Mr. Wigglesworth upon several most important heads in divinity, *which heads were severally named in the presence of the overseers*, and the method of proceeding by the president and fellows in this important affair was *greatly to their satisfaction*. Then the Rev. President presented the said Mr. W. to the overseers for their approbation and confirmation. And the question being put, whether the overseers com-

Armed the said choice of the said Mr. W. to be a professor of divinity in Harvard College? voted in the affirmative.

"Ordered by the overseers, that a minute be taken and recorded of the several heads in divinity upon which the Rev. President and Fellows had examined Mr. Wigglesworth, viz. That he *appeared before the corporation and declared his assent* 1. To Dr. Ames's *Medulla Theologie*. 2. To the confession of faith contained in the assembly's catechism. 3. To the doctrinal articles of the church of England; more particularly 1. To the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. 2. To the doctrine of the Eternal Godhead of our blessed Saviour. 3. To the doctrine of predestination. 4. To the doctrine of special efficacious grace. 5. To the divine right of infant baptism."

After this, I presume, sir, you will no longer "*doubt*" whether or not the first Dr. Wigglesworth was a *Calvinist*. You seem indeed almost willing to admit that he was "in early life;" but from a MS. essay in the college library you suppose "he saw reason to change his sentiments." Though this affects not my argument (because, as I adduced Dr. W. as holding sentiments accordant with the wishes of Mr. Hollis, if it be admitted that his sentiments were Calvinistick *at the time of his election*, it is all that is necessary to my purpose) yet I had the curiosity to know what this MS. contained; and in an unsuccessful inquiry after it, I found his *Dudleian Lecture on Natural Religion*, preached May 14. 1760, *within five years of his death*. Presuming this must contain the sentiments in which he died, I read it and made from it the following extracts, which I submit to your eye, and that of the publick, to shew, not only the principles of Dr. Wigglesworth, but also what were then the sentiments taught in our university.

"But it is well known, what vile and impious sects of men there be, who go vastly further than this. The *Socinians*, in order to enervate and overthrow the doctrines of Christ's divinity and satisfaction, do as it were turn the whole christian system into a mere religion of nature. For though they pretend to own the revelation that Jesus Christ and his apostles have made; yet they make natural reason the standard of this revelation, and the ultimate judge at whose bar it is to be tried; and if any of its most plain doctrines clash with the wisdom of this world, they are to be rescinded and rejected. Both of these sorts of men [*meaning Deists and Socinians*] build the honour of natural reason and religion on the ruins of the Gospel discovery: Which usurped honour ought to be taken from it and given where it is due; by asserting not only the *preferableness*, but even the *necessity* of that more full, and clear, and certain light that hath been given by inspiration of God."

Again. "Besides we see that man is become not only wicked in practice, but this wickedness, flowing from an inward evil fountain, corrupt and depraved in the powers of his mind; his heart a sink of unclean lusts, out of which proceed *evil thought, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false-witness, blasphemies*, and every other filthy thing. Now so long as this internal filthiness remains (however clean the

outside of the cup and platter should be made) the man cannot be acceptable to God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

"Neither can it be otherwise, while this corrupt state of mind lasts, than that the man should be inflexibly bent to all wickedness, and an enemy to all good; deaf to all calls to repentance and reformation; or should there be a partial change for the better in his morals, the goodness would be but as *a morning cloud*. Through the power of inward corruption he would return with the dog to his vomit.

"And now doth it lie within the reach of natural reason to find a remedy for this distemper of the soul? Can natural religion inform us of a quite new turn given to the human mind? A change in all the operations of the soul, so far as to see and understand things in another light, a new bias on man's affections, so as to love and hate, pursue and flee from objects, not after the old and head strong manner, but in obedience to better light and sounder judgment? No; sure the world by wisdom never dreamed of the necessity of such a change as this; their religion taught men to struggle in vain to make the fruit good, while the tree that bare it remained corrupt. And if natural reason could have told men of the necessity of *a new heart and new spirit*; yet since it could not inform them where to apply for an author or workman adequate to the work that was to be done, how much better had the case of sinners been! The *Ethiopian* must of himself *have changed his skin*, and the *leopard* his spots; and he that *had been accustomed to do evil must have learned to do well*, if he could. It is despised revelation, and that only, wherein the remedy for this otherwise incurable disease is found. *Turn thou me and I shall be turned*. Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Such were the sentiments of Dr. Wigglesworth within five years of his death. If, sir, your MS. speaks a different language from this, let it be produced. If not, I presume you must be satisfied that the first Dr. Wigglesworth lived and died a Calvinist.

As to the late Dr. Wigglesworth I determine as you do, from the information of several gentlemen, who knew him most intimately, who assert *positively*, that he was neither an Arian nor an Arminian, but a sublapsarian, or what is now denominated a moderate Calvinist. At the time of his election he was examined by men, who were *calvinists*, as to "his principles in divinity, whether they were *orthodox*, according to the doctrines of the churches of Christ at that time (1765) — and to the questions put to him, "he gave full and satisfactory answers." If any thing in the writings of Dr. W. shews that he was not of the sentiments abovementioned, I presume it can, and doubtless will be produced. Till this be done, I think no one can be justified in asserting, that he was not a calvinist. But you say, "These are matters of little importance." They may be so to you, sir, but they were not deemed so by Mr. Hollis, nor by former electors of his professor, nor are they so considered by many even at the present day.

"No examination," you say, "took place at the election of Dr. Tappan." I do not justify this neglect. If, however, the omission

of it could ever be justified, it might be in his case. He had avowed and published his religious opinions, in a publick dispute on a distinguishing point of orthodoxy, as well as in several printed discourses. His sentiments, in consequence, were generally well known, which cannot be said, by your own acknowledgment, of the professor elect. Besides, I well remember, that at the time when his election was confirmed by the overseers, not only the general character of Dr. Tappan was given, but his particular religious opinions were declared to the board by the late President Willard, and especially and fully by the late lieutenant-governour Phillips, his intimate friend and classmate. In this election, therefore, the overseers did not, as in the last, act in the dark, as it respected the doctrinal opinions of the candidate.

No one more sincerely laments the existing necessity of this publick discussion of important matters relating to our university than I do ; and I have no wish to continue it farther than is necessary to my own vindication, and the disclosure of useful facts and truths, which can never injure but tend to promote and perpetuate the best interests of that ancient and respectable institution. Should you, sir, think it proper to continue this discussion, and to make reply to the foregoing remarks, I hope you will not deny to your observations the authority, and to the publick the satisfaction, of your name. J. MORSE.

Charleston, April 19, 1805.

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THAT we may avoid any imputation of unfairness, we have thus inserted entire the reply of Dr. Morse. The request however we must observe, was most unreasonable. A short note to correct a mistake, or what may appear to the author a misrepresentation of his meaning, is undoubtedly admissible, but to send for publication a long and laboured answer to a review, including much new matter, and that too in defence of a point, which the Reviewers consider, and which Dr. M. concedes, to be not essential to the main argument of the pamphlet, is certainly unprecedented ; and as this is probably the first request of the kind, so we hope it will be the last. We must add, that Dr. M. appears in many respects ignorant of the nature of a review.

We presume that strictures of any kind may take the garb of a review without any just cause of offence. If their appearance in this form, that is, in the department of a periodical work assigned for this purpose, carries any improper authority, the readers, not the Reviewers, are in fault. If we proceed to reply to the Dr's. vindication, without renouncing the "advantages for concealment," or giving the gentleman or the publick the "satisfaction of our names," we hope to stand justified. We have never understood that a man is, by any tie of morality or honour, restrained from publishing his sentiments upon a subject or book, unless he will also publish *himself*, and become the object of personal notice. We conceive his duty to be wholly concerned with the spirit and contents of his book, but whether his *name* shall be inserted on the title page, or not, is a question resting entirely with his discretion or taste. We are far from think-

ing, that a readiness to be known in a controversy, where the appeal is made to public opinion, is always a favourable symptom. Men often claim the merit of sincerity and manliness for giving their names to the publick, when the fact is, they are serving their ambitious or interested views, and sacrificing to their passions. A man, all whose prejudices and feelings, whose desire of popularity and importance, even whose *conscience*, (if that moral judgment can be so called, which takes much counsel from passion, and little from reason) engage him to appear among the champions of a particular cause, may well be forward with his name. The more he is known in the character he takes, the better for his views ; for whether the part he acts be to his shame or honour, he glories in and expects to gain by it. The solicitude to draw his antagonists from concealment, however natural, is not always reasonable, nor even humane. Well known demagogues, who imagine they are writing with "truth their guide, and liberty their object," often conclude their replies to federal writers, especially to such as they find it difficult to answer, with a challenge for their names. "For shame," say they, "to be shooting in the dark, come out of your concealment." The meaning of which is, "make yourselves known, that if we cannot refute *your reasonings*, we may let slip the dogs of war, and tear you to pieces." We indeed think better things of the gentleman in question ; but as the Reviewers in the Anthology would recommend themselves rather by the justness of their remarks, than by the authority of their names, whatever it be ; and as the satisfaction which the publick would receive from the disclosure, might be the very questionable one, of seeing well meaning enthusiasts and conscientious bigots make a merit of hating and disparaging men probably as good if not as wise as themselves, we hope to continue to use the "advantages of concealment" without the imputation of a crime.

The gentleman says, he should not take the trouble of replying, but for the opportunity of producing new facts and arguments. If the Dr. has found out, that he was more in the right than he thought he was when he published his book, he may avail himself and the publick of this discovery ; but his answer to our review in this place should be properly confined to vindicating the sufficiency of the evidence before given, and not be made to serve as an appendix to his first publication. We hope he will duly estimate our good nature, in allowing him to bring forward a reinforcement, when our business is strictly with his original forces alone.

He first complains that the object of his pamphlet is not correctly stated "in his own words." There is no moderate number of words of his own expressing that object. The motives for the publication mentioned in his apology are distinct from the contents or matter of the pamphlet. The matter, or leading positions of the book, is its object. These positions are exactly such as we have stated them, and the design to establish them we denominated not a little *singular*. We cannot help thinking this epithet rightly applied. It is *singular*, that

Mr. H., considering his character and situation, the counsel he took, and the language he used, should have founded his professorship upon such a narrow basis. It is *singular*, that this construction of the articles of his foundation did not occur in the discussions at the time of the last vacancy. It is *singular*, that a body composed as the majority of the corporation and overseers are, should deserve the heavy accusations which this book contains, amounting to a *charge of blind or wilful disregard of the plain meaning of language*. It is *singular*, that scarcely one of her own sons should appear to espouse the duty or interest of our Alma Mater, or the principles of the founders of the university, and that she should be indebted for this tenderness and respect principally to strangers. It is *singular*, that a lover of the college should feel himself compelled to hold her up to general suspicion and dislike, as having unfit instructors and unfaithful guardians.

If the Dr. means that we ought to have taken as the object of the pamphlet his account of his reasons for the publication, here it is.

The following publication, for which some may think an apology necessary, is made with a view to correct certain misrepresentations, which have gone abroad relative to the late election of a Professor of Divinity; to communicate some material information concerning the true design of the pious Mr. Hollis, in establishing this Professorship, which the writer was not permitted to lay before the board of overseers when the abovementioned election was under consideration; and to acquaint the citizens of the commonwealth, who have an interest in this ancient and respectable seat of science, and a claim to its privileges, with the real grounds of the existing controversy.

We might, we conceive, have called this not a little *singular*,...that, because the question of the choice of a professor was not well understood or accurately stated by all who chose to speak or write about it, whilst it was pending, or because the overseers thought proper to determine the intention of the founder by *words* used in the foundation, and not to resort to extracts from his letters to individuals, making no part of their rule of decision,...therefore it is necessary for Dr. M. to become the publick accuser of the electors, and to maintain that a controversy exists, and that we ought to take sides to determine—what? Who is to be professor? No, that is settled; whether he shall accept, or having accepted shall be inducted? No, these are matters of course;—but, whether Dr. Morse had reasons for his opposition, and whether serious people ought not to be offended and alarmed because these reasons did not weigh as much with others as they did with him, or because the college may still be frequented and cared for, and things remain quiet, when he had predicted disturbance.

The gentleman complains of our criticism on his title. We still believe it just, perfectly just. The obvious inference from this title is, that the work contains the grounds of opposition generally, and not merely of the writer. On the face it appears as a book written by Dr. M.; but not confined to stating his motives of action. If he had intended it should be considered as the history and account of his own opposition alone, he would have taken a very different title, the present one appears chosen with a design to be the mouth of a party.

We are arraigned as incorrect and indelicate for judging the motives of voters. Had this champion of his own opinions been accustomed to vindicate the motives of a certain political party, or to treat them as having a conscience ; had he spared any severity of insinuation, not to say of accusation, against the majority of the electors, or imputed their decision to honest but mistaken views, he might with a better grace have schooled us for judging some of his voters ; which after all we have not done. We will not defend the strict propriety of the term *majority* ; but that many of the voters were influenced by political considerations, is a fact which no one doubts but Dr. M. Really he does not mean that we ought to believe, that all his political adversaries sided with him in obedience to conscience !

We abide by the assertion, that Mr. Hollis's letters do not amount to a calvinistick confession of faith, and that most of the same expressions, or equivalent ones, are found in the works of many Arminians.

The Dr. *affirms* not to understand our meaning when we say, p. 154 "It appears indeed with sufficient clearness," &c. The meaning, which we think our language clearly conveys, is this—Mr. Hollis would probably consider his own belief as "*sound or orthodox*," but he could not be so mistaken as to suppose, that his own construction of the words would be adopted by all electors of professor ; or that what he called "*sound or orthodox*" would of course be called so by them, through all successions of time. He could not imagine, that he had secured the Calvinism of his professor by ordaining, that he should be in the opinion of the electors "*sound or orthodox*," knowing, that these are words which, in their reputable sense, every sect appropriates to itself. He meant not to establish a professor of Calvinism, but a professor of theology. Tell us, the Dr. says, "do you mean that the corporation and overseers are to choose by their own religious opinions ?" They are to be governed by their own opinion of the meaning of Mr. H's language ; by what *they* deem orthodox, and not what *he* deemed so ; unless he had told them his sense of the phrases, and made it a part of the rule. We mean therefore that they are to construct the instrument according to their judgment, except where Mr. H. has enjoined his judgment upon them ; and that they are bound to endeavour so to interpret one part, as to agree with other parts, and with the whole of the instrument.

But the greatest difficulty of Dr. M. appears to arise from the want of an examination. We said, the corporation wisely preferred other modes of ascertaining the principles of the candidate. We say this from a belief, that they are more certain and satisfactory than that which he proposes. They are more prudent, just, scriptural, christian, and protestant. Such an examination as that which the gentleman has detailed as taking place with regard to the first professor, may be favourable to the support of a sect, but not of truth. It is that imposing and judging system, which lays a snare for a man's conscience, discourages inquiry and discussion, impedes the progress of truth, which endeavoured to stifle the reformation in its cradle, and which drove our puritan fathers to this country. It is at war with

the three great principles of protestantism—the sufficiency and certainty of the scriptures as a rule of faith ; the right and duty of private judgment in religion ; and liberty of conscience. If therefore the corporation and overseers were not expressly required by the statutes of the founder to resort to this method of obtaining evidence of the principles of the professor, they were wise to decline it. They had this additional justification of the omission, that they left the gentleman taking the office at full liberty to be faithful to the declaration required by Mr. Hollis, in which he engages to explain and open the scriptures according to the light he shall receive.

A volume might be written upon the criminality and mischief of the practice, which the Dr. insists to have been necessary and proper, and in vindication of the course pursued by the corporation and approved by the overseers. But we are told, this cannot be right, because it is *modern*. Be it so. It is not the worse for that, if it be proved right and salutary. Christianity was once modern ; the reformation was once modern ; congregationalism was once modern. If it be modern, it is not, as we observed before, new, or unprecedented ; and we insist, that notwithstanding Dr. Tappan's writings (some of which had a strong tinge of something anticalvinistick) it remained uncertain how far he was *found* in what are called calvinistick doctrines, and that upon the principles now advanced he ought to have been examined. If the electors ought to have been guided by ancient examples, we ask, by which ? By that exhibited in the choice of the * first Dr. Wigglesworth ? or of the second ? or of Dr. Tappan ? If the first, the whole of the practice then adopted is as binding as a part. This would restrict the latitude of choice not a little, for there are few, who call themselves Calvinists, that could subscribe to all contained in the systems and formularies assented to by the first Dr. Wigglesworth. Modern Calvinism is not what it was in Dr. Ames's time. One class have incorporated with it the doctrine of philosophical necessity, and another many of the leading sentiments of the Arminians ; though both are ambitious of being considered as entitled to the *name*. We recommend to the gentleman, who is himself a proof of its justness, the following remark. “ If different religions be professed in the same country, and the minds of men remain unfettered and unawed by intimidations of law, that religion which is founded on reason, will gradually gain over the other to it. I do not mean that men will formally renounce their ancient religion, but that they will adopt into it the more rational doctrines; the improvements and discoveries of the neighbouring sects ; by which means the worse re-

* With respect to Dr. Wigglesworth we have only to repeat our doubts, which are much confirmed by subsequent inquiry. The MS. we referred to, now before us, is bound up with Dr. W's. “ Doctrine of Reprobation briefly considered,” and contains a defence of a passage in that work. It is in the hand writing of Dr. W. jun. and is preceded by a note of his, stating the reasons of its not having been published. We should insert this note, but have not room ; and leave the examination of the essay and defence to those who have a curiosity to look into the subject.

Vol. II. No. 4. Ec

ligion, without the ceremony of a reformation, will insensibly assimilate itself to the better. If Popery, for instance, and Protestantism were permitted to dwell quietly together, Papists might not become Protestants, for the *name* is commonly the last thing that is changed, but they would become more enlightened and reformed; they would by little and little incorporate into their creeds many of the tenets of Protestantism, as well as imbibe a portion of its spirit and moderation." From the account the Dr. gives of the several elections of professor, the gradual relaxation and final surrender of this inquisitorial system, so extolled, is worthy of remark. The first professor is brought to the test with a witness. He was required to take an abundant dose of technical theology. Dr. Ames's Medulla, Westminster Confession, doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and the five points, sharp and unblunted as Perkins's Tractors, were all administered without mercy. The report of the amplitude of his faith was made to the overseers, and entered upon their records with great formality; always ready to rise up in judgment against him, whenever the light which God should give him might lead him astray from these good old paths. But when the second Doctor was introduced, what a falling off from the faith once delivered! No account of the particulars of the inquisition, but only a report to the overseers, that from their examination the corporation were satisfied. Finally, Dr. Tappan chosen without any examination whatever; and now his successor; in consequence of which precedents we shall be liable to professors, who have no qualification for the place but acknowledged talents, piety, and virtue; who give no proof of the soundness of their principles but edifying instructions, a character for probity and sincerity, and an avowal of the scriptures as the rule of their faith and practice.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

For APRIL, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUEDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the present list; but wishing that this article may contain a sort of history of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requesting the aid of authors and publishers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and proposals shall be furnished, free of postage, they shall be gratuitously inserted.

NEW WORKS.

The life of Samuel Johnson, D. D. the first president of King's College, in N. York, containing many interesting anecdotes; a general view of the state of religion and learning in Connecticut, during the former part of the last century, &c. &c. By Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D. D. formerly rector of St.

John's Church, Elizabethtown, New-Jersey. To which is added an appendix containing many original letters never before published from Bishop Berkely, Archbishop Secker, Bishop Lowth, and others, to Dr. Johnson. Newyork, T. & J. Swords, 1805—1 vol. 12mo. pp. 208. 1 dol.

Discourses on Davila—a series of papers, on political history, written in the

year 1790, and then published in the *Gazette of the United States*. By an American citizen. Non ponebat marmores ante salutem. Boston, Ruffel & Cutler, 8vo. pp. 248. 1 dol. in boards.

Arguments natural, moral, and religious, for the immortality of the soul. Boston, Thomas & Andrews.

Democracy unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the garb of patriotism. By Christopher Cautic, L.L. D. &c. &c. Boston, John West, 12mo. 1 dol.

A concise extract from the sea journal of William Moulton, written on board the *Orrico*, in a voyage from New-London in Connecticut, to Staten land, in the south sea, with remarks on the coast of South America, &c. from 1799 to 1804. Utica, N. Y. 75 cents.

NEW EDITIONS.

Sermons, by William Jay, preached to the church and congregation at Argyle chapel, Bath, England. 1 vol. 8vo. on fine wove paper, and a large new type. 2 dols. B. & J. Homans, Boston.

Odes of Anacreon translated by Moore. Longworth, Newyork, 2 small vols. 1 dol. 75 cts.

Knox's hints to publick speakers. B. & J. Homans, Boston.

The history of the late Grand Insurrection; or, struggle for liberty in Ireland. Impartially collected from Stephens, Hay, Jones, and many others of the most celebrated veracity. To which is added, a short account of the insurrection by the celebrated Emmet: with his famous speech made to the court before judgment. Also, an inquiry as to the people's sufferings in that unhappy country. Philadelphia, Warner & Hanna. 1 dol. 25 cts.

IN THE PRESS, BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Plowden's historical review of the state of Ireland, commencing with the invasion of Henry the II. in the year 1172 down to a late period in the present reign. Philadelphia.

The debates and other proceedings of the Virginian convention on the adoption of the federal constitution. Worldly and Dobson, Norfolk.

An historical treatise on the feudal law and constitution and laws of England; with a commentary on Magna

Charta, and illustrations of many of the English statutes. By the late Francis Stoughton Sullivan, LL. D. royal professor of common law in the university of Dublin, to which authorities are added, and a discourse is prefixed concerning the laws and government of England. By Gilbert Stuart, L. L. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 5 dols. Thomas B. Wait & Co. Portland.

Lectures on Theology, by Charles Nibbet, D. D. late president of Dickinson college, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania: to which will be prefixed an account of the life and character of the author; by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller of Newyork. In 6 8vo. vols.

An essay on the life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American army, through the revolutionary war, and first president of the United States of America. By the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Massachusetts, 1 vol. 2 dols. I. Thomas, Worcester.

PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED.

A Sermon delivered at Cambridge on the Annual Fast, 1805, by John Foster, A. M. Text—Make a chain; for the land is full of bloody crimes. Ez. vii. 23. Cambridge, Hilliard.

Two Discourses on Christ's Selfexistence, addressed to the Second Congregational Society in Newburyport, Mar. 3, 1805. By Samuel Spring. Newburyport, E. M. Blunt. 8vo. pp. 59.

An attempt to recommend justice, charity, and unanimity in matters of religion; in a sermon, preached in Newbury, June 10, 1804, and to the first congregational society of Newburyport, March 3, 1805. By John Snelling Popkin, A. M. minister of the first church and congregation of Newbury. Published at the desire of the hearers. Newburyport, published by Angier March, for the subscribers, 1805, pp. 39.

The guilt, folly, and sources of Suicide; two discourses preached in the city of Newyork, by Samuel Miller, D. D. Newyork.

Lexiphanes, a dialogue imitated from Lucien, and suited to the present times; being an attempt to expose the affected style, hard words, and absurd phraseology of many late writers, and particular-

ly of *Lexiphanes the Rambler*. Philadelphia.

Answer to the questions, Why are you a federalist? and why shall you vote for governor Strong? Boston, 1805. pp. 22.

A parody on some of the most strik-

ing passages in a late pamphlet entitled "a letter to a Federalist." By Vernon H. Quincy, Esq. Portsmouth, N. H. printed at the Oracle press, pp. 47—40 cents.

Thomas M. Randolph's letter to his constituents. Richmond, Virginia.

GALVANISM.

MR. Kelch of Konigsburg, has made some remarkable galvanick experiments on the body of a criminal who was beheaded for a capital crime. The pile of which he made use consisted of sixty-two plates of zinc and copper, which was combined with another of fifty-two strata. The head immediately after the execution was placed on a table, and while the spinal marrow, which was cut through at the sixth vertebra colli, was touched with the conductor of the zinc pole, the conductor of the copper pole was applied to the left upper eye-lid, and immediately the eyes which were only half shut, opened themselves, in which state they remained as long as the chin was shut. The eye-lids not only contracted themselves, but shewed a tremulous motion, which ceased immediately after removing the conductors. The contractions were still stronger, on moistening the eye-lids with a solution of sal ammon. No change could be produced either in the iris or in the pupilla. On touching the ala nasi and septum mobile with the copper pole conductor, the ala distended itself and became tremulous, the septum and the point of the nose were drawn downwards. By touching the middle part of the upper lip it approached to the under lip, but not so much as to

shut the half-open mouth. On applying the conductor of the copper pole to the corner of the mouth, the upper lip was contracted, while the under lip remained immovable; the tongue shewed undulating motions when touched with the conductor of the copper pole. Similar contractions followed in the temples and cheeks. On touching the spinal marrow, and any part of the face, the fore part of the neck came into a sudden motion, resembling the act of swallowing, which lasted some time after having removed the conductor. All these experiments were several times repeated, and continued for above half an hour. On the left arm, a place two inches large of the musculus biceps was laid bare, and having touched the spinal marrow with the conductor of the zinc pole, and that place with the copper pole conductor, the muscle was suddenly contracted; the fore arm turned itself, moving at the same time towards the body, and likewise the upper arm made a turning motion, drawing near the body; but as soon as the conductor was removed the arm fell back into its former situation. On bringing the spinal marrow and the scrobiculus cordis within the galvanick chain, the latter part with all the integuments of the belly, began to raise

itself; the thorax contracted forming convexity; the arms became stiff, were raised and moved towards the trunk; the shoulders were lifted; the upper part of the spine was bent, moving somewhat down the table; but when the galvanick chain was opened, all these motions disappeared.— On repeating the experiment, the same motions ensued, except the latter. The muscles of the belly likewise showed contractions. The large and small intestines could by no means be excited to contract, nor yet the stomach, though they had previously been moistened with a solution of sal ammoniac. While the zinc pole remained in combination with the spinal marrow, the conductor of the copper pole was applied to the abdominal surface of the diaphragm, and to the processus ensiformis of the sternum, by which it was considerably contracted, but a motion of the heart could not be perceived. Touching the pericardium produced not any contraction, but on opening it and touching the heart on the anterior part of the right ventricle, some slight motion at the apex-cordes, and where the large blood vessels enter the ventricles, and at the right auricula, could be produced. The heart was taken out of the body, and being laid

on the hand of a gentleman who assisted at the experiments, the zinc conductor was introduced into the right ventricle, while the apex-cordes and the surface of the left ventricle was touched with the copper conductor, by which means considerable contractions, and particularly an alternate contraction and distension of the orifice of the right ventricle, where the arteries enter it, and of its auricle were produced, which even continued for a few minutes after having removed the conductors. The limbs having become cool during the former experiments showed but slight contractions.— On laying bare and galvanising the musculus sartorius, the motions of the thigh were more considerable. A cutaneous branch of the orural nerve, touching with its inner surface the musculus sartorius was prepared and combined with a bare place of the muscle of the other limb; the nerve contracted, while slight motions were at the same time perceived in that muscle; to which the zinc conductor had been applied, and the place of the nerve which had been touched with the conductor, became the next day light brown, and dry, while the remaining part was soft, moist, and of its natural colour.

Necrology ;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED ON PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In this town, April 7, Capt. Benjamin Hammatt, aged 93. This gentleman came from the west of England in the year 1727. For many years sailed from this port, as master of a vessel, and lived to be the oldest man in the town.

He was an active, useful and worthy citizen; correct in his political and re-

ligious opinions. His attendance upon publick worship was so habitual, that during forty years he missed not a day if he were ashore.

He retained his bodily health and mental faculties to the latest period of his life. Was always cheerful; and having seen much of the world, this

compass of information concurring with a temper highly social, he was an entertaining companion to many who sought his company, as well as to his friends and intimates, and the various branches of his family connections. Of nearly 130 descendants there are now living 8 children, 45 grand-children, 44 great-grand-children, and 1 of the fifth generation.

At Dedham, in February last, Miss Mehitable Baker, aged 16, eldest daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Baker.

*"Death's flying sickle cuts the flowers of time,
And virtue's fairest friends in bloom expire."*

At Tisbury, Capt. Eliakim Norton, aged 89. His descendants were 10 children, 52 gr. children, and 81 great gr. children; 97 of whom are still living.

In Needham, Col. Joshua Davis of this town, aged 69; he was a zealous patriot of '76, and an officer of the staff department in the revolutionary war.

At Portsmouth, Hon. John Pickering, Esq. LL. D. aged 68.

Virginia—In Winchester, Col. Richard Kidder Reade, one of the aide-de-camp of Gen. Washington.

South Carolina—A negro, slave to a Mr. Newby, aged 100. In Abbeville, Mrs. Margaret Dickson, aged 104.

Georgia—On Bryan Creek, Mr. Wright, aged 130.

Kentucky—At Grand Ecore, on Red river, of a typhus fever, after 8 days sickness, John Miller, aged 96 years. This man never had a day's sickness in his life, small pox, measles, &c. excepted, until the complaint that carried him off. He was born in Germany, and, in 1757, was a soldier in the French army in Canada. Being out with a small party,

he was taken prisoner by the English, and soon after left the French service, and enlisted in the British army. He was in 1759, taken prisoner and scalped by the Indians, and otherwise so wounded, that he was left for dead. He was in the battle at Abraham's Plains in 1759, and in 1760 was at the siege of Havana, and was one of those who placed and sprung the mines of the Moro castle. In 1763, after the Havana was restored to Spain, he was removed to Pensacola, and was soon discharged, on account of his advanced age, and came from thence to Nachitoches, where he has lived about 40 years. He got his living by day labour, was strong and active, could always perform a good day's work, or walk 30 miles a day. He had had several wives; for one which he complained being a hard bargain, he said he gave a British drummer twelve dollars in the Havana. She came with him to Pensacola, and when he was discharged, he was obliged to sell her for six dollars. He was remarkably strong made, rather short, and full breast; and ten days before his death, appeared as likely to live 20 years as any man in the district.

In Paris, 19th Nov. last, M. Francis Tanois, clerk in the French Treasury, æt. 88. He left behind him no less than ten widows, though he was a bachelor until 1792. In his will he declares that he never intended to marry, had not the National Convention passed the law for easy divorces. He leaves to each of his widows an annuity of 1200 livres (50l.) as he says they were all equally dear to him. None of them is yet 30 years of age.

*Inscription designed for a Tablet in the New Meeting at Birmingham,
(Written by Dr. PARR.)*

THIS TABLET

is consecrated to the memory
of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D.
by his affectionate Congregation
in Testimony

of their Gratitude for his faithful Attention
to their Spiritual Improvement,
and for his peculiar diligence in training up their Youth
to rational Piety and genuine Virtue;
of their Respect for his great and various Talents,
which were uniformly directed to the noblest Purposes;
and of their Veneration

for the pure, benevolent, and holy principles;
 which, through the trying vicissitudes of Life,
 and in the awful hour of Death,
 animated him with the hope of a Blessed Immortality.

His discoveries as a Philosopher
 will never cease to be remembered and admired
 by the ablest improvers of Science.

His firmness as an advocate for Liberty,
 and his sincerity as an expounder of the Scriptures,
 endeared him to many
 of his enlightened and unprejudiced Contemporaries.

His example as a Christian
 will be instructive to the Wise, and interesting to the Good,
 in every Country and in every Age.

He was born at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, March 14, A. D. 1738.

Was chosen Minister of this Chapel, Dec. 31, 1780.

Continued in that office ten years and six months.

Embarked for America, April 7, 1794.

Died at Northumberland Town, in Pennsylvania, February 6, 1804.

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

By some unaccountable negligence the first part of the remainder of *Phil-Lavoi-
 sier's* communication, acknowledged in
 our last and promised in this number, has
 been mislaid. Will the writer be good
 enough to send for his papers, and re-
 write what he shall perceive we have
 lost?

We also find on our files a medical
 communication, which should have been
 long since noticed, and which shall here-
 after appear. In expressing a wish that
 a certain dispute might cease, we had no
 intention of suppressing the nosological
 articles already received.

From our earliest concern with this
 publication it has been our wish to en-
 rich it with documents and facts, such
 as gentlemen of the Faculty are ca-
 pable of furnishing. Through the aid
 of very respectable physicians of the
 metropolis we have already done some-
 thing; but, to our mortification, this
 number of our journal presents no re-
 turns of births, diseases, and deaths. Ei-
 ther physicians do not think with us, or
 they deem our publication an improper
 repository for their purpose. We iterate
 a request of their attention to the subject.
 It is reiterated, in our opinion, by a re-
 gard to the science, the history, and the
 honour of our country.

"Aliquis" is inadmissible. If an au-
 thor thinks himself misrepresented or
 abused by the Boston Reviewers, let him
 tell them so himself.

The Botanist no. 9 was not sent sea-
 sonably for this month.

With pleasure we acknowledge our
 obligations and friendship to the writer
 of the poetry in this and the preceding
 number under the signature of "Z,"
 and are sorry to be unable any longer,
 at least for a time, on account of his ab-
 sence, to administer his elegant satire in
 the Letters to Leinwha. May that
 power, which gives buoyancy to the
 seas, and mildness to Italian climes, send
 health, safety, and science to the youth!

It is now a full year since our labours
 commenced in the Monthly Anthology.
 Of the credit due to our feeble exer-
 tions the publick will judge. If our
 parterre has not "brought forth buds,
 and bloomed blossoms, and yielded al-
 monds," the deficiency has not resulted
 from want of culture. We have sustain-
 ed a constant struggle between zeal for
 literature and dearth of literary patron-
 age, between love of truth and hatred of
 controversy, between a regard to the
 feelings of individuals and our vows to
 the publick, between, in short, a desire
 of pleasing universally and the contin-
 gent yet imperious duties of our con-
 dition. Thus anxiety has attended ev-
 ery step of our progress. But we hope
 the ruthless storm of private opposition,
 and the chilling season of general neglect
 are past. In justice to the community
 we are compelled to say of our work,
 its friends multiply, its obstructions less-
 en, "viresque acquirit eundo."

METEOROLOGY from March 26 to April 26.

Day	Hour	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	
26	8	30.2	43	NNE	Cloudy, A. M.—Some rain, P. M.	10	10.3	14	NW	Clouds and showers.
	10	30.2	43			10	10.3	14	NW	
	12	30.1	38	NE	Cloudy.	12	10.4	15	W	Fair & clear morning.
	14	30.1	38	E		12	10.4	15	W	Rain P. M.
	16	30.1	37	SE		10	10.4	15	NW	Clear evening.
	18	30.1	38	NE	Cloudy.	12	10.4	15	NW	
	20	30.1	40	E		12	10.4	15	NW	
	22	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	Fair. Some clouds.
	24	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	26	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	28	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	30	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	32	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	34	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	36	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	38	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	40	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	42	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	44	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	46	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	48	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	50	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	52	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	54	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	56	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	58	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	60	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	62	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	64	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	66	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	68	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	70	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	72	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	74	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	76	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	78	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	80	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	82	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	84	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	86	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	88	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	90	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	92	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	94	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	96	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	98	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	
	100	30.2	40	SE		12	10.4	15	NW	

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MAY, 1805.

A REVIEW OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1801.

THE present period invites to a retrospection of past time. To mark the revolutions that take place among the nations of the world, and the rotation of the opinions, customs, and manners of men, is pleasant and useful.

The contemplated review will be confined to the following particulars ; the comparative state of the nations of the christian world, at the commencement and at the close of the Eighteenth Century ; the improvements of the above period in sciences and arts ; the state of religion and moral philosophy ; and the important events of our own country. A minute detail will not be attempted. Our observations will be of a general nature. The beginning of the last century was a distinguished era in history. William and Mary were then the sovereigns of England ; Louis the XIV. was king of France ; Charles the XII. king of Sweden ; and Peter the Great Czar of Russia. The civil constitution of England had then recently assumed a new form. The revolution in 1688 freed the nation from the fear of

Vol. II. No. 5. Ff

popery and of despotism. The doctrines of the divine and indefeasible right of the sovereign, and of passive obedience and non-resistance of the subject were exploded ; and the prerogatives of the crown, and the liberties of the people, were permanently settled. The extent of the commerce of England, and the strength of her navy, within this period, exceeded the former experience of nations. Although dismembered of most of her American colonies, she has acquired immense territories in the eastern world. Scotland and Ireland have been more closely united with her ; and the same legislative powers are now exercised over the whole realm. With king William originated the practice of borrowing money upon the credit of the nation. At his death he left a publick debt of fourteen millions sterling, then thought an enormous sum. This has been increased by every subsequent war, and now threatens the nation with serious evils.

The people of France, at the commencement of the last century, were enthusiasts in royalty ; they were ready to sacrifice their prop-

erty and their lives for the honour of their *Grande Monarque*. At its close, they executed their king, discarded their nobility, forswore monarchy, and assumed the language and forms of republicans. At that period they were the bigoted disciples of the Romish church; before the century revolved, they massacred their priests and flung down the altars of their religion. In 1700 Louis XIV. was planning schemes of aggrandizement and universal empire; in 1800 the revolution of France issued in a military despotism, and her fortunate chief marched forward in his conquests with a speed, for which, his ambitious predecessors in power dared not to hope.

Spain had fallen from her greatness, at the above mentioned period; but she had not lost her national energy. She is now sunk in sloth and weakness, and has scarcely any influence upon the important events of Europe.

Holland was then rising in the strength of republican virtue and commercial enterprise; her public virtue now appears to be lost; her strength is certainly palsied.

The Swifs, then a generation of industry, sobriety, and happiness, are now convulsed by party dissension, oppressed by foreign requisitions, and miserable by the devastations of war.

Prussia, under the direction of her politick and martial monarch, grew up to a great and powerful kingdom, and early withdrawing from the war, which now rages with unprecedented destruction in Europe, she has reserved her numbers and resources.

The house of Austria, powerful and ambitious, has seen her rich-

est provinces wrested from her; her resources are exhausted; and she wages unequal war with her too potent neighbour.

At the beginning of the century Poland was sovereign in her government, numerous in population, and influential in her national character. Her name, as a distinct and independent country, is now blotted from the register of nations.

The schemes of the Great Peter of Russia have been in operation for the last hundred years; under two discerning and ambitious female sovereigns improvements of every kind have been made thro' the provinces of this extended empire. Russia is the only continental power, that can now balance the weight of France.

Italy, with a great part of Europe, at the commencement of the century, acknowledged spiritual allegiance to the church of Rome; which impiously assumed the direction of the consciences of men, and pretended by divine authority to regulate the concerns of the human soul with its God; which in the support of spiritual tyranny has exercised oppressions and cruelties, at the review of which reason is abashed, and humanity mourns. At that period, although some parts of Christendom were too much enlightened to submit to her impositions, yet she then retained great influence in all the political transactions of Europe; the sovereign pontiff is now despoiled of civil power, is degraded from his exalted seat, is dependent on the will of an antichristian military despot, and is deprived of the means to do good or evil.

The once commercial and weighty republic of Venice has been bartered to the house of Austria, and most of the Italian states are now affiliated with the Great Nation.

These are the revolutions, which within the Eighteenth Century have changed the face of Europe. As the century began, so it closed with war; a war perhaps more destructive to man, than Christian Europe ever before knew; a war originated by civil dissensions in France, which in atrocity and barbarity were only equalled by the massacres and devastations of the ancestors of Frenchmen upon the Roman empire.

Within the period of our review, improvements in arts and sciences have been great. Sir Isaac Newton was born in the Seventeenth Century, but he published some of his most valuable works in the Eighteenth; and within it his discoveries have been more generally communicated, and the world more generally enlightened by them. The method of investigating truth, previously suggested by lord Bacon, has been universally adopted. Hypotheses in philosophy have been exploded, and those principles alone are now admitted as legitimate, which are the result of fair and repeated experiments. The last century has raised electricity from darkness almost to perfect knowledge; and our own countryman led the way in this improvement. Great discoveries have been made in chemistry and in the properties of air. Men in their enterprize have essayed a new element; they have dared to sail in the ocean of the atmosphere; but this discov-

ery promises little utility; the former are applied to the most important purposes of human life.

In astronomy, Herschel has added a planet to the solar system, and the great improvement in opticks has enabled men of this science to take a more accurate survey of the heavenly bodies.

The healing art has received improvements. The human frame has been more accurately analyzed; the nature and operation of medicine more fully investigated; and in many instances a bolder, and a more successful practice adopted. Inoculation for the small pox was the discovery of the last century; at least the commencement of the practice in the scientific nations of Europe was within this period. By it, one of the most formidable diseases incident to the human constitution is greatly alleviated. Recently experiments of inoculation by the kine pox fairly promise to banish the small pox from human society. Should the attempt prove successful, it will be considered, as one of the greatest discoveries of the world.

The arts, which lessen the labour of man, enlarge the basis of society, and add to our convenience and comfort, have been greatly improved.

Commerce has unfurled her sails in every clime, and has united by her bands the family of man. An interchange now takes place, between the nations of the earth, of the productions of every soil, and of the manufactures of every country. Scientifick research has been blended with commercial enterprize. The Asiatick society, composed of English lite-

rary characters settled in the East Indies, have explored the ancient lore, which lay buried in the Sanscrit language. Their late president, the learned, the pious, the humane Sir William Jones, preeminently distinguished himself in these researches. He brought to light the hidden treasures of past ages, and has thereby strengthened the evidence of the authenticity of the old testament.

An English and a Dutch embassy to the court of China have increased our knowledge of the customs and manners of this ancient and singular people.

Geography, within the last century, has been rendered more perfect. Cook has completed the map of the world; Bruce explored the sources of the Nile. Ledyard, Park, and Brown, have traced the course of the Niger, and laid the interior of Africa before our view.

Within the above period the English language was embellished; and the supposition is by some entertained, that it has passed its point of supreme excellence, and is on the decline. The first fifty years of the last century are selected, by some critics, as the Augustan age of the English language; and they say, that late English writers of celebrity sacrifice perspicuity to sound, and strength of composition to harmony of periods. Whatever may be the decision of cool judgment on this subject, the refined taste must be pleased with the copious, the flowing stream of Robertson, the polished diction of Gibbon, and the chaste, neat style of Blair.

In institutions of humanity the last century abounded. In these,

the English nation was conspicuous. Humane societies and charity schools of various descriptions were multiplied among them; and many measures of a publick nature adopted to remove the sufferings, and alleviate the burthens of man.

The Eighteenth Century was distinguished by numerous defending and the honest mind of ces of christianity, which satisfy the its truth; and for various treatises on moral philosophy, which delineate the obligations of man, through all his relations, and deduce the duties of his character from the nature of his powers, and the condition of his action. It has also been distinguished by a flood of sceptical and profligate publications. Within this period infidelity has assumed a more daring attitude, and uttered her blasphemies in a bolder tone. Deists of the Seventeenth Century very generally acknowledged the moral government of God over the world, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of retribution. But within the Eighteenth a spurious philosophy has arisen, which brutalizes man, degrades him from his rank, makes him the being of the moment, existing without an intelligent cause, or moral end, the sport of accidents, and the everlasting victim of death. The grand apostles of this philosophy arose in France; but the soil of every country is too fertile in its growth; it has spread, endangering the order and security of society, and the peace and happiness of man. Great however is the power of truth, and it will prevail. The natural feelings of the human heart, the uncorrupted dictates of

the human mind, and the whole course of human events, are opposed to the maxims of modern sophists. Revelation is the work of God ; is founded on a rock, and it cannot be shaken. The evidences of the truth of christianity triumph over the most powerful assaults of its enemies ; and each repeated attack gives them renewed force. The revolutions of time add strength to one branch of the evidence of christianity in the fulfilment of its prophecies. Some of the prophecies of the old testament were so evidently accomplished by the events of time, that a pretence was set up that they were written after the events took place, which they predicted. Several learned men have attempted to explain the revelations of St. John by tracing their fulfilment in the events of modern times. Some of them certainly mistook in their application. This Book, except two or three of its first chapters refers perhaps to some future dispensations of God in support of christianity, which cannot be unfolded until events explain them. But there is one branch of ancient prophecy, the accomplishment of which is obvious to every mind, and no one can mistake its application. It was clearly predicted, that the Jews should be dispersed among all nations, and remain in this state until they embrace the christian faith. Another century is passed, and they continue a distinct people, without national existence, dispersed over the face of the earth. Who, but that Omnipotent Being, "who sees the end from the beginning," could fore-

tel the present situation of this remarkable people ?

Within the last century the face of our country has been totally changed. Our population has increased in a degree probably unparalleled in the history of the world. The wilderness has flourished like the rose, and the desert become a fruitful field. Within this period we have obtained a name among the sovereign and independent nations of the earth ; and free and liberal constitutions of civil government have been established through our country. Our literary institutions have been extended ; and we have made honourable improvements in arts and sciences. We can number our proportion of distinguished characters on the roll of fame. As a patriot, a general, and statesman, we reckon Washington, the glory of his age, and the honour of his race. In the science of civil government we have Adams and Hamilton. In astronomy and the higher branches of the mathematics Winthrop and Rittenhouse. In electricity Franklin. In history Ramsay, Belknap, and Minot. In natural history Jefferson and Williams. In divinity Mayhew, Edwards, Lathrop, and Clarke.

In humane institutions we rival the most distinguished nation of the old world. In the system of school education New England probably excels every country on earth. No other country perhaps can be mentioned, in which schools are supported at the publick expense, to which the children of the poor are equally admitted with those of the rich. No country can be found, whose in-

habitants are so universally possessed of the elementary principles of education.

To religious liberty all our institutions are favourable. At the commencement of the last century a man of sceptical opinions was scarcely known in our country. The forms of religion were universally observed. Piety was the characteristic of the age. Complaint is now made of neglect in the religious education of children, of deficiency in religious observances, and of the increase

of infidelity and profligacy. The principles and habits of our ancestors led our country to its present prosperity; if we fall from these, what must be the consequence? But the writer means not to invade the province of the divine.

In the spirit of enterprise through all branches of business; in arts of publick and private munificence; in offices of charity and hospitality; and in the refined enjoyments of social life, it is believed, that no age of our country excelled the present.

DR. PARR'S CHARACTER OF PRIESTLEY.

UPON the theological disputes, in which the Doctor has been engaged, I forbear to give any opinion. Yet, while I disclaim all allusion to local events, I will make you a concession which you have my leave to apply to persons of higher rank as ecclesiasticks, and of greater celebrity as scholars than your town can supply.... I confess with sorrow, that in too many instances, such modes of defence have been used against this formidable Heresiarch, as would hardly be justifiable in the support of revelation itself, against the arrogance of a Bolingbroke, the buffoonry of a Mandeville, and the levity of a Voltaire. But the cause of orthodoxy requires not such aids.... The Church of England approves them not.... The spirit of christianity warrants

them not. Let Dr. Priestley, indeed, be confuted, where he is mistaken. Let him be exposed, where he is superficial. Let him be repressed, where he is dogmatical. Let him be rebuked, where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation, because they present even to common observers, the innocence of a Hermit, and the simplicity of a Patriarch, and because a philosophick eye will at once discover in them, the *deep-fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.*

THE BOTANIST.

No. 9.

BOTANICAL GARDENS.

"I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of ALL kind of fruits. I made me pools of water, to water therewith the trees."—*Solomon.*

WE asserted in a late number,

that the first mention of "a garden for herbs" was in the xxi. chap. of the 1st book of Kings; but prior to this was the garden erected by Solomon, as expressed in our motto.

The island of Crete was the physick garden of Rome. The emperors maintained in that island gardeners and herbarists to provide the physicians of Rome with simples. The establishment of professorships gave rise, in modern times, to botanical gardens, a new species of luxury to the botanist.

The first publick botanical garden was that of Padua.

The utility of these institutions is self-evident. By publick gardens medicinal plants are at the command of the teacher in every lesson; the eye and the mind are perpetually gratified with the succession of curious, scarce, and exotic luxuries; here the botanist can compare the doubtful species, and examine them, through all the stages of growth, with those to which they are allied; and all these advantages are accumulated in a thousand objects at the same time.

The first botanick garden in Switzerland was constructed at Zurich, by *Gesner*, in 1760.

The botanick garden at the University of Oxford was founded in 1632 by *Henry, earl of Danby*; who gave for this purpose five acres of ground, erected green-houses and stoves, endowed handsomely the establishment, and planted in it as supervisor *Robert*, a German, who published in 1648 *Catalogus Plantarum Horti medici Oxoniensis*, &c. which contained, if we read rightly, 1600 species.

The botanical garden at Edinburgh was founded by sir *Andrew Balfour* in 1680, and may be considered as the first introduction of natural history in Scotland. This garden was so successfully

cultivated, that it is said to have contained 3000 species of plants disposed according to *Morison's* method.

Among those publick institutions, which in a singular manner invigorated the spirit of natural history in England, the *Royal Society* claims the most distinguished notice. In its design, as in its progress, it was the fostering parent, and guardian of natural knowledge. Such was the respectability of this society, both as a body and in its individuals, that through its means the whole nation may be said to have amply contributed to its aggrandizement. Under the auspices of this illustrious society the anatomy and philosophy of plants were illustrated by *Grew* and by *Haler*.

We mention, in connexion with the Royal Society, the *Physick Garden at Chelsea*, founded by the company of apothecaries in 1673, but which was not effectually constructed till thirteen years after, so slow and gradual is the progress of such institutions at their commencement.

From the time of *Johnson**, the editor of that celebrated English botanist, *Gerard*, a custom had prevailed among the London apothecaries† to form a society each summer, and make excu-

* *Johnson* received a degree of M. D. at Oxford in 1643; the year following he was killed in a desperate action with the Parliament troops. He was lieutenant-colonel in sir Marmaluk Rawdon's regiment. Botany owes much to this accomplished scholar and soldier.

† In England an apothecary is not as with us a vender of drugs, but a practitioner of physick and surgery; and differs principally from a physician in not having taken a degree in medicine.

sions to investigate plants. The *Itinera*, published by Johnson, may be considered as the fruit of such expeditions in his day. After the foundation of Chelsea garden this laudable practice was fixed to stated periods, and put under regulations, the herborizing being now distinguished into private and general. They first begin on the second Tuesday in April, and are held monthly on the same day till September inclusively, in some of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of London. These are for the benefit of pupils. At the end of the season the premium of *Hudson's Flora Anglica* is presented to the young man, who has been the most successful in discovering and investigating the greatest number of plants. The general herborization is annually in July, when the demonstrator and others of the court of assistance belonging to the company make an excursion to a considerable distance from the city, collect the scarce plants, and dine together near London.

This institution at Chelsea was rendered more stable and received permanency from the liberality of Sir *Hans Sloane*, who in 1721 gave four acres of ground to the company, on condition, that the demonstrator should in the name of the company deliver annually to the Royal Society fifty new plants, till the number should amount to *two thousand*, all specifically different from each other, the list of which was published yearly in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The first was printed in 1722, and the catalogues have been continued till 1773, at which time the number of 2550 was

completed. These specimens are duly preserved in the archives of the society, for the inspection of the curious.

Under excellent superintendants *Chelsea Garden* has flourished, having been excelled perhaps by no publick institution of the kind in Europe for the number of curious exoticks it contains. Of this *Miller's Dictionary* affords sufficient proofs. In justice to the memory of those, who filled the place of lecturers and demonstrators in Chelsea garden, we recite the names of the following gentlemen. They were all practitioners in physick.

Isaac Rand	from 1722 to 1739
Joseph Miller	1740 1746
John Wilmer	1747 1764
William Hudson	1765 1769
Stanesby Alchhorne	1770 1772
William Curtis*	1773 to his death.

Soon after the restoration of Charles II. a growing taste for the cultivation of exoticks sprung up among the great and opulent in England. *Archibald, Duke of Argyle*, was one of the first, who was conspicuous for the introduction of foreign trees and shrubs. *Evelyn*, both by his writings and example, encouraged the same taste; and the royal gardens at Hampton court were made rich in fine plants. *Dr. Compton, Bishop of London*, had a garden richly stored with plants at Fulham; and many private gentlemen vied with each other in these elegant and useful amusements. The grow-

* THE BOTANIST cannot omit here a tribute of respect to his departed friend, *Dr. Curtis*, under whose tuition he herborized in the environs of London two years in succession. His *Flora Londinensis*, replete with learning and taste, is a picture of the man.

ing commerce of the British nation, and the more frequent intercourse with Holland, where immense collections from the Dutch colonies had been made, rendered the gratifications more easily attainable, than before, and from these happy coincidences, science in general reaped great benefit.

We ought not to pass over some eminent British gardeners, who, while others were increasing the catalogue of plants and giving accurate descriptions of exotics, were equally serviceable to real science in the art of culture. *Fairchild*, *Knowlton*, *Gordon*, *Miller*, and *Forsyth*, have distinguished themselves in the useful and healthy* exercise of horticulture. In the xxxii. vol. of Philosophical Transactions there is a paper by Fairchild on the motion of the sap. Knowlton was gardener to the earl of Burlington, and was much noticed by sir Hans Sloane. Several of his communications are to be found in the Philosophical Transactions. He died in 1782 aged ninety. Gordon was eminent for his successful cultivation of exotics. He maintained a correspondence with Linnæus, and has a plant named after him.

The extraordinary merit of *Philip Miller* demands a more particular notice, as he raised himself to an eminence never before equalled by a gardener. He was born in 1691. His father was gardener to the company of apothecaries at Chelsea; and he himself succeeded in that station in 1722. It is not uncommon to give the name of botanist to any

man, that can recite by memory the plants of his garden; but Mr. Miller rose much above this ordinary attainment. He added to the knowledge of the theory and practice of gardening that of the structure and characters of plants, and was early and practically versed in the methods of Ray and Tournefort. To his superiour skill in his art we owe the culture and preservation of a variety of fine plants, which, in less skilful hands, would have failed to adorn the conservatories of the curious.

Mr. Miller maintained an extensive correspondence with persons in distant parts of the globe, from the Cape of Good Hope to Siberia. He was emphatically styled by foreigners *Hortularum Princeps*. His *Gardener's Dictionary* was first published in folio in 1731, and has been translated into various languages; the reception it has every where met with is a sufficient proof of its superiority. Linnæus said of this dictionary, *Non erit Lexicon Hortulanorum, sed Botanicorum*. He was not only a member of the Royal Society, but of its council. This "prince of gardeners" died in 1771 aged eighty years. A plant has been dedicated to his honour.†

We shall close this number with an account of the botanical garden reared by that celebrated physician and naturalist, Dr. *Fothergill*, at the village of Upton, six miles from the royal exchange, London. The walls of this garden enclosed above five acres of land; a piece of water or winding canal forming it into two divisions. A glass door from

* Cadogan says, he never knew a gardener afflicted with gout, unless he was notoriously intemperate.

Vol. II. No. 5. Gg

† The *Milleria* was a new genus discovered at Panama by Houston.

the winter parlour gave entrance to a long range of hot and greenhouse apartments, of nearly two hundred feet extent, containing upwards of 3400 distinct species of exoticks, whose foliage wore a perpetual verdure, and formed a beautiful and striking contrast in the winter to the shrivelled natives in the cold, open air. In the open ground, with the returning spring, about 3000 distinct species of plants and shrubs vied in verdure with the natives of Asia and Africa. It was in this spot, where a perpetual spring was realized, that the elegant proprietor sometimes retired to contemplate the vegetable productions of the four quarters of the globe united within his domain, where the spheres seemed transported, and the arctic circle joined to the equator.*

But let us have recourse to the description of this celebrated garden, as given by the president of the Royal Society, who, besides circumnavigating the globe, was acquainted with most of the botanical gardens of Europe.

"At an expense (says sir Joseph) seldom undertaken by an individual, and with an ardour that was visible in the whole of his conduct, *Dr. Fothergill* procured from all parts of the world a great number of the rarest plants, and protected them in the amplest buildings, *which this or any other country has seen*. He liberally proposed rewards to those, whose circumstances and situations in life gave them opportunities of bringing hither plants, which might be ornamental and probably useful to this country

or her colonies; and liberally paid these rewards to all that served him. If the troubles of war had permitted, we should have had the cortex winteranus, &c. &c. introduced by his means into this country; and also the bread-fruit, mangateen, &c. into the West Indies. For each of these, and many others, he had fixed a proper premium. In conjunction with the *Earl of Tankerville*, *Dr. Pitcairn*, and myself, *Dr. Fothergill* sent over a person to Africa, who is still employed upon the coast of that country, for the purpose of collecting plants.

"Those whose gratitude for restored health prompted them to do what was acceptable to their benefactor, were always informed by him, that presents of rare plants chiefly attracted his attention and would be more acceptable to him, than the most generous fees. How many unhappy men, enervated by the effects of hot climates, where their connexions had placed them, found health on their return, at that cheap purchase!

"What an infinite number of plants he obtained by these means, the large collection of drawings he left behind will amply testify; and that they were equalled by nothing but royal munificence, at this time largely bestowed upon the botanick garden at *Kew*. In my opinion, *no other garden in Europe, royal or of a subject, had near so many scarce and valuable plants*.

"That science might not suffer a loss, when a plant he had cultivated should die, he liberally paid the best artist the country afforded to draw the new ones as they came to perfection; and so numerous were they at last, that he

* See *Lettson's life and writings of Dr. Fothergill*, Vol. 3d.

found it necessary to employ more artists than one, in order to keep pace with their increase. His garden was known all over Europe, and foreigners of all ranks asked, when they came thither, permission to see it; of which Dr. Solander and myself are sufficient witnesses, from the many applications, that have been made through us for that permission." [See Sir Joseph Banks' note to Dr. Thompson's memoirs of Dr. Fothergill.]

An *Hortus Siccus*, or a collection of dried plants*, is often a pleasant auxiliary to the botanist. Sir Hans Sloane's collection of dried plants, now deposited in the British Museum, contains about 8000 species; but Dr. Sherard's is a vast deal larger. Tournefort's collection, in France, contains 4000 species; that of Valiant 12,000; and those of Justieu and Adanson contain each about 10,000 species and varie-

* Linnaeus has described a chest capable of containing 6000 dried plants, in which the divisions or cells correspond to the number of classes in the sexual method, and differ in dimensions according to the greater, or less number of species in each class.

ties. These, says Dr. Milne, are gardens which flourish when vegetation is no more; which please by the surprising variety which they display, and are rendered eminently useful by the facility with which the natural history of countries the most remote from each other is, by such means, acquired.*

* We asserted in our last number, that *Turner's Herbal* was the first botanical work printed in the English language. It was the first original work; but in 1516 Peter Treveris printed the first English book on botany, bearing this title—"The GRETE HERBAL which geveyth parfyte knowledge and understanding of all manner of Herbes & there gracyous vertues which God hath ordeyned for our prosperous welfare and helth, for they hele & cure all manner of dyseases & sicknesses that fall or misfortune to all manner of creatoures of God created, practysed by many expert & wyse masters, as Avicenna &c. &c. prented by me Peter Traveris 1516," &c. &c. This book was evidently fabricated from a German work, entitled *The Book of Nature*, the first book ever printed on natural history, viz. between 1475 and 1478; and from the *Hortus Sanitatis*, printed at Paris in 1499.

We have compiled this number chiefly from Dr. Pulteney's *Biographical Sketches*, and the works mentioned in a note to our last.

ON POPE.

*Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque si quis scribat
Sermoni propria, putet hunc esse poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque
Magna sonaturum, deo naminis hujus bonorem.*

HORACE.

WARTON in an essay on the genius and writings of Pope has diligently investigated the literary character of that poet. This work in 2 vols. 8vo. deserves the careful perusal of every scholar, not only as its chief design is to establish the rank of Pope among

the English bards, but as it contains a variety of curious literary matter on other authors of that and foreign nations. His notices are always pleasant, and his remarks are sometimes learned. The style is easy and flowing, yet careless of compression, seldom

exact, and never exuberant. As a piece of criticism, this treatise is not equal to the dissertations of Johnson; for where is the character in modern literature to be compared with this hero in critical perspicacity, dignity of sentiment, and depth of important investigation? But Warton's work is favourably mentioned by the great biographer of the English poets; and the author of the Pursuits of literature, though justly incensed against Warton's edition of Pope, acknowledges that the essay on his genius and writings is entertaining and instructive.

After a detailed investigation of the compositions of Pope, this critick assigns him a station after Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, and just above Dryden. His settlement of place is however attended with so much hesitation, as to leave the reader in doubt of Warton's real opinion. He seems to have been afraid to aver what he thought. He had no fixed principles on the subject. Association with Johnson had not given him firmness, and from Warburton he never acquired steady pertinacity. It is certainly known, that he entertained a poor opinion of Pope; for when he published his first volume in 1756 the nation thought that their favourite poet had been unjustly attacked; and they never agreed to the critical sentiments advanced by Warton. He did not publish his second volume till 1782, either from fear of an attack, which, it is said, was intended by Johnson, or because he had not succeeded in persuading the readers of Pope to become converts to his doctrine. In the last volume there is in fact

an apology or explanation of the first; and the literary circles then observed with surprise, what is now considered with indifference, that one critical opinion is insinuated at the beginning, and another declared at the conclusion of the work. If Warton believed in the superiority of Dryden to Pope, he should boldly have proclaimed, and steadily maintained his belief; if he did not, the same course of conduct should have guided him, even though the nation would not adopt a similarity of sentiment.

Whatever the English may think, or Warton may have written, I trust that in this country discerning judges will not easily be induced to renounce the energetic Dryden in favour of the mellifluous Pope. General superiority of versification must be granted to the latter, though this concession will still leave to the former much rough dignity and graceful ease of many unlaboured lines. This advantage will always ensure to Pope the greatest number of readers, for it has an influence which continually attracts; it is a Brazilian chrysolite, which diffuses its mild rays, and effectually solicits the notice of every spectator. As a satyrist Dryden exercises undivided sovereignty over all the poets of the English nation. His *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, his *Medal* and his *Mac Flecknoe*, have not their equals in the language for poignancy, dignity, and strength. To *Mac Flecknoe*, in which poor *Shadwell* was lashed with "a whip of scorpions," Pope was indebted for the plan of his *Dunciad*. In all the satirical pieces,

of Pope, particularly in his finished "Epilogue to the Satires," the curious reader will always remark a peculiar discrimination of character, a nice selection of petty improprieties and daring aberrations from virtue, covered and adorned by a happy manner of versification, which give him a high rank in the unfeeling fraternity, which, from Lucilius to Churchill, has openly exposed and cruelly whipped, even to blood, the general vices and individual follies of our moral constitution. Yet Pope exhibits graceful strength, rather than resistless force; he had all the dexterity, but not the energy of his master; he possessed a magical ability to raise a smile or excite contempt, but he could not drive crime to despair or frown vice into darkness; the satire of Pope was sometimes like the foil of Hamlet, it might hit, but not wound; whilst Dryden's was the unbated rapier of Laertes, whomever it touched, it envenomed, and the potent poison spread through the courses of life. Pope was a skilful wrestler, who by oily flexibility of limb could wind his adversary to the ground, but never could crush him, like Dryden, by iron force and veteran hardihood of muscle.

Original genius is seldom discoverable in the compositions of Pope. His page is irradiated by little of that mysterious light, which is generated by this unknown power. Taste, judgment, and sense, predominate in his works; but in vain do we seek for the creative energies of invention, the sublime soarings of thought, and the audacious strug-

gles of imagination, bursting from the confinement of reason. In the translation of Homer, there is splendour of verse; in his satires, acuteness of remark; in the art of criticism, ingenuity and knowledge; in the Rape of the Lock, playfulness and delicacy of fancy; in the Windsor Forest, beauty of just description; and in the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, a dignity of diction, a selection of images, and a gloominess of thought, which render it one of the most attractive, and therefore most dangerously licentious poems in the circle of literature.

From the manner in which Dr. Johnson closes the life of Pope, it is reasonably believed, that there had been a serious doubt, whether the latter was a poet. Johnson, indeed, in his usual and admirable tone of decision, scoffs at the doubt and pronounces in the affirmative. But if I reverence Johnson, I love truth more. *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* If the word "poet" be taken in its usually accepted sense, the English critick, Warburton, Warton, and Wakefield, after great diligence of examination and extensive aggregation of commentary, assisted by taste and guided by judgment, have decided the question; and it may be now a source of surprise, that it should ever have been agitated. But if to the ordinary qualities of a poet it be essential that genius should be added, such as Longinus felt, but could not define; if this power be the essence of poetry, without which it cannot exist, as caloric is the substratum of animal life, on which its nature depends; a short examination may

show, that Pope's writings are not impressed with this character ; and therefore he must lose part of the renown, which he has too long enjoyed, and the blaze of glory, which encircles his name, will be diminished in extent and effulgence.

I need not refer to the Greek original of "poet" to prove that it signifies a maker ; not merely a constructor of verses, but an inventor ; and thus Dryden says, "if a poet is not a maker, he has little right to the title." He must be endowed with a power of creation ; and though he may arrange his words in symphony and his syllables in cadence, yet if they are not alive with imagination, there is no more real poetry in them, than there was musick in Memnon's statue, when the morning rays of the god of fire started not their mystick potency. Genius is derived primarily from another Greek word, which signifies to generate, to beget, to cause to be ; and it is itself that inventive ability, that creative power, which is the establishing criterion of poetry. The Greeks and Romans believed, that it must be natural ; that it could not be acquired ; that it in fact was, or at least possessed as evidence of its existence a divine spirit, a kind of fury, a madness, and enthusiasm. Tully in his work "*de divinatione*" says, *magnum poetam quam sine furore esse posse, negat Democritus* ; and again, in his elegant oration pro Archia, *Valet natura ipsa poeta et mentis viribus excitatur, et quasi quodam spiritu afflatur* ; and because true poets were gifted by the gods with this seal and passion, they were de-

nominated "holy" by Ennius, as we learn from the same oration, *sanctos poetas suo jure appellat Ennius, quod quasi deorum aliquo dono et munere commendati nobis esse videantur*. The same leading opinions are found in Virgil and Horace. Plato often asserts a super human spirituality of poets. The section of Longinus on the sources of the sublime enforces the doctrine with vigour, and the concluding sentence is composed in the enthusiasm, which he so often applauds.

It appears then from etymology and from the determinations of great authorities, that in the country of Æschylus and Pindar, of Lucretius and Lucan, a poet, to be great, must be endowed with a creative power, must be animated by a holy inspiration, and roused to "words that burn, by thoughts that breathe." Genius rejoices in nothing vulgar or common. It is exercised about novelty and invention. It is ever attended by a bold and ardent imagination. It delights to discover new properties in mind and to form new arrangements in matter. The intellectual world is a complete slave to its dominion. It exults in creating unknown characters, situations, and beings, with new modes of thinking and of acting. It looks through the universe at a single glance ; it subjects to the eye of the poet the globe, the suns, and systems of creation, among which he may rove and revel, where fancy may play as in an infinite garden, amidst inexhaustible successions and continual combinations of images. Its nature is so mysterious and its powers so ex-

extraordinary, that he, whom it animates, seems to have a portion of divinity,

*Ignem est ollis vigor et celestis origo
Seminibus*——

The Father of the universe seldom dispenses it in full measure to the children of men ; and the records of literature from among the millions of mankind, who have existed during the revolutions of six thousand years can furnish but few, who have been inspired with the true genius of poetry and have breathed forth to the world the strange inward workings of this mysterious endowment ; but the hallowed few poetry acknowledges as her lawful sons ; they are crowned for the unceasing admiration of all ages, and immortality rejoices to blazon the names of Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Milton.

If Pope be considered as possessing original genius, the evidence of his creative energy is to be found in "the Rape of the Lock." His advocates point out this from among his numerous works, as demonstrating the greatest powers of imagination. No one can deny the singular beauties of description and the gloomy scenes of cloistered love exhibited in the epistle of Eloisa, and I should be sorry not to feel the tenderness of the "Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady." Yet neither on these, nor on any other of his poems does the candid defender of Pope lay the solid foundation of his claim to originality, but rests it on the machinery and modes of acting, displayed in the Rape of the Lock. As to the machinery Johnson

acknowledges that it is not Pope's invention, and Warton shews that he found it in the *Compte de Gabalis*. Indeed the same aerial beings, with different names and characters, may be observed in Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Night Dream* ; they existed traditionally in the days of Spenser, and are mentioned in various poets of that age, now not generally known. A little race of similar beings, who sleep on the air-spider's web and travel on moon-beams, is still said to exist among them by the inhabitants of a certain English county, remote from the capital, the name of which I do not recollect ; and there is little doubt, that a curious inquirer by the aid of poetical archæology might trace the history of these diminutive intelligences back to the age of chivalry ; and, together with the dragons, enchanters, and griffins of Ariosto and king Arthur, their numerous and perplexed migrations might be tracked through Europe, and part of Africa and of Asia, till the travelling searcher arrives in Persia, where the Fairies, under the eastern name of *Peris*, *Parfis*, or *Peries*, have long had their aerial courts and gambolled in invisible diversions. The machinery of the Rape of the Lock is not therefore of Pope's invention. He found the beings already existing, and only gave them new occupations in a humorous scene of domestick life. Before they lurked in flowers or roved in the woods, but now Pope has introduced them into the parlour and assigned them the care of the toilet or card table. This discovers ingenuity. Their names,

their duties, their conduct, and sentiments, are testimonies of delicate thought and mature judgment. He has thus, on a trivial incident, with appropriate materials made a most agreeable mock epick. Throughout the whole poem fine taste, pleasant satire, and nice humour predominate. It is therefore one of the most exquisite little productions in the English language, and certainly equals and perhaps surpasses the celebrated *Lutrin* of Boileau, notwithstanding the criticism of La Harpe to the contrary. Yet after admiring its excellence, it seems to me the effort of taste and delicacy, and not of strong, operative imagination. It appears an easy task for a mind, like Pope's, to write a composition of this nature after the materials were prepared. He commanded the whole stock of English words; his judgment was able to combine them in harmonious diction, and his taste was eminent in embellishing the effect of his judgment. The machinery was ready and the incidents were known. His playful mood delicately suggested, that the facts should be superintended by fairies, with new names and new modes of operation. From this short analysis it seems to me, that the peculiar and acknowledged faculties of Pope's mind under such circumstances might easily have produced such a performance without the intervention of original genius. In the whole work a creator and true inventor are not discovered; there is little of real generative power, and

nothing of poetick enthusiasm. The appellations of the Sylphs and Gnomes were new and appropriate, but the making of simple names is the work of ordinary minds; the conduct of the beings is new, but was fancied without much difficulty, and performed without much labour.

Such are the reasons for a belief, that Pope was not endowed with great natural genius. I know not that they are good or satisfactory, but they are impartially written, as they were impartially acquired after considerable reflection. I know not that the publick will care for them, for I know not that the publick will read. But if any arguments are to convince us, that for the Rape of the Lock, as a whole, however remarkable for taste, humour, and diction, Pope is to be considered as having a mind, fertile of invention and bursting with greatness of thought, the same process of ratiocination must decide, that Homer would have been honoured with the same titles, if he had shewn no other evidence of superiority, than making his divinities superintend the operations of war; and similar reasons must immortalize the cold and creeping enthusiasm of Darwin, who, in verse of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," has caused the gnomes and sylphs of Rosicrucian mystery to guide the tender loves of the plants and direct the course and influence of the principles and elements of nature.

QUINTILIAN.

SILVA.

No. 2.

*Illic purpureis tessis rosarius
Omnis fragrat humus, calthaque pinguis
Et molles violas et tenues crocos
Fundit fonticulis uda fugacibus.*—PRUDENTIUS.

J. CÆSAR.

THE life of Julius Cæsar, as detailed by Suetonius and Plutarch, is full of incident and fraught with useful instruction. Cæsar's ruling passion was the love of military glory. He passed forty years of his life, without omitting any opportunity of furnishing new aliment to this internal fire which consumed him.... His soul, entirely absorbed by ambition, was susceptible of no strong impressions, which did not cherish and promote this passion for empire. He cultivated letters, but he did not love them with enthusiasm, because he had not time to become the first orator of Rome. He debauched half of the Roman women, but his heart had no share in the ardent fever of his senses; even in the arms of Cleopatra he thought altogether of Pompey; and this extraordinary man, who would have disdained dividing with any one the empire of the world, would have blushed to have been for a moment the slave of a woman.

It has been said of Cæsar, that he was born a warrior, as Shakespeare and Milton were born poets. This I do not believe to be correct. Cæsar was born with those universal talents, which qualified him to attain those objects which most flattered the predominant passion, whatever that passion might be. His object was sovereign power, and this he had sufficient versatility of talent always to have attained, had he been born

in any country, at any period. He was a warrior in Rome, because at that time military achievements were almost the only sure means of enabling him to dive into the hearts of the people.... Had nature given him birth in Sybaris, he would have aspired only to have become the most voluptuous of men.... Had he, in the day of William Penn, been born in Pennsylvania, he would have been the most pacifick of Quakers.

CICERO.

M. Arnaux, Doctor of the Sorbonne and one of the most celebrated writers of the Port Royal, was once asked, what books he would recommend to study in order to acquire a good style. He replied, read Cicero. Ah but, replied the inquirer, I wish to write well in French. In that case, answered the Doctor, read Cicero.

There is much reason and good sense in this reply of the Abbe. A scholar, who wishes to possess a correct classical style, must make himself master of certain general principles, which he can learn perhaps better from the ancients, than the moderns; and of all the writings of antiquity Cicero's are those, in which he will find the best application of these principles. No man has ever united, in a more eminent degree than the Roman orator, good sense and brilliancy of thought, simplicity and elegance. How dull and uninteresting are many of the let-

ters of Pliny, compared with those of the friend of Atticus ! yet Pliny wrote his letters for the world. You can scarcely read a sentence, without observing the convulsions and agonies of his mind to produce thought, and to express himself with elegance and ease. Cicero thought only of his friends ; his letters were written from the occasion, without any idea of publication, and yet possess more elegance and ease than Pliny's. It is recorded of M. Sacy, who translated with no small degree of reputation Pliny's letters into French, that he died with regret for having chosen to translate the letters of Pliny rather than those of Cicero.— Let us then study the works of Cicero, and, with Quintilian, judge of our progress in improvement in the art of writing, by the degree of pleasure we receive from reading his productions.

— We are indebted to the oppression of the Roman republic by Cæsar for Cicero's philosophical works. When he saw, after the battle at Pharsalia, that the authority of the senate was annihilated ; when he saw, as he himself writes to Sulpicius, *Urbem sine legibus sine judiciis, sine jure, sine fide, relictam direptione et incendiis* ; persuaded that he could no longer usefully employ his talents, either at the bar or in the administration of public affairs, he knew no way so effectual of doing good, as by instructing the minds and reforming the morals of the youth. He retired to his house in the country, and there wrote his Tusculan disputations...his offices...his treatises concerning the nature of the gods...divination...

laws...the ends of good and evil... which shew the wonderful extent of his understanding, and the fecundity of his genius.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE readers of Shakespeare do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increase in proportion as they study them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which, like the glorious orb of day, illumined the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakespeare needed not the spectacle of books to read nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a passion nor an emotion, honourable or base...there is not a wish nor a sigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, most correctly delineated and most clearly displayed, not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings...not only in their simple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his investigations on man, in his relation with society, is so clear and so evident, that it would "glimmer through a blind man's eyes"....They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumstances, and embodied by fact and experience.

TASTE.

GOOD taste is that holy fire of Vesta, of which the writings of antiquity are the principal depositaries. It is from this source alone we must seek for that inspiration, which will enable us to furnish

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

SYDNEY'S POET.

SIR Philip Sidney was an accomplished English gentleman, who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth. He wrote a celebrated romance called *Arcadia*, from which we extract the following delightful praise, designed for the ideal character of the poet. "He doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay he doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with

doubtfulness....but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well enchanting skill of musick: and with a tale, (forsooth) he cometh to you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

EQUALITY.

THE simple word *equality* has performed wondrous miracles....It has always been a most powerful engine to promote revolutions, because it is a mighty lever, which applies itself most immediately to self-love, and self-love of all the passions of the heart is that which is most easily and most powerfully excited.

TO MEDICUS.

Sir—HAVING passed through a fair examination of your arguments in favour of this novel theory, I leave the world to decide whether it possess most of ingenuity, or of truth. If in future you discover any facts, which can bear a comparison with those in support of the prevailing system, I shall relinquish the latter, and willingly aid you in supporting your new doctrine.

Your practical remarks require some attention; for, in my opinion, they lead to dangerous errors in the treatment of the apparently dead. Instead of the common practice of inflating the lungs, you would have us pour cold water upon the chest. Cold water, or, what is more consistent with your evaporative ideas, cold spirit, is sometimes useful in slight cases of asphyxia; but this and other meth-

ods have failed where inflation of the lungs has succeeded. Your favourite plan of whipping, irritating the nose, &c. is another departure from the doctrine of the powerful effects of evaporation; this plan is applicable only to that stage of resuscitation, where the vital actions have already commenced. Can any one believe, that whipping, and irritating the nose are probable means of restoring animal action, where the vital and sentient principles are so perfectly dormant as to admit of the body being pricked or even cut in pieces without producing pain, as is often true in asphyxia? Your author differs with you on this subject, for he says, "Perhaps one reason of our infrequent success in resuscitation may be, the application of the exciting powers before mobility was restor-

ed, whereby the parts receive an injury which the feeble commencement of vital action is unable to remedy." The cruelty of whipping *after* sensibility has returned, when friction would be more efficacious, it is to be hoped will be a sufficient dissuasive from this unfeeling practice.

You recommend these methods, "rather than force air, where no cavity is formed, and where none can be formed till the intercostals are made to contract." If it be true that there is no such cavity, your caution against forcing air into it, is unnecessary; and yet you ask whether "every physician now a days ought not to be ashamed of this practice;" that is, *blowing air into a place where there is no cavity!*

The subsequent assertions are equally ludicrous. "But, sir, you are mistaken in the fact; you cannot inflate the lungs of an infant, who never respired, unless you put a canula under the epiglottis. There is no cavity there." How does it appear that the gentlemen Reviewers, or the object of your attack, did not "put a canula under the epiglottis" when they inflated the lungs? I see nothing to the contrary in their work. But if they had said this was not necessary, still your assertion is unjustifiable. Such an arrogant contradiction might have been thought the result of the confidence of age, were it not marked by the inexperience and impetuosity of a tyro.

Air, sir, is blown with great ease from the lungs of a man into those of an infant. One who has only a smattering of anatomy knows the relative situation of the œsophagus and the larynx. By

one hand he presses the latter back upon the former, to interrupt the passage to the stomach; by the other he closes the nose and contracts the mouth around his tube, if he uses one;* a strong expiration will then force air behind the epiglottis, through the larynx and trachæa to the lungs; the crying of the child will often announce the success of the operation. If it does not so immediately, pressure on the thorax forces the air out; the inflation is repeated; and thus, by this artificial respiration, the child has been revived, even at the end of half an hour's efforts. These, Medicus, are stubborn facts.

What you mean by saying, there is no cavity under the epiglottis, or in the trachæa, or in the lungs, it is difficult to conceive. If you intend to say, that there is no vacuum there, you may say the same thing of the lungs of any healthy adult; if you mean, that the sides or parietes of the larynx or trachæa are coherent, every anatomical book will convince you that you are in the wrong. It seems most probable, that you intended to convey an idea, that the epiglottis must be shut down; for afterwards you talk of "lifting up the epiglottis." This is paralleled only by your opinion, that the diaphragm does not act as a muscle: for every one knows, that the *epiglottis is always "lifted up,"* except when shut by the action of swallowing, or by spasm. When it is considered, that this groundless notion is made the basis of a publick and absolute contradiction of a respec-

* A quill barrel answers very well, when a curved canula is not at hand.

table production, one knows not which most to admire, the ignorance or presumption of this writer. "We lament for the scientific reputation of our country that such expressions should be put forth."

The passages may be and often are obstructed by mucus and other fluids. In this case a forcible introduction of air is doubly important for the removal of these impediments to respiration; for this would never be effected by pouring cold water on the chest, by whipping, or by irritating the nose. If, *for want of skill in the operator*, any air should pass into the stomach and intestines, it is easily expelled by gentle pressure on the abdomen. You afterwards admit that, "when the stomach and bowels are blown up, if you lift up the epiglottis, a little air may enter the trachæa, or if you blow hard enough into the lungs; but not before." Here, Medicus, you forget what you have just told us, that there is no cavity formed, and none can be formed, *until the intercostals are made to contract*. As this has not yet been done, you make air to pass where there is no cavity. One now sees the benefit of your previous caution against forcing air, where there is no cavity formed.

You conclude your critique with a declamatory appeal to the professors of our institutions, &c. "to decide, whether air, which has been respired, if it could enter the lungs of an infant who never respired, would not as certainly extinguish life, as it does flame."

Air, once respired, will not extinguish animal life. A part only of its oxygenous portion is consum-

ed in a single respiration; this oxygenous portion must be farther reduced, before the respired air would be destructive to life, although it is deteriorated by passing through the lungs. Hence, no doubt, the Reviewers have given an opinion, that "atmospherick air is certainly preferable, when it can conveniently be thrown in."*

Mr. John Bell says, we use much less than a fifth part of the air taken in at the trachæa, and seventeen out of twenty-seven parts of the oxygen gas.

Dr. Goodwin put twelve cubick inches of atmospherick air into a glass receiver, inverted in water; he then passed a measure of it into the endiometer, and it occupied 100 parts; an equal measure of nitrous gas was added, on which the volume of 200 parts was reduced to 144. He then respired the whole volume in the usual time, and trying equal quantities of it in the endiometer the 200 parts were diminished to 158. After a 2d inspiration to . 163

3d 167

4th 170

5th 171

Professor Davy is considered a more accurate experimenter, than either of the above authors. A late writer, speaking of his experiments to ascertain the diminution of air once respired, in-

* This may be true; but the fact is, that atmospherick air cannot "be conveniently thrown in." Common bellows (the only apparatus at hand) require three resolute persons to use them, and are after all very clumsy. The machine, invented by *Dr. Goodwin*, is by *Mr. Kite* said to retain so much impure air, that "the breath of a healthy man is to be preferred."

forms us, that he is acquainted with no others on this subject upon the accuracy of which he can depend. Mr. Davy found on repeated trials, that the diminution of air, once passed through the lungs, was only from $\frac{1}{75}$ to $\frac{1}{100}$; by numerous inspirations of the same air he diminished it to $\frac{1}{18}$. "The former experiments alone indicate the effects of natural respiration." The carbonic acid and azotic gases, contained in the air of a single inspiration, are not in sufficient proportion to produce bad effects; for they have both been breathed in more considerable quantities, without inconvenience, when mixed with atmospherick air. It therefore appears, that air, expired from the lungs of an adult into those of an infant, still retains a sufficient proportion of oxygen to support a number of respirations.

John Hunter asserts, that *the heart's motion must depend in the first instance on the PRESENCE of air, but not on its change of the blood.*

As this is a matter susceptible of the 'evidence of facts and of experience,' let us put it to the severest examination. Consult *Hales*, and you will find an experiment on this subject, as decisive as a mathematical demonstration. *Hales* fixed to each end of a bladder a tube, properly adapted for inflation by the mouth, with a valve opening inward at one end, and fixed for the trachea of a dog at the other. This being secured, the bladder was filled with 162 cubick inches of air from the human lungs, and the dog suffered to breathe it. In one or two minutes, respiration became laborious; he then pressed the blad-

der with considerable force, and alternated this action with the expiration of the animal. The dog was kept alive in this way for an hour†, new air from the human lungs being every five minutes blown into the bladder. Whenever the pulse became languid, it was invigorated and accelerated by compressing the bladder, always in proportion to the force with which he did it; and *that* at the end of five minutes, when the air had become most vitiated.

Does this satisfy you, or will you continue to appeal to professors of institutions? If you do so, I shall give you the answer of two of them, perhaps as well known as any. *Cullen*, speaking on this subject, quotes *Monro* thus:—"My learned and ingenious colleague, Dr. *Monro*, who has made some experiments for ascertaining the best manner of inflating the lungs of drowned persons, thinks the warm air from the lungs of a living person will be most conveniently employed at first."

Yet, says *Medicus*, "ought not every physician, now a days, to be ashamed of this practice?"—No shame can attach to the godlike act of saving life. *Medicus* may be assured, that by making the experiment of inflating the lungs, if he be a man of extensive practice, he may often enjoy the pleasure of giving to the arms of an enraptured parent a child, which would otherwise have been consigned to the grave.

PHILO-LAVOISIER.

† *Hales* states, that the dog might have been kept alive longer, but the experiment was discontinued and the animal left to perish.

ON JUNIUS.

HUGH BOYD.

THE life of this gentleman, of which in pursuing our plan we have drawn an outline, is presumed to contain much evidence to support the idea of his having been the author of the letters of Junius. His great abilities, which his admirers so highly extol, but which his opponents have dared to doubt, is a presumption which it is necessary to make *strong*, before confirmatory arguments on the question in controversy will be allowed. Whether Mr. Boyd was peculiarly eminent in this particular, we shall not at present inquire, but, waving the consideration, shall attend to the particular testimony which has been produced in his behalf.

The study of law, which he prosecuted for three years, was preparatory to his eager collection of all ministerial transactions just before Junius appeared, and rendered him lawyer enough to compose the celebrated letter to lord Mansfield. If, besides this, it be admitted as truth, what Mr. Campbell affirms as such, that immediately previous to the publication of that letter he was continually occupied by the perusal of law-books, and in writing with his usual secrecy; the argument is much enforced.

The next fact adduced is the resemblance of the style of Junius, said to be observable in that of Mr. Boyd; a resemblance so great, that the author of either must be supposed to have been the author of both. Numerous examples are produced corroborative of this idea; out of which we have selected the following.

*From the Whig.**Junius.*

When it is truly said, that the king can do no wrong, the office is intended *wrong*, is admitted and not the person without reluctance; and this true construction is the miserable, good-natured perfect praise of prince from the folly our admirable conduct and treachery of his situation. The king's servants, and the pride of England can do no *wrong*, for it is not man from the vices the office of the king to do any thing. The cautious wisdom of not whether your our policy will not permit the king to act.

The doctrine inculcated by our laws, that the king can do no *wrong*, is admitted and not the person without reluctance. We separate the construction is the miserable, good-natured perfect praise of prince from the folly our admirable conduct and treachery of his situation. The king's servants, and the pride of England can do no *wrong*, for it is not man from the vices the office of the king to do any thing. Were it not for this distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve to be lamented.

The affinity between the styles of Hugh Boyd and Junius being considered undeniable, the advocates for the former have thought it incumbent on them to prove, that this affinity was not the result of a servile and studied imitation, but of that habit of thought and expression, to which the minds of original geniuses are naturally bent. The argument is this. That Junius had not an original style, but formed it from works antecedently produced. Two of which are cited. The first, entitled "Killing no murder," was written by Col. Titus whilst closely confined by Cromwell in the tower, and is a remonstrance to the people of England, against their supineness in submitting to the usurpation of the protector. This performance, bold, classical, and energetick, would have done honour to any period of English literature; and is sufficiently in the tone of Junius, to allow the presumption of his having modelled his language after this origi-

inal. Lord Bolingbroke's political letters is the other work, from which it is supposed that Junius borrowed the manner and the spirit. But the dedication of Lord Oxford, so often quoted, bears greater likeness of the features of Junius, than perhaps any subsequent performance.

The reason assigned, which Mr. Boyd had for *concealing* his name, is, that he was involved in the greatest embarrassments, and expected his friends, who had hitherto encouraged him, would have withdrawn their patronage, and have become his inveterate foes, had his secret been divulged. Besides, that extraordinary disposition of mind so eminent in Junius, which would allow him to listen to the asperities of the envious, the encomiums of the sensible, or the sarcasms of the critical with equal indifference, is confessed by all who knew him to have been a characteristic of Mr. Boyd. With this temper, and having declared, *he was the sole depository of his own secret and it should perish with him*, it cannot reasonably be expected that any situation into which he might have been unexpectedly thrown, or any "casual concurrence of calamitous circumstances" could have wrung that truth from his lips.

His correspondence with the Daily Advertiser, carried on with the most unaccountable secrecy, beginning and ending as is asserted by Mr. L. D. Campbell, precisely with Junius, is considered an important fact in this question. The proof of it, is the avowal of Mrs. Boyd; a lady, it is said, of perfect impartiality, and whose reverence for truth alone has influenced her in thus exalt-

ing the reputation of her husband.

This lady also testifies to another fact, "that in looking over the letters of Junius she was much struck with finding an anecdote related in one of the notes relative to Lord Truham, and *one of her guardians*, which she had in confidence communicated to Mr. Boyd, and which she knew had been very studiously kept secret by the parties concerned." Mrs. Boyd however, considered as the undoubted intimate among them, was not debarred from the knowledge of this infamous transaction; and after hearing it, told it to her husband. Hence it is concluded, this anecdote, added to the last letter of Junius to the Duke of Grafton, must have been written by Mr. Boyd.

It has always been the prevalent idea, that the unrelenting hostility to the Duke of Grafton, arose in Junius from personal pique; but it is accounted for in Mr. Boyd from this motive. An intimacy subsisted between him and the family of the Macleanes, and as he was naturally of an ardent disposition he always took a warm interest in their affairs. "Mr. L. Maclean having been dismissed by the Duke from the office of under secretary of state, he painted him in his resentment in the blackest colours." From this, and the conviction that his administration was infamous, is inferred Mr. Boyd's violent opposition.

The evidence thus produced in favour of the gentleman, whose name heads the present paper, is in general all that is important. We shall take leave, in our next number, of Mr. Boyd, by our own observations on his merits. A.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

The reader scarcely need be informed, that the following is by the witty author of Masfingal. It was written while Trumbull resided as a Bachelor at Yale College, on the marriage of one of the Tutors to a lady of great fortune. It came into our hands from a source, which leaves no doubt of its authenticity; and though we have ventured to omit a few lines, which were rather too frolicsome for the gravity of the Anthology, we have lost little of the humour of the piece. We should be exceedingly obliged to those, who knew Trumbull in his better days, if they would furnish us with other of his unpublished pieces, many of which we imagine are known to his early contemporaries.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

YE nine great daughters of Jupiter,
Born of one mother at a litter,
Virgins, who ne'er submit to wifedom,
But sing and fiddle all your lifetime,
In verse and rhyme great wholesale
dealers,

Of which we bards are but retailers,
Assist. But chiefly thou, my Muse,
Who never didst thine aid refuse,
Whether I sung in high bombastick,
Or sunk to simple Hudibrastick,
Or in dire dumps proclaim'd my moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and hills to
groan,

Or chang'd the style to love and deeree,
Till even Echo blush'd to hear ye,
These mournful themes no longer usurp,
But tune to sweeter sounds thy
jewsharp.

Now from his hammock in the skies
Phœbus jump'd up, and rubb'd his eyes,
Vol. II. No. 5. Ii

Clapp'd on his daylight round his ears,
Saddl'd his horse, and fix'd his spurs.
Night turn'd her backside; so in turn he
Mounted, and set forth on his journey.
Our wedding folks were yet a-bed,
Nor dream'd what's doing overhead.

At leisure now for epifodes,
We'll introduce our set of gods.
Sing then, my Muse, in lofty crambo,
HbwHymen came, with lighted flambeau.
Juno, it seems, by sad mishaps,
Oe'r night with Jove was pulling caps;
For by the way she's wont to govern
(So Homer says) the henpeck'd sov'reign.
But now stole off, and left him fretting,
And rode post haste to come to wedding.
Lucina was not there that morning;
But ready stood at nine months' warning.
The Nymphs, of ev'ry form and size,
Came there before the bride could rise.
The Mountain Nymphs skipp'd down
like fleas,

Dryads crept out from hollow trees;
The Water Nymphs, from swamps and
flats,
Came dripping on, like half-drown'd
rats;

The birds around on sprays and thistles
Began to light, and tune their whistles;
The cock, when daylight had begun,
Being chorister, struck up the tune,
And sung an hymn in strains sonorous,
While ev'ry quailpipe join'd the chorus.

But we must quit this singing
sport, else

Mischance may seize our sleeping
mortals,

Who now 'gan bustle round the fabrick,
Finding they'd slept till after daybreak.
Our bridegroom, ere he did arise,
Rubb'd sleep's soft dews from both his
eyes,

Look'd out to see what kind of weather,
And jump'd from bed, as light as feather.

Joyful as *Dion*, after obtaining
His master's leave to go to training.
Here, did not rhyming greatly harass
one,

Were a fine place to make comparison ;
Call up the ghosts of heroes pristine,
Egyptian, Trojan, Greek, Philistine,
Those rogues renown'd in ancient days,
So sweetly sung in ancient lays,
Set them in order by our gallant,
To prove him handsome, wise, and
valiant.

He now came forth, and stood before
His lovely goddess's chamber-door,
Address'd her with three gentle hollo's,
Then read, or said, or sung as follows.

1. Arise, my love, and come away,
To cheer the world, and gild the day,
Which fades by wanting fresh supplies
From the bright moonshine of thine
eyes.

2. How beautiful art thou, my love,
Surpassing all the dames above ;
Venus with thee might strive again ;
Venus with thee would strive in vain.

3. Though ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace,
Conspire to deck bright Venus' face,
Thou'rt handsomer than all this trash,
By full three hundred pounds in cash.

4. Rise then, my love, and come away,
To cheer the world, and gild the day,
Which fades by wanting fresh supplies
From the bright moonshine of thine
eyes.

And now came forth our lovely bride,
Array'd in all her charms and pride.
Note here, lest we should be misguided,
Lovers and bards are so quick-sighted,
In ev'ry charm they spy a Cupid,
Though other people are more stupid ;
So our fair bride, our lover swore,
Was deck'd with Cupids o'er and o'er ;
(Thus Virgil's goddess Fame appears
From head to feet o'erhung with ears.)

Here, if our Muse we did not check
first,

We might go on to sing of breakfast ;

Of nymphs in gardens picking tulips,
Of maids preparing cordial juleps,
With other matters of this sort, whence
We come to things of more importance.

The sun, who never stops to bait,
Now riding at his usual rate,
Had hardly pass'd his midway course,
And spurr'd along his downward horse,
Our bridegroom, and his lovely virgin
Set forth to church with little urging.
A solemn show before, behind 'em
A lengthen'd cavalcade attend 'em,
Of nymphs and swains a mingled crew,
Of ev'ry shape and ev'ry hue.
In midst of these, with solemn wag,
Our priest bestrode his ambling nag ;
His dress and air right well accouter'd,
His hat new brush'd, his wig new
powder'd,

His formal band, of's trade the sign,
Depending decent from his chin,
His threadbare coat, late turn'd by snip,
With scripture book, and cane for whip,
Unnotic'd pass'd among the throng,
And look'd demure, and jogg'd along.
Yet laymen ne'er his pow'r could equal.
As we shall shew you in the sequel.
For when this priest o'er man and maid
A set of scripture words had said,
You'd find them closely link'd together
For life, in strange enchanted tether,
(Like spirits in magician's circle).
Till friendly death did him or her kill ;
Tied up in wondrous Gordian knot
They neither can untie nor cut,
Inclos'd in cage where all may see 'em,
But all the world can never free 'em.
For once by priest in bands of wedlock
When tied and hamper'd by the felloek,
They fight, or strive, or fly in vain,
And still drag after them their chain.

Trifles skipt o'er, our next pro-
ceeding-

Shall give description of the wedding ;
Where though we Pagan mix with
Christian,

And gods and goddesses with priestly folk,

Truth need not stand to make objection,
We poets have the right of fiction.

And first great Hymen in the porch,
Like link-boy flood, with flaming torch,
Around, in all the vacant places,
Stood gods, and goddesses, and graces;
Venus, and Cupid, god of love,
With all the rabble from above.

In midst our groom and bride appear,
With wedding guests in wing and rear.
Our priest now shew'd his slight of hand,
Roll'd up his eyes, and strok'd his band,
Then join'd their hands in terms concise,
And struck the bargain in a trice.

First for the bridegroom thus began he:
Saying, "you Stephen take her Han-
nah;"

And then, to make both parties even,
For her, "you Hannah take him Ste-
phen;"

Then told them to avoid temptation,
To do the duties of their station,
In state of sickness nurse and nourish,
In health cleave fast, and love, and cher-
ish.

To all the parson said or meant
Our bride and bridegroom gave consent.
He bow'd to what the priest did say,
She blush'd, and curf'y'd, and cry'd
"sy."

The bargain made, he gave his blessing,
And bade them sign and seal with kissing;
The smack being given, neat and fresh,
He strait pronounc'd them both one flesh.
By mathematicks, 'tis well known,
It takes two halves to make up one,
And Adam, as our priests believe,
Was but an half without Miss Eve;
So every mortal man in life,
Is but an half without his wife;
And hence, by natural coercion,
Man seeks so much his other fraction,
Which found, no tinker, 'tis confess'd,
Can splice and fodder, but a priest.

The rites now o'er, the priest drew
near,
And kiss'd the bride's snifter ear;

Told them he hop'd they'd make good
neighbours,

And begg'd a blessing on their labours.
Him follow'd every mincing couple,
Licking their lips to make them supple,
Each got a kiss from one or t'other,
And wish'd they long might live together.

The wedding o'er, with joy and
revelry

Back to their brides return'd the cavalry;
And, as when armies take a town,
Which costs them long to batter down,
That Fame may raise her voice th,
louder,

They fire whole magazines of powder,
And heaps of fuel lay upon fires,
To celebrate their joy with bonfires,
So now the bride had chang'd her station,
Surrender'd prisoner at discretion,
Submitting to our hero's fancies,
Herself with all appurtenances,
The well pleas'd crowd (for greatest joys
Are always shown with greatest noise)
Triumph'd, by firing, shouting, ringing,
By dancing, drinking, wine, and singing.

But yet our groom (time march'd so
lasy)

Sat hitching, nestling, and uneasy,
Thought day-light never would be gone,
And call'd the sun a lagging drone.

The sun, just when 'twas time to sup,
Came to the sea where he puts up,
Sent his last rays o'er earth to scatter,
And div'd down headlong into water.
Here is the place, if we would choose
To tire our reader, and our Muse,
To name and number every guest,
To tell what fare compos'd the feast,
With other things that did betide,
As how they kiss'd and jok'd the bride,
How frolicsome the liquor made 'em
And how the fiddler came to aid 'em,
And tun'd his lyre with such a scraping,
It set the people all a capering.

When Orpheus fiddled, at his guidance
Thus trees leap'd forth, and join'd in
set dance.

Grim night at length in fable waggon,
 Drawn by a footy, bat-wing'd dragon,
 Rode till she came right over head,
 And on the earth her blanket spread.
 The moon was out upon patrol,
 Stars danc'd as usual round the pole ;
 All nature now with drowsy head
 Had thrown by care, and gone to bed.
 Sleep reign'd o'er all, but wolves and
 rovers,
 Owls, bats, and ghosts, and thieves, and
 lovers.

No alderman's invited guest
 To gormandize at turtle feast,
 When first he fees the dish brought in,
 And 'gins to dip and grease his chin,
 E'er feels such raptures as our lover,
 Now all his griefs and fears were over.
 Th' events that afterwards befel
 Our bashful muse would blush to tell.

FRAGMENT

OF A POEM BY COWPER, ON A DE-
 CAYED OAK.

*Discovered by Mr. Hayley among some loose
 papers found in the poet's study.*

'THOU wast a bauble once ; a cup
 and ball,
 Which babes might play with ; and the
 thievish jay
 Seeking her food, with ease might have
 purlein'd
 The auburn nut that held thee, swal-
 lowing down
 Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
 And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
 But fate thy growth decreed : autumn-
 nal rains,
 Beneath thy parent-tree, mellow'd the
 foil
 Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
 With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe,
 prepar'd
 The soft receptacle, in which secure

Thy rudiments should sleep the winter
 through.'

'Time made thee what thou wast—
 King of the woods !

And time hath made thee what thou
 art—a cave

For owls to roost in ! Once thy spread-
 ing boughs

O'erhung the champaign, and the nu-
 merous flock

That gras'd it, stood beneath that ample
 cope

Uncrouded, yet safe-sheltered from the
 storm.

No flock frequents thee now ; thou hast
 outliv'd

Thy popularity, and art become
 (Unless verse rescue thee a while) a
 thing

Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth !

'One man alone, the father of us all,
 Drew not his life from woman ; never
 gaz'd,

With mute unconsciousness of what he
 saw,

On all around him ; learn'd not by de-
 grees,

Nor ow'd articulation to his ear ;
 But moulded by his Maker into man

At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
 All creatures, with precision understood

Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
 To each his name significant, and fill'd

With love and wisdom, render'd back to
 Heaven

In praise harmonious, the first air he
 drew.

He was excus'd the penalties of dull
 Minority ; no tutor charg'd his hand

With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd
 his mind

With problems ; history, not wanted
 yet,

Lean'd on her elbow, watching time,
 whose course

Eventful, should supply her with a
 theme ;—

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR MAY, 1805.

Vir bonus, et prudens, versus reprehendet inertes;
Culpabit duros; incompetis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: non dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.

HORACE.

ARTICLE 26.

Modern Geography, &c. digested on a new plan. By John Pinkerton. The article America corrected and considerably enlarged, by Dr. B. S. Barton. With numerous maps, by Arrowsmith. Philadelphia. Conrads, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

IF the value of geography should be estimated by the cultivation it has received, it would take no very high rank among the objects of knowledge. From the ancients however it received its full share of reverence, and if we admit the claims of Strabo*, a partial advocate indeed, we must place at the head of geographers even the name of Homer himself. But among the moderns it has scarcely aspired to the dignity of science. It has been deserted by the man of genius, philosophy, and taste, as a pursuit where no laurels are to be gathered, or such only as are short in their duration, and fading in their verdure. In truth, if, without considering its utility, we examine only its intrinsic attractions, the sentiment is not altogether fallacious. It requires no deduc-

tion, and therefore calls for little acuteness; it embraces nothing very obscure or involved, and therefore demands little penetration; it is pinioned to the earth, to sterile, unalluring facts, and the wings of invention therefore would be spread in vain to raise it; it rejects in short, to any high degree, the colouring of fancy, and admits therefore of few of the auxiliary allurements of taste. "Longa magis quam benigna materia," the sentiment of the most pleasing of the ancient geographers†, must be the unwilling confession of its most successful advocate.

To relieve their task of these intrinsic and unavoidable embarrassments, writers on geography have resorted to various expedients. Strabo mingles with it history, Mela enlivens and degrades it by fiction, Pliny incorporates with it natural history, while Ptolemy, who alone relies on the attractions of his subject, is now neglected.‡ Among the moderns,

† Mela. De Sit. Orb.

‡ Though his province was distinct from that of the geographers we are now considering, yet the name of geography should not be mentioned, without at least a passing tribute to the unrivalled excellence of D'Anville.

* Rerum Geograph. lib. 1.

who till of late have formed themselves on the model of Ptolemy, the number of celebrated general geographers is very limited. The writings of Cluver and Cellarius are dull and barren collections, with all the dryness of Lexicons without their accuracy and precision. Varenus is still quoted with respect, and in an English edition was even honoured by a preface and corrections from Sir Isaac Newton. Among those, who have confined themselves to the description of particular quarters of the globe, the most celebrated are the Germans, Büfching, Fabri, Bruns, Borheck, and Ebeling; Büfching and Fabri, in the opinion of those who read them, are accurate and valuable, though prolix and statifick; Borheck and Bruns copious and correct; but Ebeling, as if it were fated that even think to of America should be inauspicious, a dull and monotonous compiler. The work, which passes under the name of Guthrie, though among such a mass of materials some must be valuable, is in general shapeless and inaccurate* beyond description; yet has it been for many years the standard in modern geography, copied with pertinacious ignorance at home and abroad, its size sometimes lessened, but its errors never abridged.

After this view of most of those who have cultivated geography, it will cease to be wonderful, that it has hitherto been studied without interest or eagerness, as a

* His errors, which are sometimes even ridiculous for their absurdity, were very acutely exposed by Tytler, in his prospectus of a New System of Geography.

task, which its necessity alone made tolerable. A new candidate now appears, who claims to have restored it to its rank of the sister of history, to have purged it of its errors and regulated its confusion, and to have embraced, by a wider and more philosophick view of its nature and design, many objects, which have hitherto been neglected. He has already been known to the world by a history of Scotland, by various works on Antiquities, and he was considered by Gibbon as the only man capable of editing the *Scriptores rerum Anglicarum* on the model of Muratori.† Let us now examine his success in an undertaking, to which all his pursuits have been allied; to which, in his own language, "he has been eagerly attached from his youth, and to the advancement of which he has always cherished the hope he might contribute his labours."

On a general view of the work it will be found, that the excellence, which places it far above every other treatise, consists in the system on which it is digested; an excellence to which, without much diminution of his merit, he acknowledges himself principally indebted to Vaugondy.‡ After a general survey of the world and its grand divisions, he considers

1. The historical or progressive geography of each country.
2. The political state, including most of the topics, which recent German writers by a term of dubious purity call statifick.
3. The civil geography, including objects not

† Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, an Address, &c.

‡ *Essai sur l'Histoire de Géographie*

is immediately connected with the government; as an account of the chief cities, &c. 4. The natural geography.

Under these heads he includes the antiquities of each country, its most remarkable historical epochs, its civil and ecclesiastical polity, the progress of its literature, its mineral, zoological, and botanical productions, its natural features, with an estimate of its political importance and resources.

It will be immediately seen, that several of these topics have till now been unknown to geography; but as they make it so much more interesting and important, it would be a cold and trifling criticism to object, that they are not all necessarily connected with a *description of the earth*. His arrangement enables him to embrace all the objects, which, with its inimitable style, still makes the treatise of Tacitus *de situ moribus*, &c. attractive, notwithstanding the revolutions of so many centuries have so much changed the appearance of Germany. We should rejoice to display to our readers the accuracy and amplitude of detail, with which this design is executed; but our limits are too contracted for our wishes. We shall pass therefore to the article America, in which we are more immediately interested, and of which we are perhaps better able to judge. We cannot however refuse to indulge ourselves in a single extract, which, though it somewhat resembles the pedant's offer of a brick, as a specimen of a house, will yet display the elegance with which the minute parts of the work are polished and elaborated, though it may

give no idea of the loftiness of its pillars and the general grandeur of its design.

On a comparative view of European literature, it may be observed, that the Italians, its first restorers, excel in poetry, history, and other departments of the belles lettres; but about the year 1600 their taste began to decline, and a mental effeminacy arose, which is conspicuous in the fantastick societies and academies, and the extravagant flatteries, which every writer thought due in politeness to another. The French even originally excelled in romance, and light poetry, and that pleasing and minute species of biography, called *memoirs*; they have produced few works of original genius, but yield to no nation in scientific productions, and in literary disquisitions, written with good sense, precision, and accuracy. Spanish literature forms a vast treasure, little known to other nations; and scarcely any department can be named, in which excellent writers do not appear. The native German, Danish, and Swedish literature is of recent celebrity. To complete the sole intention of this parallel, the grand feature of English literature is original genius, transmitted even from Roger Bacon to our Shakespeares, Miltons, Newtons, and Lockes, not here to dwell on claims more minute, but equally firm in the scientific departments, England must yield to France, except in the various branches of mathematical knowledge; the institution of the Royal Society, and the genius of Newton, having attracted the greatest talents within their sphere. The English clergy, who far exceed in learning any other body of that description in Europe, have always cultivated classical literature with distinguished zeal and predilection.

When we mention, that Pinkerton derives his information on America principally from Dr. Morse, our readers become judges equally with ourselves of the precision of his knowledge. We mean not by this to say, that Pinkerton is credulous, or deficient in me-

thod and judgment. Far from it. He extends to this article the same luminous arrangement, which we have already praised. After noticing the common division of the western continent, and giving a general account of North America, he follows his usual custom of ranking every state according to its political weight, and gives a description of the United States. The division of these into distinct provinces, however important to us, he of course discards, and groups them all under one general head. As this however destroys the possibility of much minuteness of detail, the currency of the system now in popular use will not immediately be destroyed.

Of the additions and corrections of our countryman, Barton, we are now to speak. These are not extensive, and, excepting where they relate to natural geography, are often of trifling value. On comparing them with the London edition we find, that the corrections consist principally in omitting every thing offensive to the vanity of Americans. We find in the original edition such passages as these, which Barton silently suppresses. "In general the common people of these States shew their independent spirit by furliness of behaviour, and a contempt of those trifling civilities, which make life amiable." Again.... "the spirit of selfishness and avarice universally prevails." We sincerely hope, that Barton is correct in his

disregard of the last, and some severe reflections which follow it; but it cannot be said, that they are altogether unjust, or that there are no symptoms of our approaching degeneracy, into a nation of "sophisters, economists, and calculators."

Among his corrections we are surprised that he has passed so much inaccuracy, as is obvious in the description of Boston. We subjoin this, for the amusement of its inhabitants.

Boston, the capital of the state of Massachusetts, was regarded by Mr. Burke as the chief city in North America; and he says that from Christmas, 1747, to Christmas, 1748, 500 vessels cleared from this port only, for foreign trade, and 430 were entered inwards; not to mention coasting and fishing vessels, supposed to equal the others in number. He considers the people of New-England as the Dutch of America, being carriers for all the colonies of North America and the West Indies. The trade of Boston has however since declined; though still far from inconsiderable. This city is supposed to contain about 20,000 inhabitants. The harbour on a large bay is excellent, and capacious enough to receive five hundred ships at anchor; with a narrow entrance commanded by a castle. There is a pier about 600 yards in length; and the harbour is interspersed with about forty islands, which afford excellent grain and pasturage. This city also suffered considerably by the war, but has been improved; and the public buildings are, in that part of the world, deemed elegant. Boston does not exceed two miles in length, being of a circular form; and on the west is the mall or public walk, planted with rows of trees. On the same side is Beacon-hill, on which a monument has been erected, commemorating some of the most important events of the war. The fanatical spirit of this city has entirely disappeared; and Mr. Burke observes, after narrating the witchcraft delusion, 1662, in which so many innocent people suf-

* Nor would we say that his information is limited to this source. He of course has access to the travels of Hearne and Mackenzie, and occasionally adopts some of the severe strictures of Weld.

fered by the bigotry of two clergymen, "that the people there are now grown somewhat like the rest of mankind in their manners, and have much abated of their persecuting spirit." This city is even already ranked by some amongst the most pleasing and sociable in the United States, and is the residence of many enlightened and worthy men.

The literary claims of the United States are so insignificant, that perhaps a complete inventory of them would only be, like that of Codrus, a *totum nil*. But if any thing be said of them we should really think, that Barton could have found some names to have added to those of Mather and Franklin.....We have however given enough of censure, and turn with willing steps to a more grateful task, that of offering our tribute of praise to the improvements, which he has made in the article, natural geography; which every where discover a master's hand. We regret however, that he was unable to correct the supposition of Pinkerton, that the White mountains of New-Hampshire are only 4000 feet in height. A late estimate made by barometrical observation, under the superintendence of the first naturalists of New-England, has determined their height to be between 7 and 8000 feet.....Let us now return to Pinkerton.

The accuracy of English criticism has discovered little to censure in this work. On this side the Atlantic therefore, where the sources of information are so much less obvious, superiour perspicacity will not be expected. The subject on which Pinkerton has been most frequently attacked is that of northern antiquities, a shoreless ocean, on which incli-

Vol. II. No. 5. Kk

nation, not less than prudence, forbids us to embark. There have also some faults of minor importance been detected, which in a subsequent edition will probably be corrected. We are inclined to add to these a deficiency, which we observe under the articles Venice, Athens, and Italy in general. These are passed over almost without any description, & the omission the author justifies by saying, "the theme has become *trivial*." It is true, he could add nothing to what may be found by patient investigation in the innumerable travels to these places, yet the same may be said of London, Paris, &c. which he has minutely described. A scholar too might have been pardoned even for departing from the severity of method and precedent; at least we cannot admire "the frigid *philosophy*, which thus conducts him indifferent and unmoved over ground, which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue."

Under the article Hindostan, we observe a desire in the author to reject the common opinion of the antiquity of Hindoo civilization. He has so much confidence in the validity of his arguments, aided as they are by some speculations of Mr. Bentley in the Asiatic researches, as to think it probable, "that Menu may have been an honest lawyer of the 13th century; and that the whole arts and sciences, except weaving, were borrowed from their neighbours." These, it will be confessed, are confident conclusions; but by no means justified, we think, by the validity of his reasoning. He proves perhaps, and he proves little more, that the ar-

guments of Dr. Robertson individually are not of irresistible cogency. But is he yet to learn, that the very nature of probability, and that too of the highest kind, consists not in the insulated efficacy of a single argument, but the united strength of all? The particles which compose a body, however huge, are alone neither large nor ponderous; it is the aggregation of all, which gives extension, density, and weight to the mass. A single ray of the sun is powerless and cold; it is the concentration of all its beams, which gives heat, and light, and life.

This opposition to the antiquity of Hindoo civilization arises we imagine from the embarrassment, which its truth would create to some favourite theory. Of the religious opinions of Pinkerton in his youth we were aware; but we hoped he had resigned them with the folly, which at that time made him attack the poetry of Virgil, and the presumption, which made him attempt to parallel the forgeries of Macpherson and Ireland, by imposing on the world some productions of his own, as ancient Scottish ballads. But we find, that he is evidently the docile disciple of Gibbon. He has sat at his feet, adopted his opinions, and taken even the colouring of his style from the mighty historian. The sentiments however, and the ambitious ordonnance of the style of Gibbon, are copied with far greater ease, than his varied and massive learning. It is easy too to learn his dishonourable mode of warfare; to learn to lay in ambush for the reader, to surprise him, when he is un-

armed, unsuspecting, and passive; to learn to assail with the poisoned arrows of sarcasm those bulwarks, which cannot be overthrown by the manly artillery of reason. Who, asks Paley, can refute a sneer?

Let us however acknowledge that a pious eye, in passing over the pages of Pinkerton, will not often be offended by open avowal of his deistical opinions. Like Gibbon, he often pays homage to the purity and sublimity of the doctrines of christianity. When he speaks of original population however, particularly of Africa and America, he is to be read with caution. We will mention also a remark, dropped with apparent negligence, under the article Hindostan, that the "Hindoos are so much attached to their religion, that if dispersed like the Jews, they would probably remain like them a distinct nation."—This is an assertion perfectly gratuitous; not only without proof, but contrary to all proof. We have seen the most inveterate and deep-fixed peculiarities of language, manners, and religion, gradually merged and lost in one common mass. The prejudices, for instance, of the Celt, the Saxon, the Angle, the Norman, and the Dane, have altogether disappeared; and the same must undoubtedly soon take place in our own country, unless fresh importation should preserve our particoloured population. But the Jew, in every nation, in every climate, preserves his identity; every where the unwilling witness of the religion he despises.

It now only remains to offer our readers an ultimate estimate

of the value of the work before us. We willingly acknowledge, that there is due to Pinkerton the praise of having concentrated and condensed the knowledge that is scattered in the innumerable travels of the last century; and the divided praise of having introduced beauty, order, and symmetry into a science, till now perplexed, entangled, and indigested. We give him credit too for a style mellowed and polished; though he has learned from his master, Gibbon, to give it the unvaried stateliness of a march, without ever allowing it to subside into the graceful negligence of a walk. His manner is commonly pure, though he sometimes imagines himself profound, when he is only dark; and he sometimes mistakes inflation of thought, and the pomp of sesquipedal verbiage, for dignity of sentiment, and elevation of style. From the faults of vanity and dogmatism too, for which all his other works have been severely censured, this is by no means free. He more than once even presumes, obliquely indeed, to sneer at Sir William Jones; but against such a name, the censures of Pinkerton must pass by like the idle wind, innoxious and unregarded. On this subject we acknowledge we have chosen our side. We should live contented with the honour of successfully following him in any of his pursuits; and die delighted to share his hopes of futurity. If indeed the speculations of Gibbon and his copyist are founded in truth; if indeed the religion we embrace is delusion and folly, still *malum cum Platone errare*; still we prefer the delusion, which

gladdens life, and deserts us not in death, to the chill philosophy, which declares, that the silence of the tomb shall never be disturbed.*

* The American impression of this work, though of course inferior to the magnificent London quarto, is remarkable for the beauty of its type, and the general correctness of its execution. The Atlas, which accompanies it is by far superior to any thing of the kind we have before seen in this country.

ART. 27.

Advice to mothers, on the subject of their own health; and on the means of promoting the health, strength, and beauty of their offspring. By William Buchan, M.D. Printed for Francis Nichols, bookseller, Boston. 1804.

"EVERY thing from the hand of nature is good," says the author of *Emilius*: "every thing degenerates in the hands of men." Custom sanctioned the most absurd and destructive methods of treating children at the time Rousseau wrote, and his attacks on long established prejudices prepared the way for great alterations in the mode of rearing them. Dr. Buchan has in many respects imitated Rousseau. His book is not however designed to introduce novelties; but to overthrow those pernicious practices, which had gradually crept into the plan of managing infants; of affording to the human frame and faculties a fair chance to develop themselves; of restoring man to the "hand of nature."

Forty years of medical practice, and a constant attention to this important subject, entitle Dr.

Buchan to the attention of every mother. His subject is treated with an accuracy, which indicates great experience and uncommon opportunities for observation. Our countrywomen may perhaps smile at some of his remarks, as singular and unnecessary; but it must be remembered, that a multitude of usages, established in the old world, have never made their way into this country. Among the suggestions not applicable to the state of society here, it is to be hoped are those relating to the unnatural vice mentioned in the second chapter.

The author commences his work with some hints to women before marriage, on dress, food, air, exercise, &c. Among the most important are the following.

Pure air and moderate exercise are not of less importance, than food and drink. Women are much confined by domestick employments and sedentary pursuits: for this very reason they ought to go out frequently, and take exercise in the open air. Not in a close carriage, but on foot or on horse-back. When prevented by the weather from going abroad, dancing, provided it be not continued to fatigue, is the most cheerful and healthy amusement. It may seem a little strange, that I should think it necessary to recommend cleanliness to the fair sex: I am far from intending to convey the most distant insinuation in this respect: I only wish to heighten their ideas of its utility, and to point out farther methods of increasing its benefits. They are too sparing of water, from an apprehension of its injuring the skin, or giving it a disagreeable roughness. This is a great mistake. Pure water may be truly considered as the fountain of health, and its frequent use is the best means of improving the skin, and strengthening the whole frame. Those who have not a bath to plunge into, should wash the

face, neck, hands, and feet, every morning and night; and experience will soon convince them, that the more they accustom themselves, even to this partial application of clean water, the more comfortable and enlivening they will find it.

Those who have not been accustomed to cold water in the early part of life, are directed to use lukewarm water at first, the temperature of which is to be gradually diminished.

The power of the imagination of pregnant women in producing marks on their children is very properly adverted to in the second chapter. The author shows that what are called *longings*, exist only in the minds of the weakest and most credulous of their sex. They are commonly seen in women of the lower classes; and it is rare to find a lady of sense or spirit indulge in these absurdities. Dr. Moore relates a story, which is here quoted, of a pregnant lady remarkably averse to monkies, who was accidentally frightened by one of those animals. She afterwards was constantly wretched, with the idea that her child would be deformed by the lincaments of a monkey. On being delivered of a fine child, she was in raptures. Her pains returned, and the midwife informed her there was still another child. "Then" she exclaimed, "it is as I have dreaded, and this *must* be the monkey." But the last child proved to be also a fine boy.

The subject of the following chapter is the conduct of women about the time of childbirth. The folly and ill consequence of attempting to accelerate by art, this operation of nature is clearly

shown. Good rules are given for the practitioner and the patient ; and the means of preventing the occurrence of dangers from hurrying this matter are also pointed out. " One method of preventing the evils arising from the hurry of professional men, would be to pay them more liberally for their patient attendance. They have nothing but the *full* employment of their time to trust to, for means of support ; and it is just they should have an adequate compensation for so valuable a sacrifice. But as this cannot be generally expected, I would recommend the cheaper encouragement of midwives, none of whom, however, ought to be permitted to practise, without a regular licence, obtained by proofs of real qualifications. Such persons could spare more time and would be found much fitter assistants to lying-in women, than any surgeon, whatever may be his skill and talents." After delivery the author recommends, that women should retain the recumbent posture till after the third week ; but in this recommendation we cannot concur with him.

In treating of the nursing and rearing of children, the author declares himself the advocate of exposure to the open air in all kinds of weather. " The quality of the air we breathe is of much greater consequence than our food and drink, at every period of life ; but particularly in infancy, a state of the utmost delicacy and weakness. Good air braces, bad air relaxes the tender frame ; the former is a source of health and vigour, the latter of infirmity and disease." " While I was consid-

ering the hard lot of the poor, most of whose children perish, because the wretched parents are not in a condition to take them often out into the open air, I could not but observe, that the rich were without any excuse for neglecting so essential a part of their duty. It is their business to see that their children be daily carried abroad, and that they be kept in the open air a sufficient time. This will always succeed better if the mother goes along with them. Servants are often negligent in these matters, and allow a child to sit or lie on the damp ground instead of leading or carrying it about. The mother surely needs air as well as her children : and how can she be better employed than in attending them ?"

Simple food, light and easy dress, warm and cold bathing, are particularly insisted on ; and very minute instructions given with regard to each of them.

The mischiefs of family quackery, and the absurdity of suffering nurses to dose the young and tender infant with pernicious drugs, are strongly exposed. " Of all the absurdities that prevail in the treatment of infants, there is none so grossly repugnant to common sense, as the frenzy of giving them physic before we give them food." " But it was enough for midwives and nurses to hear physicians, who knew very little more of the matter than themselves, prescribing things of an opening nature to purge off the remains of the *neonium*. This acquisition of imaginary science was too flattering to female vanity, not to be displayed on every occasion ; and many a severe twinge have poor

infants suffered, from a midwife's desire to show her profound skill in physick." "As this is a point which cannot be too strongly enforced, I shall lay before the reader Mr. Locke's sentiments." "Never," says he, "give children any physick for prevention. Have a great care of tampering that way, lest instead of preventing, you bring on diseases."

It cannot be expected, that all these instructions will be of much use, unless parents themselves attend to the management of their children. For this they are often very little qualified. "It is common, says the author, to see women, who are supposed to have had a very genteel education, so ignorant, when they come to have children, of every thing with which a mother ought to be acquainted, that the infant is as wise in these matters as the parent. Had the time spent by such females, in the acquisition of what can never be of any service to them, been employed in learning domestick virtues and the art of rearing children, they would have secured the attachment of their husbands, made their sons and daughters useful members of society, and been themselves an example and ornament to their sex." "The child's father should pay very assiduous attention to the proper treatment of his offspring. Is not our admiration of Cæsar's character increased when we read, that the man, who governed in Rome with so much glory, would quit every business in order to be present when the nurse washed and rubbed his child." Yet, says Buchan, our modern gentlemen would blush

to be seen in these employments; while they can assiduously attend the kennel and the stable to see the execution of their orders for the management of dogs and horses.

ART. 28.

The guilt, folly, and sources of suicide: two discourses preached in the city of New York, February, 1805. By Samuel Miller, D. D. one of the pastors of the united presbyterian churches in said city. New York. T. & J. Swords. 8vo. pp. 72.

THE passage serving as the foundation of these discourses is that in Job. ii. 9. 10. *Then said his wife unto him, dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die. But he said unto her, thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?* "Here," says Dr. Miller, "appears to be a direct and explicit proposal of suicide." Ours is a different opinion. We believe the woman to have been weak and foolish, but not impious nor murderous. The literal and genuine meaning of *barech* is to *blest*, and we think it should so have been rendered in the present instance, notwithstanding the high authority of Taylor and others, which the writer follows, and with learning and dexterity attempts to defend.*

* That the word ought to be translated *blest* and not *curse*, we are induced to believe for the following reasons. 1. This is the natural and genuine meaning of the Hebrew term. 2. In this season of dreadful calamity Job's wife would not probably have used an ironical expression. 3. Her fortunes were

Excepting the incongruity between the text and the subject, we have perused the discourses with lively pleasure. They have strengthened a sentiment early cherished in our hearts, that the religion of the bible is, of all knowledge and studies, most friendly to the existence, comfort, and hopes of mankind. In the first of them, the author evinces the guilt and folly of suicide, by showing, that "it is a sin against God, against human nature, against our fellow men, against all the dictates of enlightened reason, and against all our interests and hopes beyond the grave." He develops, in the second, the sources of this crime, and indicates the principles and habits, which induce its danger, and precipitate to its commission. He traces it to "false principles in

religion and morals, to an early and excessive indulgence in the pleasures of life, to a habit of intemperate drinking, to that of gaming, to the indulgence of criminal love, to habits of idleness, to cherishing immoderate desires and aims with regard to this world, and to the want of sincere and vital piety." The author closes his discourses with an address to parents, to magistrates and jurors, to the young, for whose benefit principally they were published, and to whom they are inscribed, and to the sons and daughters of affliction.

The plan of these discourses, the arrangement of the parts, and the execution of the whole are evidently the effort of a vigorous and well cultivated mind. By exposing every haunt of corruption in search of temptations to

intimately blended with her husband's, and what could she have promised herself by enticing him to blasphemy and suicide? 4. Job does not expostulate with her, as though her words had been in the highest degree criminal.

It seems to have been the opinion of all the eastern nations, as well as of the ancient Jews, that great misery was invariably the consequence of great transgressions. In all their reasonings with Job, his friends were evidently under the influence of a sentiment like this. They had seen him hurled by the hand of Omnipotence from the pinnacle of wealth, authority, and happiness into the depths of distress and obloquy. Overwhelmed with astonishment they immediately ask him, Whence this unheard of change? Of what enormities hast thou been guilty? Notwithstanding the apparent integrity of his former life, they too plainly express an opinion similar to what was indulged of Paul, when attacked by a viper in a well known island, that though he had escaped the ruins in which his children perished, yet Providence deemed him unfit

to live. His wife, falling into the same error, and observing his declarations, not of perfect goodness, but of innocence with regard to intentional and habitual sins, says to him, DOST THOU PRETEND TO RETAIN THINE INTEGRITY, BLESSING GOD EVEN UNTO DEATH? Or thus, DOST THOU HOLD OUT TO THE LAST PROTESTING UNAVAILINGLY THINE INNOCENCE? BLESS GOD AND DIE. AS THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY OF SURVIVING THY COMPLICATED TROUBLES, DO NOT DIE WITH A LIE IN THY MOUTH, BUT GIVE GLORY TO GOD BY A FULL CONFESSION OF THY CRIMES. One or other of these interpretations, we think, must be the true one. To either of them the reply of Job is wise and pertinent. *Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? Are there not certain calamities which befall the righteous as well as the wicked?* We could say much more in justification of our rendering; but we refer our doubting readers to Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, on the word in dispute.

suicide, our author avails himself of an opportunity to lash the vices of the age, which mutually criminate and disgrace each other. For suicide is loathsome, considered as the offspring of lewdness, gaming, and intemperance; and these iniquities are abominable, considered as the parents of suicide. The following condemnation of idleness, though not the happiest specimen of the author's manner, is worthy of selection.

On the other hand, idleness is the parent of many vices. It has been properly styled the rust and canker of the mind. To say nothing of the embarrassments and poverty which are its natural and general result, and which frequently produce the most melancholy effects, it gives rise to a host of more radical and alarming evils. Like a slow and deadly poison, it preys upon all the faculties of man. It enfeebles and paralyzes the understanding; it weakens the memory; it clouds and darkens the imagination; it lays open the mind to the incursions of criminal desire; it invites the inroads of temptation; it diminishes, and gradually destroys, that state of healthful and pleasurable sensation in which so much of our enjoyment consists; it brings on languid feelings, low spirits, hypochondriacal affections, and a complication of bodily and mental tortures, which frequently render their subjects more miserable, than the slave who labours in chains. To the idle man nothing has its true relish. His time hangs heavy on his hands: he knows not how to dispose of himself: every thing appears dull and uninteresting: the most trivial difficulties discourage him: the smallest appearance of danger alarms and disheartens him: gloom and melancholy succeed: he betakes himself to the intoxicating draught for relief, but this, instead of bringing the expected relief, eventually adds new force to every torture, and increases the weight of his miseries. Is it wonderful, that, in this situation, thousands have considered existence as a curse; and that some, impatient of this

load of wretchedness, have put an end to their lives?

Page 24. Hast thou no brethren or sisters to share in the grief, and the disgrace of thine unworthy conduct?

Or is here used for nor.

Page 32. Where are the heavenly pleasures which arise from the exercise of grace and the discharge of holy duties?

The word *grace* might be fitly exchanged for *virtue*. Religion may be called grace in God, who is the author of every good gift, but in man receiving and exercising it, it is virtue.

The style, though not perfect, has more beauties than defects. If it sometimes wants strength, it rarely wants harmony. If the discourses contain few quotations from the scriptures, they every where treat the bible with the profoundest reverence. And although, perhaps, in the pamphlet there is nothing of which, strictly speaking, we might say, See, this is new, yet the author's instances from history are selected with so much pertinence and taste, his method is so clear, and his arguments are enforced with such strong and continual appeals to conscience, reason, and the word of God, that we cheerfully recommend it alike to the children of mirth and of sadness, to the selfish infidel and the benevolent divine.

ART. 29.

An attempt to recommend justice, charity, and unanimity in matters of religion; in a sermon, preached in Newbury, June 10, 1804; and to the first congregational society of Newburyport, March 3, 1805. By John Snelling Popkin, A. M.

Published at the desire of the bearers. Newburyport. Angier March. 1805. pp. 39.

FOR the text of this discourse, the design of which is sufficiently expressed in the title, the modest and learned author has selected the following words of Paul, *Be of the same mind one toward another.* After observing that "they appear in the original to signify rather a disposition, than a judgment of the mind," and making a few introductory remarks on the divisions of the christian church, even in the days of the apostles, he offers the following propositions, on which he enlarges with much ingenuity.

1. That we may and ought to agree in charity, if we cannot in opinion.
2. That in many points we may agree more in fact or in effect, than we do in words.
3. That the most difficult points cannot be the most essential.
4. That the most influential truths are sufficiently plain to the serious and diligent inquirer.

We do not say that the writer, in the exuberance of his spirit of accommodation, has ever caught at imaginary coincidences between opposing sentiments; but if we should confess, that we were sometimes tempted through want either of faith or charity to exclaim,

*Quid non speremus amantes?
Jungentur jam gryphæ equis,*

we hope the author will not suspect us of counteracting the object, or of undervaluing the admirable spirit of his discourse.

The style though not remarkable for evenness and polish is upon the whole correct. It sometimes wears too much of a colloquial air, and rarely exhibits any of that elegance and flow of ex-

Vol. II. No. 5. LL

pression, which we have a right to expect in the language of the pulpit. Perspicuity and strength, it should be remembered, are never inconsistent with smoothness, dignity, and grace.

The author, in quoting James ii. 18, deserts our English translators in one of the very few instances, in which they have preferred a reading different from that contained in the common Greek text. The scope of the passage, in our opinion, completely justifies their preference; and even if it did not, the author gains little by the version which he proposes, except making the reasoning of the apostle feeble and tautological.

Notwithstanding these trivial objections, we earnestly recommend this seasonable discourse to all, whose spirits have been embittered by the *odium theologicum*, or alarmed by the cry that the "church is in danger."

ART. 30.

Two discourses on Christ's self-existence, addressed to the second congregational society in Newburyport, March 3, 1805. By Samuel Spring. Newburyport. pp. 59.

AS the author of these discourses has modestly requested, that any strictures, which they may be thought to deserve, should not be entrusted to so improper a vehicle as the newspapers of the day, we presume that a fugitive miscellany like ours can hardly aspire to the honour of such a deposit. We shall not be misunderstood by those who have read these discourses, when we candidly confess that they are unan-

swerable; and we believe that any attempt at reply would gratify no one but the author. We shall be especially excused from this office, as our opinions of the opposition made to the late choice of theological professor have already been sufficiently expressed; and to us the object of these sermons, notwithstanding the advertisement in the first page, appears to be, to add another and a louder note to the dolorous croakings, which the publick have already heard on this subject.

That we may however discharge our duty as Reviewers, we observe, that the first of these discourses is occupied with proofs from scripture of Christ's self-existence, and "the incarnation of God." The second is styled the "improvement." If, as this writer asserts, the Unitarians, under which term he comprehends all who are not Athanasians, meditate a total revolution in the theological opinions of our country, we should recommend to them to commence their labours by a liberal distribution of this pamphlet. We hope this mild, catholic, ingenuous, and polished writer will not suspect us of aiding and abetting so nefarious a design, by presenting the following specimens of the sentiments, spirit, and style of his performance.

P. 33. The manner in which the Fathers expressed themselves, who lived in the second century after the Apostles, we highly approve and adopt. Blaming those who constructively made three Gods, they say: "We extend the *Unity*, without dividing it into a *Trinity*; and again we contract the *Trinity* into *Unity*, without taking from it. It may be rendered more briefly thus: The undivided *Monad* we extend to a *Triad*; and again

the undiminished *Triad* we collect into a *Monad*."

P. 48. Christ actually suffered, in his human frame and soul, all that exquisite distress which was requisite while our substitute—he satisfied the Father, himself, and the Holy Ghost.

P. 44. We wish Unitarian preachers to ascertain why proud, dissipated, licentious characters prefer their ministry, before the instructions of orthodox men, who advocate the proper divinity of Christ and other *congenial* doctrines.—I do not assert that no Unitarians are good men. But I am compelled to believe, that they are destitute of religion, if their hearts correspond with their peculiar theory. If Unitarians are good men, it must at times be deeply mortifying to find that freethinkers, latitudinarians, universalists, and not a few infidels, love to move in their parochial circles, and to refresh and regale themselves under their asbor.

P. 56. Shall we refuse eternal blessedness, and wilfully plunge into the abyss of endless destruction? [by doubting this gentleman's sentiments of the trinity]. Tell it not on earth and never publish it in hell. For Satan will rejoice and triumph. Let then the endless torments of hell and the endless enjoyment of heaven; let the harmony of justice and mercy in the cross; let the glory of the sacred Three in One induce us all directly to embrace God manifest in the flesh, as our God and Saviour. For how shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?

The whole paragraph, upon the subject of the dismal attitude of things among the corporation, overseers of the University, and especially among the ministers of the capital, is too long for quotation. The following note is a rare specimen of courtesy.

P. 52. Note. If the Professor elect be qualified for the highly responsible office, agreeably to the pertinent condition of the pious donor, he will with magnanimity take the field against those, who deny God's incarnation, and nobly co-operate with Christ in destroying the

advice of his mortal enemy. But if he be not qualified for the chair, according to Charter rules, we hazard a prediction, that he will be silent, and will secretly and unremittingly work underground like a German miner.

The discourse concludes by a recommendation of the Assembly's Catechism, as "one of the best antidotes against the spreading, fatal poison of the day;" and which "has proved a more successful barrier against false theory, than the pulpit, and thousands of folio volumes written to defend religion. For," as he says above, "if we do not seasonably impress the vacant minds of children with truth, Satan and his adherents will impress them with error."

We add only, that these discourses were preached on the same day and in the same town with those just now reviewed. We will not anticipate the reflections, which a successive perusal of them will not fail to excite.

ART. 31.

A public lecture occasioned by the death of Rev. Joseph Willard, S.T.D. LL.D. President of the University of Cambridge. By Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D. Hancock Professor of Hebrew. Cambridge. Hilliard.

WE have, on the whole, been tolerably satisfied with this lecture of the learned professor, since it is not below the mediocrity we expected. As it is his first production, we may reasonably hope, that he will improve as he grows older. Though we can discover in it little originality of thought, dignity of sentiment, or elegance of language, yet we must ac-

knowledge that it is written in very decent English. He will pardon us, if we presume to make some observations on this laboured panegyrick, and we flatter ourselves, that his paternal sensibilities will not be too keenly excited by an occasional remark on any blemish that we may discover in his favourite offspring,

—hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

NEWELL, PALMER, HODGES, and HOMER, alike victims to *consumption*, still live in the memory and affections of many now present. Events these, which, as they respect the publick as well as their disappointed and afflicted parents, may be reckoned among the most melancholy. Page 5.

In the beginning of the second sentence there is a nominative without a verb; an ellipsis, which, though allowable in familiar conversation, is not admissible into serious composition.

The patriotick Hancock, whose life was sacrificed to publick energies, whose bounty not only decorated our publick rooms, but nobly enriched our library with more than a thousand volumes. Page 6.

That the life of the patriotick Hancock was sacrificed to publick energies is information perfectly new. It might have been abridged by the gout, partly hereditary, and partly increased by good living. If the learned professor means by sacrificed, devoted or consecrated, he uses the word in a new sense, not authorized by English writers. The latter part of the sentence partakes of the bathos; for *after the sacrifice of his life to publick energies*, we should naturally expect some striking instances of heroick patriotism. Instead of this, we are informed that he

"decorated the publick rooms, and enriched the library with more than a thousand volumes." As if we should say, "Professor Pearson is a gentleman of the most amiable disposition and extensive learning, and.....in stature is exactly five feet, six inches, and three quarters."

In the 7th page, we find the word *therein*, which, with its whole kindred, *thereto*, *thereof*, and *therefrom*, &c. has long been banished from elegant composition.

Though but few present were led to the Pierian fount by the benevolent SHAPLEIGH, yet all will remember their lasting obligations to the man, who, like the pious widow of old, gave all his living to increase our literary treasure.

That a man should, after his death, give all his living, favours a little of the "land of potatoes."

Towards the conclusion of the lecture, the learned professor rises almost to the dignity of blank verse.

But we are not denied the privilege
On wings of faith to soar aloft to that
Bless'd mansion,
Where now,
Escaped from earth, he views celestial
objects,
Not darkly through a glass, but face to
face. Page 20.

There is, throughout the performance, an affectation of piety, which looks a little too much like cant, and the frequent use of the exclamation O, is disgusting. Monosyllables of this kind should be confined to the stage and conventicle, whose peculiar province it is to move the passions, rather than to inform the understanding. It is the opinion of able criticks, that no sentence ought ever to begin with O; and indeed we feel inclined, with Swift, to skip all passages,

which contain such absurd exclamations, as unmeaning and impertinent.*

* However we may disapprove of Professor Pearson as an author, we believe that he is entitled to universal praise as an able professor. He has expelled bombast from the University, and introduced a more correct taste.

ART. 32.

A sermon, delivered in Boston, May 30, 1804, before the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, being their second anniversary. By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. minister of the second baptist church in Boston. Published for the benefit of the Society. Boston. E. Lincoln. 1804. 8vo. pp. 20.

THE text of this discourse is Acts xvi. 9. *Come over into Macedonia and help us.* From these words Dr. Baldwin is led to make the following inquiries. I. What were the peculiar circumstances of this people, which called for help from the ministers of Christ? II. Are there any of our fellow beings at the present day whose circumstances urge a similar claim upon us? III. What measures ought we to pursue in order to afford them the help which they need? These particulars are decently discussed; and the discourse is entitled to more consideration, than one from the same pen, which we had occasion to review a few months past. But the following passage from page 5 is a specimen of a sort of prose run mad, which ought to be dispraised.

At length the wondrous child was born. Angels announced the joyful advent to the eastern shepherds. While a slumbering world lay reposed in midnight silence, the musick of heaven swelled upon their delighted ears, and

schoed along the spacious plains of Bethlehem. What strains immortal burst from angelick tongues! Glory to God, &c.

Such strains of eloquence are not suited to the temperate character of prosaick composition; and notwithstanding the authority of Doctor Baldwin, we cannot but hope that a different style of writing will obtain among preachers and lecturers of the present age.

ART. 33.

An oration pronounced before the society of the Phi Beta Kappa, at their anniversary at Hanover, August 21, 1804. By Stephen P. Webster, A. M. Hanover, Moses Davis, 1804.

THIS composition is perfectly contemptible. Its purity is evidenced by the use of two "lengthys" and one "multiforms," to which we are inclined to add "nonplus," notwithstanding the authority of Locke and Lowth. The orator begins his sentences with the copulative "and;" while he corroborates his sentiments by the energetick "indeed." By a mysterious intellectual process Steele is coupled with Bacon for similar excellence of style; and the author extols and associates the "fine writings of Shakspeare and Blackstone." He quotes the bible and English liturgy vulgarly and irreverentially, from which no gentleman nor christian scholar ever extracts, but with humility and pious infrequency. The poets of our country he stimulates by pointing to the enviable, "unsfading garlands of laurel," which flourish on the brow of Trumbull, and

hang loose and drooping on the pericranium of Humphreys. Orators have generally been polite to the ladies; but they have seldom saluted the fair in a style, like that of the following address, which combines the Atticism of De Retz and the courtesy of Chesterfield.

Although we profess not to have become converts in every particular to the creed of Mrs. Wolstoncraft, yet we cannot but be charmed with that beautiful group, which enamel the bank of the Piereian spring. Sip, sip often, ye fair, at this hallowed fount; for these are waters, which, when carefully applied, will cure more complaints, than all the celebrated springs of Saratoga and Bath.

ART. 34.

Emily Hamilton, a novel. Founded on incidents in real life. By a young Lady of Worcester county, Worcester. Isaiah Thomas, jun. pp. 249.

THIS volume was sent to us, as the production of "a country girl, about eighteen years of age, residing in an obscure town, and by her needle maintaining her aged parents." Either of these circumstances would have interested us in its favour, but we could not view them thus combined without an earnest wish for the success of the author. We do not recollect any American female, except Mrs. Rowson, who has written a novel which can be read with any pleasure; and we are not disposed to encourage the exertions of females to become known as authors, unless convinced that the amusement and instruction which they can furnish will extend beyond the circle of their own partial friends. Considering however the age at which it was written, and the peculiar

embarrassments of the author, the novel before us is deserving of commendation. The style evidently displays the youth of the author, though more simple and correct, than that in which young ladies generally write. The sentiments are common, but just; and though the incidents are neither very numerous nor interesting, they evince considerable ingenuity.

ART. 35.

New Catechism, compiled and recommended by the Worcester association of ministers. For the instruction and improvement of youth. Worcester. Isaiah Thomas, jun. pp. 24.

IF we wish to lead the young to an acquaintance with the important doctrines and duties of the christian religion, to incite them to a love of virtue, and to establish in their minds good principles and habits, we must accommodate our instructions to their capacities, and endeavour to allure them by the promises and hopes of the gospel. Such is the design of this little work, and we think the design happily effected. The great evangelical truths are represented in a concise and perspicuous manner; and all abstruse and controversial points, as they tend to perplex youthful minds and prejudice them against religion, are carefully avoided.

ART. 36.

Friendly cautions to heads of families and others, very necessary to be observed in order to preserve health and long life: with ample directions to nurses who attend the

sick, women in childbed; &c. Third edition, with alterations. By Robert Wallace Johnson, M. D. The first American edition, with notes and alterations. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys. 1805,

THIS little work has its use, and deserves admission into every family. The mother and the nurse will find many important rules and directions, with some excellent advice, "very necessary to be observed in order to preserve health," and in order to afford the sick real assistance.

ART. 37.

An address delivered to the pupils of Henry Dean's writing-school, at their first annual exhibition in Concert-hall, Salem, O.B. 22, 1804. By Nathaniel Fisher, rector of St. Peter's church. Salem. J. Cushing. 4to.

MR. FISHER writes with considerable purity of style, and his address contains many just and pertinent remarks. We presume, that the author has some good reason for this mode of publication, with which we are unacquainted. Otherwise a production of less than eight pages could hardly be entitled to appear in the imposing dignity of a quarto.

ART. 38.

Arguments, natural, moral, and religious, for the immortality of the soul. Worcester. Thomas, jun. pp. 121.

THAT "such a piece of work as man, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in form and moving so express and admirable; in action so like an angel;

in apprehension so like a God," should be born only to look around him, to taste the doubtful pleasures, suffer the multiplied sorrows of life, and then return again to dust, is a theory, which feeling not less than reason rejects. The winter's day of life, short, stormy, and cheerless as it is, by this supposition is stripped of all, that makes it tolerable. All the arguments, therefore, which feeling

and philosophy can suggest, have often been illustrated and defended; it is not therefore surprising, that the author of the little treatise before us offers little of novelty. The usual arguments are however arranged in a manner, lucid and methodical, though not sufficiently condensed; and their effect is aided by a style of more than common purity and ease.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
For MAY, 1805.

SUNT HONA, SUNT QUESAM MEDIOCRITY, SUNT MALA FLORA. — MINT.

ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS.

The journal of a tour into the territory north-west of the Alleghany mountains, made in the spring of the year 1803, with a geographical and historical account of the State of Ohio, illustrated with original maps and views. By Thaddeus M. Harris, member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Medical theses, selected from among the inaugural dissertations published and defended by the graduates in medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the other medical schools in the United States; with an introduction, appendix, and occasional notes, by Charles Caldwell, M.D. editor of the work. To be continued annually. Philadelphia. T. & W. Bradford. pp. 295. Price 2 dollars.

The Philadelphia school dictionary of the English language. Compiled from the most approved modern English dictionaries. By Benjamin Johnson. Philadelphia. B. and R. Johnson.

The trial of Samuel Chase, an affixate justice of the supreme court of the United States, by the house of representatives, for high crimes and misdemeanors, before the senate of the United States. Taken in short hand by S. H. Smith and T. Loyd. Vol. 1. Washington. S. H. Smith.

A treatise on fractures, luxations, and other affections of the bones. By P. J. Desault, surgeon in chief to the Hotel-Dieu of Paris, wherein his opinions and practice in such cases are stated and exemplified. Edited by Xavier Bichat. With plates. Translated by Dr. Caldwell of Philadelphia. With notes and an appendix containing several late improvements in surgery. Philadelphia. W. P. Farrand & Co.

Captain Smith and Princess Pocahontas, an Indian tale. Adorned with an engraving of the lady Pocahontas running to the rescue of Captain Smith. Philadelphia. Published at the office of the Indian tale.

Hamiltoniad, canto third and last. pp. in the whole, 104. Boston.

A letter from Fidelis to his friend, exhibiting some leading traits of the character and conduct of modern liberal, frolicking ministers. Essex. pp. 47. Price 9d.

A discourse delivered at the opening for public worship of the Presbyterian church in the north liberties of Philadelphia, April 7, 1805. By Asahel Green, D.D. senior minister of said church. Philadelphia. T. & W. Bradford. 25 cents.

An inquiry in the effects of ardent spirits. A new edition, greatly enlarged. By Benjamin Rush. Philadelphia. Dobson. pp. 50.

A new system of modern geography, or a general description of the most remarkable countries throughout the world; their respective situations, extents, divisions, cities, rivers, mountains, soils, and production; their commerce, manners, customs, laws and religion; together with their principal historical events, and political importance and relations in the great commonwealth of nations. Compiled from the most modern systems of geography, and the latest voyages and travels, and containing many important additions to the geography of the United States that have never appeared in any other work of the kind. Illustrated with eight maps comprising the latest discoveries, and engraved by the first American artists. By Benjamin Davies. The price of this book to subscribers will 1 dol. 50 cts. Philadelphia. J. Johnson.

NEW EDITIONS.

Mariner's dictionary, or American seamen's vocabulary of technical terms and sea-phrases, used in the construction, equipment, management, and military operations of ships and vessels of all descriptions. Improved from an English work.

Mair's Cmsar revised and corrected, by James Ross, professor of languages in Franklin College.

Fabulæ Æsopi selectæ, with an English translation. Corrected and improved by the same gentleman.

Ovid's Metamorphosæ. Philadelphia. Classick Press. Price 2, 50.

Gibbon's history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. To which is added, the author's memoir of his own life and writings, which is a large and valuable addition not to be found in any other edition. With maps having the ancient and modern names of the places laid down. 8 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Birch & Small.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The social compact of J. J. Rousseau, elucidated with the reflections of the translator. By D. L. Morel, sworn French interpreter. Philadelphia.

A history of America from the discovery of the continent by Columbus, to the present period; in 2 vols. with 2 maps. By Richard Snowden, author of American revolution.

A new universal gazetteer, in 1 large 8vo. with maps. J. Johnson. Philadelphia.

An historical, geographical, chronological, etymological, and critical dictionary of the Bible; wherein are explained, all the proper names mentioned in the old and new testaments, of men, women, cities, countries, rivers, mountains, &c. Also, an explanation of all the appellative terms; and a systematical description of all the natural productions, such as animals, vegetables, minerals, stones, gems, &c. Forming a body of scriptural history, chronology, and divinity; a repository of important Jewish antiquities, and a concordance to the scriptures. Illustrated with 18 maps and plates. By Rev. John Brown, minister of the gospel, Haddington. Much enlarged from the dictionaries of Calmet, Symon, &c. and a number of original articles. In 2 vols. 8vo. Pittsburg. Z. Cramer.

A compendious history of the world, from the creation to the present time. In 2 vols. Philadelphia. B. and R. Johnson.

Letters on the study and use of ancient and modern history: containing observations and reflections on the causes and consequences of those events which have produced conspicuous changes in the aspect of the world, and the general state of human affairs. By John Bigland, author of "reflections on the resurrection and ascension." Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward.

A scripture account of the faith and practice of christians: consisting of an extensive collection of pertinent texts of scripture, given at large, upon the various articles of revealed religion; reduced into distinct sections, so as to embrace all the branches of each subject, the motives to the belief or practice of the doctrines or duties taught, and the threatenings, promises, rewards, punishments, examples, &c. annexed thereto. Addressed to the understanding, the hopes, and fears of christians. Forming a complete concordance to all the articles of faith and practice taught in the holy scriptures. By the late Rev. Hugh Gaston, member of the Root Presbytery county Antrim, Ireland. Philadelphia. David Hogan.

A short account of the life and writings of Robert Barclay, author of "an apology for the true christian divinity." Philadelphia. B. & R. Johnson. 50 cts.

Revolutionary Annals, or history of the French revolution, from the convocation of the States-General to the treaty of Amiens in 1802. Part V. Embracing the history of Buonaparte during

the three first years of his consulate. Translated from the French manuscript of J. H. de Croisæuil, by L. H. Girardin, professor of modern languages, history, and geography, in the college of William and Mary. Printed for the proprietors, at the office of the Publick Ledger, Norfolk.

INTELLIGENCE.

In October, 1803, an association was formed at Natchez, under the title of the "Mississippi society for the acquirement and dissemination of useful knowledge." They have framed a constitution and enacted bye-laws for their government, and the legislature of the Mississippi territory have granted them an act of incorporation. The society consist of between thirty and forty regular members, and have chosen several corresponding members from the different States. Dr. N. W. Jones is their president, Dr. J. Grives secretary.

Valuable editions of several of the Roman classics have been offered to the publick from American presses. In the city of New York the literary talents of Mr. Malcom Campbell have been very laudably employed in enabling the bookellers to give accurate editions of the commentaries of Cæsar; the *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid* of Virgil; and the orations of Cicero. His edition of Cæsar's commentaries was published in 1802, in 12mo. for schools, and dedicated to Professor Wilson of Columbia College. His edition of Davidfon's Virgil appeared in 1803, in 2 vols. 8vo. and is a complete and handsome work. His edition of Merrouilles (or, as it is called, the Dauphin's select orations of Cicero) made its appearance late in 1804. It was printed by Arden. In Philadelphia, the classical press of W. Poyntell & Co. has already afforded several of the Roman works in an excellent style. During the last year Ruæus' Virgil, Godvinus's Cæsar, and Crispinus's Sallust, (the Dauphin editions) have made their appearance. They are in the ample octavo form, and follow the London copy.

We have seen the three first numbers of the Philadelphia Medical Museum, Vol. II. No. 5. Mm

conducted by John Redman Coxe, M.D. of that city. It is a quarterly publication of more than one hundred pages each number, so that the four numbers of every year may form a volume of convenient size. The editor disposes of the contents of this publication under two heads, 1st. Original communications, and 2dly. a medical and philosophical register. The typographical execution is very neat, and entitled to much commendation.

John L. Bouquet de Moifere is engaged in preparing for the press two charts, illustrative of the country near the southern streams of the Mississippi. One of them is a map of the country lying between the city of New Orleans and the Bayou St. John, exhibiting the fortifications, suburbs, and other remarkable things. The other is a view of the city of New Orleans and its environs, as far as lake Ponchartron, displaying all the principal and remarkable buildings, the place d'armes, and the rest of the publick works. The publisher, who is a resident of the land which he describes, and is by profession a designer and engraver, has been engaged six years in collecting the materials.

W. P. Farrand & Co. have in the press and will shortly publish, *Parts of Corderius, Æsop's Fables, and Erasmus; also Selectæ à Veteris et à Profanis*. This selection is designed to be comprised in two volumes, and will be sold at about half the usual price of those books, from which the selection is made. The object of these volumes, introductory to a course of Latin reading, is not only to lessen the expense of school books, but to supply them with correct editions in an improved form.

We hear with pleasure, that professor Rush of Philadelphia is preparing for

the press a new edition of his medical works, to be comprised in three volumes. The edition will appear in the course of this year.

Dr. James Hutchinson of Philadelphia is engaged in preparing for the press a treatise on ulcers, particularly of the lower extremities. It will appear in the course of this year.

In an English paper of February last we see advertised in press, "travels to the westward of the Allegany mountains in the states of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, undertaken in the year 1802, under the auspices of M. Chaptal, minister of the interior, by T.A. Michaux, M.D. faithfully translated by B. Lambert." This work professes to give faithful details of the present state of agriculture, and the natural productions of this part of America, as well as correct intelligence relative to the commercial connexions subsisting between these states and those lying to the eastward of the mountains and lower Louisiana, and was collected for the information of the government of France; the work published in one 8vo. volume, with a whole sheet map of the central, western, and southern provinces of the U. States.

The annual meeting of the American company of booksellers will commence, agreeably to their late constitution, on the third Monday of June next, in the village of Newark, state of New Jersey.

A new society was formed by the medical gentlemen of Savannah, in the course of the last year, and called "the Georgia medical society." It was organized last June. Dr. Jones, president.

Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia, has for some time past been collecting and preparing for the publick eye a number of statues of the full size, from the antique; such as the Apollo de Belvidere, the fighting and dying gladiators, the Antinous, &c. &c. For these casts he is indebted for the most part to the taste and liberality of Mr. Smith, the brother of William Smith, Esq. of S. Carolina, who has deposited them with Mr. Peale, with the expectation of laying the foundation for an American academy of the fine arts in that city. Several of the Philadelphians have been active in the commencement and foundation of such an academy, who have been flattered with the patronage of our celebrated countryman, Benjamin

West, who, we are informed by Mr. Peale, has expressed an opinion of the probability of his coming to assist in this laudable plan, and end his days in his native state.

Mr. Mango Park, the gentleman who has attained to a high degree of celebrity for his travels into the interior of Africa, sailed from Portsmouth, Eng. the beginning of March last, in the *Eugenia*, Capt. Webb, on another journey of discovery to that quarter of the globe. The object of this voyage, is to establish, if possible, commercial connexions with some of the principal African towns and Great Britain. His course will be towards the southern part of the continent.

Mr. Wirt, the ingenious author of "the letters of the British Spy," is said to be preparing materials for writing a biographical view of the worthies of Virginia. His labours are to commence with the memoirs of our divine orator Patrick Henry; to collect particular information about whose family, education, and early pursuits, he has already addressed a series of questions to a gentleman of Hanover, the country which had the honour of giving birth to Mr. Henry. Of Mr. Wirt's distinguished qualifications for such an interesting office, few men can doubt, who have had an opportunity of admiring, in the letters of the British Spy, a style always easy and often energetick, an imagination that so happily collects the beauties of the picturesque, and a discriminating genius, which knows so well how to catch and describe the peculiarities of living characters. To the honour of having produced worthies, whose virtues and talents so eminently deserve to be recorded, Virginia may soon add the boast of having given birth to an historian, whose genius is so admirably qualified to commemorate their merits.—*Richmond Inq.*

The American drawing magazine, or a complete system of drawing, by John Eckstein, late painter and surveyor to the king of Prussia, and now professor of drawing to the academy of the fine arts in Philadelphia, is now publishing by Wm. P. Farrand & Co. It will be completed in 12 numbers, each number to contain 12 engravings. The price will be two dollars per number.

The medical society of South Carolina have opened a subscription for the purpose of establishing a botanick garden at Charleston in that state; the object of the gentlemen is "to cultivate plants which are useful in medicine, to enable the young physician to become acquainted with the growth and appearance of the medicines he prescribes, and probably be an inducement at some future period for some gentleman to undertake the delivery of a course of lectures upon botany and natural history." Should a larger sum be subscribed, than is necessary for the maintenance of the garden, and for acquiring new plants, a library is to be established, consisting of the best authors on botany, natural history, and agriculture.

The life of the renowned and gallant knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, has been published in London by Arthur Cayley, Esq. in 2 volumes 4to. with a portrait from an original by Vertue.

The Rev. Mr. Maurice, one of the librarians of the British Museum, has a tragedy ready for performance at one of the London theatres on the interesting subject of the massacre of Delhi.

By the last papers from London the following works were expected shortly to appear in that city.

The English drama, forming a collection of plays of the most celebrated dramatick authors, with critical and biographical essays, and an historical inquiry into the drama and the stage.

History of the manners, religion, government, literature, and language of the Anglo Saxons by Sharon Turner.

Specimens of the modern English poets, with preliminary remarks, &c. by R. Southey, designed as a sequel to the "Specimens of early English poets by George Ellis, Esq."

Specimens of early English romances, by George Ellis, Esq.

Poems and plays by Mrs. West. Vol. 3 and 4.

The nature of things, a poem in six books, translated from the original Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, with notes philological and explanatory by John Mason Good.

Southey's "Madoc."

A new edition of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's letters, with a life of the author, the late W. Melmoth, Esq.

In consequence of the great exertions of Dr. Griebach to present to the publick the text of the Greek Testament in the utmost state of purity which circumstances would admit, the duke of Grafton, for the accommodation of his countrymen, liberally provided at his own expense the paper for a large number of impressions to be sent to England, with the view of furnishing, at a very reduced price, a sufficient number of copies for the general demand. The first volume accordingly, containing the four gospels, was reprinted by Dr. Griebach, with very considerable improvements: and whence the avidity with which it was received on the continent, induced Mr. Go'chen to reprint it, with all the improvements which the typographical art could confer; and that no advantages might be wanted, he hath obtained from Dr. Griebach to bestow on the edition his further revisional cares; so that for beauty and accuracy no book has ever issued from the press in a higher state of perfection. It is not, however, to be understood, that this edition is intended to supersede the last, which is called, for the sake of distinction, the duke of Grafton's, and the critical edition; but is built upon it as its foundation, all the authorities for fixing the text being given only in that; the second and concluding volume of which is to be published next year, when the two volumes, to complete the more splendid one, will also make their appearance. It will be proper however to observe, in respect to this edition, that the work is not only printed with unexampled accuracy and beauty, on the best paper, and adorned with exquisite engravings, (which last we consider as a *boni d'avore*) but presents, under the most simple method of estimating their value, four sorts of various readings:—1. Those admitted into the text as of most validity. 2. Such as are nearly of equal authority placed in the margin, and distinguished by the letter *ε*. 3. Those which are of less value distinguished by *γ*, and added in like manner as deserving consideration. 4. Others in themselves improbable, but preserved either because they had obtained the suffrages of critics, or were remarkable on some other account. Where a change of

punctuation has been adopted, the instance is marked by *;*; conjectured amendments are distinguished by an *u*; and where the Elzevir or Wetstein's text is departed from the common reading is given below, and is distinguished by *x*, for *xi*. It is to be noticed, that the types of this splendid work are entirely new. Their forms have been selected, by several distinguished scholars of Germany, from the manuscripts of most admired calligraphy, and are fixed upon as the standard of their future Greek types.

On a small size, of the same formed letter, two volumes also of a new edition of Homer, containing the Iliad, under the care of the celebrated professor Wolfe, has issued from the same press. The former edition of this poet, by the same critick, has proved how eminently he is qualified for such an undertaking; and the text of the divine Greek has never yet appeared in so chaste and classical a taste. This work is exhibited

on three papers, two of them embellished with ornamental engravings, and the third with the beautiful designs of Flaxman, in a size skilfully reduced.

Mr. Goschen has undertaken to publish the Latin Classics at large. These will appear under the superintendence of professor Eichstadt and other eminent scholars with every advantage that a collation of manuscripts, an examination of commentaries, and every other aid can supply. These editions will be printed on paper of various sizes and excellence, for general accommodation, and in particular for the use of schools. In this last point of view they will be particularly interesting, since nothing can be more discreditable than the school classics which are at present in use amongst us. From the parts already published of Cicero, &c., we may augur every thing in favour of Mr. Goschen's undertaking; and we sincerely wish his remuneration may be fully equal to his merits.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, COMMONLY CALLED THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Nil illo puero clarius, nihil nobilius fore.

CICERO.

OF the lives of men who have been celebrated in any art or science, who have rendered themselves famous by the eminence of their genius, or the extent of their learning, it is a laudable curiosity to desire to be accurately and minutely informed. We are anxious to follow them from their cradle—to watch the progress of their minds—to trace them from the first dawning of their genius—from the inexperience of infancy, to the fulness and maturity of their manhood. The object of the present sketch has not indeed reached the latter period, but he already occupies so large a space in the publick eye, and the eminence he has reached at the early age of thirteen, is so much higher than most of those of the maturest manhood have been able to attain by the labour and study of years, that our readers, we are sure, will thank us for the following particulars, extracted from Mr. Merritt's well written 'Biographical Sketch of his Life.'

'William Henry West Betty, only son of William Henry Betty, was born on the 13th of September, 1791, as appears from the parish register of the church of St. Chad's in Shrewsbury. Mr. Betty, the father, was the son of Dr. Betty, a physician of the first eminence at Lisburn, not far from Belfast, in the north of Ireland; at whose death he became possessed of a handsome independent fortune. His wife was miss Mary Stanton, the daughter of a respectable gentleman in the county of Worcester. She was a young lady of good education and high accomplishments, and brought him a respectable fortune, part of which, it is said, is entailed on the young gentleman who is the subject of these memoirs. It has been frequently said that miss Stanton had been formerly either a performer on a publick stage, or in the frequent habit of acting in private theatres; neither of which reports have the smallest foundation in truth. The name of

Stanton happens to belong to several families of theatrical profession in various parts of the kingdom; and this circumstance, from the mere identity of the names, may have lead to a supposition that the family of Mr. Betty was included in the number.

It is, however, certain, that miss Stanton always discovered a great predilection for the amusements of the theatre; and she and her sisters, in their own family, used frequently to divert themselves with reciting plays and other pieces of poetry—an amusement not only innocent, but, under certain restrictions, extremely laudable.

Mr. Betty, at the time of the birth of his son, lived within a small distance of Shrewsbury, from whence he removed a few years after, to the neighbourhood of his native place, in the north of Ireland. He occupied a farm, and also carried on some business relating to the linen manufactory, near Ballynahinch, in the county of Down. He remained in this situation, till the rising celebrity of his son rendered it necessary for him to give up his employments, in order to attend the young gentleman in his theatrical excursions.

Mr. Betty, as well as his lady, has been always attached to the entertainments of the theatre, and has been occasionally in habits of intimacy with some of the most eminent professors of the dramatick art, both here and in Ireland. Hence it is natural to suppose that the subject of acting would be frequently introduced in the family, and master Betty must necessarily have imbibed some notions respecting it, and perhaps some inclination towards it, at a very tender age. The early enthusiasm and precocious excellence of children, in different arts and acquirements, may generally be traced to some causes of this kind. The work of education begins insensibly, and at a very early period in the infant mind: and it is extremely difficult to distinguish a natural propensity from an acquired habit. Almost all the extraordinary instances which have occurred of premature abilities have happened in the art or profession which has been exercised by the parents.

Mrs. Betty being herself an accomplished speaker, and residing in a district

where the English language is spoken in its worst state of depravity, thought it necessary to pay particular attention to the education of her son in that ornamental and necessary acquirement. He was, therefore, exercised at an early period, in the habit of reciting passages from the best authors, and was taught to pronounce the language with propriety.

In the summer of 1802, the play of Pizarro was brought out by the Belfast manager with much splendour, and Mrs. Siddons was the Elvira. As Mr. Betty and his son happened to be in the town, they were induced to go to the theatre, being the first time that master Betty had ever seen a play. From this moment his fate was decided. When he came home, he told his father, with a look of such enthusiasm, and a voice so pathetick, that those who heard him will never forget the expression—that he should certainly die if he must not be a player. The wonderful acting of Mrs. Siddons, in Elvira, not easily to be forgotten by the most phlegmatick, had left an impression on his glowing mind which nothing could ever erase. It was fortunate for himself that his first, and therefore most durable impressions, were stamped by such a model. He talked of nothing but Elvira; he spouted the speeches of Elvira; and his passion for the stage became every hour more vehement and uncontrollable. He returned with his father to Ballynahinch, but not to his usual occupations. The Saxonian accents still rang in his ear; and her majestick march and awful brow still filled his fancy. Every thing was neglected for his favourite object; and every thing not connected with it became tiresome and insipid. His propensity grew visibly more rooted by time; his impertinencies were irresistible; and his parents, at length, finding all opposition unavailing, were compelled to think seriously of the practicability of indulging him.

It may be remarked, as a strong proof of the correctness of his natural taste, that though Kollja is the hero of the piece, and a part which is eminently calculated to strike the romantic mind of youth, yet it made on his but a slight impression. Elvira alone was the heroine of his imagination; for he

saw the character only through the medium of the actress. He was instantly able to separate the genuine ore from the surrounding dross, and saw at once what was to be imitated and what to be avoided. A part of very inferior interest became predominant in his mind, because it was in the hands of a great actress.

In pursuance of the resolution he had taken, Mr. Betty returned with his son to Belfast, in order to consult Mr. Atkins, and to ask his opinion of the boy's qualifications. Mr. Atkins is the manager of Belfast Theatre, and a man of friendly dispositions and liberal character. In his presence, master Betty repeated some passages from the part of Elvira, with the wild and unskilful vigour of untutored genius. The manager was a good deal struck with what he had heard, but wished to have the opinion of Mr. Hough, his prompter, for whose judgment he had a considerable deference. That gentleman was accordingly sent for, and immediately discerned in the boy's recitation and action great capabilities for a first rate actor. He gave him a few instructions, and at the same time pointed out to him the part of Rolla, as a much fitter object of his study, than that of Elvira, to which he had been directed by his feelings on seeing the performance of Mrs. Siddons. The young gentleman felt the full value of the knowledge he had received, and, in the ardour of his gratitude, told Mr. Hough he was his guardian angel. The father and son now returned once more to Ballynahinch, and master Betty happening to find the tragedy of Zara in the house, began to study the part of Osman, in addition to that of Rolla and some others. Some time afterwards, Mr. Hough accepted a pressing invitation which he had received from Mr. Betty, to pass a short time at his house in the country, with a view of observing the boy more narrowly, and in order to give him more detailed instructions. Mr. Hough soon found that his pupil possessed a docility even greater than his genius; for, whatever he was directed to do, he could instantly execute, and was sure never to forget. He found that his feelings could take the impression of every passion and sentiment, and

express them in their appropriate language. Whatever was properly presented to his mind he could immediately lay hold of, and seemed to seize, by a sort of intuitive sagacity, the spirit of every sentence, and the prominent beauties of every remarkable passage. The happy moment at length arrived, which was to realise our hero's hopes and wishes. Mr. Atkins, induced by the reports he had received, and solicited to bring forward some extraordinary novelty, on account of the extreme depression of the times,* offered him an engagement to play at Belfast for four nights. Accordingly, about the middle of August, in the year 1803, he announced the tragedy of Zara, the part of Osman to be undertaken by a young gentleman only eleven years of age. The singularity of the exhibition drew together a great crowd of people, who were equally astonished and enraptured at the performance of the young actor. A gentleman of the profession, who was present on the occasion, himself a good tragedian, and a competent judge of the art, assured me that his performance even at that time, was striking and correct beyond all belief. He discovered no mark of embarrassment on his first appearance, and went through the part without any confusion or mistake. The applauses were, of course, tumultuous and incessant. The actors of the regular company were confounded to see themselves so completely schooled by a mere infant, and even those who had formed the most sanguine expectations concerning him, were amazed at his success.

The following day he was announced for the interesting part of young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas. His performance of this part, it was justly thought, would afford a fair test of his real capability, as the character, without requiring any violent stretch of the imagination, might, in some degree, be assimilated to his years and figure. The deriding, as well as the "admiring throng," now made a point of attending the theatre; and the next day the

* The much lamented insurrection in Dublin, which caused the death of Lord Kildare, had recently taken place, and had spread a great alarm over all parts of the country.

whole town of Belfast, with scarcely any exceptions, were of one sentiment concerning him. He not only confirmed the favourable impression of his first performance, but he displayed new excellencies of a very high order, and such as are supposed to be of the most difficult attainment. The jealousy, rage, and despair of Osman, a usual gradation of passions, were more easy to represent than the chastened spirit and modest heroism of the gallant Douglas. It was thought impossible that a boy could be brought to comprehend or to pourtray these nice effects of contending principles. But every obstacle was surmounted. He played the part with such unaffected, yet energetick simplicity, that the most incredulous were satisfied, and his fame, among the inhabitants of Belfast, was firmly established. He next played Rolla with equal success, and afterwards Romeo, which concluded his engagement.

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, had heard of this dramatick prodigy; and soon after his last performance at Belfast, offered him an engagement on very advantageous terms. After some negotiation, the particulars of an agreement were settled, by which he was to play nine nights at the Theatre royal, Crow-Arrest.

To be continued.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES.

We are compelled to content ourselves with offering our readers only a general statement of the prevalent diseases of the month. From various causes, among which we cannot number any negligence on our part, we are obliged to omit the detail of that very valuable document.

STATEMENT FOR APRIL.

Omitted last month through mistake.

Pneumonick inflammation in various forms has continued to prevail, during the month of April. It has been often complicated; especially with diseases of the abdominal viscera. Rheumatick affections, both chronick and acute, have still appeared. Typhus mitior has become more common; and a few cases

of typhus gravior and of scarlatina anginosa have shown themselves.

STATEMENT FOR MAY.

Fevers, marked with the *typhoid* character, have been uncommonly numerous during the month of May. Their symptoms have varied, from the slow nervous fever to what is commonly called putrid fever. The disease has not hitherto appeared to be of a fatal nature. Hepatitis has been sporadick, as usual at this season. Rheumatick and dyspeptick complaints not very frequent.

In the two last months the vaccinating practice has become general.

NOTES.

WE invite the attention of the readers of poetry to the Essay on Pope, which adorns the pages of our Miscellany. If there be any, who do not join in the opinion of its author; who lay Pope on their shelves beside Horace and Boileau; who think that he possessed, in a high degree, "that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which, judgment is cold and knowledge inert; that energy, which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates," we shall rejoice to give them an opportunity of vindicating their favourite.

Our warmest acknowledgments are due to our friend, who is interested in every thing which interests literature, for the letters from Italy with which he has favoured us. We shall be proud to convey any thing to the world which comes from such a source; and shall therefore eagerly give them place in our next.

We venture to promise our readers a banquet in our next on an essay of Gilbert Wakefield's not published among his works. We have also on file, together with other matter of more than common interest, two unpublished letters of Dr. Franklin, several letters from Europe, besides those to which we have already referred.

METEOROLOGY from April 26 to May 26.

Day.	Clock.	Barometer.	Fah. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
26	8 10	51 50	S SW		Rainy till 1, P. M.— Afterwards fair.
27	8 10	52 50	WSW SW		Fair. Some clouds.
28	8 10	55 54	NW W		Fair.
29	8 10	53 54	SSW S		Fair most of the day— One shower A.M. with high wind.
30	8 10	52 46	WNW W		Fair. Some clouds.
1	8 10	51 47	S S		Fair.—High wind, P.M.
2	8 10	52 57	SW NW		Fair.—High wind, P.M.
3	8 10	59 61	SE S		Fair.
4	8 10	67 63	S S		Fair.—High wind.
5	8 10	29.6 29.6	SSW NW		Rainy A. M.—Fair to- ward evening.
6	8 10	29.7 29.6	W S		Fair.
7	8 10	30.1 30.2	NW W		Fair and clear.
8	8 10	30.2 30.1	SW S		Cloudy and showers.— Wind very high some parts of the day.
9	8 10	29.8 29.7	S S		Rain storm.
10	8 10	29.8 29.9	W WSW		Fair and clear.
11	8 10	29.7 29.6	SE SSW		Fair A. M.—Frequent showers P.M.—After ss., some heavy thunder & lightning.
12	8 10	29.6 29.6	S S		Fair morning. Cloudy near evening. About 10 P. M. rain.
13	8 10	29.5 29.7	SSW SW		Fair. Clouds and a lit- tle rain about 4 P. M.— Afterwards fair.
14	8 10	29.9 29.9	SW WSW		Fair.—Some clouds.
15	8 10	30.1 30.1	NE ENE		Cloudy A. M.—Rain P. M.—High wind.
16	8 10	29.9 29.7	NE S		Rain storm.
17	8 10	29.6 29.5	NE NNW		Rain A.M. Cloudy & sunshine P.M.
18	8 10	29.6 29.7	W SW		Fair.—Some clouds.
19	8 10	29.7 29.8	W SSW		Fair.—Some clouds.
20	8 10	29.8 29.8	SW S		Fair.—Some clouds.
21	8 10	29.8 29.7	S ENE		Showers A. M. Fair P. M.
22	8 10	29.6 29.7	W S		Fair morning. Showers A.M. Fair P.M.
23	8 10	29.8 29.8	SW S		Fair most of the day.— Cloudy, and a small shower just before noon.
24	8 10	29.8 30.1	SW NW		Fair morning. Heavy, short squall with a little rain about 1 P. M. Af- terwards fair.
25	8 10	29.9 29.9	WSW S		Fair.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JUNE, 1805.

ORIGINAL ESSAY BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

MEANS. EDITORS,

I IN the Providence (R. I.) Gazette, I have perused several essays of great merit, under the signature of THE ADELPHIAD :...I inclose you, for publication in the Anthology, the following number, which has just appeared, and which, I doubt not, will be perused with pleasure and profit.

MARIANO:

The Adelphiad. No. 58.

I HAVE obtained leave from George Wakefield, Esq. of Dedham, to take a copy of the following original, unpublished essay, which was written by his brother, the learned and Reverend *Gilbert Wakefield*, of Jesus College, Cambridge. It was originally intended for the Literary and Philosophical Society at Manchester...but not having been applied that way, I presume a perusal of it will be agreeable to the readers of the *Adelphiad*. Z.

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF
POETRY.

THE origin of poetry seems to have been almost coeval with the birth of man. It is not, like other arts, the offspring of time and refined manners : it has e-

Vol. II. No. 6. Nn

qually been the production of distant ages and uncultivated people, as of the later periods of civilized life. But though poetry has proved the exercise of genius and the delight of taste, in all stages of society and the rudest nations of the world, it does not appear that the essentials of poetry, and the characteristical distinctions of poetry from prose, have been yet ascertained by any criterions universally admitted to be just. Though philological writers have at all times employed themselves so frequently and fully upon the business of composition at large, much difference of opinion still remains upon the point in question. I shall submit to the consideration of this society some concise remarks ; which might be easily expanded and enlarged upon, with no little usefulness and entertainment, by a reader of taste, who should choose to take the task upon him. I can hardly doubt, but that the observations, which I am going to lay down, however imperfectly illustrated, comprehend a satisfactory solution of the question.

Three things, and three only, are essential to the constitution of poetry, and unite to distinguish it from prose :

I. *A certain conformation of the language*: in which *two* particulars are comprized.

1st. *A metrical disposition of the words*, which is called *verse*.

2d. *A certain grandeur and elevation of expression*.

In confirmation of this *first* position, I might venture to allege even the exordium of *Paradise Lost* ("of man's first," &c. to "sing heavenly muse"), for although delivered in a style of the most absolute simplicity, it is clearly distinguishable from prose, for the *two* reasons here assigned:

1. A transposition of the words from their proper grammatical arrangement, and a regularity of feet: 2. By a majesty of phrase, which would appear ridiculous and bombastical in prose....*whose mortal taste...sing heavenly muse*.

II. The *second* essential of a poet, I shall briefly characterize by the word *genius*: in which I include that happy fertility of invention, which enables the mind to devise a suitable subject for its exertions, and to expatiate, to a greater or less extent, through universal nature, for the discovery of objects to embellish it.

This faculty of *creation* was esteemed by the Greeks such a capital ingredient in the formation of a poet, as to give rise to his denomination in their language. There needs no elaborate proof of this position; because I suppose, that every judgment will unite in acknowledging a power of invention in some degree to be an absolute requisite in poetry.

III. The *third* essential is, an *enthusiastick turn of mind*: which includes all that is understood by the terms, *imagination, sensibility,*

and *taste*: and in proportion to the display of this *third* property will be the excellence of poetry.

My meaning in these *three* divisions will be more distinctly apprehended, and the subject itself receive considerable illustration, if we consider whether the *union* of *all* these qualities be necessary to poetry; and if not, which of them may be spared.

1st. An absence of the *two* parts of the *first* essential property cannot be allowed. Without an ordonnance of measure and a dignity of expression, poetry cannot possibly exist. By the former of these particulars, the poet of all ages and nations has been distinguished: this point rests, therefore, upon the unanimous sentiments of mankind. And the *second* will discover real poetry, even when divested of its metrical habiliments. (See this topic illustrated by *Horace*, sat. 1, 4, 45, 63, who there confirms all that is advanced upon this head of the subject.) Thus, when we read in the scriptures concerning the Supreme Being....

He made the moon for certain seasons;
And the sun knoweth his going down.

Pf. cix.

The verse indeed is lost, but we perceive the composition to be poetical, both by a correspondent measurement of the sentences (a principal artifice in Hebrew poetry), and by a noble personification, inconsistent with the sobriety of real prose. So far, then, we may satisfy ourselves upon this point.

And yet it may be useful to remark, that the properties here specified do not *solely* constitute poetry, though they are *essential* to

it. *Fenelon's Telemachus* is a fine specimen of elevated composition, but is not a true poem : and Sir Richard Blackmore's *Epicks* (if I may be allowed to take refuge in this old example, to avoid all possibility of affront to the judgment of others, by instancing in authors of greater reputation), though written in measure and in rhyme too, are still prose.

The *second* necessary ingredient of poetry (though poetry, as distinguishable from versification only, cannot exist without it) is not an exclusive property : for the principal distinction of a very common species of composition is invention to as great an extent as is found in any poem whatsoever. Such performances as Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, and the whole class of novels, are neither called, nor esteemed, poems ; though something of a poetical character evidently discriminates them from simple didactic prose. Where then shall we look in this instance for a decisive distinction between poetry and prose ? Without doubt in a regular recurrence of appropriated numbers : in *appropriated numbers*, I say, or we shall not define sufficiently a *modulated* prose from poetry. Deprived of this characteristick, I do not see why *Homer's Odyssey* would have a better title to the honours of poetry, than the *Telemachus* or the *Utopia*, whatever the superiority of that performance may be in other respects. Concerning the *third* essential of poetry, an *enthusiastick turn of mind*, in proportion as prosaick compositions are tinged with it, they lose their specifick character, and

become, as one of our poets expresses himself,

Prose on stilts, or poetry gone lame.

Compositions of this peculiar cast, like a slip of land which borders upon two countries and belongs to neither, may occasion, as well as the comparison, some degree of controversy ; but as they transgress the sobriety and uniformity of exact writing, are culpable in themselves ; and, instead of being urged in opposition to the preceding observations, should be mutually given up as illegitimate, both by the patrons of poetry and prose. The sense of an incongruity of this kind induced a celebrated prelate to give his translation of a prophet, highly ennobled by his warmth of imagination and sublimity of genius, some appearance of poetry, by a regular distribution of the sentences in conformity to the original. He saw the beauty of *Isaiah* tarnished, and his dignity degraded, by the garb of vulgar prose : he was willing to preserve, if possible, some faint traces of eastern poesy, as far as the genius of a different language would admit, that his incomparable author might not lose, even in a version,

All his original brightness, nor appear
Less than archangel ruin'd.

What gives me the greater confidence in the foregoing remarks is, that they are merely an extension of the hints contained in a few words of *Horace* ; who is not more worthy of admiration for the elegance of his poetry, than the incontrovertible justice of his criticism. "First of all

(says this arbiter of taste and learning—*sat.* 1, 4, 39, 45) I must beg leave to exempt myself from the number of those whom I distinguish by the name of poets : for it is not sufficient to give a line its proper number of feet to entitle to this distinction : nor can you with reason denominate him a poet, whose writings, like mine, partake so much of the simplicity and familiarity of common conversation. No : he only deserves this honourable appellation, who is possessed of *genius, a more divine frame of soul, and a magnificent and harmonious elocution.*”

The ancient comedy, because it wanted these requisites, and was only distinguished from prose by its measures, he denies to be a poem. The Roman comedy (if he meant that) might have been proscribed from the poetick province for an additional reason : because it was not solicitous to preserve any appearance of *versification*, except in the two concluding syllables of the line.

The three criterions of poetry, laid down above, might be em-

ployed as a good standard, whereby to adjust in general the respective excellencies of all poets whatever, and afford full scope for some very curious and entertaining disquisitions, if any one of leisure and taste would take upon him the prosecution of the subject.

I will just subjoin one example of an application of these rules, in conclusion.

Homer in the article of invention, which is the first merit of poetry, has a great superiority over *Milton**. Except therefore it could be shown, that these later poets compensate this inferiority by more abundant excellence in the other two constituents of poetry ; the supremacy of *Homer* in one case, and the subordinate claims of *Milton* in the other, over the rest of the epick race, will be indisputably established. But the rules above will be as serviceable in estimating and comparing *different* departments of poetry, as in rating the worth of those in the *same* department.

* And *Milton*, in the same respect, a superiority over *Virgil*.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

We have already expressed our gratitude to our friend, by whose kindness we are allowed to present the following letters to the publick. His observations on the merit of the memoir of the Duke della Torre are undoubtedly perfectly correct. We are inclined to think however, that though it has none of the beauty of the description of Pliny, and though its real value arises from its being an excellent continuation of the observations of Sir William Hamilton, it will still be read with interest even by those readers, who are contented with liquid and fugitive impressions.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE lately been indulged with the perusal of several letters from an intelligent gentleman of this town now travelling in Europe, which comprehend a trans-

lation from the Italian language of a memoir relative to the last eruption of Vesuvius. Having liberty to make such use of these papers, as I might think proper,

I am persuaded that I could not better dispose of them, than to transmit them for publication in your valuable miscellany. The observations of the Duke della Torré may, to some readers, appear tediously minute ; but they will serve to give accurate and precise information relative to those stupendous phenomena, which are generally considered with mere amazement and vague admiration ; and we are consoled for any fatigue, by the intimation suggested by our ingenious friend of communicating, hereafter, the condensed result of his own observations in that interesting region.

With sincere wishes for the reputation and success of the *Anthology*, I remain, yours,

J. D.

Boston, May 16, 1805.

Rome, January 24, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THOUGH the phenomena of volcanoes have been long known and often well described, yet they are so rare, and so wonderful when compared to the other operations of nature, that they still excite a lively interest in the breasts of literary and philosophical men. The volcano of Vesuvius is so much more conveniently situated for observation, than those of *Ætna* or *Stromboli*, that it has been more frequently and more accurately noticed. I find however, that even to the literary men of Naples it is still highly interesting, because its more powerful efforts are seldom made oftener than once in the course of a single life. This mountain had been almost perfectly quiet from the year 1794

till the 11th of August last, when a new eruption took place with phenomena, which are here deemed worthy of description and attention.

The Duke della Torré, a man of science, who has been very attentive to the subject of volcanoes, and who was a very accurate observer of the late eruption, has published his account of it ; and I am assured by a very respectable literary man, the Rev. Mr. Haytu, chaplain to the Prince of Wales, that the account is perfectly correct. It has been sent to the Royal Society of London, but as it may never reach our country, or at least not for a long time, I have thought it best to send it to you. As the Italian is understood only by a few persons with us, I have taken the liberty to translate this work, and if it shall be deemed sufficiently interesting I have no objection to the publication of it.

" FIRST RELATION OF THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, FROM THE 11TH OF AUGUST TO THE 18TH SEPT. 1804.

By the Duke della Torré.

" For the space of ten years Vesuvius, maintaining a perfect tranquillity, had ceased to lay waste the circumjacent country, and to disturb the neighbouring inhabitants ; in this quiet state however it was preparing and disposing new materials, by which it would one day display its original fury.

" The phenomena of the 11th of August last announced the terrible eruption, which was again destined to afflict this unhappy country, at the same time that it would furnish fresh materials to

chemical amateurs, by which they might form new conjectures relative to these unexplained operations of nature.

"I cannot omit giving an exact idea of the state of Vesuvius, at the first moment of the present eruption.

"On the 2d of November, in the year 1803, I ascended the summit of Vesuvius, by the road which goes from the village of Resina, and arrived at the brink of the opening, saw a vast crater, which presented to me only the appearance of a profound plain. The medium depth of this crater, from its lowest part to its superior edge on the *west* side, as it was then measured on the spot, by persons let down for the purpose, was found to be precisely 500 Neapolitan palms (equal to 430 feet English), a depth 100 palms less than on the 2d July 1794, when it was measured by the learned Mr. Brießlach. In the midst of this crater were three small hills, of the height of 50 palms each (43 feet English), from which in February 1799 were ejected heated stones with considerable explosion and flame, which were visible at the capital (Naples) for two days. These were the presages of the eruption of 1794, so that those are mistaken, who believe that the mountain had remained from the period of that eruption in perfect quietness. In these little hills were still visible orifices, which emitted the usual vapour or smoke, charged with sulphur and ammoniac, and on the inside of these openings were formed beautiful incrustations of sulphureous salts, abounding with

very shining crystals. The circumference of the crater was then found to be 11,500 palms (9890 feet English). This exceeded the dimensions related by Mr. Brießlach by 2900 palms. The difference of this mensuration appears to me to be attributable to the following causes.

"1st. That the materials thrown out by the antecedent eruption of February 1799, having fallen back again within the crater, could not have augmented its depth.

"2d. That, as the edges of the opening had in many places fallen into the centre of the crater, they not only must have raised the surface of the plain at the bottom, but the base must have continually been approaching the superior edge of the cone, at the same time that the circumference would become more extensive.

"The inclination of the sides of the crater was greater to the south and south west. Its greatest elevation was to the east and north east. The form of the crater was the same as described by the above mentioned Mr. Brießlach, that is to say, an ellipsis a little eccentric, internally circular and externally conical. The medium external height of the cone on the west side may be estimated, from the base of the plain to the mouth, about 4000 palms, or about half a Neapolitan mile.

"In such a state I left the mountain on the 2d November, 1803; nor do I know of any other circumstance, except that I have understood from the information of the Hermit del Salvatore, that

on the 22d of May of the present year (1804) about one hour and an half of night (corresponding to half past 8 o'clock, A. M. English) there was perceived in his hermitage and in its vicinity a shock of an earthquake, which made the whole building tremble, accompanied with a rumbling noise, which was repeated in six minutes afterwards, and again another in ten minutes, louder than the two preceding ones.

"At this moment having looked at the mountain he saw issue from it a dense smoke, which continued to the 18th hour of the morning of the 23d (1 o'clock, A. M.) I have been informed by a very intelligent friend, that on the same day and almost at the same moment there was felt in the province of Abruzzo an earthquake, which was repeated three times, the first at the hour of night, the second equally strong at the 3d hour, and the third less sensible at the 5th hour."

—
Rome, January 27th, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THE residue of the pamphlet of the Duke della Torre I shall now give you.

"I placed the point of an atmospherick electrometer within the crater, which gave strong proofs of electricity, and which was confirmed by constant lightning from the east, though the evening was serene and the sky clear. After all these observations I was filled with astonishment at these arcana of nature, which gave place to the following reflections.

"First, that from the intensity of the fire, and from the increased

state of electricity in the mountain, we might expect one of the longest and most terrible eruptions.

"Secondly, that the light we perceived from Naples was not properly the columns of fire, which issued from the vast and deep abyss, but a refulgent, an ardent smoke, which, by reflecting the fire beneath, appeared under the form of real fire, though the lava had not yet reached the edge of the crater."

"Thirdly, that the lava after having filled the whole vacuum of the crater would discharge itself on the side to which it was pressing, that is, towards the south, so much the more readily as this was the most inclined part of the cone.

"Admitting the decomposition of the water in the bosom of the mountain, might not the electric fluid inflame a constituent part of it with hydrogen, and produce the irruption? In such a case the oxygen would increase the internal combustion, and would unite the acid parts to the alkaline, sulphureous, and metallick bases.

"From the 15th August to the 18th the fire continued equally, and the groanings and noise were frequent and dreadful; no earthquake was however felt.

"On the 19th the fire and noise augmented, and finally, from the capital (distant about seven miles in a straight line), was heard a deep-toned noise like the effect of distant thunder. From the 20th to the 25th nothing remarkable occurred, except that the showers of ashes and small cinders were more frequent."

"On the 26th the ashes, for the

first time, reached Torre del Greco and Refina, and they perceived from the mouth of the crater the fire diminished.

"On the 27th an experienced person went up the mountain, and brought me information, that the orifice of the gulf, which was first situated on the west, had receded towards the east, or towards *Ottajano*, and that two small mountains or hills had formed before the mouth of the opening, so as to prevent him from seeing the place from which the fire issued, but the burning matters were only visible after they had risen above these hills. The lava, which poured towards the south, was so near the edge of the crater, that it was very near overrunning or overflowing it."

"On the 28th the reports or explosions were more violent, and there appeared from Naples another mouth, which ejected fire and stones, within the same crater and towards the south side of it. There were not, during all these periods, any earthquakes."

"On the 29th the noise became more violent and frequent, and there was seen to issue from the new opening a greater quantity of fire and stones. At the 22d hour (Italian) was perceived a discharge more violent, and there was seen to arise from the edge of the crater towards the south and south west a dense smoke along the sharp sides of the mountain; and this I think was the moment, when the lava issued from the crater; and the loud explosion I believe to have been occasioned by the fall of the side of the crater in the place where the lava had ruptured it.

"I went instantly to Torre del Greco, where I arrived at the 24th hour (sunset), and I then saw a streak of fire, which had the appearance of a stream of liquid glass, rapidly advancing towards the base of the mountain, between south and south west. The width of it was, at its first issuing from the crater, about 50 palms (43 feet), but it was interrupted at short spaces by spots free of lava. I remained to examine this wonder at the palace of the Cardinal until 4 o'clock of night (corresponding to 11 o'clock, P. M. English); and till that time it had poured down about one third of the mountain. The said current of lava continued to enlarge as it descended.

"The 30th in the morning the lava had advanced to the base of the mountain, and having measured its length it was found to be 3528 palms. Its medium width might be estimated at 400 palms, and at its base 1000. Arrived at the base of the mountain it divided into four branches, two of which directed their course to the south, and two others to the south-west. The largest of the branches were those of the south, which were about 500 palms wide.... those to the south west being not more than 300. I went on the same day to view the lava at the 22d hour (5 o'clock, P. M.) and found it already arrived at the place called the *Pedamentina*, having advanced in 24 hours 2625 palms. The branches, which had taken the direction of south west, were nearly united in the *Fosso bianco*; and those, which had gone to the south, were united, and formed a mass of 1500 palms

wide, and were directing their course towards the place called *Petraro di Guida*. The height of this lava was about 8 or 9 palms, its progress was rapid, and it was introduced about 2 hours of night (9 o'clock) into *Petraro di Guida*, having run 1385 palms more, in the whole course more than a mile. Taking a medium rate, it may be said to have advanced 100 palms per hour. The lava was very hard, so that a stick pressed upon it ever so forcibly would not enter more than two inches."

"I now drew from its surface a small piece, which in ten seconds cracked and broke, and in two minutes became black and scori-form in its surface. Having broken by force a stone from the current of the lava, in which it was swimming, I observed that as soon as it was exposed to the external air in the place where the breach had been made it became cool and compact like glass, and the inside of the fracture was shining like a metal, which it resembled still more in colour. The current of the lava was not wholly and entirely on fire. The external part was composed of stones of different sizes and colours, of minute crystals or cinders, and of different sorts of sand. As it advanced, the superiour part (composed of the substances just stated) fell first, making a noise like that of a bag of broken glass when thrown down; afterwards appeared the fiery parts, which ran beneath. This is the reason why this lava on the plain did not run so rapidly or violently, as that which issued in the form of a fluid, liquified matter. The heat which issued from it, to the dis-

tance of 4 or 5 palms, was so great that you could not stand it for more than two minutes. On the contrary the heat felt at some distance, far from debilitating, invigorated the fibres. There was exhaled from it a disgusting and suffocating smoke of ammoniac and sulphur, and the odour which it diffused around was similar to that which is perceived near burning lime pits. As soon as the stones which covered the lava cracked and cooled, they were perceived to be covered with a substance sometimes white, sometimes yellow, which you might recognize to be sulphur, sal ammoniac, and nitre."

"On the 31st the part, which descended in two branches to the south west, had reached the *Fosso-bianco*, taking the direction of the small house of the Cardinal. The second branch was united in the *Fosso-bianco* to the other lava, which ran from *Petraro di Guida*, and which, after having passed a valley filled with ancient lava, had joined its two branches at the cottage of D. Andrew Guida. It had advanced, from the preceding day, 4299 palms; its height was 23 palms, its width 2000, and its rate of advancement or progress 150 palms per hour. I reflected, that the height of the lava diminished in proportion as its velocity increased. I caused to be measured the other branch, whose course was directed to the Cardinal's, and I found it from the mouth to its termination in the *Fosso-bianco* 9500 palms; its width was about 460, its height 18 palms. When I left it, it was 4 hours of the night (or 11 o'clock, P. M. English), and the

first lava had already arrived in the territory of D. Andrew Guida. On the first day of September the lava, directed towards the Cardinal's, had nearly reached the lands of Jovino, and Guarino, having proceeded from the day before 2048 palms; its width in front was 260, its height 12. The other lava, near the cottage of Guida, had advanced 2270 palms, and had reached the cottage of said Guida. Its width continued as before, and its height 24 palms. Here I remarked, that when the lava encountered in its progress a house, a wall, or any other like impediment, it stopped, poured or spread itself laterally and surrounded it, and afterwards either raised itself above and overwhelmed it, or passed it leaving it untouched in the midst of it. This lava stopped that night in the cottage of the said Guida; and the same night our most beloved Queen, together with the royal family, honoured this place with a visit, for the purpose of seeing the eruption and course of the lava. How astonishing appeared to her this portentous spectacle of nature, so much the more afflictive as her tender heart was deeply impressed with the injury and ruin occasioned by the impetuous torrent!

"I again proceeded to the summit of Vesuvius to observe what changes had taken place in the crater, and to discover the mode and precise place from whence the lava had issued. I reached the top of the mountain about half an hour before day-break. In ascending I was accompanied by the usual shower of ashes, and my electrometer gave

signs of powerful electricity. The inside of the crater exhibited an appearance totally different from what it appeared to do on the 14th August. Its whole plain was filled either by the lava which had run out, or by the stones, cinders, and ashes which had been ejected during the eruption. There had been formed various little hills with intervals between them, and the highest of which were to the north east, declining always to the south west; those hills were covered with light scorix, covered with a very fine dust of sal ammoniac and sulphur, and there issued from them light vapours of a disgusting and suffocating odour. In the spaces between these little hills were masses of lava, which still smoked, and which appeared still inflamed internally. The distances between the edge of the crater and these hills were various; the nearest was on the western side, and was distant at least 300 palms. There appeared behind the said hills, towards the walls or sides of the crater, on the side of Ottajano, five mouths, which vomited fire and stones, and which, raised with a great noise and force to the height of these hills, either fell upon them, or dropped again within the crater from which they issued; and from which perpetually came a great whirlwind of cinders and ashes, as well as smoke, that, by the force of the wind, was either carried to one side or the other in the form of a long streak or band. In the place, where the gulf or mouth was situated on the 14th of August, was now formed one of the highest of the new mountains. The orifice, from which

now issued the most fire, was on the north east, and was surrounded by the four other little hills.

"Having placed my usual thermometer about 1000 palms distant from the lava, it did not exhibit the great heat it had before indicated. The atmospherick temperature was not altered. Thus at Naples at 5 o'clock (Italian) it had stood at 24, and *there* it fell to 19. Having fixed my electrometer in the same place, it indicated a great degree of electricity; and the effect was greater, when placed on the ground, than when suspended in the air. Having made these observations, I advanced towards the place where the lava had poured out of the crater, and having reached it, saw the immense stones on the top of the lava, already cooled, and at a very little distance from the edge of the crater about 12 palms higher than this edge, and 200 palms wide.

"The lava was of a black colour, compact within, and externally scoriformed. Its surface was formed of large pieces, and in the cracks it exhibited the yellow colour of sulphur. Having gone a little farther, to the place where the lava began to run down the mountain, I found a lava blacker and more scoriformed than the one just described, which had been the first to pour down the sides, and after having run a third part of the length of the mountain had stopped and grown hard on the surface, though it still was on fire within and the heat of it insupportable. The height of this lava was 3 palms, its width 30. After this I found about 30 palms of ancient sand, over which the lava had not poured. Hav-

ing advanced further to the south, I approached the place where the lava was fluid; and as from the commencement it was hardened on the surface, like the other, for a distance of 10 palms, I mounted upon it, and succeeded to examine this fluid torrent, which had descended from the crater to the base of the mountain. It was not more *to the eye* than 8 palms wide; its height, measured from the half-extinguished lava, was about 4 palms, if we did not reflect, that it might have sunk deeply into the sand. The heat was so strong that we could not approach nearer than 6 palms, nor withstand the suffocating smoke, which the wind drove to the place where I was standing. The appearance of the lava was that of a lucid, consistent, liquified chrystal; its colour that of a lively red; and its surface exhibited many waves, like a bitumenous torrent. I could not by my eye measure the velocity of the torrent, but I threw upon it a rock or stone very large to try its density; and as I perceived that this went down the stream making but a very little impression, with my watch in my hand I threw in another, and in the space of one second it advanced 2 palms. Having placed the thermometer 6 palms distant from the running lava, it rose in two minutes to the heat of boiling water. From the electrometer I had the same signs of electricity. To my great chagrin I could not ascertain the heat of the lava, for want of a proper hydrometer.

"I was desirous of going farther, and even to the source of the torrent; but as it was necessary to march over the lava, which still emitted an intolerable heat, and I

was also apprehensive that some one of the strata might give way, especially as in some places I saw it had fallen in so that it was impossible to approach it, I descended with the intention of returning there again when the lava should be more effectually cooled, and the passage more secure."

I trust you have had enough of hot lava, and suffocating vapours for one letter....if not, I am sure I have, and shall of course suspend it to gather fresh strength, and clearer breath to resume the task.

Yours, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY WANDERER.

No. 4.

Quin et Prometheus, et Pelopis parens

Dulci laborum decipitur sono ;

Nec curat Orion leones,

Aut timidus agitare lynceas.—HORATIUS.

While, charmed by the melodious strains,
The tortured ghosts forget their pains ;
Orion quits his bold delight,
To chase the lion's rage, or lynx's flight.—FRANCIS.

THE superior advantages, which attentive cultivation of the fine arts is calculated to confer, are too obvious to be disputed by any, who are capable of appreciating their value. Accurately acquainted with these, a person passes the moments of solitude with more profit and satisfaction to himself, and is better qualified to dispense happiness to those, with whom he associates in society. Of these some are formed to augment the joys, others to alleviate the sorrows of existence ; some afford occasional amusement, while others are subservient to effect more important purposes. Their general tendency however is to soften, subdue, and meliorate the more turbulent emotions, and at the same time to inspire that calm, contemplative disposition of mind, which is productive of the purest enjoyment.

Among those, which are fitted to bestow mental gratification, rather than other perceptible, external advantages, I have ever

considered Musick, as possessing a distinguished place. Though a musician is necessarily confined through the imperfection of his art, and perhaps cannot display vigour of intellect in so great a degree, as an orator or painter, still he is allowed considerable latitude in exhibiting the innumerable diversifications of sounds. He can elevate our souls to the summit of martial ardour, or lull them in the illusive embraces of effeminacy ; he can inspire cheerfulness, or cause tears of sensibility to flow ; he can disarm anger of its ferocity, or awaken the tender sensations of love and benevolence. Perhaps there is no virtuous passion, which he cannot strengthen and refine ; no vicious propensity, which he cannot in some measure correct or extenuate.

Musick, however rude, imperfect, and inharmonious, appears to have been coeval with the earliest periods of antiquity. The extravagant accounts, which the Greeks, ever enamoured of ficti-

tious and hyperbolical representations, fabricated concerning Amphion, Linus, Orpheus, Musæus, and Timotheus, fully evidence, what efficacy they attributed to this art. Trees were pretended to have been attracted from the mountains, stones charmed into walls of cities, the currents of rivers stopped, and the pains of hell suspended by the melody of the *lyre*. Nor were the Romans less ardent in their approbation. *Saxa*, exclaims Cicero with enthusiasm, *saxa et solitudines voce respondent ; bestie sepe immanes CANTU flectuntur, atque consistunt ; nos, instituti rebus optimis, non poetarum voce moveamur ?* Perhaps its influence was still more surprizing, in ancient Caledonia. Tacitus, Strabo, Ammianus Marcellinus, and several other writers inform us, that the Bards were in the highest estimation in that country, and that from the dignity and importance of their office their persons were considered sacred. To the modulations of the *harp* they sung romantick tales of fiction, remarkable occurrences in life, punishment of crimes, recompense of virtuous conduct, the successes and infelicities of love, and the achievements of kings and heroes ; and thus roused in the breasts of their countrymen those magnanimous and disinterested sentiments, which reflect distinguished lustre on the human character. By these means a noble emulation was excited. When Edward I. conquered Wales, he with barbarous policy commanded all the Bards to be put to death ; sensible that the independent and martial spirit of that country could not be more effectually subdued, than by the destruc-

tion of those minstrels, who by singing and reciting on occasional festivities their traditional poetick compositions served to perpetuate the valour and glory of their ancestors.

Musick is gratifying, as an innocent and rational amusement. What is more efficacious to enliven a melancholy moment, than a cheerful air or song ? At proper times a student may devote an hour with advantage to the fascinating employment ; nor will a belle find her beauties less captivating by moderate attention to her piano or harpsichord. I have read of a gentleman, who never accustomed himself to attentive study, “ till his imagination was raised by the power of musick. For this purpose he had a band of instruments placed near his library, which played till he found himself elevated to a proper height ; on which he gave a signal, and they instantly ceased.”

But so attractive is the beauty of its appearance, or so limited are human powers and capacities, that eminent musicians, whether composers or performers, are seldom remarkably distinguished in any other business ; but consider a departure from their favourite pursuit like relinquishing a paradise of delights for a world of labour and sorrow. Their endeared art exclusively occupies attention. By careful investigation few exceptions will be discovered. Since the number of those, who are pre-eminently qualified to promote such refined entertainment, such rational gratification, is inconsiderable, the community assuredly ought to be ambitious in patronizing the indefatigable exertions of this diminutive propor-

tion.....But, as exquisite delight frequently approximates disgust, injudicious musical performances are to a delicate ear grating and unpleasant. They completely counteract expected pleasure. Instead of the musick of the spheres we have the jarring tones of dissonance. With much propriety Virgil makes Menalcas reproach his antagonist with this bitter, emphatick sarcasm ;

*Non tu in triviiis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen ?*

Dunce at the best ; in streets but scarce
allowed ;

To tickle on thy straw the stupid crowd.
DRYDEN.

By association of ideas musick presents to view the long-forgotten scenes of past time. All must have remarked, what surprizing influence an air, to which we were accustomed to listen with eager attention in childhood and youth, has on the mind. Innumerable incidents, which occurred at that distant period, are instantaneously awakened in the memory, and diffuse over the mind pleasure, regret, and a not unwelcome pensiveness. Such recollections in a person of exquisite sensibility produce the most refined sensations.

But melody is conducive to effect a more important purpose, the improvement of religious and virtuous affections. When the solemn, deep-toned notes of an

organ, accompanied with appropriate words, gradually rise and fall upon the ear, our feelings are elevated to participate the pure pleasures of religion. We are alternately melted into tenderness, fired with animation, and enraptured by the powerful strain. It may not be improper to notice in this place, that the effect is proportionably increased by the union of the two arts, Musick and Poetry. The sober stillness of night likewise renders it more perceptible. When the sounds, blended in happy unison, burst upon the tranquillity of midnight, our souls, entranced in an ecstasy of delight, seem snatched to other regions. Nor can we imagine but musick constitutes one of the innumerable gratifications of heaven. Agreeably to this conjecture Milton introduces Adam addressing to Eve the following uncommonly beautiful lines, with which I shall conclude the present communication.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in
bands

While they keep watch, or nightly
rounding walk

With heavenly touch of instrumental
sounds

In full harmonick number joined, their
songs

Divide the night, and lift our thoughts
to heaven. B

Andover, May 10, 1805.

ON THE CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON

AS A MORALIST.

IN the short intervals of unmitigated study, or necessary avocations of ordinary life, my mind delights to dwell on the severe

morality of Johnson. Imagination is sometimes awakened by the fairy tales of Hawkefworth, and the judgment is closely exercised

by the condensed sense of Lord Verulam. But Johnson alone confirms the resolutions of virtue and corroborates the convictions of religion. Whatever may be the pleasure arising from the perusal of other periodical compositions, the sober dignity of the *Rambler* alone originates seriousness of thought and determinations of practical rectitude. In studying the advice and admiring the sublimity of Johnson's views, I for a moment at least resolve to forsake the obliquities of pleasure. I then feel that I am ennobled, I then know that I am immortal, and I consequently promise to pursue a corresponding course of existence. He is the great master of moral painting. His high-wrought designs have all the gigantick fulness of Michael Angelo. The shortness of life, the certainty of death, the folly of pleasure, the inquietude of riches, the fluctuations of popularity, honour, and renown are impressed with such force of sense, such variety of situation, such clearness of figure, combined with such irresistible energy of sentiment and mysterious dictatorial authority of style, that we willingly bow to the lawful authority of the master and silently become the disciples of the venerable philosopher.

One grand excellence of Johnson's morals consists in their generality. In his *Idler* indeed there are individuals sketched; and in such a manner, that we regret his apparent contempt of such trifling. But regret is vain. The summer house of the Pope could not engage the notice of Buonarroti, whose mind was intent on

the swelling vastness of the dome of St. Peter's, and Johnson, who knew that his moral speculations would attend the progress of English conquests in Hindostan, and of English language in America, thought it undignified to dedicate pages to individuals, when his subject was universal man. Therefore all ages, characters, and conditions can draw from this undefined and exhaustless fountain maxims of general conduct and sentiments of general application. Hence he is every where read with utility, and such is the remarkable nature of his *Rambler*, that with inconsiderable difference, it affords equal pleasure and enforces equal awfulness on the banks of the Thames, the Ganges and the Mississippi.

I admire Johnson for his continual propriety. Other writers sometimes relax from rectitude, but he is always consistent. He seems to have abhorred the first appearances of vice in every form and on every occasion. In all social symposia, of which he was the life and the leader, he had an intolerable aversion to nonsense; and in his morals he is the uniform and rigid advocate of virtue and religion. He never suffered his speculations to be discordant from rule. *Semper simplex et idem* was his object, and his design he never abandoned; for as he feared no one's frown, so he courted no one's smile, and with independence of sentiment and ponderousness of expression he has censorially chastised the seductive pleasures of life, the effeminate flattery of beauty, the false recommendations of honourable licentiousness, and the

imposing confidence of patrician criminality. As a Christian knight, who, in the wars of religion against the Saracenick profanation of the holy city and the awful sepulchre, thought himself unauthorised to hold secret converse or form irreligious covenants with anti-christian ravagers, so Johnson, impressed with the obligations of piety and hallowed in the sanctuaries of the church, disdained a transitory reconciliation with vice; and maintained an unceasing war against the powers and principalities of darkness.

In the empire of morals he is at once an officer and a priest; he is girt with the sword of the law and enrobed in the garments of religion. With the authority of a magistrate he enters the midnight haunt and the secret recess; he punishes the perpetrators of crimes, and drives away the votaries of pleasure. With the condescension of a minister at the altar he sometimes furnishes consolation to the trembling diffidence of timorous piety, and sometimes accompanies the blessed aspirations of the fervent enthusiast.

Q.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

UNFORTUNATE is it for the cause of science and of humanity, that new discoveries in physiology and medicine, as they naturally tend to shake the foundation of received opinions, are exceedingly apt to lead to extremes, as far from truth as those that are quoted. The late philosophers, who have received the well established principles of atmospherick decomposition and of the oxygenation of the blood, have overlooked, or degraded from its rank, the *mechanical influence* of respiration on the lungs. Hence probably it is, that in a number of papers, which have of late appeared in your work, no just estimation is made of the mechanical action of air in promoting the circulation of blood through the lungs. One of your writers scoffs at the common method of resuscitation of those apparently dead by distending the lungs with air; and would have us believe, that what is constantly done wrong cannot be done at all. The same writer at-

tempts to establish, that air from the human lungs will extinguish life*. Now these assertions, though made with singular confidence, are opposed to the daily experience of medical practitioners. The air passing from the healthy human lungs is not noxious. Air, for the inflation of the lungs of drowned persons, need not be of the highest purity, in common cases: it is only necessary, that it should not be a deleterious gas.

By the experiments of Dr. Menzies and others it seems, that the lungs contain, after an ordinary expiration, between 179 and 280 cubick inches of atmospherick air; after a complete expiration they contain about 109; and after a full inspiration about 300, varying however according to the force of respiration. The quantity taken in,

* This writer, instead of reviving by inflation, would have us *whip* the newborn infant into life. Such a pedagogical accoucheur, his *forceps* in the one hand, his *bunch of rods* in the other, must be a terrific object to the "laborante utero puellæ."

at a single ordinary inspiration, is according to Dr. Menzies 43.77 cubick inches; Mr. Bell and most other modern writers state it at about 40 cubick inches.

It appears then, that a great proportion of the inspired air remains in the lungs after each expiration; and some part of it through as many as seven or eight respirations. If air, once respired, would certainly extinguish life, that which remains after every ordinary expiration must be sufficient to produce a fatal effect in all cases. No animal could live a moment with it in the lungs. But men live, and breathe, and act, having this air in their lungs; therefore it is not deleterious.

That this retained air assists the circulation of blood through the lungs is proved by Mr. Kite's experiments. Though it must have undergone the change of expired air, yet he found, that blood circulated more freely in this state of the lungs, than under a forcible expiration; and that animals will live longer with this air, than without any, in the proportion of 130 to 50. The same gentleman has proved by experiment, on animals prepared for the purpose, that in submersion the heart continues to beat for a considerable time after the blood, which is found in small quantities in the pulmonary veins and left ventricle, becomes black. It is shown by this, that although oxygenation of the blood may be necessary to maintain the animal functions, it is not essential to the excitement of the heart*; and that the heart

ceases to contract, from the resistance made to the passage of blood through the lungs, by their want of expansion. He has demonstrated by about two hundred experiments, that from this cause is the blood accumulated in the right venous sinus and right auricle of the heart.

The difference, in the volume of the lungs, between expiration and inspiration, and the considerable changes they must undergo in the various degrees of force, with which the function is performed, shew, that the pulmonary vessels must consequently be subjected to considerable vicissitudes of elongation and contraction. Even a small degree of expansion would be sufficient in some measure to facilitate the circulation through them, as Haller long ago stated†, and as later inquiries have proved. This mechanical dilatation of the vessels is so conducive to respiration, that water, injected into the lungs, will enable the blood to pass through them more freely, than it will do in a state of collapse. This has been proved by an experiment of Mr. Coleman.

The apparent pulsation of the brain, when the cranium has been removed, is a phenomenon that

of an animal, being laid bare and oxygenous gas blown on it, the colour of the contained blood was changed to florid. Haller has calculated, that the coats of the pulmonary vessels are but the millionth part of an inch in thickness. Priestley has proved, that gases act through bladders. This he proves not only of oxygenous gas, but of hydrogen and nitrous gases. On the whole it should seem, that oxygen gas not only may, but that it must, act on blood contained in the thin vessels of the lungs.

† Vid. Haller, l. viii. c. 4.

* The oxygenation of the blood is not here denied. An experiment is somewhere related, in which the jugular vein
Vol. II. No. 6. Pp

can scarcely be explained on any other principle, than that of mechanical resistance to the circulation through the lungs in the state of expiration. This motion of the brain corresponds not with the action of the heart, but precisely with that of the lungs. For at the moment of expiration the brain is protruded, because, the blood being resisted by the collapsed lungs, the jugular vein and right auricle cannot empty themselves into the distended ventricle, and the brain is enlarged from the arterial blood*. In truth one would suppose, that the provision of the foramen ovale in the fœtus for the purpose of enabling the blood to pass through the heart, when a passage through the lungs is denied it for want of respiration to expand that organ, would be sufficient to prove the mechanical influence of respiration. It is clearly demonstrated in the fœtal subject, that the volume of the lungs is increased by inflation. Before this inflation, they are extremely compact, and will sink in water; after the air has once distended them, no pressure, nor even the exhaustion by the air pump, will so far diminish their bulk as to prevent their swimming in water, than which they have become specifically lighter†.

* Vid. Haller vi. 4. 9.

† Ibid. viii. 4. 11. 27.

The essentials for the restoration of the vital functions, in cases of their suspension, are, proper temperature and motion of the heart and lungs. In the infant just born the temperature exists, but the lungs are in a state of collapse. Motion then is the first thing required, and the most direct and effectual manner of exciting it is obviously by dilatation of the lungs: this will produce motion in the heart and origin of the great arteries, which we cannot so readily do by any other means. For the action of the lungs, by the pressure this organ makes on the sides of the pericardium, greatly assists in the propulsion of the blood through the heart. The alternate expansion and compression of the lungs in imitation of respiration, though in an imperfect manner, must also propel the blood through the pulmonary vessels toward the left ventricle of the heart, because the valves prevent its return to the right ventricle.

No man therefore can reasonably deny, 1st. That air, commonly expired from the human lungs, is not fatal to animal life. 2d. That air, simply by mechanical distention of the lungs, greatly aids the passage of blood through them; and hence will be useful or even necessary in suspended animation.

March 4th, 1805.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The unlaboured pleasantry and native and unrivalled grace of the correspondence of Dr. Franklin, give his style an individuality, which makes it unnecessary for us to offer any proofs of the genuineness of the following letters. They were written to a relative, in this town, who is now living. In the place of his birth there must undoubtedly

wish many more in the hands of Individuals, who would confer a very great favour on us by allowing us to give them a less perishable evidence than a single sheet.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Partridge, Boston.

Philadelphia, June 3, 1786.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I HAVE just received your kind letter of the 14th past, which gave me great pleasure, as it informed me of your welfare. You complain with reason of my being a bad correspondent. I confess I have long deserved that character. If you keep my old letters, as I think you once told me you did, you will find in one of July 17, 1767, the best apology I could then make for that fault, and I cannot now make a better. I must therefore refer you to it; only requesting, that you would ascribe my neglect of writing to any cause, rather than to a diminution of that tender, affectionate regard I always had and still retain for you.

I hoped for repose when I solicited my recal from France; but I have not met with it, being as much engaged in business as ever. I enjoy however, a good share of health, (the stone excepted) as does all this family, who join with me in best wishes of happiness to you and yours. I am ever, my dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle,

B. FRANKLIN.

in his 81st year.

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LETTER II.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25, 1788.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 12th inst. inclosing one for Mr. Phillips Vanhorn, physician in Philadelphia, which you desire me

to deliver, and to solicit the forgiveness of his daughter. I immediately made inquiry for him, as to be instrumental in so charitable a work, and in concurrence with you, would have given me great pleasure, but I am assured by our oldest inhabitants, who have had most acquaintance and best opportunities of knowing their fellow citizens, particularly some of our physicians, that no physician or other person of that name has ever been a resident here; so that there must have been some mistake in the information that has been given you, if indeed the whole story is not an imposition.

You kindly inquire after my health. I have not of late much reason to boast of it. People that will live a long life, and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the stone, and old age; and those notwithstanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills, and amuse myself in reading or writing, or in conversation with friends, joking, laughing, and telling merry stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about fifty.

My children and grand-children, the Baches, are all well, and pleased with your remembrance of them. They are my

family, living in my house. And we have lately the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the rest.

You tell me our poor friend Ben. Kent is gone ; I hope to the regions of the blessed ; or at least to some place where souls are prepared for those regions !I found my hope on this, that though not so orthodox as you and I, he was an *honest man*, and had his virtues. If he had any hypocrisy, it was of that inverted kind, with which a man is *not so bad* as he *seems* to be. And *with regard to future bliss*, I cannot help imagining, that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together, in hopes of seeing each other damned, will be disappointed, and obliged to rest content with their own salvation.

You have no occasion to apologize for your former letter. It was, as all yours are, very well written. That which is inclosed for your cousin came too late, he being failed.

By one of the accidents which war occasions, all my books containing copies of my letters were lost. There were eight volumes

of them, and I have been able to recover only two. Those are of later date than the transaction you mention, and therefore can contain nothing relating to it.If the letter you want a copy of, was one in which I aimed at consoling my brother's friends, by a company drawn from a party of pleasure intended into the country, where we were all to meet, though the chair of one being soonest ready he set out before the rest ; I say if this was the letter, I fancy you may possibly find it in Boston, as I remember Dr. Biles once wrote me that many copies had been taken of it.I too should have been glad to have seen that again among others I had written to him and you : But you inform me they were devoured by the mice. Poor little innocent creatures ; I am very sorry they had no better food. But since they like my letters, here is another treat for them.

Adieu, ma chère enfant, and believe me ever

Your affectionate uncle,

B. FRANKLIN.

My respects to Mr. Partridge and Sarah your daughter.

ARGENIS :

A ROMANCE, TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from p. 187.

TO this relation Archombrotus listened with fixed attention. Already conceiving a warm interest for the royal cause, he gave vent to his feelings, as soon as Potharchus closed, in the bitterest invectives against the partizans of Lycogenes. Afterwards, in the course of the conversation, he

chanced to inquire the age of the princess, "of whom," said he, "fame speaks so loudly that even in the distant climes of Africa there are few to whom the name, the beauty, and accomplishments of Argenis are unknown." This interrogation, to his great surprise, threw his companion into

the deepest confusion. His countenance changed, his looks were downcast, and his voice faltered so much, that his answer that she was just twenty was scarcely audible. His sudden emotion excited the most ardent curiosity in Archombrotus to discover, whether it arose from a fond attachment to Argenis; or whether the current of conversation might not have borne too hardly on feelings, associated with the remembrance of something unsuspected. To satisfy himself on this point he gradually led him into a discussion concerning the pending negotiations and the leader of the malcontents, and, when the countenance of Poliarchus had regained its wonted composure, fixing his eyes upon him in the most scrutinizing manner, he questioned him of the personal charms of the princess and of the manner of her life. This inquiry renewed all his embarrassment, and he could only return a slight evasive answer. He was however relieved from his confusion by the delicacy of Archombrotus, who asked him, "what individuals then formed the ablest support of the royal cause?" "We are not yet," replied he, "so far removed from the fostering care of heaven, as to want citizens, whose talents and virtues honour their rank and entitle to the signal favour of our sovereign. One of the most distinguished for the wisdom of his politicks is Cleobulus. Eurimedes and Arsidas are eminent for their military qualifications, and not less for their general capacity. Ibburanes and Dunalbius, whose merits overbalanced the disadvantage of their foreign extrac-

tion, and raised them to the honors of the holy purple*, have, in all the transactions with Lycogenes, by their unexampled wisdom & firmness supported the dignity of our sovereign in its proudest attitude. We have still others, whose undeviating prudence and fidelity have long since insured them the confidence and affection of Meleander. With their distinguished merits a short residence at court will make you fully conversant."

As the night was now far advanced, they were induced from a politeness, that was reciprocal, to forbear a farther intrusion on each other's repose, and the conversation, as if by concert, soon ceased. The mind of each was, in this interval between watching and slumber, harrassed by its own private cares. The imagination of Archombrotus still dwelt on the unquiet scenes, that had been portrayed by his companion; and the probable nearness of peace excited in him chill and comfortless reflexions. He now despaired of a chance to signalize himself in the presence of Meleander. "Negociation, thought he, will soon put an end to battles, and arms will be useless when there are no enemies to contend with." Then recurred to him the mysterious behaviour of Poliarchus. He could hardly re-

* [*The holy purple.*] From the station, which Urban VIII. and Ubaldinus, the real characters here signified, once held, and because the purple affords a very imprecise criterion of ancient sacerdotal rank, it is most likely, that the author, though a little forgetful of his usual consistency, meant to assign to these feigned worthies of antiquity the rank, as well as the mantle of modern cardinals.

member without a smile, that he could withstand with firmness a host of foes and all the shock of adverse fortune ; but trembled at the name of a mere girl. Yet the emotion was natural ; for the claims of valour, and a mind, and person, all accomplished, formed his highest title to so exalted a connexion, as that with the daughter of his monarch. But still, thought Archombrotus, if Poliarchus lifts his hopes so high, difference of rank will never depress his ardour ; for to lovers no difficulties are insurmountable, and all objects are noble to the eye, that beholds them with fondness. During these moments of silence the mind of Poliarchus was equally employed, and almost bewildered amid schemes, which he had not yet revealed, and which alternately inspired him with joy and apprehension.

At length, when sleep began to overpower their senses, the sound of footsteps echoed through the building, and seemed to grow every moment louder and more frequent. Several of the domesticks collected round the entrance of the guests' apartment and announced to them the approach of Timoclea. Starting in surprize, half wakened from their slumbers, our adventurers hastily threw on their garments, and met her coming. " This night, gentlemen," said she, after making some apology for interrupting their repose, " this night has, I fear, given birth to some terrible disaster, which comes more fearful as the darkness leaves us in suspense, as to its magnitude. The alarm fires, which are kindled on no slight occasion, and only by the

royal order, are at this moment flaming on the summit of every mountain in the country."* At these words she conducted them to the top of the building, where the roof, declining with a gentle slope, formed a delightful terrace walk. The sky was unclouded, and the moon had not risen to lessen the brilliancy of the fires, that now shone from every eminence within the circle of vision. While they were viewing with mute attention these objects, the awful stillness of the night, undisturbed by a whisper, was suddenly interrupted by the sound of human voices, that apparently proceeded from the surrounding habitations and the village, that was hard by. The guests immediately directed that every entrance to the castle should be closed and vigilantly guarded, lest some horde of banditti should improve the present opportunity to attack and plunder it. This Timoclea opposed by observing, that it would be proper to obtain some intelligence of the cause of the publick alarm, and that she would for that purpose dispatch one of her domesticks to the town

* [*The alarm fires.*] In ancient times this, under some peculiar modifications, was the most usual method of conveying intelligence. On the towers of the great Chinese wall the night signals of danger are, at this period, always made by fire ; and on their caasle the approach of a distinguished personage is signified in the same manner. With these exceptions, we apprehend, all state dispatches are, where any thing like police regulations prevail, answered either by couriers, or, the most expeditious of all conveyances, the telegraph ; which was, if we mistake not, first made a political instrument by *Chappe*, at the commencement of the French revolution.

of Phthinia, which was not far distant. To this proposal they most cordially assented, and accordingly descended to order a

servant to repair thither, and return, as soon as he should collect any satisfactory information.

(To be continued.)

SILVA.

No. 4.

*Ille purpureis tellis resoritis
Omnis fragrat humus, calthaque pinguis
Et molles violas et tenuis crocas
Fundit fonticulis uida fugacibus.*—PRUDENTIUS.

MILFORD'S GREECE.

THE history of Greece by Milford is the best in the English language. No attention is paid to the style, which is careless, uncompressed, harsh, and sometimes obscure. But the political disquisitions are admirable. The superficial reasons of the frequent wars between the petty states of Greece are obliterated, and the true, genuine causes of those controversies are exhibited, explained, confirmed, and completely substantiated. In the text the reader will sometimes discover allusions either plain or indirect to the events of the French revolution. This is a fault of judgment. It destroys the unity of composition and hurts the severe dignity of historical writing. The chapters on literature and philosophy are not so attractive as the correspondent parts in Gillies, yet in every other respect, except style, (and even in this Milford is only less than the least) he maintains an unquestionable superiority over every competitor.

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

How lovely, bewitching, and voluptuous is Mademoiselle Georges! She is the pride of the French theatre in tragedy. She is not yet thirty years old, and has all the charms of eighteen.

Never did I behold a more perfect form, and what an air of dignity in her march, what power of passion in her look! Certainly Praxiteles would by her have modelled a Psyche, and the inhabitants of Cnidus would have adored her as the beauteous Queen of love, that rose from the froth of the sea. The Parisians do her reverence. She is their idol, their continual song, their daily subject of rapture and exclamation, *Qu'elle est belle, l'Enchanteresse, Oh, mon Dieu, mademoiselle Georges n'est pas une mortelle, elle est un ange.* The Parisians are right.

DR. KIPLING.

Good scholars sometimes blunder egregiously in writing Latin. Every one knows, that in the University of Cambridge is the celebrated Greek manuscript of the New Testament, called, Codex Theodori Bezae Cantabrigiensis. Dr. Kipling was appointed to make a fac simile of this precious rarity; and in his preface, giving an account of his work, I am told he says most inaccurately "*in his paginibus*;" and "*ut omitto.*" Porson ridiculed the Doctor in some Latin verses for his shameful blunders; but the Doctor laughed at the Professor, for he was soon rewarded with the fat

deanery of Peterborough, and then, as if after a good dinner, he lazily proved the articles of the Church of England not to be Calvinistick. Certainly this is extraordinary ; here is bad Latin before, and strange theology after promotion to a plump, round, savoury deanery. Well might Oxenstiern say to his son, "*Nescis, mi fili, quam parva cum sapientia regitur mundus*"; you know not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.

MODES OF STUDY.

THE present method of becoming learned is remarkably pleasant. Old Lord Coke was such a dull, heavy-moulded fellow, that he could not become a lawyer, but after the plodding of twenty years, *viginti annorum lubricationes*. My friends take a much better way ; they lounge in Cornhill or at the bookstore till 1 o'clock, having previously read the newspaper ; in the afternoon they solemnly ponder a law case, while they indolently puff a segar ; they study remainders in the Edinburgh review, and find the doctrine of insurance in Pliny's panegyrick. This is very delightful. There was a time, *melioribus olim auspiciis*, when Grotius, Clarke, Cudworth, and the others with whom Warburton was intimately acquainted, were in every clergyman's library, and daily examined, collated, confirmed or confuted ; but now my friends read Pope to learn polemicks, and imitate the continual labours and unconquerable religious ardour of St. Paul by drinking not "a little wine for the stomach's sake." This is charmingly pleasant. Some of

them write pamphlets and say religion is in ruins ; others of them read and say, there is no danger at all. This easy, good-natured way of becoming divines and dignitaries, they told me they had learnt from Butler, Watson, Sutton, and Horsey ; and was the same that was practised by Chauncey, Mayhew, and Edwards, and to prove that it was an excellent plan they whispered in confidence that there was in the press a treatise "de veritate," &c. equal to that by Grotius, and that a translation of Isaiah was nearly ready by an American Lowth.

JOHNSON AND BURKE.

A fashionable lady observed profoundly to a conceited fop, "that the Rambler was a *pretty* book ;" "yes, madam," said the fool, "and I think Burke a very *pleasant* writer." Such are the remarks bestowed on the two greatest heroes of modern literature by a silly woman and a beau. It grieves me to the soul when mighty minds are thus eulogised. Can a fly understand the awful grandeur and harmonious proportions of St. Paul's ? Can the immense expanse of the heavens be comprehended by the insect, that crawls in the grass ? Shall Johnson be praised by one of the *quotidianarum harum formarum* ? Shall Burke be called "pleasant" by a fop, a fool, a thing begotten by stupidity on vanity ? Is Burke to be thus honoured, whose eloquence arrested iron-handed oppression in the East Indies ; who protected the infancy of American independence ; who saw and foretold the coming storm and wide-wasting desolation of French

ruin and democracy ; whose eloquence was like Palmyra in the day of her beauty in the desert, because it was unequalled in the variety of its forms ; it was original in the plan and contexture of the parts ; it was alone in its kind, for the senate was astonished at its novelty and the critics could apply to it no principles of analysis ; thus stood the city in the sands, towering to the clouds, stretching far to the horizon, solitary and sublime. Burke's compositions are like his eloquence, for he spoke, as he thought, and so he wrote. He had no model. He created his own standard. I cannot praise him, I can only feel, that he is beyond all praise.

CHILDREN.

I AM a great advocate for whipping children. Some persons talk of reasoning with such beings ; it is impossible ; they cannot be governed by appealing to their good sense, their dutifulness, their love of parents, and respect for instructors. How passionate, irrational a creature is man at full age, in the height of his faculties, in the bloom of his excellence ! Do you think children more reasonable, because they are younger ? If they played truant, would a lecture on the importance of education be so good to their minds, as the rod to their backs ? Parents may rely on it, that they are too indulgent, if they never whip, and seldom scold. The mother has generally the care of the young, and very often contrives to hide from the father the faults of the child ; and sometimes even he hides from himself the wicked

tricks of the boy or the girl. The child deceives both, and the instructor deceives all. Butler says,

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;

and when I survey the education, commonly practised, I am apt to think Butler was very right, for never did I read or remark such a general system of cheats, cheaters, and cheated.

BEAUTY, AND VENUS DE MEDICIS.

MORALISTS have sufficiently declaimed against beauty. I love to look at a woman, whose face is all harmony, and her eye, all intelligence. Where is the evil ? My perceptions are those of innocent pleasure. I am formed to take delight in the delicate glow of the rose, in the thick, green foliage of the myrtle, in the pleasant duskiness of twilight, and in the song of the morning bird. Shall I look cold on the animated beauty of a woman ? I am not to be blamed if I express my ardent admiration of exquisite proportion, of a skin, delicate in its fibres, soft in the touch, and coloured, beyond all power of painting. If the Venus de Medicis in the Louvre attracts all eyes and entrances all hearts, what a being should I be to look unmoved on one, superiour to the Venus, because animation gives a charm, which the sculptor could not impart, and intelligence is not to be found in the statue. Yet, except the female to whom I refer, this work of the chisel approaches nearest to perfection. The modesty of the attitude, the wonderful harmony of the curves, so gentle, and easy, and various,

and the diminished size of the form render it the unceasing object of admiration. It has a decided superiority to the Venus of the Capitol, but the causes I care not to relate. There is a mysterious peculiarity in the neck and one of the feet, which I cannot explain; they are gracefulness itself; they beggar description. The form, the gently swelling and falling curves, concave and convex, of the right foot, seem to indicate, that there the sculptor ended, for there he made perfection. Other parts are exquisite. The head, the arms, and the breast are beautiful, and the legs are small, delicate, and poetically formed, for they never existed in nature. If a native of Spain travelled to Rome to see the person of the historian Livy, and having fulfilled his object, returned home and was satisfied; a foreigner may visit Paris, and having surveyed only the work of Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus, he may return to his country contented, for his time has not been expended in vain.

BOSTON LATIN LITERATURE.

AFTER a very severe scrutiny, for friendship in such subjects is nonsense, I am bold to say, that the metropolis of Massachusetts does not contain more than two or three ripe Latin scholars. I leave this fact on record for the information of our children. As to Greek I shall say nothing at present. But I do not believe, that there are more than three persons, and perhaps not three, who are "at home" in the language of Tully and Tacitus. This reflects no credit on the gen-

eral system of prevalent education, or on the application of the candidates for literary renown. A smattering of Latin is common enough among us, but who can comment on Horace, like Hurd, who can analyse Plautus? A gentleman here, I say it with shame, for I honour the capital of New England and the mother of the revolution, gains the reputation of "a good Latin scholar," if he can translate a motto in a title page, or a quotation in the newspaper; if he has a collection of the classics and can talk about Fowles and Casaubon, Mattaire and Barbou. Physicians ought to know the language of the elder Pliny and the pure Celsus, but I am afraid that here they travel very little beyond the bounds of an ordinary vocabulary. Lawyers are as bad, perhaps worse; I do indeed know one or two who read "Quintilian with effect," but all the others and the young disputants at the bar particularly are beyond all censure, for they have forgotten what they had learned at College; they can currently repeat a maxim of the civil law, perhaps say half of a common Ciceronian sentence, stumble in Sallust, and declare, that Horace is hard. I approach the clergy with reverence. I will not enter into details, but if they wish to gain a durable renown; if they hope to write with purity, and simplicity, and correctness; if they consider themselves the monuments of learning, as the world is apt to consider them, let them gain their honourable objects by a diligent perusal of the classics, and prove their title to the sons of the Muses by shewing

something more, than a parchment diploma, to which they certainly could not have returned a letter full of finished latinity, literary compliment, and diffident, yet exulting gratitude. The sub-

ject is not exhausted, but I am afraid, that I shall be considered as tearing away ornaments, and fringe, and gold, and lace, with all the zeal and as little sense, as Jack in the "tale of the tub."

POETRY.

The following ode, though from the hand of Dryden, has never been introduced into the popular collections of poetry, and will therefore be new to many of our readers. We have also another motive for copying it; the extravagant eulogy it has received from Dr. Johnson. "It is," says he, "undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language has ever produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. "Fervet immensusque ruit. All the stars nas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continual diamond; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter."—Perhaps some of our readers will hesitate to join in this prodigality of praise, even though from the pen of Johnson. The 7th stanza is really pitiful, and the imagery even of the 1st, though noble, is yet strained and somewhat confused. The ode is however characteristic of Dryden; of an imagination, which pours around its treasures with careless magnificence; of a mind, which though lofty, and affluent, is yet seldom glowing and impassioned; of a mind, which with all its grandeur, vigour, and grace, often degrades its dignity by conceits, clenches, and quibbisms, and even sometimes plunges into "the abyss of unideal vacancy."

AN ODE.

To the pious memory of the accomplished young lady Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW, excellent in the two sister-arts of Poetry and Painting.

I.

THOU youngest virgin daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,

Rich with immortal green, above the rest :
[Star,
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring
race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the Heav'n's majestic
pace;
Or, call'd to more superiour bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast
abyss :

Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,

Since Heav'n's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise
rehearfe,

In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise
here,
When thy first fruits of poetry were giv'n;
To make thyself a welcome inmate
there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heav'n.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good:
Thy father was transfus'd into thy
blood :

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads
more,

It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once
it was before.

If so, then cease thy slight, O Heav'n-
born mind!

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy
rich ore :

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she
left behind :
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy
birth,
New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well
as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were
in trine.

Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it
high,

That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on
earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the musick of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their gol-
den dew,

'Twas that such vulgar miracles

Heav'n had not leisure to renew :
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy
holy-day above,

IV.

O Gracious God ! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heav'nly gift of poetry ?
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of Angels, and for hymns
of love ?

O wretched we ! why were we hurry'd
down

This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the
stage ?

What can we say t'excuse our second fall :
Let this thy vestal, Heav'n, atone for all :
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;
* Her wit was more than man, her inno-
cence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For Nature did that want supply :

* *The original of Pope's line in his epi-
taph on Gay,*

"In wit a man, simplicity a child." E.

So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's
life, she read.

And to be read herself she need not fear ;
Each test, and ev'ry light, her muse will
bear,

Though Epictetus with his lamp were
there.

E'en love (for love sometimes her muse
express'd)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breast :

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth
express'd,

'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would've thought, she shou'd
have been content

To manage well that mighty govern-
ment ;

But what can young ambitious souls
confin'd ?

To the next realm she stretch'd her
sway,

For painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.

A chamber of dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pre-
tence,

When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole sief, in right of poetry,
she claim'd.

The country open lay without defence ;
For poets frequent inroads there had
made,

And perfectly cou'd represent
The shape, the face, with ev'ry linea-
ment ;

And all the large domains which the
dumb sister sway'd.

All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wherefo'er she
went,

Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul de-
sign'd,

And oft the happy draught surpass'd the
image in her mind.

The Sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,

Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear ;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrours, shew'd the
woods ;

Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form ap-
pear,

And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestick piece,
Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome
or Greece,

Whose statues, friezes, columns brok-
en lye,

And, though defac'd, the wonder of
the eye ;

What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e'er
durst frame,

Her forming hand gave feature to the
name.

So strange a concourse ne'er was seen
before,

But when the peopl'd ark the whole
creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold
erected look

Our martial king the fight with rev-
'rence strook :

For not content t' express his outward
part,

Her hand call'd out the image of his
heart :

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were fig-
ur'd there,

As when, by magick, ghosts are made
appear.

Our Phoenix Queen was pourtray'd
too so bright,

Beauty alone cou'd beauty take so right :
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly
face.

With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from
sacred hands :

Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as Frank, the Queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,

But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,

And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry
side.

What next she had design'd, Heaven
only knows.

To such immod'rate growth her con-
quest rose,

That fate alone its progress cou'd op-
pose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming
grace,

The well-proportion'd shape, and beau-
teous face,

Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lyes,

Not wit, nor piety, cou'd fate pre-
vent ;

Nor was the cruel destiny content

To finish all the murder at a blow,

To sweep at once her life, and beauty
too ;

But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To finish more mischievously slow,

And plunder'd first, and then de-
stroy'd.

O double sacrilege on things divine

To rob the relick, and deface the shrine !

But thus Orinda dy'd :

Heaven, by the same disease, did both
translate ;

As equal were their souls, so equal was
their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on
the seas

His waving streamers to the winds
displays,

And vows for his return, with vain de-
votion, pays.

Ah generous youth, that wist forbear,

The winds too soon will waft thee here !
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,

Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd
at home !

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's
face,

Thou hast already had her last embrace,
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far

Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles, than the rest more
bright ;

'Tis she that shines in that propitious
light.

When in mid-air the golden trump
shall sound,

To raise the nations under ground ;

When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,

The Judging God shall close the book
of fate ;

And there the last *affairs* keep,
 For those who wake, and those who
 sleep :
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky ;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are
 spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life in-
 spires the dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the
 sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall
 bound,
 For they are cover'd with the lightest
 ground ;
 And straight, with in-born vigour, on
 the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morn-
 ing sing.
 There thou, Sweet Saint, before the
 choir shall go,
 As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to
 show,
 The way, which thou so well hast learnt
 below.

HYMN.

*Written during the late violent Thunder-
 Storm, 11th May, 1805.*

1.

GREAT GOD, thy wond'rous pow'r and
 might
 The heaven and earth surround ;
 Thou didst but speak and all was light,
 Above, below, around.

2.

Thy word decreed the glorious sun
 To cheer each op'ning day ;
 Bade him his daily course to run,
 And life and light convey.

3.

The silver orb of night proclaims
 Thy majesty and skill ;
 The stars attend their various names,
 Obedient to thy will.

4.

Tempests and storms at thy command,
 Urg'd by the northern blast,
 Sweep o'er the richest, noblest land,
 And leave a dreary waste.

5.

Pale lightnings dart along the skies,
 And deep-ton'd thunders roll ;
 Black clouds, and angry winds arise,
 And range from pole to pole.

6.

The rattling thunder's dreadful roar
 Speaks loud thy pow'r abroad ;
 And tells in peals from shore to shore
 The majesty of God.

7.

But though thy greatness and thy pow'r
 In dazzling splendour shine,
 Not less thy wisdom ev'ry hour
 Displays a hand divine.

8.

Still thy vast mercy is the theme,
 Which draws our hearts above ;
 Beyond thy pow'r and wisdom seem
 Thy goodness and thy love.

*We should be grateful, if some correspondent
 of taste and leisure would translate the
 following very beautiful lines, from the
 Lusitaniæ of Dr. Fortin.*

QUALIS per nemorum nigra silentia,
 Vallesque irriguas, et virides domos
 Serpit fons placidus murmure languidæ,
 Secretum peragens iter ;

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
 Paulum ludit agros, et sinuat fugam,
 Donac præcipiti jam pede defluus
 Miscetur gremio maris :

Talis per tacitam devia semitam
 Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
 Non experta fori gurgis turbidi, aut
 Palmæ sanguineum decus :

Cumque instant tenebræ et lus brevis
 occidit,
 Et ludo fatura et fessâ laboribus
 Somni frater iners membra jacentia
 Componat gelida manû.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—PLINY.

ARTICLE 39.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the year 1794. Vol. 3d. Boston. Joseph Belknap. 1794. pp. 304.

THE two former volumes of this work were reviewed in our Nos. for October and November, 1804. The third presents to the common reader the same want of interest, and to the antiquarian the same fund of detail and curious matter. This is the general character; but some of the papers are valuable to all classes, and most of them to the geographer and historian. As the communications profess principally to relate facts, it would require a greater range of research and correspondence, than we possess, to contradict them; and as they are written by all persons, who have knowledge, but perhaps not taste, we shall not make many observations on the style; but as the contributors are frequently clergymen liberally educated, we may be allowed to hope, that while they imitate the virtues of the disciples, they will not assume the phraseology of fishermen, and they may recollect, that the pupil of Gamaliel was not inferior in zeal and success to those who daily toiled with their nets in the lakes of Galilee.

Description of Middleborough.

A good topography; with a short account of a land turtle, 44 years old.

Bill of mortality in Hartford, with remarks geographical and historical.

Topographical description of York, by the Hon. David Sewall. Interesting and valuable. Such is the healthfulness of the climate, that one person out of seven lives beyond the age of seventy. To this is added an appendix on "Agamenticus," by Dr. Belknap.

Topographical description of the town of Barnstable, by Rev. Mr. Mellen. Full of detail and some excellent advice on agriculture. He says, that nervous complaints are frequent, but it is problematical, whether they arise from the sea air or from the great use of tea. We know not why he should insinuate any thing against the Chinese herb. If the Barnstable ladies drink black Bohea, we cannot help it; but the high flavour, and frequent potations of Hyson or Gunpowder tea, were never so injurious, as the rheumatick blasts of the poisonous sea wind.

Description of Holliston.

Extract from a manuscript journal of a gentleman, belonging to the army, while under the command of major-general St. Clair.

This is chiefly geographical, and contains some interesting remarks on the Indians of the Ohio and Canada.

Governour Bradford's letter book. This title comprehends various letters from and to the first settlers of Massachusetts, their friends in England and Holland, and other persons, on the subject of the colonies in matters political, ecclesiastical, speculative, and necessary. They contain much authentick information, sometimes dry like Hebrew roots, and sometimes, like Gov. Bradford's rose, sweet and fragrant.

A descriptive and historical account of New England, in verse, from a MS. of William Bradford, governour of Plymouth Colony. Curious poetry, but worth reading. The following verses may differently interest the ignorant grazier and the political œconomist.

A cow then was at twenty pounds and five,
Those who had increase could not choose but thrive;
And a cow calf, ten or twelve pounds would give,
As soon as weaned, if that it did live.
A lamb, or kid was forty shillings price,
Men were earnest for them, lest they should rise.
And a milch goat, was at three or four pound;
All cattle at such prices went off round.
In money and good cloth, they would you pay,
Or what good thing else that you would say,
And both swine and corn was in good request,
To the first comers this was a harvest.

A topographical description of the county of Prince George in Virginia, 1793, by Rev. J. J. Spooner. This paper is useful,

full of information, and in a style, rather above the common. We insert two curious extracts.

Two complete skeletons of whales, or some very large fish, I have seen in this neighbourhood; the one in the bank of the river, at Coggin's Point; the other some workmen met with, two years ago, in digging into a gravelly knoll at the side of a water course for the foundation of a mill. Poplar and walnut trees of a large growth, perfect in their shape and form, have been found at the depth of thirty-five feet in the earth. These appearances, in a less or greater degree, extend over the whole champaign country, from the falls of the rivers, to the sea, and (if my information is just) through the whole flat country of the southern States to St. Augustine, in East Florida. Above the falls of the rivers the ground rises and is more hilly, and the bowels of the earth are totally different in their foundation.

I cannot forbear to mention a singular occurrence, that happened at an old mill, which stood near where the above now stands. About three years since the miller, finding there was some impediment that prevented the mill going as fast as usual, went to the wheel to see what affected it; when behold a serpent of an enormous size had got entwined in the wheel, so that he could not extricate himself. He quickly stooped it, and with the assistance of some others, killed it; after which they measured its length with a fence-rail, which are usually here about eleven feet in length, when it appeared to be the full length of the rail, after its head had been partly cut off; no one had the curiosity to measure its bulk. This fact is well attested both by whites and blacks. It was destroyed and thrown into the creek before I heard of it.

Remarks on Mr. Webster's calculations.

Mr. Webster's reply.

Miscellaneous remarks and observations on Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton. Geography in detail.

Description of the Atherine.

Letter from Rev. Andrew Eliot to Rev. John Eliot, on the burning of Fairfield in July, 1779. Useful to the historian. In war rapine and conflagration must always be expected. The English were generous enemies, during the revolution, and have since been honourable friends.

Governour Shirley's letter respecting Fort Dummer.

Two original letters from Dr. Franklin to the Hon. Thomas Cushing, speaker of the house of representatives. The first letter contains a long and interesting account of Franklin's agency in London at the period of the discussion of colonial affairs before the Privy Council, when he was severely lacerated by the late Lord Loughborough, then Solicitor Wedderburne. Franklin's story is very pleasant. His reputation is too high, for he was a sorry politician, and his philosophy is more praised, than known. His fame will rest on his style.

Topographical description of Wellfleet in the county of Barnstable.

Letter from Dr. Increase Mather to Governour Dudley. This is sufficiently impudent and insulting to the Governour.

Letter from Dr. C. Mather to Governour Dudley. The Mathers were an illustrious race. They were learned and pious, yet they have roundly abused Gov. Dudley, accusing him of weak conduct and shameful crimes in his official station.

An original letter from Governour Dudley to Dr. Increase and Dr. Cotton Mather. Here the Governour defends himself and seems very angry at the charges

of his correspondents. Non nobis est, &c.

Extract from Dr. Cotton Mather's private diary. In this extract Dudley is called "a wretch." This whole affair between the Mathers and the Governour would be interesting, if properly and impartially related.

A topographical description of Wells.

A topographical description of Topsham in the county of Lincoln, by Rev. John Ellis.

A topographical description of Machias, by John Cooper, Esq.

An additional account of Middleborough, by Rev. Isaac Backus. The following remark is just and valuable.

Our fathers began the plantation of New England, in the poorest part of it. The land between Plymouth and Wareham, and between Sandwich and Falmouth, is so barren, that a number of deer run wild in the woods there, to this day. And there are very few men in any part of the old colony of Plymouth who are very rich, but the people are more upon a level than in most parts of our country. And as it was first planted by a religious, prudent, and industrious people, their posterity retain so much of those excellent qualities, that capital crimes are less known here, than in many other places. There has not been any person hanged in Plymouth county for above these sixty years past. Neither were the courts interrupted in this county, in 1786, as they were in many other parts of the land. The goodness of God, and not the goodness of man, ought to have all the glory.

A topographical description of Nantucket.

Account of the first settlement of Nantucket, &c. by Zaccheus Macy. Good old Zaccheus tells his story very well, though he is nearly eulogenary. The Indians,

the whales, and Peter Folger have a plain, pleasant historian.

Births, marriages, and deaths in the island of Nantucket.

Progress of the whale fishery at Nantucket.

Letters from Granville Sharp on the subject of American bishops. These will be useful for an Episcopal Church history, but were we permitted by an illustrious living character, an interesting memoir might be presented to the publick on American Episcopacy.

A topographical description of the town of Raynham in the county of Bristol, by the Rev. Perez Forbes. This is a good communication, but very eccentric. It seems that the Raynhamites are a mighty good sort of folks, for Dr. Forbes says, "the people here can appeal to the living and to the dead when they say, that not among their number was ever yet found, either a tory, a paper money man, or insurgent." We are happy to find, that pine and cedar swamps make excellent iron ore; the information is certainly new, but the Dr. gravely assures us, that "the time may come when it will be easy and as common to raise a bed of bog ore, as a bed of carrots." Hereafter it will be said, "*novus seclorum nascitur ordo*," in Europe Darwin proposed to change the winds, and in America Forbes thought that he could produce iron ore in all the wild luxuriance of carrot beds.

Genealogical description of the family of Leonard.

Letter from Rev. Isaac Backus on iron ore.

Literary advertisement on the

subject of a history of the ancient colony of Plymouth in New England, by Perez Forbes. We believe that this history was never published.

Various letters from Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury to Hon. Robert Boyle. These principally relate to the propagation of Christian knowledge among the Indians, about 1677 and 1688.

Biographical and topographical anecdotes respecting Sandwich and Marshpee.

A list of the Governours and Commanders in Chief of Massachusetts and Plymouth.

Topographical description of Truro in the county of Barnstable. If this account be true, there is a worse place of habitation in the world, than the black rock of the tempestuous Euxine, to which Diogenes was banished. Almost every thing in Truro exhibits desolation and dismay. The soil is nothing but sand, and that sand is driven about by the wind. The inhabitants raise a scanty subsistence from the marshes for their cattle, and they themselves depend on the productions of the sea; yet it seems that they must sometimes have plenty of good things for dinner, for the shores abound with brant, plover, and widgeon. A curious fact is related. "The water in the wells, which is very little above the level of the ocean, is in general soft and excellent. Wells dug near the shore are dry at low water, or rather at what is called young flood, but are replenished by the flowing of the tide." This depends on the same principle of percolation, as is ad-

vanced by Lord Bacon with regard to Cæsar's wells in Egypt.

Key into the language of the Indians of New England, with observations on their customs, manners, &c. &c. This was first printed in London in 1643. It is now very properly republished. It is a very amusing, important, and excellent communication. We wish that we had room for more than one extract.

It may be wondered, why, since New England is about twelve degrees nearer to the sun, yet some part of winter it is there ordinarily more cold, than here in England. The reason is plain. All islands are warmer than main lands and continents. England being an island, England's winds are sea winds, which are commonly more thick and vapoury, and warmer winds. The north west wind, which occasioneth New England cold, comes over the cold frozen land, and over many millions of loads of snow. And yet the pure wholesomeness of the air is wonderful; and the warmth of the sun such in the sharpest weather, that I have often seen the natives' children run about stark naked in the coldest days, and the Indian men and women lie by a fire in the woods in the coldest nights; and I have been often out myself on such nights, without fire, mercifully and wonderfully preserved.

Plantation on Sebago Pond.

A topographical and historical description of Boston. An accurate paper, plentiful in minute truth and valuable detail.

We have thus cursorily mentioned all the articles in this volume. Our limits would not permit long investigations or copious extracts. We trust that the Historical Society will have no cause to lament the want of public patronage. The members should be proud of their institution, which is an honour to the country, and

its founders deserve and will receive perpetual renown.

ART. 40.

Letters from London : written during the years 1802 and 1803. By William Austin. Boston, printed for W. Pelham. 8vo. pp. 312.

AMIDST the multiplicity of travels, if there be few, which have just claim to excellence, it must be attributed to some incapacity in the writer. Of those who visit foreign countries, and describe the peculiarities which distinguish them, it is rare to find one, who has prepared for the undertaking by previous reading and enlarged conversation. Hence the traveller is warped in his judgment by preconceived opinions, and viewing men and things through the hazy medium of prejudice, sees no object in its just light, but frequently draws absurd inferences, and conclusions widely distant from truth.

The writer of these letters is not free from this censure, and, though by no means void of talents, in the present instance, has undertaken a task, to which he is unequal. Mr. Austin, who is rather ostentatious in the display of his classic knowledge, should have recollected the advice of Horace.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis,
æquam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre re-
cuseut
Quid valeant humeri.

An accurate knowledge of the British nation is not to be acquired by a visit to Rag-fair, nor in the apartments of a prostitute,

nor yet by the conversation of such men as Holcroft, Godwin, and Peter Pindar. The English may say in the words of the letter-writer.... "It is our misfortune to have been visited by those, who, far from being philosophers, estimate England agreeably to the views of Americans." P. 7.

But notwithstanding the general spirit of prejudice, which pervades these letters, arising from the fervour of his republicanism, our author is sometimes happy in his remarks. We consider the following character of the English distinguished by truth and justice.

Part of their character might induce you to imagine them a feeble, inefficient, secondary race of men. But you would be greatly mistaken. The English are never greater, than on those occasions when most men would despair. They are restless under uncertainty, fearful from contingency, undone from anticipation. But mark out the time when, with its duration, and the place where; let the sum total of what they are required to endure be precisely calculated; connect these circumstances with the honour of Old England, and they are equal to all occasions. They submit to phantoms of their own creation, but can bear real misfortune with complacency. P. 84.

The remarks of Mr. Austin in the 14th Letter on servants and masters prove that he is not well acquainted at least with one of the relative duties, and when he talks of the *majestic carriage of American servants*, we who are well acquainted with their ignorance, impudence, and incapacity, can scarcely think him serious.

We quote the following passage as a specimen of that absurd vanity, by which, we are sorry to

observe, some of our countrymen are little less distinguished than the French themselves, with very inferior pretensions.

But they were not a little surprised, when I told them, excepting London, there were no cities in England which could vie with New York, Philadelphia, or even Boston. A regret was expressed that we were no longer the same people. I laughingly told them, *that* was their own fault, for the United States would, doubtless, *accept them as a colony*. P. 255.

The volume closes with the characters of the most eminent lawyers and distinguished statesmen, in the delineation of which Mr. Austin has not unhappily laboured. He displays no inconsiderable eloquence, and were he to lay aside his prejudices in favour of the wrong-headed disciples of the new school, he certainly possesses sufficient talents to form a respectable writer. But we cannot entirely coincide with Mr. Austin, respecting England; its constitution, and its manners; and having enjoyed, by the residence of many years in that country, opportunities, not inferior perhaps to those of Mr. Austin, of acquiring accurate knowledge of that interesting island, though we cannot boast the felicity of having visited Ragfair, or of dining with the illustrious trio, Godwin, Holcroft, and Wolcott, we feel more inclined to subscribe to the panegyric of Thomson.

- 'Island of bliss! amid the subject sea
- 'That thunders round thy rocky coast,
- set up,
- 'At once the wonder, terror, and delight
- 'Of distant nations, whose remotest shore
- 'Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,

'Not to be shook thyself; but all assaults
 † Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs, the loud
 sea wave.' *Scissors.*

The style of Mr. Austin is not entirely free from impurities, and his prejudices against England have induced him to commit some outrages on her language. He employs the verb *conduct* in an active sense. He talks of *hesitating an enterprise*, uses the word *lengthy*, which is not English, and *tarry*, which is obsolete. His sentiments, however are vastly more reprehensible, than his language, and we can more readily pardon a few blemishes of style, than his admiration of Godwin, and panegyrick on Horne Tooke. We subjoin the character of Windham, as a specimen of Mr. Austin's best manner. It is certainly written with considerable ability, premising, however, that the author has entirely mistaken some of its features. The noble nature and chivalrous spirit of Windham are wholly inconsistent with the *cold heart* ascribed to him.

His graceful person, his serious air, his bald head, joined to his deliberate, distinct utterance, give him, at once, a senatorial dignity, independent of his various intellectual forces.

I have seen Mr. Windham out of place only; I have seen him only in pursuit of Mr. Addington. How he would appear on the treasury bench, I can only imagine. But in his present seat, he discovers nothing but his talons; and with all the unfeeling instinct of the bird of prey, he fixes on the neck of the minister, who, unlike Pitt, all over Achilles, is all over vulnerable, and daily bleeds afresh.

Nothing great, nothing manly, nothing conciliatory mark the course of Windham; whether he rises in meditation, or instantaneous assault, he dis-

covers at once the object of his destruction. No disguise, the man cannot hide his features, it is forever the same inveterate spirit. *Idem habitus oris, eadem contumacia in vultu, idem in oratione spiritus est.* Passing by the plausible Hawkesbury, the laborious York, and the elegant Castlereagh, auxiliaries of the minister, he never suffers one of his arrows to glance the heart of Addington. He is terrible to his enemy as those enormous serpents, who carry with them three fold terror; whose fangs are not less fatal than the squeeze of their bodies, nor these less fatal, than the lash of their tails. His instant downright attack precludes all escape, while his close logick, lengthened out in the winding subtlety of metaphysical reasoning leaves his enemy bound hand and foot. Yet, not satisfied with this, and himself not half exhausted, he collects all his sarcastick powers, and commences a new onset, the most ferocious of the muses waiting his pleasure and opening all their stores of ridicule, jest, and satire.

No wonder the chancellor is chased, no wonder he frets in his seat; his ministerial dignity suffers under the daily ridicule, while his self love is touched home, under the ever new contempt of Windham: for no man ever possessed a more insidious, vilifying talent at reproach, which can neither be warded off, nor retorted. It is not a single taunt, and then a respite; it is not a passing sneer which is presently forgotten, but the ceaseless corrosion of the fabled vulture.

Yet Windham, though he possesses a fine imagination, a strong current of argument, and a various and extensive reach of mind, adorned with the best portions of classic literature; add to these a fluency second only to Pitt's, yet the ultimate requisite to a great orator is wanting, I mean passion, of which Windham is wholly destitute. Not that he is deficient in violence; but he discovers at once a cold heart, and a passionless head, so that you follow him indifferently, and must first hate the man, whom he attacks, before you can feel with Windham.

However, Windham generally brings to the debate, something new, something dazzling, something original: and when he does not add any thing of his own, he

displays the question in its best possible position. Always perspicuous and elegant, his words seem to flow from the press already arranged, and exhibiting the fairest impression. In short, Windham is one of the most interesting speakers in the house, and if he could suppress the black bile, which continually flows from his mouth; if he could conceal his bitter inveteracy, he would add new weight to his character, would lose nothing of his senatorial dignity, and would be the delight of the House of Commons.

ART. 41.

A discourse on the errors of popery, delivered in the chapel of the university in Cambridge, May 8, 1805, at the anniversary lecture, founded by the Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. By Thomas Thacher, A. M. minister of a church in Dedham. Cambridge. Hilliard. pp. 26.*

IN the memoirs of the church of Rome we are furnished with a history of the horrid effects of a spiritual despotism; and this

* The Hon. Paul Dudley, Esq. was the son of Governour Joseph Dudley, and the grandson of Thomas Dudley, one of the first settlers of Massachusetts, and was for many years governour of the province. He was a very learned man, and fellow of the Royal Society. He was appointed chief justice in 1718, and continued in the office till he died, in January 1750, in the 76th year of his age. At his death he founded an anniversary lecture at Harvard College to promote pious purposes, which always occupied his attention, and which his actions discovered to be nearest his heart. The subjects of this lecture are natural and revealed religion, the defence of the protestant interest, and the platform of the New England churches. £100 sterling was appropriated in his will, the interest to be given annually to the preacher who should discourse upon one of the beforementioned topics.

beacon will probably serve, thro' all future ages, to excite alarm at the most distant attempt to establish a similar tyranny over the consciences of men. The authority of this church began in the third century, but its power was then restricted within narrow limits. In the fourth century the bishop of Rome, surpassing all his contemporaries in the extent of his wealth, the pomp of his equipage, the luxury of his table, and his influence on the multitude, his power became greatly extended. Corruption spread her baneful influence from the palace of the pontiff to the lowest order of the clergy; sacerdotal ambition and avarice were constantly receiving fresh excitements from new gratifications; and the authority of the emperours gradually dwindled. In the seventh century the *papal supremacy* began in Boniface III.; and in the eighth century the bishop of Rome was raised by Pepin of France to the rank of a temporal prince. Ignorance, the natural parent of credulity, was made the mother of devotion, and, by a succession of intrigues unparalleled in the history of the world, in the thirteenth century the Roman pontiff claimed universal empire, and in Europe and Asia disposed of crowns and sceptres with the most wanton ambition. In its turn this mighty despotism has fallen; and the sovereign pontiff is now humbly submissive to the nod of the sanguinary and blasphemous usurper of the throne of Louis. Only a few years have passed since a sermon was not preached in England, without a reference to some of the impo-

sitions or cruelties of the church of Rome ; but the petty sovereign, like the expelled tyrant of Syracuse in his school at Corinth, now exercises his authority, without exciting either envy or fear.

From the dark legends of the papal church the author of the discourse before us has selected but one "error" for refutation ; "the power which it has claimed of working miracles." The text is appropriate to the design. *For false christs, and false prophets shall arise, and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect.** In pursuance of his object, Mr. T. offers, 1. Some general remarks on the nature and design of miracles. 2. Exhibits the marks of truth and authenticity in those, recorded in the sacred scriptures. 3. Contrasts those with the miracles, exhibited in the church of Rome, from whence is inferred decisive evidence of fraud in the latter. The plan is simple and judicious ; and the execution of it is highly honorary to the author.

We notice two typographical errors, which are so important that, as we have received an amended copy, we insert the corrections, for the satisfaction of those who may read the discourse.

1. The note on page 11th should be immediately followed by that on p. 14.

2. On p. 12, in the 7th line from the top, for "this system" read *christianity*.

So much has been written on the subject of miracles, and the miracles of the scriptures have been so fully confirmed, that in

our opinion no modest and serious inquirer can long be perplexed with doubts on the subject. In the short compass of a sermon we cannot expect that accumulation of evidence, which will outweigh the prejudices of a confirmed sceptick ; but we think that the author of this discourse has been successful in compressing proofs ; and if he does not convert an infidel, he may confirm a believer. As a specimen of his style we present our readers with the following extract.

The miracles of the church of Rome are in their nature not only contrary to the wisdom of God to permit, and the reason of man to believe ; but they are directly against the evidence of the senses. Other impostors and deluders are content with beguiling men by cunning slight of hand, or magical deception. But the church of Rome displays greater intrepidity. The doctrine of transubstantiation is made an article of their faith, and exhibits a standing miracle. In order to establish this absurd doctrine, they have prosecuted with fire and sword ; they have led to the stake men of the best erudition, and of spotless morality ; they have tortured their bodies with protracted pain, in order to oblige them to acknowledge, that they believed against sense and reason. They have inflated the minds of the commonalty with such ferocious zeal and malignity, that they have been upon such occasions more than the passive instrument of their atrocity. We do not wish to call up against this church a spirit of persecution. God forbid, that we should deny them that toleration, which ought to be extended to every description of men in society, who violate no civil or municipal law. We reprobate, in this age of light and knowledge, the imitation of the precedents they have given in darker ages. To speak however of their excesses, and of their dissingenuous arts, is a duty more necessary, than we imagine. For, while they studiously hide their absurdity and cruelty, they address themselves to the thoughtless and the igno-

* Mark xiii. 22.

rant by a fascinating eloquence. They recommend a religion with all the brilliant decorations calculated to allure the senses; and, by offering an easy pardon to the sinner, they engage the heart at the expense of the understanding. We readily and cheerfully pay that tribute of respect, due to science, literature, and many amiable qualities of the heart, which we find among many individuals within the pale of their church. That such men, as Bacon the elder, father Paul of Venice, the archbishop of Cambridge, Massillon, and others, more than can be enumerated, have immortalized themselves by the excellence of their genius, and their private virtues, is readily admitted. Still, however, had they closely adhered to the spirit of the principles and institutions of their church, they had been as gloomy bigots, as merciless persecutors, as Gardiner, Bonner, or queen Mary.

ART. 42.

A Sermon delivered at Dennis, January 2, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Caleb Holmes to the pastoral office in that place. By James Kendall, A.M. pastor of the first church in Plymouth. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

WITH a generous concern for the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, becoming a minister of the everlasting gospel, the author of this discourse has described the qualifications of a christian teacher, and the reciprocal duties between him and the people of his charge.

The motto affixed to this discourse is taken from the 2d chapter of Philippians, 29. That simplicity of style, peculiar to the sacred writers, and that godly sincerity, which adorns the life of the amiable and benevolent author, are legible in this performance. We are happy to find that he has taken the "media via,"

the path, as we believe, of evangelical life, between the Scylla and Charybdis of theological zealots.

In speaking of the qualifications of a minister of the gospel, he has forcibly represented the necessity of human knowledge, of an acquaintance with the arts and sciences, with sacred, ecclesiastical, and profane history, and with the languages, in which the scriptures were originally written. At the same time he has not overlooked the indispensable qualification of a heart, sanctified by the Spirit of God to the obedience of the truth.

Observation fully proves, that ignorant, self-created, itinerant preachers, are a scourge to society, and a reproach to religion. Yet it is a popular opinion, that human learning is of little or no service to religious teachers. Hence that strange and sudden transition from the stable, the workshop, and the cornfield to the pulpit! Hence men, like the priests of Jeroboam, "from the lowest of the people," are daily usurping the priesthood, and introducing 'confusion and every evil work' into the churches of Christ.

This sentence is borrowed almost verbatim from a discourse of the late venerable Dr. Tappan on a similar occasion.

Timothy was charged to commit the gospel not merely to *faithful* men, but to such also as had *ability* to teach others; and cautioned expressly against a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into condemnation.

At a time when pretenders to *special commissions* are starting up in every corner and rushing into the sacred office, not indeed

"by the door, but some other way," such advice is peculiarly seasonable, and, we hope, will prove effectual.

The other qualifications of a gospel minister, the consecration of the heart, a relish for divine truth, an amiable temper, and exemplary life, are faithful transcripts of those original characters, left on sacred record for our example.

The duties, which a people owe to their minister, are concisely and happily summed up, and forcibly inculcated. The addresses, usual on such occasions, are serious, pertinent, and impressive. In short, this discourse is a good specimen of the simplicity and perspicuity of apostolic preaching, and does honour to the heart of the man, and the ability and correct sentiments of the theologian.

To this discourse are added "the charge by the Rev. Mr. Shaw of Barnstable," and "the right hand of fellowship by Jotham Waterman, pastor of the east church of Christ in Barnstable."

In the charge we discover the peculiar sentiments of the author. We would beg leave to suggest to this zealous advocate of *human creeds*, whether he be not a little inconsistent in his exhortation *not* to preach "fanciful, self-created schemes, and novel invented plans," and at the same time "*to preach the doctrines of the reformation!*"

"Hast thou faith, have it to thyself;" and do not teach others to try the divine oracles by human creeds.

The right hand of fellowship

resembles the draught of fishes, in which *were all sorts*. Quotations from scripture, quaint maxims, puns, and unintelligible sayings, are the principal materials of this strange composition. It is of a piece with some other productions, which this young divine has *generously given* to the publick.*

* See a thanksgiving (if we mistake not) discourse, published by *his own device*.

ART. 43.

An address to the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting, in Boston, May 31, 1805. By Peter Thacher. Boston. Russell & Cutler. pp. 24.*

PERHAPS no nation can furnish so great a number of publick discourses during the same period, as are produced among us, commencing with fast-day sermons and ending with July orations. This season, which in our variable, capricious climate partakes of winter, summer, and spring, might be correctly designated as the *season of orations*. Many of these are annually delivered on the same subject; and the most ingenious writer would vainly endeavour to produce any novelty, without deserting entirely the particular object of his discourse. In none is the difficulty greater, than on the present occasion; for after the objects of the

* This Society was established in the year 1794. Its object, as expressed in the act of incorporation, is "for the purpose of relieving such, as may suffer by fire, and of stimulating genius to useful discoveries, tending to secure the lives and property of their fellow men from destruction by that element." An address on the principles of the institu-

institutions have once become generally known, the speaker in exploring charity must either follow the path, beaten by thousands in all ages, and esteem himself fortunate if he can find a single flower by the way to embellish his discourse ; or he must suffer his fancy to wander in pursuit of amusement for his audience. Mr. T. has chosen the latter course ; and instead of the common display of the motives to charity, has indulged in some observations on the causes of the grandeur and decline of cities, applying all his remarks to our own metropolis.

The introduction of this address is rather abrupt, and we cannot agree with the author's opinion in the first sentence,

Though much of that spirit is now unknown and forgotten, which led ancient philosophers to survey man and nature through the diversities of climate and in the various stages of civilization, &c.

Certainly "that spirit" was never more widely diffused, than it has been during the age we live in ; without adverting to the numerous national enterprises, that have been executed in the eighteenth century, how many individuals have been urged by this spirit to explore realms unknown before, and boldly encountered every peril of deleterious climates, of savage beasts and still more savage men ? What philosophick travellers of antiquity can be compared with Park, Vaillant, Mackenzie, Acerbi, Humbolt, Bompian, &c. ?

tion is pronounced before the members on their anniversary, which is on the Friday following the general election.

Compared with similar productions Mr. Thacher's address is respectable, the sentiments are just, and we have perused it with pleasure. We subjoin the following paragraphs, as a fair specimen of the style, and because they contain some just reflections in opposition to the fashionable cant against cities.

The power of human art and industry, when their exertions are collected into one radiant point, their ability to controul nature, and to convert even the disadvantages of situation into sources of profit, are strikingly demonstrated in the rise of the cities of the United Provinces. Their country was originally a morass, and exposed to the inundations of the sea ; their soil was barren, and their climate unpropitious either to health or comfort. Through the force of an unconquerable industry, they rose out of the ocean, and have in their turn wielded its trident. That rich spot is at this time covered with clouds and darkness : the cities of Holland are full of civil discord ; their wealth and splendour are dissolving in the crucible of a political alchymist, who transmutes all things into the instruments of his ambition. But still we must exclaim, at a contemplation of their greatness, that this world was designed by Heaven for the inheritance of patience and labour.

With the growth of a city, may I not add likewise that the virtues multiply ? It is the common language of poetry and enthusiasm to represent rural scenes and rural employments, as the only abodes of ancient simplicity, virtue, and happiness. It is true, that in cities refinement and a taste for pleasure increase with the acquisitions of wealth. But if you wish for exhibitions of industry, enterprise, and the arts which embellish society ; for urbanity, courtesy, and beneficence ; for the concentrated exertions of genius, science, and taste ; they will be found in greatest perfection in those places, where men are collected into great communities, and where the qualities

of their minds, by a species of moral collision, are kept in constant readiness for action.

ART. 44.

An Introduction to the making of Latin, adapted to the rules of Adam's syntax. By William Biglow. Printed at Salem. 1801.

THE reputation of Mr. Biglow is well established as an excellent instructor, and certainly will not be diminished by this useful publication.

ART. 45.

The New Latin Primer, by the same author. Printed at Boston. 1801.

A WORK equally as useful as the former, and executed with the same ability.

ART. 46.

The Elements of Latin Grammar, abridged from Adam, by the same author. Printed at Boston. 1801.

THIS publication is exactly what it claims to be, and no more. We hope, in the next edition Mr. Biglow will supply some defects, and admit some improvements. The adjectives, which make *ius* in the genitive and *i* in the dative, as *alter*, *unus*, and *totus*, are not specified; and among the irregular comparisons the superlatives, *summus*, *supremus*, and *imus*, are not mentioned. Among the verbs, it should have been pointed out; that the present tense subjunctive is used frequently for the imperative, particularly by the poets. We would also recommend to Mr. Biglow, in his next edition, the insertion of some idiomatick peculiarities; and let them be em-

bodied with the rules, not obscurely italicized in a note. For instance, *verecor ut*, I fear that he will not; *verecor ne*, I fear that he will. Again. The conjunctions *autem*, *enim*, and *vero*, always stand the second word in a sentence, *et enim* the first or second. Mr. Biglow would render an essential service to literature and the publick, if he would turn his attention to the improvement of the Gloucester Greek Grammar, the syntax of which is singularly defective. The rules in Huntinford's Greek Exercises and the grammar prefixed to Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon will supply him with copious materials, not to mention the Port Royal grammar, and the excellent abridgment of the same work by its learned author.

ART. 47.

British Influence on the affairs of the United States, proved and explained. Boston. Young & Minns, printers to the state. 1804. pp. 21. Price 9d.

THIS is a very important pamphlet, worthy of serious consideration from every citizen of the United States. It appears to have been written by a gentleman perfectly well acquainted with the most secret history of the American cabinet, and lays open, to the very bottom, the mystery and iniquity of the envenomed opposition to the federal constitution and the Washington and Adams administration. The writer probes to their core the fatal wounds which the republick has received, and which have produced a most loathsome rottenness in the state of Denmark.

ART. 48.

A defence of the measures of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, by Curtius, taken from the National Intelligencer. Washington. S. H. Smith. 1804. pp. 136. Price 50 cents.

DR. JOHNSON, in summing up the virtues of his friend, thus details his hatreds. He hated a fool, and he hated a knave, and he hated a wig; oh, Sir, he was an excellent hater. Curtius, in humble imitation of Dr. Johnson's friend, hates the federal constitution, hates General Washington, hates Mr. Adams, and hates every measure of the federal administration. Curtius unites another talent, which Dr. Johnson's friend did not possess; the most rare and admirable art of puffing. Whenever he speaks of the gentlemen now in power, all his hatred is metamorphosed into love, all his

acrimony into the servility of adulation. He puffs Mr. Jefferson, he puffs the heads of department, he puffs all the measures of the present administration; oh, Sir, he is an excellent puffer.

ART. 49.

The path to happiness illustrated and explained, being a concise view of the genuine tendency of christian principles. Boston. E. Lincoln. 1802. 16mo. pp. 105.

A WORK intended for distribution; any criticism therefore on its style is of course unnecessary. We must see christianity with the "opticks rare" of Genevan metaphysicks, to become converts to all the opinions advanced; but if its influence will be in any degree to reclaim the vicious, or establish the wavering and the weak, we give it our cordial good wishes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I WAS much interested in reading the correspondence annexed to the Boston Review in your last number. But I was not a little surprised, that in the reply of the Reviewers to Dr. Morse, they omitted to expose an egregious blunder in the statement of that gentleman. He asserts (Month. Anthol. Vol. ii. no. 4. p. 209) that "in an unsuccessful inquiry after Dr. Wigglesworth's MS. he found his [Dr. W.'s] Dudleian Lecture on Natural Religion, preached May 14, 1760, within five years of his death." With an air of satisfaction Dr. M. then proceeds to extract four paragraphs (pp. 209, 210) from this truly calvinistick sermon, and thence triumphantly concludes, that the first Dr. W. "lived and died a calvinist."

Now mark the fact. THE FIRST DR. WIGGLESWORTH DID NOT PREACH THE SERMON FROM WHICH THESE EXTRACTS WERE MADE. He never preached the Dudleian Lecture but once, and then in the year 1757, on the errors of popery. So that these extracts have not the weight of a straw in balancing the merits of the dispute, and Dr. M. might as well have quoted for his purpose a discourse of Archbishop Laud, or Dr. Emmons' convention sermon, as the Dudleian Lecture of 1760.

SALVIAN.

May 20, 1805.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE
OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR JUNE, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

An abstract of an apology for renouncing the jurisdiction of the synod of Kentucky, being a compendious view of the gospel and a few remarks on the confession of faith, by Robert Marshall, John Dunlary, Richard M. N. Barton, W. Stone, and John Thomson. 1805. Price 25 cents.

Report of the trial of the Hon. Samuel Chase, one of the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States, before the high court of impeachment, composed of the senate of the United States, for charges exhibited against him by the house of representatives in the name of themselves and of all the people of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanours supposed to have been by him committed, with the necessary documents and official papers from his impeachment to final acquittal, taken in short hand by Charles Evans, and the arguments of counsel, revised from his manuscript. Baltimore, printed for Samuel Butler & George Keatinge, 1805. Price 2.50. pp. 336.

The Monthly Register and Review of the United States, for January, 1805, by S. Cullen Carpenter. Charleston, S. Carolina. 6 dollars per annum.

The power of solitude: a Poem: in two parts, by Joseph Story. A new and improved edition: with an elegant engraved Frontispiece. To which are added the following fugitive poems:—
Monody. Monody to the Memory of Edward Edes, esq. Monody on the death of Miss E. Richardson. Monody on the death of Miss H. Hodges. Monody on the death of Isaac Story, esq. Monody to the memory of Col. Watson. Ellen's Adieu. On Death. Expostulation and Reply. To a friend on her Birth Day. Adaline, in imitation of Lewis's "Alonzo and Imogene." The Druid Rites. Lover's Whims. Lines written on an Hermitage. The Discomfite. Ode written for the Female

Charitable Society at Salem, and sung on their Anniversary. July 11, 1804. A Character. Apostrophe. Sonnet to Evening. William and Mary, a Legendary Tale, in imitation of the old English Ballad. Ode, written for the Boston Female Asylum, and sung at the Anniversary, September, 1804. Price 1.25 in plain handsome bindings—1.50 in calf. Salem. B. B. Macanulty.

The Lord's songs: a collection of compositions in metre, such as have been most used in the late glorious revivals, Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns excepted; by Joshua Spalding, A. M. minister of the Branch church in Salem. Price 50 cents. Salem.

An address to the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting in Boston, May 31, 1805, by Peter Thacher. Boston. Russell & Cutler. Pages 24.

Glad tidings. Or an account of the state of religion, within the bounds of the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States of America, and in other parts of the world, taken from the reports of their members and their committee of missions; published by the said committee with the approbation of the general assembly for the information of the people under their care. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, Mark xvi. 15. Lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world, Mat. xxviii. 20. Philadelphia. Aiken, 1804. 8vo. pp. 48.

The character, trials, and duties of a gospel minister, delineated in a sermon delivered at Amherst, May 2, 1804, at the ordination of Rev. Thomas H. Wood, A. M. to the work of an evangelist. In compliance with the request of the committee of the trustees of the missionary society. By John Emerson, A. M. pastor of the congregational church in Conway. Northampton, Butler, 1804. 8vo. pp. 20.

Errors of popery, a sermon delivered at the anniversary *Dudleian Lecture*, in the University at Cambridge, May 8, 1805, by Thomas Thacher, A. M. minister of a church in Dedham.

A missionary sermon preached before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, May 23, 1805, by Edward D. Griffin, A. M. one of the pastors of the first Presbyterian church in Newark, New-Jersey. Philadelphia. Jane Aiken.

Three sermons preached at Northampton; one on the 30th of March, the other two on the annual state fast, April 4, 1805, by Rev. Solomon Williams, A. M. Northampton, Massachusetts. W. Butler. Price 20 cents.

A sermon preached in the audience of his excellency Caleb Strong, esq. governor, the other members of the executive, and the honourable legislature of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the anniversary election, May 29, 1805, by John Allyn, congregational minister of Duxbury. Boston. For Young & Minns. Pages 37.

A discourse delivered in Haverhill, March 22, 1805, at the funeral of Jabez Kimball, A. M. attorney at law. To which is added, a short memoir of his life. By John Snelling Popkin, A. M. minister of the first church and congregation in Newbury. Newburyport.

The importance of virtue and piety as qualifications of rulers: a discourse delivered March 31, 1805, by Daniel Dana, A. M. pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newburyport. Published by request. Newburyport. E. M. Blunt. 8vo. Pages 27.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Sabbath, a poem, with notes, by James Graham, of Edinburgh. In one 12mo volume—price 1.25 neatly bound in calf. New York, Ronalds & London.

The Town Officer, sixth edition, much improved and enlarged, by S. Freeman, esq. Boston. Thomas & Andrews. Price 1.12½ cts. 12mo.

Letters from the earl of Chatham to his nephew Thomas Pitt, esq. afterward lord Camelford. Cambridge, Hilliard.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The New England Biographical Dictionary, containing a brief account of

eminent and worthy persons from the first settlement of the country; by a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The work to be comprised in one octavo volume, consisting of 400 pages, price 2 dols. Boston.

Philosophical essays on the constitution, duty, and religion of man, by Samuel Williams, LL.D. member of the Meteorological Society in Germany, of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Massachusetts. The book will contain between 3 and 400 large demy octavo pages, to be neatly bound and lettered, and delivered to subscribers at 1.50 a volume. Rutland. Vt.

Contents.

Essay I. The constitution and nature of man. Observations on instinct; appetite, natural affections, passions, reason, conscience, and the religious principle.

II. The nature and origin of moral law, and obligation, of virtue, and vice. Moral law the same as the dictates of the moral principle; moral obligation founded on the moral sense of Man, agreeable to the fitness of things, and to the will of God.—Virtue consists in a conformity to the moral law of our nature: its necessity and effects. Not necessarily produced, but favoured by the human constitution.—Vice or sin consists in a deviation from moral law; derived from the appetites, affections, and passions, which are implanted in our constitution; consistent with the wisdom, and benevolence of the Deity in the formation of man: Produces a corruption of nature, the rebukes and condemnation of conscience, a sense and dread of deserved punishment, and the loss of hope and confidence in the divine favour and protection.

III. Civil and moral institutions adapted to the constitution and state, and designed for the benefit and improvement of man. Society—government—civil laws—law of nature and religion—revelation.

IV. The nature, design, and tendency of the christian religion. Adapted and designed to afford the highest improvement to the intellectual powers of man—to his moral faculty—the surest relief to his most distressing fears—provides the best assistance, the strongest ground and evidence of his immortal hopes—and the most powerful motives to virtue. The nature, immutability, antiquity, and importance of this religion.

V. The power, authority, and evidence, by which the christian religion was introduced. The nature, origin, and evidence of miracles. A critical and philosophical examination, whether Jesus Christ did in fact perform any such works. Miracles shown to be the most fit, proper, intelligible, conclusive, convincing, and permanent proof of a divine mission, authority, and power.

VI. Morality, natural religion, and christianity derived from the same author, and appertaining to the same moral system. Similar and analogous in their origin—foundation—universality—durability—operations, and effects—and final termination and issue.

The whole is designed to shew that morality, natural religion, and christianity are essential parts of the same moral system; that they all stand on the same foundation, and are among

the regular, durable, and destructible works of God; subject to established laws, and as evidently marked with design, order, regularity, and harmony, as the system displayed in the material world.

The wonders of creation, natural and artificial; being an account of the most remarkable mountains, rivers, lakes, caves, cataracts, mineral springs, and antiquities in the world. Compiled from geographers, historians, and travellers of the greatest celebrity, by D. R. Preston, author of the *Juvenile Instructor*, &c. Two large volumes 12mo—price one dollar. Boston.

The plan of this work is as follows: The first volume will be devoted to America, as being most interesting to Americans. Under North America, will be found its principal mountains, rivers, lakes, caves, cataracts, mineral springs, Indian mounds, antiquities, &c. Under South America, the same articles—also its mines, and some particulars of ancient Mexico, Peru, &c. Europe, Asia, and Africa, being least

interesting to us, will together form another volume.

Here the reader may expatiate on things worthy of admiration, and view as they arise those wonders which owe their existence to the immediate hand of God or the effect of human invention. He must not be discouraged by the length of the journey, for he will find such a variety of entertaining objects by the way, as will make him forget the pains he may take in climbing the rugged Alps, or traversing the deserts of Africa. Besides if he makes proper reflections on the surprising works of Providence, as well as those the art of man has produced, he will not only have the pleasure of gratifying his curiosity, but probably enlarge his stock both of piety and knowledge. As the outlines of this work have received the approbation of several distinguished *littérateurs* of our country, the author submits it with more confidence to the publick.

INTELLIGENCE.

A copy of an English edition of the *Analytical Institutes* of the very learned Italian lady Donna Agnesi, late professor of mathematics and philosophy in the university of Bologna, has been received by G. Baron of N. York, one of the editors of the *Mathematical Correspondent*. This work, well known and justly valued on the continent of Europe, was published at Milan in the year 1748, when the celebrated author was about 28 years of age. The learned and ingenious John Colson, M. A. F. R. S. who was well acquainted with what had appeared on the same subject in the works of those ingenious men, Emerson, Maclaurin, and Simpson, found the *Analytical Institutions* of Agnesi to be so excellent, that he was at the pains of learning the Italian language at an advanced age, for the sole purpose of translating that work into English, for the benefit of the British youth. This great design he lived to accomplish, and had actually transcribed a fair copy for the press, when death put an end to his labours, Mr. Colson's MS. remained many years in obscurity, and might probably have been consigned to eternal oblivion, had

it not been for the active spirit of baron Maseres, the great encourager of mathematical learning in England,

Vix in rem mathematicam promovendam natus.

This noble patron of science and generous rewarder of mathematical merit, resolved to bear the whole expense of the handsome English edition of the *Institutes*, and to render the work as correct as possible employed the Rev. J. Hellings, a man eminent for mathematical knowledge, in printing the same. The work contains 623 large 4to. pages, bound in two volumes. The first volume treats of algebra, and contains a vast number of ingenious geometrical constructions designed to exhibit and illustrate the nature and resolution of algebraick equations; the second includes the doctrines of fluxions, applied to a great variety of useful and sublime subjects.

The long disputed manuscripts of the *Poems of Ossian*, in the original Celtick, are now in the British press under the auspices of the Highland Society, to be accompanied by a latin translation by the late Mr. Macfarlane. The whole,

says the London monthly magazine, will form two large octavo volumes.

By private letters from Paris we learn, that his majesty the Emperour Napoleon has presented to Mr. Livingston, late minister from the United States to the French Court, on behalf of the Academy of Arts established in New York, of which his majesty is an honorary member, a very valuable collection, estimated at 50,000 livres, (10,000 dollars.) It must be matter of pride to the inhabitants of this city to have given birth to an institution, which has shewn itself worthy of such distinguished patronage; and it is hoped, that this high testimonial of respect will inspire them with fresh zeal for the advancement of an establishment, which has attracted such conspicuous attention abroad, and which, if properly supported, cannot fail to add lustre to our national character.—*Morn. Chron.*

Noli me tangere.—The publication of a biographical work, containing the genealogical and revolutionary history of new princes of the imperial court of Bonaparte, having been lately announced in the Mercantile Advertiser, an aid-de-camp of general Thureau, French minister plenipotentiary in the U. States came in a post-chaise to town for the express purpose of preventing the said publication. The minister, foreseeing that this work would occasion many polemic discussions, and of course highly displease the new imperial court, thought it advisable to stop the publication by buying the manuscript.

The bargain was accordingly made, and Mr. Daudet the author of said work, who lodges at Mrs. Bocquet and Fressinet's boarding house, in Greenwich-street, gave up his manuscript to the said aid-de-camp, for the consideration of 1000 dollars and a free passage to Martinico, where he is bound.

We are informed, that the gentleman who was to translate the said work, hearing of the transaction, offered 1500 dollars, but that Mr. Daudet, who had passed his word, declined the offer.

The public curiosity would no doubt have been highly gratified by the publication of the said work, as it would

have provoked criticisms and replies, by which these upstart princes would have appeared in their true light. The article concerning Talleyrand Perigord would have furnished matter for many critical observations.—*NT. Daily Adv.*

Messrs. Cushing & Appleton, of Salem, have just issued a new edition of C. Crispi Sallustii, Belli Catilinaris et Jugurthinis Historiæ, &c. "The text," say the publishers, "has been carefully revised, and collated with three of the best editions of this author, and unwearied pains taken in correcting the press. The notes are chiefly selected from those of the edition *In usum Delphini*. The redundancies of that commentary are expunged, and many additional annotations inserted from commentators and philologists of the first authority. To give a greater value to this edition with the more advanced scholar, the *various readings* of the most importance are occasionally pointed out in the notes. By a late regulation of Harvard University a knowledge of Sallust has been made pre-requisite to admission into that seminary, and the present edition was originally undertaken at the request and with the approbation of the governors of that institution, and has been superintended by a gentleman, lately a member of that body. The Elzevir editions of the Classics have been made the model, as to the arrangement of the page and size of the character; and the impression is from a new and handsome type."

From a Paris paper of March 20.

Arts and Sciences.—There appeared a few days since upon the sun, a large spot, with nuclei, which I observed in 9° north of the solar equator. It differs little from the beautiful spots which I made use of to determine the sun's rotation, in the Memoirs of the Academy of 1776, and seems to confirm the discovery I made at that time, by showing that there are some places in preference to others where the large spots are formed. Perhaps they are mountains, which collect and retain the scoria of this immense furnace. The parallel that is 9° south of the solar equator abounds most in the great spots. These spots with two nuclei, which have ap-

peared at different periods, seem to me to set aside the system of volcanoes suggested by Mr. Herschel; there cannot be two volcanoes so near to each other,

and yet remain without intermixture, and always separated by a slender thread of light.

DE LALANDE.

Our solicitude to correct an error in our preliminary observations to the Epitaphium of Trumbull in our last number, and which is explained in the note on page 229, is our motive for introducing the following

LIFE OF TRUMBULL.

From the London Monthly Magazine, for August, 1798.

AMONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literature and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the twofold means of criticism and poetry, the author of "*McFingal*" deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their more assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. Trumbull, with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critic with a dissimilitude, which in any European country could scarcely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

John Trumbull was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius,

led him from English to Latin and Greek. Nor were his cares unrewarded; for such was the uncommon vigour of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academick studies to deserve admission into Yale college. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made publick, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this article is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771, he

Vol. II. No. 6. Tt

accepted a tutorship in Yale college ; and, as has been before remarked in the account of Dr. Dwight, was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman ; all of which contributed to his reputation. Some of these performances were satirical ; and their surprising success induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a species of writing for which, till then, he had himself modestly questioned his qualifications. But, whatever might have been his own conceptions as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to smart under the lash of his satire to entertain any doubts of his success. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himself ; for, in 1772, he published his poem, intituled, "*The Progress of Dulness*," in three parts, separately printed. This poem had an amazing sale ; and, notwithstanding several editions, and one as late as 1794, is now seldom to be met with either in the shops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader should be accurately and even minutely acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New England people, and particularly with their manners at that timefor twenty years have made many changes....and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the perusal of the "*Progress of Dulness*" cannot be expected to interest the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull resigned his tutorship in 1773, and repaired to Boston. His original design was

to devote himself to literature ; but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his son, obliged him to make choice of a profession ; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favour of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. Adams, then a distinguished advocate and counsellor in Boston, now president of the United States. But though he was now condemned to a pursuit little congenial to one whose inclinations continually tempted his feet to stray into the pleasant paths of poetry, Mr. Trumbull did not forget the Muses ; and an occasion soon presented itself worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himself may be seen in his "*Elegy on the Times*," first published at Boston, in 1774. On his admission to the bar, Mr. Trumbull returned to Connecticut ; and after no long time settled at Hartford, where he has ever since continued. Here he soon became one of the ablest and most popular advocates ; and till within a few years, (when his health had been so much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exercise of his profession) he was considered as the ablest counsellor in the county, and among the ablest in the state. His domestic habits, which seldom permitted him to mingle much in society at large ; and, perhaps, the fear of his satirick talents prevented that eager interest in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have carried him forward into publick life ; and it is owing, perhaps, to these sedentary habits, and to this seclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriack and nervous affections, which now impair

his usefulness and poison his felicity*.

Mr. Trumbull has been the sole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political subjects, all of which have commanded great respect. Of those, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applause than a series of papers, somewhat on the plan of "*The Rolliad*," and executed with equal wit, intitled, "*American Antiquities*," and extracts from "*The Aarchiad*," originally published in the *New-Haven Gazette* for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected; but they were republished, from one end of the continent of America to

* We are happy to inform our readers that this is no longer true of our American poet; and a suggestion of this unpleasant nature, which was inadvertently admitted in the last No. of the *Anthology*, we take the present opportunity to correct by informing them, that Mr. Trumbull now fills with much reputation a place on the Judges' bench of his native state.

the other, in the newspapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Col. Humphreys, and Dr. Hopkins.

But the work which has most contributed to establish the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*M'Fingal*;" a poem which has been favourably received in Europe, and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. Trumbull has published—

1. *M'Fingal*, a modern epic poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784—last American edition in 1796.

2. *The Progress of Dullness*, first printed in 1772—last edition in 1794.

3. *Elegy on the Times*, 1774—collected with his smaller serious poems, in *American Poems*, vol. i. published at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is said that Mr. Trumbull is preparing a complete edition of his works, illustrated with notes, and comprising many unpublished essays and poems.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, COMMONLY CALLED THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Nihil illo puero clarius, nihil nobilius fore.

CICERO.

(Continued from p. 277.)

'As the young gentleman's talents and importance were now become manifest, Mr. Betty very prudently resolved to contribute every means in his power to bring forward and mature so rare a genius. With this view he solicited Mr. Hough to attend his son in his excursion to Dublin, as well as in all his future engagements; both for the purpose of continuing his instructions, and for taking the superintendence of his theatrical interests and conduct. Mr. Hough having conceived a strong attachment to the boy, as well as a sanguine

hope of his future eminence, accepted the proposal, and immediately resigned his situation in the Belfast theatre. From that time to the present he has directed his whole time and attention to his celebrated pupil, and their strong attachment to each other is a proof that the appointment was mutually agreeable. On the nature of Mr. Hough's abilities, as an instructor, the public are enabled to decide: he is certainly entitled to great credit for the care and judgment with which he has fulfilled his trust.

'His first appearance at Dublin, was

on Monday, the 28th of November, 1803, in his favourite part of young Norval. He was announced as the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the Infant Roscius, being only twelve years old. The house was crowded with company of the first rank; and such was his reception in the character, that the play was repeated on his second night of performing with increased attraction. The third night he played Frederic, in the *Comedy of Lovers' Vows*, in which he was, if possible, still more successful than before. His representation of that character is, indeed, generally admitted to be one of the most perfect performances of the modern stage. He played the whole nine nights of his engagement to the most brilliant audiences, and and with a great increase of reputation to himself, and of profit to the managers.

While he remained at Dublin Mr. Jones was so sensible of his eminent talents and of his importance, as an acquisition to the theatre, that he became very solicitous to secure to himself so valuable a treasure. He offered accordingly to engage him by articles for a term of years, at a liberal and increasing salary; but Mr. Betty very judiciously thought proper to decline the proposal.

The engagement with Mr. Jones being completed, his friends were induced to accept an offer of playing six nights at Cork, from Mr. Peros, the manager of a respectable company of comedians in the south of Ireland. He opened with *Hamlet*, on the 31st of December, and afterwards played *Romeo*, *Douglas*, and some other characters. The house was so full every night, that numbers of the inhabitants of Cork and its neighbourhood could not possibly get an opportunity of seeing his performance. An agreement was therefore made with Mr. Peros, to extend the engagement for three nights longer. That his power of attraction was beyond any thing ever witnessed in that city, will appear from the following circumstance. Besides Mr. Peros' theatre in Cork which was formerly occupied by Mr. Philip Aftley, and adapted from his performances, there in another belonging to the Dublin manager. In

this the Dublin company play regularly by several months in the year, and it is of course accounted the principal theatre. The nightly receipts at this house frequently do not exceed ten pounds; yet it is an ascertained fact that Mr. Peros, during the performance of the young Roscius, received upwards of one hundred pounds every night.

By this time the fame of his extraordinary success had reached as far as Scotland, and he now received a proposal from Mr. Jackson, the Edinburgh manager, to play a few nights in that city. The offer was accepted; but as Mr. Jackson's season was then far advanced, it was agreed that he should first perform at Glasgow the ensuing spring, and afterwards fulfil his engagement at Edinburgh. This interval enabled him, after completing his nine nights at Cork, to accompany Mr. Peros' company to Waterford; where he performed four nights, with as much encouragement from the inhabitants; and as much advantage to himself, as could reasonably be desired.

His friends now thought it advisable to begin their journey to the north; as the spring was approaching, and it was desirable to be in a convenient situation for the passage to Scotland. This long journey, almost from one extremity of Ireland to the other, in the depth of winter, was of course extremely tedious and fatiguing. However, it was happily completed without any accident, and he once more joined his old friend Mr. Atkins, at Londonderry, where it had been agreed that he should play six nights, as the Glasgow theatre was not to open for some time. Having completed this engagement with the same good fortune which had hitherto attended him, they set forward for the place of embarkation to Port Patrick. Most unfortunately, in their way to the coast, Mrs. Betty was seized with a very severe and dangerous illness, which obliged them to stop at an obscure village on the road. Here they were detained for more than five weeks, under the most disagreeable circumstances; the weather being very inclement, and scarcely any medical assistance to be procured. At the end of that time she recovered sufficient strength to go forward, and at length, after many dis-

scudies, and a most stormy passage across the Channel, they arrived in safety at Glasgow.

The scene was new entirely changed. They had entered into a new kingdom, where the habits and manners of the people differed considerably from those of the country they had left, and it was not known but that their taste for dramatic excellence might be equally different. Our hero's friends, who knew well the force of national passion and prejudices, were not entirely without apprehensions for the consequences of this change. Mr. Jackson, they knew, had been blamed, as well as ridiculed, for bringing him over; and the reports from Ireland, respecting his admirable acting, had been treated in this neighbourhood as chimerical and extravagant.—His supposed excellencies had been attributed to that national partiality, to that ardent imagination, and that propensity to exaggeration, for which the Irish have long been celebrated. Mr. Jackson, however, who knew that the genuine feelings of human nature are universally the same, encouraged them to hope, and assured them that all would be well.

The first appearance of the young Roscius in Great Britain, was accordingly fixed for Wednesday the 21st of May, 1804, in the character of Douglas, the part with which he usually opens. His reception was equal to the manager's most sanguine expectations, and proved that the language of nature and passion are every where alike understood, and equally relished. Mr. Jackson, in writing on this subject, declares "that he received the greatest bursts of applause that he had ever witnessed to have been given by any audience." He played the whole fourteen nights of his engagement to overflowing houses, and received the same approbation in every character he attempted.

From Glasgow, Mr. Jackson conducted the young Roscius to Edinburgh, where he performed the same number nights with such a similarity of success, that to describe it would be merely a tiresome repetition of the same modes of expression.

While he remained in Scotland, offers of engagements from the principal theatrical managers in this country

poured in upon him from all quarters. He had already passed through two parts of the empire with an uninterrupted career of success, and the third now only remained for his scene of action. Till his performance at Edinburgh, he had been very little heard of in England, but his fame was now extending itself rapidly in every direction; and the continual rumours of his extraordinary talents began to excite attention even in London. Mr. McCready, the manager of the Birmingham theatre, was the first who brought him before the English public. He was the earliest in his application for this enviable and profitable distinction, and every one will be pleased to hear that his spirit and exertion have been most liberally rewarded. The young Roscius played at Birmingham fourteen nights; and the theatrical annals of that town furnish nothing equal to the astonishing commotion which his performances excited. The publick inns were completely occupied with persons who came to see him from every part of the surrounding country; and even the stage coaches, from places at a distance, were filled with passengers on the same errand. The cafe was exactly the same at Sheffield, where he afterwards performed fourteen nights under the same manager. The town was so crowded with company that it was with great difficulty a bed could be procured either in publick or private houses.

After leaving Sheffield, he arrived about the beginning of October at Liverpool. All his former successes at other places, however brilliant and unprecedented, were here completely eclipsed. The inhabitants of this town are particularly attached to dramatic amusements, and the ordinary receipts of the theatre greatly exceed those of any other in the kingdom; London, and perhaps Dublin, only excepted. This is apparent from the rent paid by the managers, Messrs. Lewis and Knight, to the proprietors, which is fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The house is also considerably more spacious than any other in the empire, except those before mentioned; yet the difficulty of admittance was such, during the performance of the young Roscius, that a few minutes after the door was opened,

not a place was to be obtained in any part of the house. When the 'box-office' opened in the morning, the pressure to procure places was so excessive, that many gentlemen had their clothes torn in pieces, their hats and shoes carried away in the crowd, and themselves, sometimes, severely bruised, and almost suffocated in the attempt. There is reason to believe that if the theatre had been twice as large it would have been equally thronged. The terms of his engagement were so liberal that he received from the managers, for his share of the profits of fifteen nights, the enormous sum of fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, as appears from Mr. Betty's receipt in Mr. Knight's possession. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an example of so large a sum having ever before been paid to any individual for personal exertion alone, in the same space of time.

From Liverpool he went to Chester, where he played seven nights; and his performances, as usual were attended by all the gentry of the neighbourhood for a circuit of many miles. He left

that city on the 9th of November, in order to perform a few nights at Manchester, which was his last engagement in the country, previous to his appearance on the boards of the metropolis.

'It is a little remarkable, that, though on the stage his deportment and address are so completely those of a man, yet in private life he is more than commonly childish: all his amusements and sports are infantine, even beyond his years. But though among his equals in age he is sportive and boyish, his usual manner is serious and pensive: sometimes he appears restrained and timid; at others, he seems indifferent to every thing around him. But his fondness for play, and for every thing else, instantly give way when his favourite pursuit is in the question. His attachment to his art is paramount to every other passion; and his character is another illustration of the remark, that nature seldom inspires a strong ambition for any object without furnishing, at the same time, the abilities to obtain it.'

NOTES.

NOT a few of our readers will rejoice when they are informed that the Medical communication of this month closes the long protracted controversy. In the Anthology for March we informed the writers that after the publication of the pieces then on file, the last of which we have now published; the dispute must cease, and from the little interest it has excited, we feel no disposition to recede from our determination. Medicus will therefore pardon our unwillingness to admit his reply.—The conductors of such a miscellany are compelled to remember the question of the friend of Persius, "*Quis leget hoc?*"

We are sorry that our friend the Botanist is silent. Is this season, so full of the bloom of nature, unpropitious

to the unfolding of the *petals* of elocution?

The communication of G is received, which, together with the Family Physician, No. 1, shall have our early attention.

The Literary Wanderer has hitherto found admirers; and he will therefore allow us to neglect No. 3, as his correspondents do not write so well as himself.

We should have acknowledged the receipt of the letter of Constance in our last number. It shall have a place in our next.

In our next number, we shall commence the publication of *Sacontalâ*, or the Fatal Ring; an Indian Drama, from the Sanscrit of *Câladâsâ*, whom Sir W. Jones calls the Indian Shakespeare.—

The conductors of such a miscellany as ours cannot assume the proud and manly language of Bynkershoek, "I have leisure to write, but no leisure to copy." Indeed we take some merit for the judgment with which we copy in this instance.

We may venture also to promise in our next number, a review of the life of Sir W. Jones. We have also in preparation, reviews of the life of Washington, and of the transactions of the Academy of Arts and Sciences; all from sources to which we shall be proud to owe an obligation.

We offer our thanks to our friends for the recent very rapid augmentation of our patronage. Though it is now amply adequate to the support of the publication, yet we desire an increase of it in order to enable us to extend our correspondence, and present our readers with the contents of foreign literary journals, particularly those of the continent. We are therefore induced to republish the following

CIRCULAR LETTER.

Boston, May 1, 1805.

SIR,

It has been frequently said, that in the ancient town of Boston, the pride of New-England, abounding in wealth, and crowded with the eloquent, the learned, and the gay, there ought to be a repository for correct notices of all American publications; for just criticism; for the lucubrations of men of learning and taste; for the sallies of youthful genius aspiring to fame; and for whatever is propitious to the arts of peace, health, long life, and happiness.

That the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* has been judiciously devoted to these objects, we infer from the approbation it has received from many of our wisest and best citizens. Certain it is, whatever we may deserve, we covet the smiles of the friends of good government, and of sound principles in litera-

ture and religion. On these grand subjects of human concern our opinions have been deliberately formed, and freely expressed. It is now an entire year since the work has engaged our attention, and since we have sought to enlist in its service the most useful and the most brilliant talents.

In regard to communications for supporting the publication we have nothing to fear. Our prospects are now brighter than ever. But in a pecuniary view, justice to ourselves obliges us to declare, that we need a more liberal patronage than we have hitherto enjoyed. It is, in fact, now to be determined whether the *ANTHOLOGY* is hereafter to be numbered with the multitude of withered and forgotten efforts of the kind, or whether it shall expand and ripen beneath the influence of public spirit. From the decision of the general sentiment, which, though sometimes severe, is for the most part just, we shall make no appeal. We cannot but wish however that this decision may be made with the utmost caution. We confess ourselves ambitious of refuting a charge on the character of this town, a charge no less disreputable to its munificence than its taste, that no attempt within its limits to support a literary publication can be long successful. We are therefore desirous of prolonging the trial of our power to furnish means of instruction and amusement to an intelligent community.

Under these impressions, Sir, we are induced to solicit the honour of adding your name to the names of our patrons, and the favour of such offices in our behalf, in the circles of your friends, as shall promote our success.

We remain, Sir,

Your humble servants,

THE PUBLISHERS.

N. B. This publication was commenced in November, 1803, and the first volume, consisting of 14 numbers, was completed last December. Subscribers or others may be supplied with the preceding numbers, either bound or single.

METEOROLOGY from May 26 to June 26.

Day.	Clock.	Baro.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	Day.	Clock.	Baro.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
	8			WSW	Fair.		8	29.6	55	NW	Clouds and sunshine.
	2						2	29.6		S	
26	10			W			10	29.6	60		
	8			SW	Fair.		8	29.7	61	W	Clouds and sunshine. Two short showers.
	2			SSE			2	29.7			
27	10						10	29.8	59		
	8			SSW	Fair.		8	30	65	W	Fair and clear.
	2			E			2	30		SSW	
28	10						10	30.1	61	WSW	Fair and clear.
	8			E	Clouds & sunshine. Showers in evening, with a little lightning.		8	30.2	67	W	Fair and clear.
	2			SE			2	30.2		SE	
29	10						10	30.2	65		Fair and clear.
	8			V	Clouds and sunshine.— Small showers P. M.		8	30.2	73	W	Fair and clear.
	2			E	Fair morning & evening		2	30.2		SW	
30	10			W			10	30.1	68	WSW	Fair and clear.
	8	29.8		WNW	Fair. Some clouds.		8	30.1	74	SW	Fair and clear.
	2	29.8					2	30.1		WSW	
31	10	29.9	58				10	30	67		Fair.—Some clouds.
	8	29.9	59	WNW	Fair.—Some clouds.		8	30	80	NW	Fair.—Some clouds.
	2	29.9	56	NNE			2	30		SE	
1	10	30.2	65				10	30	91	SSW	Fair and clear.
	8	30.2	64				8	30.1	75	NE	Fair and clear.
	2	30.2		ENE	Fair.		2	30.1	82		Fair and clear.
	10	29.8	62	SSE			10	30.1	72		Fair and clear.
2	8	29.8	61				8	30.1	76	SW	Fair and clear.
	2	29.8		NE	Fair.		2	30.1	92		Fair.—some clouds.
	10	29.8	62	ENE			10	30	70		Fair.—some clouds.
3	8	29.8	67				8	30	76	W	Cloudy morning. In evening milt.
	2	29.7		ENE			2	29.9	92		Clouds and milt.
	10	29.7	52				10	29.9	79		Clouds—a little sprink- ling in evening.
4	8	29.7	67	S	Dull hazy morning.— Clear at 11 A. M. & till evening. Then cloudy.		8	29.9	81	W	Cloudy A. M.—Fair P. M.—Cloudy evening.
	2	29.7	70	ENE			2	29.9			Cloudy morning.—Clear after 9 of the A.M.
	10	29.7	68	S			10	30	60		Fair.—In evening heavy clouds with thunder & lightning.
5	8	29.7	65	S	Cloudy, rainy morning. Fair after 11 A. M. Cloudy misty evening.		8	30.1	63	E	
	2	29.7	75				2	30.1	94		
	10	29.7	61	NE			10	30.1	61		
6	8	29.9	62	NE	Cloudy most of the day. Clear about noon.		8	30	66	E	
	2	29.9	65				2	30			
	10	30	52				10	30	64		
7	8	30	56	NE	Cloudy and showers.		8	30	68	E	
	2	30		ENE			2	30			
	10	30	43	ESE			10	30	66		
8	8	30	58	ESE	Rainy.—In evening the wind rose, & it became a storm.		8	30	70	E	
	2	29.9	60				2	29.9	97		
	10	29.8	54				10	29.9	76		
9	8	29.6	54	ENE	Storm very violent all night and till noon.—P. M. rain continues.		8	29.8	75	W	
	2	29.5	50	NE			2	29.7	97		
	10	29.5					10	29.7	76		

N. B. On the 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30th of May there was no register kept of the state of the glasses.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JULY, 1805.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Rome, 28th January, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

TO proceed with the Duke's account of the late eruption.

"The 2d of September the lava remained stationary in the cottage and grounds of Andrew Guida, there opened for itself a passage laterally towards the Monticelli, and by the evening had extended itself at least 200 palms. The other lava, whose direction was towards the Cardinal's Casino, had advanced by the 18th hour 2152 palms in a valley, taking along the side of the cottages of Ubaldo and Guarino. Its front was about 15 palms wide, its height 9, and its direction was to the south, with an inclination of 30 degrees west. Having calculated the entire length of this body of lava, it resulted that, from the mouth of the crater to the place where it then stopped, the distance was 13,600 palms, and from this place to the Casino of the Cardinal was 12,500.

"On the 3d September nothing new took place on the side of the Cardinal's house, nor did the lava here advance. The other, on the side of Guida's, continued to spread, but proceeding on an ancient body of lava it did no da-

Vol. II. No. 7. Uu

mage. On the 4th, about the 20th hour (half past 3 o'clock P. M.) there arose a violent tempest from the east, which lasted more than two hours. Nothing new took place in the lava. In the evening the fire from the mountain was increased, and the eruptions of stones were more frequent. There were perceived more copious effusions of new lava from the orifice. On the 6th, notwithstanding the said overflowing, the lava made no progress; but the explosions were louder, and the smoke more considerable. On the 7th, about half past 5 A. M. the lava recommenced its progress, which was however not very swift; but preserving its width of 1700 palms it did not advance together, but in various divisions, or parts. In one hour it progressed 20 palms, preserving the height of 30. From the morning till the 23d hour the lava advanced 680 palms, and entered into the territory of Borelli and Ruggiero. In this night I went again up to the crater. I did not find it very different from what I have described it to be on the 1st September, except that the little mountains were somewhat increased. Two mouths ejected or vomited fire, two others ashes

and small stones ; and from the large mouth, above described, arose a column of black smoke, which ascended through the air with redoubled and repeated whirlpools. On the sides of the little mountains small quantities of smoke were seen to issue:

“ The lava, which I have mentioned as having been amassed against the edge of the crater, was all covered with a saline crust, composed of sal ammoniac, muriat of soda, or common marine salt. This was also found in large pieces, mixed with earthy particles, at the foot of a new mountain in the crater. This will demand a better and more exact analysis, which I shall make on a more suitable occasion. We may then perhaps decide, whether this salt be a native salt of the mountain, or produced from the water of the sea. From a variety of decisive observations, which I shall in proper time communicate to the publick, *I believe it to proceed from the sea.*

“ Having approached the lava, I found its channel lessened at least to five palms. After this however there issued another stream, which uniting to the old one, at the base of the mountain, formed a single one. The smoke being carried to the opposite side by the wind, it became easy for me to ascend upon the place whence the lava issued. The lava issued from beneath a grotto formed by the lava itself, and in the passage it produced an awful trembling and emitted an insupportable heat. The grotto was about 15 palms wide, and the lava which issued collected into a mass about 8 palms wide, from

whence, like a stream issuing from a lake, it fell into its regular channel and descended along the sides of the mountain. It was beautiful to see the resistance, which the external air made to the fluid matter, which issued from the grotto ; which you saw sometimes recede to one side, sometimes to the other, till, having overcome the obstacle, it precipitated itself to the base. In this place the red colour of the lava was different from what it appeared on the 1st of September, since its outer surface was covered with a yellowish coat ; which might have been occasioned as well by the evaporation of sulphur, as by some liquified metal, which came in contact with the atmospherick air at the moment of its oxygenation. The great quantity of sulphur, which was developed in these eruptions, is derived, in my opinion, from the decomposition of pyrites or sulphurick metals, and particularly copper, iron, and arsenick, which are the metals most common to Vesuvius. The sulphur is disengaged from those metals and from oxygen, which may be developed or produced in the decomposition of water or of the atmospherick air, or from caloric, which, by absorbing, volatized it. By these means sulphur is either found pure on the surface of the lava, or by the atmosphere reduced to an acid state ; and the metals abovementioned are found divided from the sulphur, either in a pure state, as the *ferrum speculare*, and octagonal ; or in a state of oxyds, as the martial ochre, the green oxyd of copper, or the red oxyd of arsenick. The

lava here in the crater was much more fluid than in its descent ; so that having thrown in a large stone it was entirely buried in it, and a stick pressed with a small force entered more than a palm ; separated from the mass, the lava emitted a lively light, which suddenly spent itself, and it remained like carbon. This lava must have proceeded from one of the mouths, which ejected fire into the air. I sent a person on the side of Ottajano, but he could not discover from which of the mouths the smoke issued. Nothing else remarkable occurred during my stay here. On the 8th the lava advanced in twenty-four hours 500 palms, and pressed between the other territories of Magliulo and Borelli. On this day there was another tempest from the east, which lasted two hours. It has been observed, that every time it rained abundantly, the current of the lava was much increased. Is not this another reason to prove the decomposition of water in eruptions ?

“ On the 9th of September the lava at the 22d hour had reached the cottage of Vitiello ; had surrounded his house without touching it, and had extended itself to the width of 1800 palms ; its height in front was 28, and it had proceeded in the course of the day 1120. I measured the distance between this lava and that toward the Cardinal's, and found it 3700 palms. On the 10th it had arrived at the estate of Gargiulo ; in the evening it was distant from the house of Fortunato 114 palms, and in the 24 hours had run 1134 ; its width was about 800. This was the first day, that the rain

of ashes was sensible in the sea, and there arose a black thick smoke, which, carried by the wind, formed a streak which reached to the island of Capri, (24 miles English.)

“ The 11th the lava passed the house of Fortunato, having also surrounded it, and it had spread 1200 palms in the lands of Cozzolino and others, whose names I could not learn. Here the lava divided into three branches ; the first directed itself towards Mont St. Angelo, or the Camaldoli, and running by a canal of water it arrived at the estate of Petrillo, and had passed the house leaving it untouched ; its width was 670, its height above the valley 11 palms. This stream of lava at the 21½ hour had proceeded 3148 palms. The other branch descended from the house of Fortunato, and was also of considerable width and height. The last of these branches was in the estate of Antonio Serpe, distant from the former 460 palms, and was 42 wide and 8 high. The stream of lava which descended from the mountain was much more copious, and from the mouth of the crater there continued an ejection of fire, stones, ashes, and cinders. Nevertheless the course of the lava was much diminished this evening, and it did not progress more than 10 palms in ¼ of an hour.

“ The 12th the lava towards the Camaldules advanced only 208 palms. Its width was 75 ; its height, comprehending the valley, 18. Having exposed a thermometer along the side of the lava, at the distance of 20 palms, it rose in 3 minutes from 25 to 48 degrees. I observed that the

width of the lava had increased above, which was perhaps the reason that it marched or proceeded less forwards. The other branches, above described, were but little advanced, and the other phenomena remained the same. In this night the groanings and noise of the mountain were stronger, and the inhabitants of Refina felt their houses tremble several times, inasmuch that they passed the night in the streets. The 13th the lava scarcely advanced; that of the Camaldules progressed only 26 palms; the other branches did not move forwards, though they spread laterally. I attempted once more to ascend the mountain, but in vain; for when I had reached about two-thirds of the distance a noxious sulphurous vapour, forced down by the wind, obliged me to return. The same thing happened to many strangers and Neapolitans, who attempted to do the same.

"The 14th was one of the most terrible and awful days of this eruption, not on account of the velocity of the lava, but from the generality of the fire. From Naples you could see arise, from the whole extent of the lava, a dense and red smoke. In effect, on account of the flowing in the morning, all the branches of the lava were put in motion, extending themselves laterally. Until the 23d hour the lava, toward Mont Angelo, had advanced 840 palms in the above described passage of water, taking its course along the territories of Cirillo, and the Camaldules. Its width in front was 80 palms, its height 45. The heat at some distance was greater than in the preceding days. The branch of lava, which had origin-

ated in the estate of Fortunato, had entered the territories of Salvatore, Bosso, Micaele, and Aurilio, having advanced 900 palms. Its width was 52, its height 15.

"The lava, which was in the estate of Serpe, had not issued out of it, and was 7 palms high and 68 wide. At the house of Sportiello the lava had arrived from two sides, had shut up the staircase, which led to the upper story, and had advanced in the territory of Figlioli 220 palms.

"In this day I observed, that when the lava encountered in its course a tree, it surrounded it, and then proceeded in its course. If it was dry, it shortly took fire and burned with a lively flame; if it was green, the leaves turned yellow, the tree bent, and soon after burnt. Some trees which were larger did not break; but the leaves being burnt, the branches soon turned to coal, and even a portion of the trunk. In other places, where the trees had been first cut down, as soon as the lava covered them you saw upon the surface of the lava a very bright flame, which lasted a short time and was in some instances very lively, sharp, and variously coloured.

"In some trees, which only felt the heat of the lava, the leaves hardened, grew yellow, and were covered with a white saline dust. There were several leaves of oak as well as of poplar gathered, which were found in this state. The rain of ashes was more frequent this day, but the crater did not exhibit any new appearances.

"On the 15th the lava under St. Angelo had advanced 150 palms, had closed up the road which leads to the Camaldules,

and had remained stationary in a place called the Calcara. It had the direction of a canal of water, which runs to the *Ponto della Gatta*. Its width was 90 palms. I placed the thermometer in a crack of the lava, from which there appeared to issue a sensible heat; and its temperature, which had been 24 degrees above the freezing point, rose in two seconds to that of boiling water, and the impetuosity of the mercury would have broken the tube, if it had not been immediately withdrawn.I measured the branch of lava that had stopped in the estate of Aurilio, and found its whole length 1300 palms; its medium width was from 3 to 400. Its width in front 80, its height 18. The lava in the land of Serpe had increased in length 315; its medium width was 150 to 200 palms; its width in front 52, its height 12. This evening there appeared on the south east part of the crater a new mouth, which threw out in like manner fire and burning stones. About the middle of the mountain a new arm or branch appeared to issue from the old channel, and took a more westerly direction towards the Fosso bianco.

"On the 16th I went to visit the lava, fruitlessly, because it did not run, notwithstanding it produced or exhibited a powerful heat; a certain proof that it was still burning within. And having placed the thermometer as before, it still rose to the height of boiling water, but not till it had been immersed 6 minutes 10 seconds. I remarked that the electrometer placed near the lava, either when running or when still, gave no signs of electricity.

"On the 17th, towards the 7th hour of night, I went, again to the summit of Vesuvius to see the new mouth, which had opened on the 15th.

"The frequent rains or showers of ashes incommoded me much; arrived however at the edge of the crater after much pain, I observed the little hills which I had remarked on the 7th, whose height was increased by the matters since fallen upon them. I endeavoured to advance to the place from whence the lava issued, where I was the former night, but so penetrating and strong was the smoke, blown from that part by the wind, that I could not advance. I was then obliged to traverse some large stones of lava, which had first flown out, and had cooled. It was a passage very hazardous; so much the more so, as, when arrived 200 palms within the crater, the wind forced from that side a dense smoke and a quantity of alkaline and sulphurous vapours, which prevented or impeded respiration, and, if it had not stopped at that moment, I had resolved to retrace my steps. Having arrived finally upon the lava, which formed a deep grotto, from which issued the lava in the manner above described, I perceived that it had formed a kind of bridge over the extremities of the current of fire, which it would be possible to pass. Not far distant was the new mouth, which threw into the air with great noise and violence burning stones, ashes, and smoke. I could not approach this mouth, on account of the insufferable heat which issued from this lava, and from which, I have reason to believe, underneath it, passed the current of lava

which descended the mountain. The thick smoke, which had incumbered the crater on the side which I had just passed, obliged me to descend to the bottom of the crater between the little mountains, to seek a retreat which might be free from this dangerous smoke. Some of my companions, who chose to return by the same road we had descended, were so affected by these noxious vapours, that they arrived at the top of the crater with their throats extremely parched, and were not able to utter a word without imminent hazard of their lives. In the descent, I had made many remarks on the above described little hills; the first, towards the south, was that which had been formed before the opening of the new orifice on the 15th. After that followed another to the west, which was higher and sharper; behind it was a mouth which threw forth ashes and smoke, which formed, in their ascent, a parabolick arch. From thence you saw three others, more depressed; from the two first issued burning stones and cinders, from the last ashes and smoke. I could not mount on either of them. I placed my electrometer on one of them, and the signs were the same as before. The vallies which divided the mountains were filled with loose sand and ashes to the height of three palms; or incumbered with stones, which had been ejected; or with hot and smoking lava, covered with sulphur, muriat of soda, and muriat of ammoniack. The muriat of ammoniack is found so abundantly in this lava, that there was none which did not shew some, either unform-

ed or chrystallized. It would not be strange, that the hydrogen, given out by the water, united to the azot of the atmosphere, might form the base of this salt; whilst the marine salt might furnish it with the muriatick acid. In fact the marine salt was found much deprived of its acid."

"The ear was struck with the deep rumbling, which was produced by the decomposition of the subterraneous materials. I succeeded at last to reach the top of the crater without injury. There were no appearances of a cessation of the eruption, and the mountain was composed of the little hills and mouths I have just described, from which issued fire, stones, ashes, and smoke. On the 18th was collected much ashes in the city, which had fallen on the tops of the houses. I measured this day the distance of the lava from the Royal way, or road, and found it about 2500 palms, or a little more than a third of a mile, and from the sea about 6100 palms. After the 18th nothing new has occurred in the appearances, so that it is useless to continue this journal.

"The whole distance which the lava has run was this day measured, and found to be 22,500 palms, or little more than 3 miles. It differs a little, but not much, from the daily calculations.

"The damage done by the eruption, as near as I could discover in my daily expeditions, from persons the best informed, may be estimated as follows.... 100 moggia of land overflowed, estimated at 600 ducats the moggia, amounts to 60,000 ducats, without estimating the injury and loss

sustained by the destruction of the next crop. It is also to be feared that the lands which are near the lava, and which are light and sandy, will be ruined by the floods; which descend from the mountain, and which, having their usual courses filled with lava, will spread themselves over the fields. The unhappy inhabitants have reason to utter their lamentations to heaven, while they not only are constrained to witness the destruction of their property, but to have their harvests just ready to be gathered and the fruit of all their toil swept away in an instant."

Finis.

I dare say you will not be sorry that I have finished, if you have taken the trouble and fatigue of reading my miserable translation.

To tell the truth, I have found

it extremely difficult to render into tolerable English a work written in a language, whose idiom is so different from our own;....and though the Duke may be an excellent philosopher, he is most certainly neither an elegant nor entertaining writer. The mode he has adopted of journalizing the events of the late eruption is not well chosen, except for the naked exhibition of facts, and in that consists the whole merit of his work. Even in these he has been too minute; but those who desire solid information will prefer it to the opposite extreme.

I will add in my next letter my own remarks on the subsequent situation of the mountain, and some observations on the most striking facts stated by the Duke.

Adieu.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

No. 1.

EVERY good mother will doubtless be attracted by the title of this paper, and will be willing to honour it by a careful perusal. She will be ready to promise herself new directions for treating the canker and stuffed colds, and for guarding the systems of tender babes against the striking in of humours. Although reluctant to disappoint the expectations my best friends, I must honestly declare, that I am not descended from the immortal Buchan, and that I do not intend to walk in his path. That man must be possessed of a transcendent genius, and of the most extensive information, who can in one volume give complete directions for the treatment of diseases,

which learned and ingenious practitioners often find too mighty for their controul. Plain and simple rules may be put on paper for the treatment of a patient with a fever, or with any other disease; but when these rules are referred to by an anxious parent, how many things will he find absolutely requisite to be known, previous to the application of them? He has first to decide, what the disease is, which he has to treat. A task this, to which the wisest physician too often finds himself inadequate, and one for which the perusal of a few summary descriptions will not qualify any man. The disease being furnished with a name, and the appropriate medicines being

administered, he has to determine, whether the operation of his medicines is favourable, or the contrary ; whether he shall stop or go on ; whether the subsiding of this or that symptom marks a real amendment, or is the consequence only of a momentary alleviation ; whether some new complaints arise from the physick on the disease. These and ten thousand questions will occur to embarrass and perplex, which practice and observation only can solve.

In general the reading of medical books is dangerous to those, who do not read extensively. It cannot qualify them to practice physick, and it may raise a thousand idle whims in a fanciful brain. The reference to medical books at the moment, when a child or a friend is sick, is peculiarly absurd. The moment of anxiety is not the moment for investigation. Hardly can a medical man judge correctly in the case of a near friend or relative ; still less must one not conversant

with the science of medicine be capable of acquiring knowledge on this subject at the very instant in which it is to be exercised ; and that too on an object, which engrosses his warmest affections.

These observations are made, not with a desire to close the avenues to medical information, nor to engross to the faculty the management of every trifling complaint. They are made from a conviction *that a little medical learning is a dangerous thing.* Some observations on the occasions for seeking medical assistance will be made in the course of these papers. At present it is sufficient to remark, that when neither the patient nor his friends know what to do, it is time to ask for professional aid.

These papers will generally treat of subjects, which respect the relations between physicians and their patients. The duties, which they owe to each other, and the decorum, which is proper to be observed on both sides, will be particularly noticed. C.

TO CORNELIA.

*****, May 13, 1805.

YOU are pleased, my beloved Cornelia, to ask my opinion of the comparative merit of Johnson and Hayley in the light of biographers.* They were situated so differently, it seems difficult to answer you. One had the life of the best of men and fondest of friends to narrate, whilst the task of the other was exceedingly complicated. Events, buried in ob-

scurity, and discoloured by passion, were to be traced ; characters, the reverse of Cowper's, were to be drawn ; and a multitude of political and historical facts to be recorded. The lives of mere poets are usually attended with few adventures, and their history of course is sterile and gloomy. The biography of philosophers and statesmen is copious, and connected with parties and opinions, with dangers and glory. The life of an unambitious poet sur-

* See Month. Anthol. vol. i. p. 73.

nishes few events, which are interesting to the tumultuous world. Genius possesses indeed the power of evolving and embellishing every sentiment that can exercise the understanding or engage the heart. But genius always on the confines, or in the region, of madness, is to be looked at only by eyes that can weep, to be contemplated only by the heart of sensibility. In the prolifick imagination of the poet are pictured all the gay images of pleasure, and all the grander ones of power and fame; and though, in the scrutinizing eye of philosophy, they possess nothing but vanity and vexation, resembling the empurpled cloud of twilight, which passes suddenly away and leaves no beam; yet, represented by the pencil of friendship, they brighten the horizon of life, like the golden bow of promise, auguring future and varied good. Dr. Johnson was of too severe and inflexible a cast for a commentator on Cowper. His influence on the moral world may be compared to the rage of the tempest, which consumes the noxious vapours, and purifies the stagnated elements of nature; whilst that of Hayley refreshes the world of sentiment and devotion, like the dew of heaven, when God commands a blessing on the earth.

Still I should venture to pronounce decidedly, that the stern investigation of Johnson was more favourable to virtue than the tender partiality of Hayley, had the former never written the life of Edward Young*. How unfor-

tunate, Cornelia, for the memory of this bard, and our feelings, that his biography fell into so ungentle hands as those of Johnson! Cold and hard must have been the heart, that could exaggerate the foibles of a man, who had animated the believer by the triumphs of christianity, and consoled him under the deepest afflictions; whose muse was so often clothed in the vestments of sadness and wet with sepulchral dews; who now so pathetically rehearsed the awful behests of time, and now so beautifully decked the shrine of friendship.

If the nocturnal poet suffered so much from the illustrious critic, one can easily conjecture the fate, which some of the letters of our amiable Cowper would have received at his hands. And what too would have become of the pious and venerable Unwin? We fear, that the frowning lexicographer would have defaced the boasted Pharos of friendship, which makes the village of Weston memorable. We glory in considering this friendship a testimony to the strength and inviolability of an attachment, in which all the passions of the heart were not interested. But if the biographer admitted the existence of this friendship, would he not have recalled the much endeared Austen to reproach forever her elder companion, and to cast a shade on the few happy periods, which gleamed on the poet's life?.... Though this invidious task might have been embraced by none but Johnson, none can view the dissolution of Austen's connexion, with-

* Our fair correspondent is unfortunate in this instance. The life of Dr. Young, which appears in Johnson's Vol. II. No. 7. Ww

lives of the poets, was written by HERBERT CROFT. Ed.

out grief and indignation. Few read its history without lamenting that Unwin had not made the sacrifice of a few years of precarious happiness, that Cowper might have enjoyed the sunshine of an intellect like Austen's. What might have been the effect? His faculties perhaps had been raised from that dismal grave, in which they were so long buried. The dust of Unwin might not have been so plaintively eulogized,—but in every heart, which the christian religion and

the sorrows of Cowper had visited, her memory would have found an altar lasting as the nature of virtue. After all, my Cornelia, the genius of friendship wept where Cowper dwelt, and smiling on justice, charity, and gratitude, pointed to the skies, where only his dominion is perfect.

After this rambling discussion of a subject, to which I am unequal, I send you some lines written on reading the life of Cowper, which you will highly prize.

Your's ever. CONSTANCE.

SKETCH OF THE DOMESTICK LIFE

OF

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

FROM HIS MEMOIRS.

WITH respect to his person he was in a small degree below the middle stature, somewhat narrow in the chest, and his legs more muscular than his general appearance would have led one to suppose, which enabled him to endure without fatigue so much of his favourite exercise of walking, even, when occasion required, to the extent of forty miles a day. His complexion was pale, his eyes grey, and the general impression of his countenance in the highest degree intellectual.

In his apparel he was remarkably plain, perhaps too little regarding external appearance; but not from any slovenly habits, from which he was ever free. To simple neatness of dress and cleanliness of person, especially the latter, he was scrupulously attentive. His motives for economy in the article of dress are thus described in one of his papers,—“Laid out no money on myself unnecessarily in clothes, calculating such ex-

penditure as a great evil by one measure, that of books; regarding such waste of money, as the loss of so many books as it would purchase, necessary to the comfortable prosecution of my studies:” in this respect imitating *Erasmus*, who says, in one of his Epistles, “that as soon as he could get any money, he would purchase, first, Greek authors, and secondly clothes.”

Mr. Wakefield was always an early riser, and when occupied in preparing any work for the press, it was by no means uncommon for him to be in his study by three or four o'clock in the morning. Perhaps it was in a great measure owing to this habit of redeeming time that he was singularly punctual to the hour of his engagements.

In the article of diet he was very abstemious, and, in his latter years, rarely indulged himself in animal food. Indeed, he became, from principle, a decided enemy

to the use of it altogether, and, had he lived, it was his design to have published some observations on this subject. It is well known that other virtuous and reflecting men have inclined to this opinion.

From fermented liquors of every kind, he rigidly and conscientiously abstained, excepting when occasionally prescribed in a medicinal view. His principal meal was at tea-time. Tea was his favourite beverage, though he never allowed himself to wear out his pleasures, as he used to express it, by indiscreet indulgence; unlike a celebrated "hardened and shameless tea-drinker," as he describes himself, "whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

His hours of leisure were devoted to no recreations beyond the exercise of walking, and the enjoyment of cheerful society with a few friends at the tea-table, which he greatly preferred to the dinner-party. During his earlier years he had been extremely addicted to the amusement of fishing, which he relinquished for a long time before his death, from an aversion (which he was surprised not to have always felt) to any pursuit

That owes its pleasures to another's pain.

It may appear more extraordinary, that at one period of his early life, he occasionally indulged in the sport of shooting; a circumstance to which he never adverted but with expressions of regret and mortification. Of the hardy delights of hunting, which,

in his "Imitation of Juvenal," he has sufficiently satirized, he could form no adequate conception, as he was never on horseback in his life. The following passage, in which Cicero speaks of his manner of passing the season of retirement during the troubles of his country, he frequently quoted with great energy and admiration. "*Neque otio me ignavo dedidi, nec, rursum, indignis homine docto voluptatibus.*" I neither surrendered myself to inactivity and indolence; nor, on the other hand, to pleasures becoming a man of letters.

Such accomplishments, both of the head and the heart, might have been very reasonably expected to advance the interest of their possessor, while men of inferior talents were continually rising to the highest honours. But Mr. Wakefield soon found himself under the necessity of sacrificing all flattering hopes of improving his external condition, unless he would restrain the open declaration of theological opinions too uncourtly, and too much at variance with established creeds, to be avowed by any one whose object was the promotion of self-interest.

Free as were his sentiments on many points of theology, they excited greater animadversion from the unreserved manner in which they are sometimes stated. This practice however, as has been suggested before, sprang from very honest motives; though some great men of former times, in similar circumstances, observed an opposite conduct—"concealed and timorous friends of truth, who keeping their sentiments to themselves, or disclosing them on-

ly to a few, complied with established errors and superstitions, which they disliked and despised."

It may be fairly inferred also from the writings of several of his contemporaries, who have had the good fortune to attain eminent stations in the church, that however they reconciled it to their minds to preserve their connexion with the existing establishment, they differed very little from him in many of his most obnoxious sentiments.

His free theological opinions were not the only hindrances to his advancement. He felt a lively interest in the great political events which occurred, especially in his latter years—events

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

The severities which he now sustained were tempered by the habitual seriousness of his disposition, which suggested motives to cheerfulness and hope from sources to which many are stran-

gers. The awful, but animating, consideration of the omnipresence of the DIVINE BEING was seldom absent from his mind in the season of silence and solitude; and the prospect of immortality was a never-failing resource.

Such a man was Gilbert Wakefield. He may be justly ranked among those who in their lives, as well as their writings, have shewn that the principles of Christianity happily accord with every mental accomplishment which reason values or virtue approves; animating to the duties of life, and consoling in the expectation of death. Though his date was short, it was extended by unceasing exertions; and though cut off in the midst of his years, he fell not immaturally: for, as it has been beautifully expressed; "Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years: but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age."

THE BOTANIST.

No. 10.

IN the sixth number, written in the severest cold of an inclement season*, the Botanist promised, that when "*the winter was past,*" and "*the flowers appear on the earth, and the singing of birds is come,*" then would he quit his conglaciated state, and, congenial to the cheerful season, once more attempt to delineate the beauties of earth's renovated carpet. But shall man, who cometh forth as a

flower, vain man promise himself any good at any distant period!

It is asked, "*Is this season,† so full of the bloom of nature, unpropitious to the unfolding of the petals of elocution?*"‡ Let the great Montesquieu answer the question. Put a man, says this sage, in a warm, confined place, and he will feel faintness and lassitude.

† July. Thermometer between 88 and 95°, and not a sprinkling of rain for five weeks.

‡ Hints to correspondents in Anthol. for June.

* In January 1805. Mercury 8° below 0.

stude. Thus circumstanced, if you propose a bold enterprize to him, you will find him very little disposed towards it. His weakness will induce a despondency; he will be afraid of every thing, because he will feel himself capable of nothing. Faintness of the body, produced by the heat of the climate, is soon communicated to the mind; and then there is no curiosity, no noble enterprize, no generous sentiment. The inclinations are all passive, and indolence constitutes his utmost happiness. §

Although the Botanist has been ready to exclaim with Thomson,

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!

he has not been an idle spectator of transitory blossoms. For,

As the vernal sun awak'd the torpid sap,

he watched the infant bud and embryo flower, and marked, as they gradually unfolded, the beauties of the *breathing* leaf. And when the bursting calyx gave the struggling petals to the admiring sight, he hung over their elegant forms and resplendent hues enraptured. But while gazing at the glories of the full-blown flower and contemplating its wondrous economy, it shrunk from the intrusion, and, like the hopes of man, withered on the stalk. So passeth away the splendour of this world! *

§ Spirit of Laws.

In plain truth, the Botanist was never less idle; for, stimulated by a hint from a man of eminence, (one who with more than ordinary genius and learning holds the *scales*, though not the *sword* of justice among us) he meditated, what

During this dry and fervid season the vegetable race has a more melancholy aspect, than in the frozen gloom of winter, when the vegetative *ens* naturally retires to its cradle, *hybernacula*, or

some would call, an heretical innovation against the established Linnæan creed. It has however served, like every other heresy, to fix more firmly the true doctrine. When he began these monthly essays, he hoped to remove the objection, often urged by parents, against the Linnæan doctrine and phraseology; and to adapt the principles to the youth of both sexes. In fewer words: he hoped he could drop the Linnæan metaphor of *generation*, and substitute that of *nutrition*, and thereby obviate the objection just mentioned. In his first essay his plan appeared plausible and his progress pleasant; but as he went on he found himself more and more incumbered with unmanageable and awkward materials. The Botanist knows no other distinguishing mark, that lays the line which divides the animal from the vegetable, than, that the one has a stomach for receiving and digesting its food, and the other none. But he found that his meditated innovation would appear to trespass against a law, which he had acknowledged.—To be more explicit. He communicated his delicate plan to a sensible friend; whether *une sage femme*, or *une femme sage*, imports not. The answer determined its fate. "You will be laughed at. If you refine too much, you will create in young people the very evil you apprehend. Remember Rousseau's comment on the fable of the fox, the crow, and the cheese. 'What you call the objectionable part of botany is a principal stimulus to its study. Diverge it of that charm, and you will diminish the number of its admirers and patrons among the men. Then burn your nonsense, and glorify LINNÆUS.'"

The history of botany, the biographical sketch of Linnæus, &c. was not the resort of laziness. It appeared to the compiler a necessary piece of information to several persons, who were engaged, according to their own consti-

winter-quarters, and is resuscitated by the next vernal sun. But in this arid and adust state of the earth and the air, every annual plant is threatened with speedy destruction ; for want of the cherishing influence of supernal rain,

—Distressful nature pants.

The very streams look languid from afar.†

To the laborious husbandman, the gardener, and the botanist, the descent of rain on the parched soil and thirsty plants is the most grateful phenomenon in the whole economy of nature. Let us put away our flowers then, for the present, that we may consider the nature and contemplate the source of this precious fluid, which gives life, verdure and fragrance, health, beauty and vigour to all that lives.

WATER

is indeed a wondrous element. Well might the Grecian sage‡ contend, that water was the original matter, or principle of all things, and that even the air was but an offspring, expansion, or expiration of water. We actually find that it bears a part in the formation of every body in the three kingdoms of nature. It

—
Son, in the promotion of they knew not what.

The 9th number, on BOTANICAL GARDENS, was deemed useful in facilitating, or rather familiarizing, an useful design : the Botanist intended it as his *subscription* towards it. When a poor, labouring man has no money to contribute towards making a new road for the benefit of all, he should be allowed to work upon it himself, and the gentlemen will not despise him for it.

† Thomson.

‡ Thales.

enters into all the food of every animal and every vegetable in creation. It is necessary to the free exercise of every animal function and action : and altho^o it is the common cement of all terrestrial bodies, it nevertheless hastens and facilitates the requisite dissolution of every animal and vegetable, when life has departed ; and is therefore an important agent in that never-ceasing process of mutation, by which one thing is changed *out of*, and *into* every other in creation.

Can a naturalist do better, at this dry and threatening season, than solicit the attention of his young readers of both sexes, to the means nature uses to provide the earth with rivers of water, beasts with running brooks, plants with refreshing showers, and man with every thing ? It is possible that they may never have once reflected on the connexion between the sea and vegetation....between the mountains and the ocean....between rivers under ground and the atmosphere above it. They may never have considered, that the Atlantick ocean conspires with our loftiest mountains to furnish us with an element indispensably necessary to life, health, and beauty.

The clouds dispensing refreshing showers, turning the wilderness into a standing water and the dry ground into water springs ; the flow of rivers, with their long train of beneficial consequences, could hardly escape the notice of any thinking being in any age of the world. We accordingly find the supply of water frequently mentioned, in the oldest

book we have, among the most wonderful, as well as valuable of Heaven's blessings, whilst the heathen world imagined every river to be under the guardianship of some particular deity, who they believed created it, because they knew a river of water to be of more than mortal formation.

It has probably impressed others, as well as the writer, with something bordering on wonder, that, during the seven and twenty centuries, wherein the memory and learning of mankind have been exercised, there has not been found one philosopher so well instructed in the laws of nature, as to be able to give a complete history and explanation of *the ascent of fresh water from the salt ocean ; the suspension of vapours in the air ; the formation of distinctly visible clouds ; and the descent of rain ;* together with a connected chain of causes. What facts and reasonings we have on these subjects are mere fragments, widely scattered. If Pythagoras taught as Ovid says,

—unde nives, quæ fulminis effect
origo :

Jupiter, an venti, discussa nube torarent,

the doctrine has never come down to us.

Seeing the earth covered annually with a rich and beautiful carpet of vegetables, and these surprisingly diversified, variegated, and developing between "seed time and harvest time," must have led those of ancient days to recognize the proximate cause, the warmth of the sun and the moisture from the clouds ; and these again to that perpetual circulation subsisting between the

ocean and the mountains, through the instrumentality of the air, and by the medium of rivers to the ocean again. But the philosophy, or explanation of this vivifying phenomenon is spoken of as something past finding out. They did then, as we do now, push our investigations as high as ever we can, as in the case of *gravitation* ; and beyond that principle say with them, it is "*the hand of God* ;" an expression denoting only the last term of our analytical results. Unable to discover the essence of *light* and of *fire*, the DEITY was called by the name of these inscrutable agents.

In early times, when the knowledge of nature was confined to narrow limits, they, like our Indians,

Saw God in clouds, and heard him in the winds.

Hence they styled the DEITY, "*the father of the rains*," and represented him, as "*calling forth the waters of the sea, and pouring them down according to the vapour thereof*." Whence we infer they believed that the water rose, in form of *vapour*, from the salt ocean ; and that it became freshened in its passage through the air. It moreover appears that they believed this process was regularly and perpetually performing, in an unceasing circulation ; for they remarked that, although "*all the rivers run into the sea, yet was the sea not full ; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again*." They seem also to have known, that *mountains* made a part of this grand apparatus ; and to have believed that it was not a fortuitous or casual operation, but regulated as we now find it by

weight and measure. May not this be inferred from the sublime question of Isaiah—"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and weighed the MOUNTAINS in scales?"

The people of ancient times discerned in part this magnificent apparatus and saw its effects, but were restrained, by a religious awe, from attempting the investigation of it, because *storms, lightning, and hail* were conceived to be the precursors of the chariot of the DEITY;—"who maketh the clouds his chariot—who walketh on the wings of the wind," accompanied with "*hail-stones*" and "*fire*." The origin and the course of the winds, "*whence they come, and whither they go*," were all, for these reasons, deemed mysterious. Hence, instead of scrutinizing the cause, their pious minds, overwhelmed with awe, sunk into undiscerning amazement. Under such solemn impressions, I cease to wonder that he, who wrote that ancient drama, the book of *Job*, puts, among the most difficult of his questions, that which demands an explanation of "*the balancing of the clouds*."

The never-ceasing circulation of water between the ocean and *terra firma* has, it seems, been contemplated from the earliest ages with grateful admiration; but, not being altogether an object of sight, was ranked among the inexplicable works of Deity. *Des Cartes, Nieuwentyt, Halley*, and a few others among the moderns, have amused the literary publick with their hypotheses; but of their learned theories, which of them is not clogged with objections? That all the rivers of fresh water

are derived from the salt ocean, no one doubts, but how it rises from the sea is the question. Some contend, that the particles of water are formed into hollow spherules, or diminutive balloons, which being lighter than common air ascend, and are buoyant in it; and that they rise, or fall, or move horizontally, according to the impulse given by attraction, repulsion, by winds, or by electricity. The publick have generally acquiesced in the theory of *Dr. Halley*, as they commonly do with every hypothesis presented to them in the imposing garb of mathematics. *Dr. H.* took a vessel of certain dimensions, filled to a certain depth with water, and warmed to such a degree as the air is in the hottest summer months. After standing two hours, he found, on weighing it, what it had lost by evaporation. From this datum he proceeded in his calculations, and found that a mile square yields 6914 tons, and consequently that a degree square will evaporate about 33 millions of tons. He calculated the surface of the Mediterranean, and estimated that it must lose in vapour every summer's day *five thousand two hundred and eighty millions of tons*. *Dr. Halley* considers a certain grade of heat absolutely necessary to the ascent of vapours from the ocean; but we find, that this evaporation goes forward with equal rapidity in the coldest weather, nay in caves at the coldest season, in the frozen regions of the north. We must then seek some other cause beside heat; and the chemico-philosophers have tried to soothe disputants by an hypothesis void of it.

They consider the air, as a *menstruum* capable of dissolving, suspending, and intimately mixing the particles of water with itself. That, as a given quantity of water will take up just so much salt and no more, without becoming turbid, and at length precipitating it to the bottom ; so air, the most powerful solvent in nature next to fire, will take up, intimately mix, and suspend, just so much water and remain clear. The mixture will continue transparent, just this side saturation ; when *saturated*, the abundant waters float in form of clouds ; but when *super-saturated*, it lets go the water, which, like a super-saturated solution of salt, falls from the clouds on the earth in the form of rain.

The probability of this theory is far from being diminished by the new chemical doctrine, which teaches that water is formed by an union of *hydrogen* and *oxygen*. The pneumatick chemists have, by their curious discoveries, removed the boundaries, which separated, as we once thought, air from water ; and have led us to respect that very ancient idea, which conceived them to be one element.

The salt ocean, which covers by far the greatest part of this globe, has a three-fold motion. The first is gentle, like the breathing of an animal ; by it the sea swells and rises up against the shores, and enters gradually into bays and mouths of rivers, during the space of six hours. Then it seems to rest for a quarter of an hour, and then as gradually slides down again ; when, after another pause of a quarter of an hour,

Vol. II. No. 7. Xr

it begins again to flow as before. The second motion is more vehement and incessant, and is, like that of the heart, circulatory, whereas that of the tides is merely backward and forward. It comes in the course of the trade winds, which blow everlastingly from east to west ; runs past the Westindia islands ; pours into the bay of Mexico ; and rushing rapidly out, forms the gulf of Florida ; which sweeping along the American shore, carries the waters of the Atlantick into the North Sea, whence they pass in a never-ceasing circulation around the globe.

The other motion is from the atmosphere, when agitated by winds. It is local and variable ; and seems subservient to the transpiration of the ocean. It ruffles the surface merely, and, from this superficial agitation, begins that hitherto inexplicable *distillatio per ascensum*.

By whatever mean the water ascends the air from the ocean, this is briefly the course of it. In rising from the ocean it leaves the salt behind it, as in the common process of distillation. The ascended vapour is probably decomposed, when it forms clouds which are distinctly visible. These float in the general atmosphere, which appears to be then a different fluid from these circumscribed clouds. Antiquity conceived a cloud to be a congeries of watery vapour ; a conservatory, in which the rain is kept as "*in bottles*."* As clouds become fuller of water they gravitate, or are attracted by the loftiest

* See Job.

mountains, when they pour upon them abundant rains. But, according to an ingenious chemist,* there are two steps of the process between evaporation and rain, of which at present we are completely ignorant :... 1st. What becomes of the vapour after it enters into the atmosphere. 2d. What makes it lay aside the new form, which it must have assumed, and return again to its state of vapour and fall down in rain. And, till these two steps be discovered by experiments and observations, it will be impossible for us to give a rational, or a useful theory of rain. There are mountains so very large, that even provinces are found embosomed near their summits, as those of Quito. The tops of such mountains are constantly enveloped with clouds, especially during the night ;† and the waters are constantly dripping down thro' the crannies and crevices of the stones, forming kindred brooks ; when uniting with other streams, it rushes with accelerated force to the plains below, forcing

* Dr. L. Thompson.

† It rains perpetually among the Andes, while in Egypt seldom or never.

a passage through every soft thing that opposes it.

Refuseless, roaring dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Trembling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o'er the sandy valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream,
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It Boils and wheels, and foams and thunders through ;
—Till pouring on, it proudly seeks the deep ;
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe.‡

The river, after rolling its waters into the ocean, is destined to be again exhaled in vapours, and to re-enter afresh the channels of this magnificent circulation !

The farther discussion of this subject will form the substance of some future number.

‡ Thomson.

SILVA.

No. 5.

Aliqui decurrunt per materiam, et sequentes calorem atque impetum ex tempore scribunt ; hanc silvam vocant.—QUINTILIAN.

PLAGIARISM.

THERE is no subject of literary casuistry more difficult, than to fix the imputation of plagiarism. The lighter troops of literature have been much employed of late years in beating up the ambushes in the paths of learning, and detecting and restoring the stolen

goods of innumerable authors. “ But (as Gibbon says) to agree is not always to follow, and to follow is not always to steal.” It is difficult to say how far the spirit of classical imitation, for instance, may be carried, without the intermixture of a felonious design. Thus Shenstone, in his

inimitable Pastoral Ballad has given a literal version of two lines of Virgil, merely, as I suppose, to show the felicity with which he could transplant a beautiful passage to adorn his poem.

Parta meæ Veneri sunt munera : namque notavi
Ipse locum, aëria quo congestere palumbeæ. *Ecolg. 3. vv. 68, 69.*

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed. SHENSTONE.

Innumerable instances of similar imitations may be found in works professedly formed on the model of the ancients, as in the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, and the *Pastorals* of Pope.

For resemblances and coincidences between contemporary authors it is more difficult to account. Collins and Gray sometimes present us with the same images, and even epithets, on similar occasions. Gray's fine expression of "moody madness" is adopted by Collins in his ode on the Highland Superstitions; and in his Ode to Evening he has introduced a remarkably fine circumstance from Gray's *Elegy*.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds. GRAY.

Now air is hush'd : Save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but fullen horn.

COLLINS's *Ode to Evening*.

Perhaps however they both copied Shakespeare.

The thought contained in the following famous line of Pope,

And show a Newton, as we show an ape,

I have casually found in one of Plato's dialogues. "Is it for us," says he, "to penetrate the secrets of the Divinity; for us, the wisest of whom is to the Supreme Being what an ape is to us?" *Plat. in Hipp. Maj.*

I will conclude this article with an unequivocal instance of plagiarism. Who can see without indignation one of the purest gems of English poetry glittering among the showy brilliants of the magick Oberon?

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling thunders spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
* GOLDSMITH's *Des. Village*.

Sublimely raised to heaven his brow appears
The shrine of peace; and like a sun-gilt height,
Where never earthly mist obscur'd the light,
Above the stormy world its tranquil summit rears.

SOUTHEY's *Wieland's Oberon*
Canto 8. Stanza 14.

Will the reader forgive me, if I refer him to Claudian* for the origin of both?

POPE'S VERSIFICATION.

WARTON, in his notes on Pope's *Pastorals*, says there is only one false rhyme in them; and that is, in Part I. vv. 35, 36. I took the pains to note five more, viz. vv. 9, 10, 85, 86. Part 4. vv.

* This last coincidence is pointed out by Gilbert Wakefield. *Memoriae*, Vol. I.

19, 20, 37, 38, 56, 57. In the Messiah the six following terminations immediately succeed one another. vv. 75—80. *Succeed, succeed, mead, lead, meet, feet.*

AN EQUIVOQUE.

To find a humorous anecdote among the barren disquisitions of an antiquary, is like accidentally picking up a current coin in a collection of old medals, so that one wonders how it got there. Anthony Matthæus, in a work published in the year 1686, undertakes to prove that the Franks were of German origin, by several Teutonic words, which he says were long preserved among them. Thus Chilperic, for example, the name of one of their kings, comes from *Hilp rik*, or *Hilf reich*, *rich in supplies*. And many of their words, originally derived from the Latin, acquired a German termination. Thus *calt*, he says, an old French word, contracted from the Latin *calidus*, *warm*, is spelt and pronounced precisely like the German *calt*, *cold*. This occasioned once a pleasant mistake.

A poor old Gaulois, who undertook to get a living by begging, thought he should better succeed by counterfeiting lameness. Being directed to the convent of St. Gal, he came up limping to the Abbé, who compassionately gave orders that he should be provided with a warm bath, and a decent suit of clothes. The poor Frenchman being lifted into the bath finds the water a little too hot, and cries out *calt est, kalt est, it is too hot*. Now as *calt* in German means *cold*, the servant who assisted him answers; "what, too cold! I will make it warmer;" and pours in a pitcher of warm

water. *Eye mi kalt est, kalt est*, cries the other. "What, too cold yet!" says the servant. "The deuce is in it, or I'll make it warm enough now;" and catching up a pail of boiling water pours it all into the bath. The poor, limping Gaulois could bear it no longer, but springs out, and recovers the use of his limbs.

SCPTICISM AND UNCHASTITY OF MIND.

I know not that it has ever been remarked, that there is some *cognition* between philosophical scepticism, and what is sometimes significantly called a smutty style. The writings of ancient and modern *esprit forts* will justify this remark. I will first instance in Lucretius, the elegant and philosophical Lucretius, who has embodied in the same poem, the atheistical speculations of Epicurus, with the most gross and disgusting images, which could be culled from the inmost recesses of the Roman stews. The fourth book of his *Rerum Natura* is a loathsome picture of philosophy debauched, and debauchery philosophized.

I will next mention the witty Lucian, whose contempt of the christians, and vein of satire, have inexpressibly endeared him to some of the libertines of our own age, who have successfully aped the pleasantry of his impudence, and the licentiousness of his descriptions. I say not that he was a sceptick, for his astonishing credulity in every thing which countenanced his prejudices, seems to render the term inapplicable; but that he was an Epicurean cannot be denied; and of the impurity of his imagination, who,

that has read his story of the Venus of Praxiteles, can be ignorant? But let us come nearer our own times.

With regret I mention Bayle ; of the notes to whose dictionary it is doubtful whether they are most read for their ambidextrous scepticism, or their intolerable obscenity.....with less regret, Voltaire, whose Philosophical Dictionary will render complete what La Pucelle shall have begun ; for after the imagination of the young is polluted, nothing remains but to perplex the judgment, and obscure the moral perceptions..... must I add also the Historian of the Roman empire, who seems to dwell with equal delight on the apostasy of Julian and the vices of Theodora ; who prys with eager eye into the seculence of the court of Constantinople, flyly directing you to his notes, where you may grope among the filth, which decency has compelled him to veil in the obscurity of a learned language.

This list may be enlarged with the names of Montaigne, admired by Bayle, though not so indecorous as his admirer ;....of Rabelais, whose indecency is plain, while his scepticism is only probable ;....of Darwin, who has caught the philosophical and solemn pruriency of Lucretius, without the strength, purity, and elegance of his diction.

NOTES OF STUDY.

THE student, who wishes to learn from the example of great scholars, what distribution of his time will insure the most rapid acquisition of knowledge, will be sadly perplexed by the contradictory habits of moderns equally

illustrious. I speak of mere erudition ;....be not alarmed, sophomores, for I would not hint the treasonable supposition, that genius, that occult quality, can be acquired by sitting up till twelve at night, or only till nine ; or by living on wine and roast beef, or only on small beer or water gruel. Gibbon was a decided enemy both to nocturnal and antelucane studies ; yet we find he wrote the last words of his history between the hours of eleven and twelve at night. His time however was in general most exactly appropriated within the limits of the natural day. Johnson, on the contrary, except when compiling his Dictionary, seems never to have *assigned* an hour to any thing. He was tumbling in bed till noon-day, and sipping tea till midnight. Milton is an authority on both sides, or rather on neither. In his youth he studied late at night ; but afterwards changed his hours and always went to bed at nine. Gilbert Wakefield, whose life I have just seen, and who had probably read more Greek and Latin than any man of his years, (for he died at forty-five) used commonly to trim his morning lamp before the sun, and even asserts that it is indispensable to literary proficiency. But Sir Wm. Jones, whose learning was almost as extensive as the diffusion of the solar light, was as punctual as the daily return of that luminary, and equal as its daily circuit at the equator in the distribution of his hours of study.

HANNAH MORE.

MUCH as I admire the writings of this fair lady, I think she is guilty of a little disingenuity

in one passage of her "Thoughts on the manners of the great." More effectually to alarm the worldly, who may expect to atone for a life of unrestrained indulgence by occasional acts of liberality, she pretends to strengthen her argument by adducing the instance of Ananias and Sapphira. These, she says, "were perhaps well esteemed in society; for it was enough to establish a very considerable reputation to sell even part of their possessions for religious purposes; but what an alarm does it sound to hypocrisy, that, instead of being rewarded for what they brought, they were punished for *what they kept back*." Indeed, miss Hannah, I think this representation is a little coloured. Ananias and Sapphira were not punished for what they kept back, but for their falsehood, and prevarication about the price. Had they not sold *any* of their land, they would probably have escaped all punishment.

Compared with cotemporary female authors I believe miss Hannah More will hold the first place as to style, the second as to genius; for here she must yield to the "mighty magician of Udolpho;" the third as to acuteness of observation and philosophical discernment; for why should I mention the illustrious names of Hamilton and Edgeworth?

TITLE PAGES.

UPON opening a book it provokes me to find a long title or a crowded title page. It is robbing the table of contents of what properly belongs to it. Every book should have at least one concise, definite, and intelligible title, by which it may be called,

quoted, and easily referred to, and its object, if it has any, understood. I always suspect the emptiness of a book deformed by a crowded title page. It is like a huckster's or confessor's shop, where all the stock is shown in the bow-windows, to gull country people, and children, and drain their pockets. A book, whose subject cannot be expressed in six words, very seldom has any definite subject.

This business of titles brings to my mind a series of polemick publications which were printed in Lond. 1686, and reviewed in the Bibliothéque Universelle, vol. I. of which the first appeared under the title of

1. The Papist misrepresented and represented again.
2. Answer to the Papist misrepresented and represented again.
3. Reflections upon the answer to the Papist misrepref. and rep. again.
4. Reply to the reflections upon the answer to the Papist misf. and rep. again.
5. Answer to the reply to the reflections upon the answer to the Papist misrepresented and represented again.

"This is the house that Jack built," &c.

DR. JOSEPH ORNE.

THOSE who remember the unrivalled wit and humour of this man, which used to set the table on a roar, will be glad to recognize an epigram which he made

ON THE FLUTE.

To a Friend who was fond of playing.

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, by musick charmed the devil,
And made e'en ranting Proserpina civil;
But had the Grecian been so dull a brute
As to have dared attempt it with a flute,
The sequel, doubtless, would have taught him well
That such vile whistling had no power in hell.

THE LITERARY WANDERER.

No. 5.

*Thus then at first was Beauty sent from Heaven,
The lovely ministrers of Truth and Good
In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O Sons of Earth, would ye dissolve the tie!—AKENSIDE.*

BEAUTY is a word of very extensive significance, since in its common acceptation it comprehends, whatever affords gratification in the natural and intellectual world. In this number I shall briefly consider that species of beauty, which may be denominated intellectual; a species, not calculated, like personal beauty, to captivate instantaneously; but as its impressions are more gradually effected, so they are with more difficulty obliterated. Pursuing the customary method of considering this subject, we might present to imagination the varied scenes of nature; accompany it through the flowery fields of spring; display the moonbeams silvering the mountain-tops, and diffusing a mellow lustre over the lowlaid vallies; exhibit the unruffled bosom of the lake, when not a breath disturbs the sleeping surface; while the sun, gradually sinking beneath the horizon, variegates the eastern clouds with all the rich colouring of the rainbow; but, as my present path has been much less trodden, my journey, though retarded by asperities, will be more satisfactory, when accomplished. Mere beauties of countenance are transient and capricious; those of mind, like their immaterial mansion, remain forever.

In this, as in other departments, we naturally have a predilection for what we fully under-

stand. Though mankind seems prepossessed in favour of novelty, and are accustomed to express a momentary admiration of projects, which have no other engaging qualities to recommend them; still, like bidding adieu to endeared connexions, we experience a pensive sensation on quitting a pursuit, which has for considerable time attracted our attention. More intimate acquaintance increases gratification. Whoever for example, has perused Virgil a long time, perfectly understands his manner, and can translate with ease and elegance, imperceptibly becomes enamoured of his beauties, his inimitable graces of expression, and relinquishes his company with sensible reluctance. From the voluntary confession of several eminent mathematicians I am induced to imagine, that persons, who devote much time to Euclid, Proclus, Diophantus, Alexandrinus, and similar enchanting authors, have the same predilection for them, and consider "triangles, circles, parallelograms," the cogency of argument, the obvious chain of dependence, and their mind-strengthening efficacy, productive of as much refined pleasure, as the melodious verification, happy similes, noble sentiments, and beautiful imagery, of the Mantuan Muse. The same holds true in metaphysics. Contemplating mixed modes, complex ideas, essen-

ces or atoms infinitely attenuated, subtle fluids penetrating all bodies, particles kindly conveying pictures of objects to the retina of the eye, personal identity, properties of bodies, such as the colour, hardness, weight, fusibility, malleability, ductility of gold, and solubility in aqua regia; contemplating these *wonderful* peculiarities, the metaphysician becomes enraptured with the subtilized delicacy of his intellectual alembick!

Beaumont in his dialogue on beauty divides this subject into four heads; colour, form, expression, grace; but, it should be recollected, he treats exclusively of personal beauty, which is extremely different from that under consideration. Intellectual beauty is that peculiar modification of the mind, which renders it susceptible of those virtuous, those generous emotions, which constitute so considerable a proportion of human enjoyment. These are numerous, and differently denominated according to their different modes of operation. Its principal constituents are good sense, sweetness of disposition, and established habits of virtue.

However good a person's intentions may be, if he is deficient in mental vigour, his exertions will be ineffectual. He will be insusceptible of impression. The sympathies of love, the enthusiasm of generosity, or the loveliness of moral rectitude, will have no influence on his frigid bosom. As he is incapable of feeling those warm, enrapturing emotions, which souls of sensibility alone experience, so likewise is he unable to communicate them to oth-

ers. To him creation is a barren wilderness. But to persons of genius and cultivated understanding far different appears the scene of things. Their souls are open to every external impression.

All naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays, till now
the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from
without
Responsive.

ÆKENSIDE.

To such favourites of heaven, creation is an exhaustless source of admiration, gratitude, and astonishment. In the infinitely diversified lineaments of nature they view the impressions of Almighty Love and Benevolence.

But to ameliorate the mind, sweetness of disposition must accompany the endowment of genius; otherwise this stern and overbearing power will assume a forbidding, unpleasant appearance. The noble purposes, which it might accomplish, are counteracted by the supercilious hauteur of its demeanour. But apparelled in the robes of complacency, genius possesses double influence. In his warlike habiliments Mars is by no means an object of love; he must put off his terrors, to captivate the Queen of smiles. United with tranquillity of temper, genius becomes almost irresistible. It insinuates itself into the bosoms of mankind, contemplates the diversified movements of their minds, and impels them in whatever direction it chooses.

*Pectus inanitur angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo me
penis Atene.* HORATIUS.

'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand
 pains,
 Can make me feel each passion, that he
 feigns;
 Enrage, compose with more than mag-
 ick art,
 With play and with solemn tear my
 heart,
 And search me o'er the earth or
 through the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will
 and where. *Pope's Imitation.*

Mildness is the concomitant of virtue. By such temperament of mind we in some measure become assimilated to the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth, who unceasingly recommended humility, mildness, and submission.

A person however may have a bold, vigorous, and inventive mind; he may be feelingly alive to all the amenities of engaging temper and placid manners; and still be destitute of intellectual beauty. Genius and complacency are insufficient; another ingredient is indispensably requisite. Established habits of virtue will complete its constitution. Without these the latter is insignificant, the former dangerous, and both united still more pernicious. Motives of virtue are necessary to the performance of a good action; for, if these have no influence, the action, however commendable in itself, must be attributed to sinister views, which are far from meriting commendation. Though the deed be equally beneficial to others, still it fails to afford the performer that sweet solace of self-

applause, which ever accompanies intellectual beauty. But a person, destitute of religious principles, if he have genius and captivating manners, is usually active to project such plans, as will render his associates as unprincipled as himself. Such is the magick influence of parts and insinuation, that all this will be effected with such illusory appearances, as for the most part to deceive even the wary and circumspect.

Intellectual beauty, thus constituted, consummates the beauty of the countenance. There are portrayed the unaffected feelings of a virtuous heart; there glow the noble sentiments of generosity and gratitude; and there are vividly imprinted the representations of love, truth, honour, and benevolence. Destitute of these graces of expression, the countenance exhibits the beauty of a statue, which, though elaborated with exact symmetry, fair proportion, and unexceptionable lineaments, will be contemplated without emotion. The most inelegant features, animated by intellectual beauty, become vivid and interesting; but, when personal and intellectual beauty are combined in happy proportion, they irresistibly command homage; as colours, separately contemplated, are pleasing; but, exhibited together in the rainbow, they are incomparably delightful. Z.

Granta, July 2, 1806.

SACONTALA' ; OR, THE FATAL KING.

A DRAMA, TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT OF CALIDAS, BY SIR WM. JONES.

The works of Sir William Jones are published in Quartos so splendid and ponderous, that we doubt that there are more than two or three editions of them within the United States. The greater part of readers must of course be shut out from them ; and they will not be displeased therefore, that we allow the following translation to occupy much of the room, which we usually devote to poetry. Of original poetry we must acknowledge and regret a lamentable dearth. Not however that we have not a profusion of the "namby pamby madrigals," with which magazines usually overflow. But, until we have exhausted the treasures of English poetry, we will not disgrace our columns with the strains of the "Phyllidas Hyppipylas vatum & plorabile si quid."—This will not be understood as a resolution to refuse all American poetry. On the contrary we shall hail every opportunity of presenting to our friends every thing which has any claim to their respect.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A FOREST.

Duskmanta, in a car, pursuing an antelope, with a bow and quiver, attended by his Charioteer.

Char. WHEN I cast my eye on that black antelope, and on thee, O king, with thy braced bow, I see before me, as it were, the God Mahésa chasing a hart, with his bow, named Pináca, braced in his left hand.

Duskm. The fleet animal has given us a long chase. Oh ! there he runs, with his neck bent gracefully, looking back, from time to time, at the car which follows him. Now, through fear of a descending shaft, he contracts his forehead, and extends his flexible haunches ; and now, through fatigue, he pauses to nibble the grass in his path with his mouth half opened. See how he springs and bounds with long steps, lightly skimming the ground, and rising high in the air ! And now so rapid in his flight, that he is scarce discernible !

Char. The ground was uneven ; and the horses were checked in their course. He has taken advantage of our delay. It is level now, and we may easily overtake him.

Duskm. Loosen the reins.

Char. As the king commands.—[*He drives the car first at full speed, and then gently.*]—He could not escape. The horses were not even touched by the clouds of dust which they raised ; they tossed their manes, erected their ears, and rather glided than galloped over the smooth plain.

Duskm. They soon outran the swift antelope.—Objects which, from their

distance, appeared minute, presently became larger : what was really divided, seemed united, as we passed ; and what was in truth bent, seemed straight. So swift was the motion of the wheels, that nothing, for many moments, was either distant or near. [*He fixes an arrow in his bow-string.*

[*Behind the scenes.*] He must not be slain. This antelope, O king, has an asylum in our forest : he must not be slain.

Char. [*Listening and looking.*] Just as the animal presents a fair mark for your arrow, two hermits are advancing to intercept your aim.

Duskm. Then stop the car.

Char. The king is obeyed. [*He draws in the reins.*

Enter a Hermit and his Pupik

Herm. [*Raising his hands.*] Slay not, O mighty sovereign, slay not a poor fawn, who has found a place of refuge. No, surely, no ; he must not be hurt. Replace quickly, oh ! replace the arrow which thou hast aimed. The weapons of you kings and warriors are destined for the relief of the oppressed, not for the destruction of the guiltless.

Duskm. [*Saluting them.*] It is replaced.

[*He places the arrow in his quiver.*

Herm. [*With joy.*] Worthy is that act of thee, most illustrious of monarchs ; worthy, indeed, of a prince descended from Puru. Mayst thou have a son adorned with virtues, a sovereign of the world !

Pup. [*Elevating both his hands.*] Oh ! by all means, may thy son be adorned with every virtue, a sovereign of the world !

Duskm. [*Bowing to them.*] My head

bears with reverence the order of a Brâhman.

Herm. Great king, we came hither to collect wood for a solemn sacrifice; and this forest, on the banks of the Malini, affords an asylum to the wild animals protected by Sacontalâ, whom our holy preceptor Canna has received as a sacred deposit. If you have no other avocation, enter yon grove, and let the rights of hospitality be duly performed. Having seen with your own eyes the virtuous behaviour of those whose only wealth is their piety, but whose worldly cares are now at an end, you will then exclaim, "How many good subjects are defended by this arm, which the bowstring has made callous!"

Dufsm. Is the master of your family at home?

Herm. Our preceptor is gone to Sômatirt'ha, in hopes of deprecating some calamity, with which destiny threatens the irreproachable Sacontalâ; and he has charged her, in his absence, to receive all guests with due honour.

Dufsm. Holy man, I will attend her; and she, having observed my devotion, will report it favourably to the venerable sage.

Both. Be it so; and we depart on our own business. [*The Hermit and his Pupil go out.*]

Dufsm. Drive on the car. By visiting the abode of holiness, we shall purify our souls.

Cbar. As the king (may his life be long!) commands. [*He drives on.*]

Dufsm. [*Looking on all sides.*] That we are near the dwelling-place of pious hermits, would clearly have appeared, even if it had not been told.

Cbar. By what marks?

Dufsm. Do you not observe them? See under yon trees the hallowed grains which have been scattered on the ground, while the tender female parrots were feeding their unfledged young in their pendent nests. Mark in other places the shining pieces of polished stone which have bruised the oily fruit of the sacred Ingudi. Look at the young fawns, which, having acquired confidence in man, and accustomed themselves to the sound of his voice, frisk at pleasure, without varying their course. Even the surface of the river

is reddened with lines of consecrated bark, which float down its stream. Look again; the roots of yon trees are bathed in the waters of holy pools, which quiver as the breeze plays upon them; and the glowing lustre of yon fresh leaves is obscured, for a time, by smoke that rises from oblations of clarified butter. See too, where the young roes graze, without apprehension from our approach, on the lawn before yonder garden, where the tops of the sacrificial grass, cut for some religious rite, are sprinkled around.

Cbar. I now observe all those marks of some holy habitation.

Dufsm. [*Turning aside.*] This awful sanctuary, my friend, must not be violated. Here, therefore, stop the car; that I may descend.

Cbar. I hold in the reins. The king may descend at his pleasure.

Dufsm. [*Having descended, and looking at his own dress.*] Groves devoted to religion must be entered in humble habitments. Take these regal ornaments;—[*the Charioteer receives them*];—and, whilst I am observing those who inhabit this retreat, let the horses be watered and dressed.

Cbar. Be it as you direct! [*He goes out.*]

Dufsm. [*Walking round and looking.*] Now then I enter the sanctuary. [*He enters the grove.*];—Oh! this place must be holy, my right arm throbs.—[*Pausing and considering.*];—What new acquisition does this, omen promise in a sequestered grove? But the gates of predestined evens are in all places open.

[*Behind the scenes.*] Come hither, my beloved companions; Oh! come hither.

Dufsm. [*Listening.*] Hah! I hear female voices to the right of yon arbour. I am resolved to know who are conversing.—[*He walks round and looks.*];—There are some damsels, I see, belonging to the hermit's family, who carry water-pots of different sizes proportioned to their strength, and are going to water the delicate plants. Oh! how charmingly they look! If the beauty of maids who dwell in woodland retreats cannot easily be found in the recesses of a palace, the garden flowers must make room for the blossoms of the forest, which excel them in colour and fragrance. [*He stands gazing at them.*]

Enter Sactantala, Anushtya, and Priyamvada.

Anu. O my Sactantala, it is in thy society that the trees of our father Canna seem to me delightful : it well becomes thee, who are soft as the fresh-blown Mallikā, to fill with water the canals which have been dug round these tender shrubs.

Sac. It is not only in obedience to our father that I thus employ myself, though that were a sufficient motive, but I really feel the affection of a sister for these young plants. *[Watering them.]*

Pri. My beloved friend, the shrubs which you have watered flower in the summer, which is now begun : let us give water to those which have passed their flowering time, for our virtue will be the greater when it is wholly disinterested.

Sac. Excellent advice ! *[Watering other plants.]*

Dushan. [Aside in transport.] How ! is that Canna's daughter, Sactantala ! *[With surprise.]*—The venerable sage must have an unfeeling heart, since he has allotted a mean employment to so lovely a girl, and has dressed her in a coarse mantle of woven bark. He, who could wish that so beautiful a creature, who at first sight ravishes my soul, should endure the hardships of his austere devotion, would attempt, I suppose, to cleave the hard wood Sami with a leaf of the blue lotos. Let me retire behind this tree, that I may gaze on her charms without diminishing her constance. *[He retires.]*

Sac. My friend Priyamvada has tied this mantle of bark so closely over my bosom that it gives me pain : Anushtya, I request you to untie it. *[Anushtya unties the mantle.]*

Pri. [Laughing.] Well, my sweet friend, enjoy, while you may, that youthful prime, which gives your bosom so beautiful a swell.

Dushan. [Aside.] Admirably spoken, Priyamvada ! No ; her charms cannot be hidden, even though a robe of inter-twisted fibres be thrown over her shoulders, and conceal a part of her bosom, like a veil of yellow leaves circling a radiant flower. The water lily, though dark moss may settle on its head, is nevertheless beautiful ; and the moon with dewy beams is rendered yet brighter by its black spots. The bark

itself acquires elegance from the features of a girl with antelope's eyes, and rather augments than diminishes my ardour. Many are the rough stalks which support the water lily ; but many and exquisite are the blossoms which hang on them.

Sac. [Looking before her.] Yon Amra tree, my friends, points with the finger of its leaves, which the gale gently agitates, and seems inclined to whisper some secret. I will go near it. *[They all approach the tree.]*

Pri. O my Sactantala, let us remain sometime in this shade.

Sac. Why here particularly ?

Pri. Because the Amra tree seems wedded to you, who are graceful as the blooming creeper which twines round it.

Sac. Properly are you named Priyamvada, or speaking kindly.

Dushan. [Aside.] She speaks truly. Yes ; her lip glows like the tenderest leaflet ; her arms resemble two flexible stalks ; and youthful beauty shines, like a blossom, in all her movements.

Anu. Here is a plant, Sactantala, which you have forgotten, though it has grown up, like yourself, under the fostering care of our father Canna.

Sac. Then I shall forget myself.—O wonderful !—*[Approaching the plant.]*—O Priyamvada ! *[Looking at it with joy.]* I have delightful tidings for you.

Pri. What tidings, my beloved, for me ?

Sac. This MádHAVI-creeper, though it be not the usual time for flowering, is covered with gay blossoms from its root to its top.

Bobh. [Approaching it lightly.] Is it really so, sweet friend ?

Sac. Is it so ? Look yourselves.

Pri. [With eagerness.] From this moment, Sactantala, I announce you an excellent husband, who will very soon take you by the hand. *[Bobh. girls look at Sactantala.]*

Sac. [Displeased.] A strange fancy of yours !

Pri. Indeed, my beloved, I speak not jestingly. I heard something from our father Canna. Your nurture of these plants has prospered ; and thence it is, that I forestal your approaching nuptials.

Anu. It is thence, my Priyamvada, that she has watered them with so much alacrity.

Sac. The Mithavi plant is my sister : can I do otherwise than cherish her ?

[Pouring water on it.]

Dufm. [Aside.] I fear, she is of the same religious order with her foster-father. Or has a mistaken apprehension risen in my mind ? My warm heart is so attached to her, that she cannot but be a fit match for a man of the military class. The doubts which awhile perplex the good, are soon removed by the prevalence of their strong inclinations. I am enamoured of her ; and she cannot, therefore, be the daughter of a Brahmen, whom I could not marry.

Sac. [Moving her head.] Alas ! a bee has left the blossom of this Mallick, and is fluttering round my face. [She compresses uneasily.]

Dufm. [Aside with affection.] How often have I seen our court damsels affectedly turn their heads aside from some roving insect, merely to display their graces ! but this rural charmer knits her brows, and gracefully moves her eyes through fear only, without art or affectation. Oh ! happy bee, who touchest the corner of that eye beautifully trembling ; who, approaching the tip of that ear, murmurest as softly as if thou wert whispering a secret of love ; and who sippest nectar, while she waves her graceful hand, from that lip, which contains all the treasures of delight ! Whilst I am solicitous to know in what family she was born, thou art enjoying bliss, which to me would be supreme felicity.

Sac. Disengage me, I intreat, from this importunate insect, which quite baffles my efforts.

Dufm. [Aside.] This is a good occasion for me to discover myself—(advancing a little)—I must not, I will not, fear. Yet—(checking himself and retiring)—my royal character will thus abruptly be known to them. No ; I will appear as a simple stranger, and claim the duties of hospitality.

Sac. This impudent bee will not rest. I will remove to another place. (Stopping aside and looking round.)—Away ! away ! he follows me wherever I go. Deliver me, oh ! deliver me from this distress.

Dufm. (Advancing busily.) Ah ! While the race of Puru govern the world, and restrain even the most profligate, by good

laws well administered, has any man the audacity to molest the lovely daughters of pious hermits ? (They look at him with emotion.)

Ann. Sir, no man is here audacious ; but this damsel, our beloved friend, was teased by a fluttering bee.

Dufm. (Approaching her.) Damsel, may thy devotion prosper ! (Sacontala looks on the ground doubtful and silent.)

Pri. Stranger, you are welcome. Go, my Sacontala, being from the cottage a basket of fruit and flowers. This river will, in the mean time, supply water for his feet.

Dufm. Hedy maid, the gentleness of thy speech does me sufficient honour.

Ann. Sit down awhile on this bank of earth, spread with the leaves of *Septaserna* : the shade is refreshing, and our lord must want repose after his journey.

Dufm. You too must all be fatigued by your hospitable attentions : rest yourselves, therefore, with me.

Pri. (Aside to Sacontala.) Come, let us be seated : our guest is contented with our reception of him. (They all fast themselves.)

Sac. (Aside.) At the sight of this youth I feel an emotion scarce consistent with a grove devoted to piety.

Dufm. (Gazing at them alternately.) How well your friendship agrees, hedy damsels, with the charming equality of your ages and of your beauties.

Pri. (Aside to Anusaya.) Who can this be, my Anusaya ? The union of delicacy with robustness in his form, and of sweetness with dignity in his discourse, indicate a character fit for ample dominion.

Ann. (Aside to Priyavardini.) I too have been admiring him. I must ask him a few questions.—(Aloud.) Your sweet speech, Sir, gives me confidence. What imperial family is embellished by our noble guest ? What is his native country ? Surely it must be afflicted by his absence from it. What, I pray, could induce you to humiliate that exalted form of yours by visiting a forest peopled only by simple anchorites ?

Dufm. (Aside.) How shall I reveal, or how shall I disguise, myself ?—(Addressing)—Be it so.—(Aloud to Anusaya.) Excellent lady, I am a student of the *Veda*, dwelling in the city of our king, descended from Puru ; and, being occupied in

the discharge of religious and moral duties, am come hither to behold the sanctuary of virtue.

Anu. Holy men, employed like you, are our lords and masters.

Anu. (*Aside to Sacontalá.*) Oh ! if our venerable father were present—

Sac. What if he were ?

Anu. He would entertain our guest with a variety of refreshments.

Sac. (*Protesting displeasure.*) Go to ; you had some other idea in your head ; I will not listen to you. (*She sits apart.*)

Duskm. (*Aside to Anusúya and Priyamvadá.*) In my turn, holy damsels, allow me to ask one question concerning your lovely friend.

Both. The request, Sir, does us honour.

Duskm. The sage Canna, I know, is ever intent upon the great Being ; and must have declined all earthly connections. How then can this damsel be, as it is said, his daughter ?

Anu. Let our lord hear. There is, in the family of Cusa, a pious prince of extensive power, eminent in devotion and in arms.

Duskm. You speak, no doubt, of Causica, the sage and monarch.

Anu. Know, Sir, that he is in truth her father ; while Canna bears that reverend name because he brought her up, since she was left an infant.

Duskm. Left ? the word excites my curiosity ; and raises in me a desire of knowing her whole story.

Anu. You shall hear it, Sir, in few words.—When that sage king had begun to gather the fruits of his austere devotion, the gods of Swerga became apprehensive of his increasing power, and sent the nymph Ménacá to frustrate, by her allurements, the full effect of his piety.

Duskm. Is a mortal's piety so tremendous to the inferior deities ? What was the event ?

Anu. In the bloom of the vernal season, Causica, beholding the beauty of the celestial nymph, and waded by the gale of desire—

(*She stops and looks modest.*)

Duskm. I now see the whole. Sacontalá then is the daughter of a king, by a nymph of the lower heaven.

Anu. Even so.

Duskm. (*Aside.*) The desire of my heart is gratified.—(*Aloud.*) How, in-

deed, could her transcendent beauty be the portion of mortal birth ? You light, that sparkles with tremulous beams proceeds not from a terrestrial cavern. (*Sacontalá sits modestly with her eyes on the ground.*)

Duskm. (*Again aside.*) Happy man that I am ! Now has my fancy an ample range. Yet, having heard the pleasantries of her companions on the subject of her nuptials, I am divided with anxious doubts, whether she be not wholly destined for a religious life.

Pri. (*Smiling, and looking first at Sacontalá, then at the King.*) Our lord seems desirous of asking other questions. [*Sacontalá rebukes Priyamvadá with her band.*]

Duskm. You know my very heart. I am indeed eager to learn the whole of this charmer's life ; and must put one question more.

Pri. Why should you muse on it so long ?—(*Aside.*) One would think this religious man was forbidden by his vows to court a pretty woman.

Duskm. This I ask. Is the strict rule of a hermit so far to be observed by Canna, that he cannot dispose of his daughter in marriage, but must check the natural impulse of juvenile love ? Can she (oh preposterous fate !) be destined to reside for life among her favourite antelopes, the black lustre of whose eyes is far surpassed by her's ?

Pri. Hitherto, Sir, our friend has lived happy in this consecrated forest, the abode of her spiritual father ; but it is now his intention to unite her with a bridegroom equal to herself.

Duskm. (*Aside, with ecstasy.*) Exult, oh my heart, exult. All doubt is removed ; and what before thou wouldst have dreaded as a shame, may now be approached as a gem inestimable.

Sac. (*Seeming angry.*) Anusúya, I will stay here no longer.

Anu. Why so, I pray ?

Sac. I will go to the holy matron Gautamí, and let her know how impertinently our Priyamvadá has been prattling. (*She rises.*)

Anu. It will not be decent, my love, for an inhabitant of this hallowed wood to retire before a guest has received complete honour. (*Sacontalá, giving no answer, offers to go.*)

Duskm. (*Aside.*) Is she then departing ?—(*He rises, as if going to stop her.*)

but checks himself.)—The actions of a passionate lover are as precipitate as his mind is agitated. Thus I, whose passion impelled me to follow the hermit's daughter, am restrained by a sense of duty.

Pri. (Going up to Sacontala.) My angry friend, you must not retire.

Sac. (Stepping back and frowning.) What should detain me?

Pri. You owe me the labour, according to our agreement, of watering two more shrubs. Pay me first, to acquit your conscience, and then depart, if you please.

(Holding her.)

Dushm. The damsel is fatigued, I imagine, by pouring so much water on the cherished plants. Her arms, graced with palms like fresh blossoms, hang carelessly down; her bosom heaves with strong breathing; and now her dishevelled locks, from which the string has dropped, are held by one of her lovely hands. Suffer me, therefore, thus to discharge the debt.—*(Giving his ring to Priyamooda. Both damsels, reading the name Dushmanta, inscribed on the ring, look with surprise at each other.)*—It is a toy, unworthy of your fixed attention; but I value it as a gift from the king.

Pri. Then you ought not, Sir, to part with it. Her debt is from this moment discharged on your word only.

(She returns the ring.)

Anu. You are now released, Sacontala, by this benevolent lord—or favoured, perhaps, by a monarch himself. To what place will you now retire?

Sac. (Aside.) Must I not wonder at all this if I preserve my senses?

Pri. Are not you going, Sacontala?

Sac. Am I your subject? I shall go when it pleases me.

Dushm. (Aside, looking at Sacontala.) Either she is affected towards me, as I am towards her, or I am distracted with joy. She mingles not her discourse with mine; yet, when I speak, she listens attentively. She commands not her actions in my presence; and her eyes are engaged on me alone.

Behind the scenes.] Oh pious hermits, preserve the animals of this hallowed forest! The king Dushmanta is hunting in it. The dust, raised by the hoofs of his horses, which pound the pebbles ruddy as early dawn, falls like a swarm of blighting insects on the consecrated

boughs which sustain your mantles of woven bark, moist with the water of the stream in which you have bathed.

Dushm. (Aside.) Alas! my officers, who are searching for me, have indiscreetly disturbed this holy retreat.

Again, behind the scenes.] Beware, ye hermits, of yon elephant, who comes overturning all that opposes him; now he fixes his trunk with violence on a lofty branch that obstructs his way; and now he is entangled in the twining stalks of the Vratati. How are our sacred rites interrupted! How are the protected herds dispersed! The wild elephant, alarmed at the new appearance of a car, lays our forest waste.

Dushm. (Aside.) How unwillingly am I offending the devout foresters! Yes; I must go to them instantly.

Pri. Noble stranger, we are confounded with dread of the enraged elephant. With your permission, therefore, we retire to the hermit's cottage.

Anu. O Sacontala, the venerable matron will be much distressed on your account. Come, quickly, that we may be all safe together.

Sac. (Walking slowly.) I am stopped, alas! by a sudden pain in my side.

Dushm. Be not alarmed, amiable damsels. It shall be my care that no disturbance happen in your sacred groves.

Pri. Excellent stranger, we were wholly unacquainted with your station; and you will forgive us, we hope, for the offence of intermitting awhile the honours due to you; but we humbly request that you will give us once more the pleasure of seeing you, tho' you have not now been received with perfect hospitality.

Dushm. You depreciate your own merits. The sight of you, sweet damsels, has sufficiently honoured me.

Sac. My foot, O Anusuya, is hurt by this pointed blade of Cusa grass; and now my loose vest of bark is caught by a branch of the Curavaca. Help me to disentangle myself, and support me.

(She goes out, looking from time to time at Dushmanta, and supported by the damsels.)

Dushm. (Sighing.) They are all departed; and I too, alas! must depart. For how short a moment have I been blessed with a sight of the incomparable Sacontala! I will send my atten-

wants to the city, and take my station at
no great distance from this forest. I
cannot, in truth, divert my mind from
the sweet occupation of gazing on her.
How, indeed, should I otherwise occu-
py it? My body moves onward; but

my restless heart runs back to her &
like a light flag borne on a staff against
the wind, and fluttering in an opposite
direction. *(He goes out)*

END OF ACT I.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION:

A POEM.

*"But Robert are they,
The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around the guileless female, so to fling
The heart that loves them?"*

IMBOSOM'D deep in yonder woody
vale,
Where rural Labour breath'd the morn-
ing gale,
And Quiet lov'd her wicker hut to
build,
With turf o'erlaid and frugal plenty
fill'd;
'Mong matted weeds, where owl
nightly cries,
Poor Bruno's home in ragged ruin lies.

Recluse, unletter'd, indigent, yet gay,
On filken wings his moments stole away;
No vagrant with was in his bosom
found,
But, bless'd with health, he till'd his
scanty ground,
And din'd from oaken plate on homely
meal,
With all the luxury Content can feel.
To his afield at glimpse of opening
morn,
Before the dew-drop left the whiten'd
thorn,
When early birds began their broken
lay,
As doubting yet to hail the dawning
day;
To turn the smoking glebe with thin-
ing share,
And view in harvest gay reward for
care;
In green retreats, secure from sultry
hours,
Where perfum'd breezes pant o'er open-
ing flowers,

And gurgling rills at distance faintly
tell,
In cooling sounds, their windings thro'
the dell,
To watch around his swas in quiet
graze,
Or guide their young in safety through
the maze:—
These simple joys his utmost wishes
crown'd,
Once known within the valley's narrow
bound.

At even-tide, when o'er the village
green
Returning Teal with empty scrip was
seen,
An hedger, seated at his cottage door,
His fragrant pipe indulg'd, nor wish'd
for more,
As through yon twilight wood I wound
along,
Release'd from cares that haunt the
country throng,
Soft o'er my head the distant murmurs
rose,
Inviting every sense to cool repose.
For then, beneath those elms that skirt
the way,
At moonlight eve the village us'd to
play;
And oft I paus'd the rustick dance to
view,
Sweeping in many rounds the silver
dew;
And still in recollection hear the song,
That cheer'd with woodland notes the
artless throng.
Before his cot, on wooden bench re-
clin'd,
Where houseless beggar sat and freely
din'd;
Where Want refresh'd, had dropt her
silent tears,
Imploring blessings on his aged years;
Old Bruno, smiling, watch'd the moving
scene
That gaily circled round his little green;

Nor dreams one fancied bliss beneath
the sky,
But here is peace to live and here to die.

One only daughter shar'd the good
man's heart,
In innocence as pure, as void of art ;
With smiles she lov'd his toiling day to
cheer,

And gave to ev'ry want a willing ear.
When panting steers in loosen'd trace
recline,

And Labour pausing lent an hour to
dine,

Her care the table plac'd along the shade
With rustick fare in neatest order laid :
Or when, with level beam, the parting
day

Peep'd through the leaves that o'er
their lattice lay,

With whiten'd pail she sought the
lowly kine,

That meekly ruminate beneath the vine ;
While Evening softly stole across the
vale,

And heard her song that died along the
gale.

Their mutual care just watch'd their
little all,

Enough for honest ease ; enough, though
small ;

And, like pure streams, whose tranquil
bosoms bear

The richest blessings of the opening year ;
As through the woods and freshen'd
fields they flow,

Reflecting soft the heaven's surround-
ing glow ;

So they together wound, where peace-
ful Toil

With rosy plenty strew'd the laughing
soil ;

So mild, so pure, so tranquil were their
days !

So clear their conscience to the bright-
est blaze.

When winter's lengthen'd evas in
storms succeed,

And dreary prospects desolate the mead,
Lull'd by the rain, that rattled o'er
their shed,

Warm hous'd, how sweet the jocund
moments sped !

Freed from the city's spruce and apish
band,

Where Vice and Fashion circle hand in
hand ;

Vol. II. No. 7. Zz

Where frigid Form in awkward pomp
presides,

And courteous Virtue moves, as Folly
guides ;

Where prudent thought spontaneous
fears to flow,

And Simulation smooths the arch'd
brow ;

Cheer'd with the crackling faggot's so-
cial blaze,

But more by rustick welcome's artless
ways,

Beside their hearth I lov'd the social seat,
Where Age and Youth at evening us'd
to meet ;

Where soul view'd soul in native truth
array'd,

And naked Nature scorn'd to masquerade.

Even now from retrospection swells
the tear,

As cruel mem'ry paints each trifle dear ;
The wheel that hum'd in concert with
the breeze ;

The tale, though oft repeated, skill'd to
please ;

The careless laugh, that spok'd the heart
serene,

Frighting afar the haggard spectre
Spleen ;

The old musician, seen at country fairs,
Who tinkets traffick'd, and who ped-
dled airs,

Making, from viol hoarse, the circle gay
With tune more ancient than his beard
of grey.

These now are stid ; and silent all
the vale,

Save the dry leaf that rustles to the gale ;
Or where, on wither'd branch, the
widow'd dove

Pours her sad musick for her murder'd
love.

How solemn, dreary, death-like sleeps
the scene,

As o'er these mould'ring walls I friend-
less lean !

Each ruin'd object draws the lengthen'd
sigh,

And pleasures past suffuse my gazing
eye ;

Dark, cold, and cheerless broods the
storm amain,

And evening's shadows trail the dusky
plain :

But storms no more shall Bruno's rest
annoy,

Nor cares disturb, nor faithless friends
destroy :
Green grows the turf that crowns his
narrow grave,
And flowers fair their perfumes o'er
him wave.
—Liv'd there a wretch, in sin supremely
great,
Whom Satan's self had envying learn'd
to hate ;
Dead to the manly feelings of the soul,
And all alive to vice's black control ;
Beneath those smiles, by Love and
Friendship worn,
Within their breasts would seek to
plant a thorn—
With curst Seduction's serpent tooth to
tear
The guileless bosom of this simple Fair ?
Yes, blush, O man, the form of man
you bear !
Such smiling villains live and shameless
dare,
With brow serene, the deed accurs'd
proclaim,
And meanly glory in a ruin'd fame.

Aurora, peeping through her mists
so grey,
Scarce gild the checker'd pane with
scanty ray,
And, trembling through the cot on La-
bour's brow,
Noted what time to yoke the crooked
plough ;
When Lacy rose, than morn more
mildly fair,
And cheerful hied to tend her rural care.
Around the door the noisy poultry ran,
Drowning the song the early lark
began ;
The sparrow hopp'd beside the feather'd
train,
First ey'd the stately cock, then pick'd
the grain ;
While faithful Tray, now white with
many a year,
In welcome wagg'd his tail and prick'd
his ear ;
All eager pag'd their well-known mis-
tress' heel,
Who smiling gave to each their por-
tion'd meal.

But soon with ruthless deed the morn
was sham'd,
For coward Sport with savage Murder
slam'd ;

With hound and horn the huntmen
pour'd amain,
Rev'ling in mirth, that doom'd the
helpless pain :
And while with blood they print the
peaceful vale,
And load with dying cries the sadden-
ing gale,
Her tender bosom heav'd the frequent
sigh,
And Pity's tear roll'd softly from her eye.
“ Ah, why,” she sigh'd, “ when nature
wakes to love,
“ Calm as the spirit of the woodland
dove ;
“ Ah, why should man, the boasted lord
of all,
“ Close the dull ear on Mercy's melting
call ?
“ Does not the heart, with fellow feel-
ings warm,
“ Bleed to set foot upon the humble
worm ?
“ And can a conquest o'er the feeble
fawn,
“ The harmless tenant of the peaceful
lawn,
“ From home, from friends, perhaps
from parents drove,
“ And every tie that waits on mortal
love,
“ Excite that strength, for nobler pur-
pose arm'd,
“ Than goading innocence, that never
harm'd ?
“ Shame on the chase ! thy bloody rage
defer
“ Till Ruin rushes wild with wasting
war !
“ Dark is the soul, that joys in others' wo ;
“ And drear the breast, that pity can
forego.
“ If there's a bliss beneath our kindred
sky,
“ It sure must be to wipe Affliction's eye ;
“ To bind the wounds, that hard mishap
may deal,
“ And if we cannot cure, still learn
to feel.”

While thus her words with moving
accent fell,
Pure as the drop, that hangs in cowslip's
bell,
Her beauty glow'd with more than na-
tive power,
And Pity shone, like April, through her
shower.

Borne from the chase, on ruin worse intent,
Tow'rd's the fair mourner smiling Alva bent ;
Alva, to all that's human, foul disgrace ;
Blacker his soul, than seeming smooth his face.
With oily speech and diffident advance,
He spread his wiles, where innocence might chance ;
And, like hyena deadly, watchful lay,
His monster part mid roses veil'd from day ;
On opening buds he breath'd his blighting breath,
And nipt their early bloom in shrivel'd death.
But the dark deeds that crowd his soul to hell,
Let crazy Jane in moody laughter tell,
When, wild as flowers that deck her wavy locks,
In stormy eve at village door she knocks,
And, wo-begone, intreats with haggard form
A little shelter from the chilling storm.
For her, seduc'd by villain arts, he drew
From every bliss her humble cottage knew.
And oft, where Cynthia sheds her lonesome sheen
O'er the deep silence of some desert scene ;
In tatter'd weeds she sits, and wildly sings
To chase the thought that dread reflection brings ;
Or muttering, through the thorny thicket winds ;
And idle posies on the bushes binds.
Poor outcast ! now, by ragged Famine led,
From wayside friends, perhaps, she begs her bread ;
Or, stretch'd in squalid lodge, 'mong refuse lies,
Recals that home she left, and madd'ning dies.

Like Her own lamb, that left the wary flock,
And thoughtless play'd on yon high hanging rock,
Till borne neglectful o'er the giddy height,
In ruin dash'd, it rush'd to endless night ;
So Lucy hung o'er flattery's flowery steep,

Nor look'd below to mark the yawning deep ;
Still void of guile she thought the world was true,
Nor deem'd a softening smile her ruin drew ;
Still raptur'd lean'd the artful tale to hear,
And drank destruction through the cheated ear.
But sad reflection rous'd, alas ! too late,
And woke to torture with a Fury's hate ;
Woke like the calls that conscious Murder quake,
When warning ghosts its sinful slumbers break.

(To be continued.)

FROM A POEM, ENTITLED,

THE SABBATH.

Lately published in England.

HOW still the morning of the hallow'd day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour ; hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
Of tatted grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestern-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze ;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Caltness seems thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-funk glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FEB JULY, 1806.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ excimenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—PLINY.

ARTICLE 56.

Memoirs of the life, writings, and correspondence of Sir William Jones. By Lord Teignmouth. From the Classick Press. Philadelphia, printed for the proprietors William Poyntell & Co. 1805.

THE office of biography is to teach by examples. It then only fully attains its end, when the incidents, which form, or illustrate character and conduct, are so selected and disposed, as to leave just, deep, and well defined impressions upon the mind. If it be the felicity of the biographer to light upon some rare individual, the ornament of his age, or of his nature, his task is indeed delightful, but it is high and difficult. A great mind is, like some august temple, the slow work of labour and genius. It has effect as a whole. It has symmetry among its parts. Its proportions are well preserved. Its foundations are laid among, and with materials of a gross and earthy nature. Its sublime top vaults towards heaven. If such an object be presented for the contemplation of the publick, we have a right to expect that all these characteristick harmonies should be noticed; and that our attention should be directed to each distinct excellence. Noth-

ing, which contributes to its beauty, or utility, can be omitted in a just delineation. Nothing, which had an influence on its commencement or progress, can be superfluous in its true history. Thus far the analogy holds. But moral, mental structures have uses and relations, higher and infinitely more numerous, as well as more important, than fabricks of wood, of brick, or of marble. These are objects of emulation, and give hints for architectural improvement to one or two monarchs, or nations in an age. Whereas those are examples of the progress of an individual towards the perfection of his nature and are the best inheritance of the whole human race, because they are sensible standards of moral and intellectual power, by which every man may measure the stature of his own attainment. Like the works of the ancient masters in painting and sculpture, they contain outlines of general beauty, which all may lawfully copy; and exemplify eternal rules of thought and action, by which it is the duty of each individual, making just allowance for situation and condition, to model and perfect himself.

These considerations impose a high class of duties on him, who undertakes to write the life of an eminent man. He is not to con-

tent himself with meagre diaries, or with transcripts from occasional correspondencies, however elegant or interesting. His labours ought not to cease so long as any source of information remains unexplored. If the object of research have been cotemporary, much light may be gathered from the companions of his early youth, or the friends of his manhood; from those, who feared, and those, who envied him; from patrons and rivals; from all, who had occasion to observe, and capacity to mark with a distinguishing eye, his course and conduct. Out of this mass of materials it is the duty of the biographer to select the discriminating attributes of character; to seize upon them; and, tracing them through the various stages of existence, to show their origin, their growth, and the utmost limits of their expansion. Nor should he neglect to describe the obstacles, which thwarted his advancement; as also the means, by which he was enabled to surmount them; whether fortune made smooth his progress; whether genius, by its native force,

At one slight bound, high overleap'd
all bound;

or whether his path of ascent was, like the way of the ancients, and like the way of the giants, to heaven;

—imponere Pelio Ossam
Atq. offe frondosum involvere Olym-
pum.

A noble plan of biography seems to be imperiously requisite, when the character to be described is of an extraordinary cast; uniting excellencies, rare either for their number, nature, or com-

bination; when labour is found associated with genius; high mental, with high moral, attainments; great strength of intellect with refined delicacy of feelings; and those splendid talents, which make men admired and conspicuous on the great theatre of the world, are seen united, not obscuring, but adding lustre, to those qualities, which make men lovely and amiable in the small circles and among the common relations of private life. Undoubtedly, Sir William Jones was a character of this class. We regret therefore, that in these memoirs of his life we do not find a plan, conformable to our general notions of an excellent biography. If ever a character required the hand of a master to do justice to its beauties, to discriminate them, to give relief to its great, and throw a strong light on its delicate parts, it is that of this excellent, we may justly add, this wonderful man, Lord Teignmouth does not aspire to an high rank among biographers. His work is indeed worthy to be perused, and even studied, by all; particularly by the young. The path he has taken is easy and pleasant, fascinating both to the author and reader, but less elevated and less luminous, than a genius like Sir William Jones has a right to claim, and will, certainly, in time command.

Taking a hint from some short and imperfect notices of his life, found among his papers, the biographer has adopted the plan of tracing it from year to year; and by means of successive correspondencies, "as far as possible, to make Sir William Jones describe

himself." A plan of this kind is specious, and where the fund of research is extensive and regular, embracing the chief objects, which it is desirable to know in a character, it may be pursued with no inconsiderable success. But the life of a literary man is not to be collated from manuscripts, nor picked up among desultory correspondencies. Much, that is interesting to know, would not fall within the design of such communications. Much, that is essential to a just estimate of character, would be scrupulously withheld from daily registers and occasional friends. A great mind is, usually, too much occupied in present contemplations to have regard in its operations to self delineation. Were it possible that this could be the intended, or accidental, result of its labours in the first case, it might well be suspected, in the last must unavoidably be imperfect. There is a perspective necessary in our view of character; and no man can, either purposely or fortuitously, be placed at such a distance from himself, as to have the image he makes, in his own fancy, received as the witness of its standard, or proportions.

In making these remarks, we would not be understood to deny merit, either to the design, or execution, of the work. Lord Teignmouth has added many new and valuable materials to the stock of general knowledge concerning Sir William Jones. He seems deeply impressed with the greatness of the character he has undertaken to describe; and glows throughout with the tenderness, which friendship, and

sometimes with the enthusiasm, which a love of letters, inspires. Selections from hitherto unpublished correspondencies are judiciously made; and, as they set the character of Sir William Jones in new and striking points of view, cannot fail to give great delight to his admirers. Among these we are proud to rank ourselves. And, while we look anxiously for a work more regular and well digested, more worthy of the man and of this period, so abundant in literary talent and exertion, we cordially express our gratitude to an author, who has contributed much to our satisfaction and added much to our knowledge of a character, which will be venerated, as long as virtue, or genius, has a name upon the earth.

We shall now indulge ourselves in some sketches, taken from the work, and in some reflections, which they suggest; being assured that this department cannot be more usefully, or acceptably employed, than in extending our acquaintance with this extraordinary man.

The first point of view, in which his life presents itself to us, relates to the youthful periods of it. This we select, not so much for the sake of the early evidences of distinguished talent it affords, although these are indeed uncommon, as in order to set in an interesting light the influence of the female sex upon the destinies of man; by exhibiting an instance of the noble result and also of the exquisite reward of female cultivation and attainment of high moral and intellectual excellence. By ancient writers the maternal influence is frequently represent-

ed, both as the early source and later motive of greatness and virtue. Plutarch, in the spirit of that pure and practical philosophy, in which he abounds, dwells with delight upon the fact, that two of his most celebrated heroes, Epaminondas and Coriolanus, were indebted to their mothers for the first germs of their future distinction; whereby both became the most eminent men of their respective periods. Nor, according to him, did the parents derive more honour from conferring, than the sons from the noble manner, in which they acknowledged these obligations. "In the midst of his victories," says he, "the former rejoiced at nothing so much, as that his father and mother were alive to witness his glory." As to the latter, "he was not so much excited by the hope of glory, as by the consideration, that the acquisition of it delighted his mother." Sir William Jones, who was framed after the finest models of ancient times, partook of the double felicity, for which the Grecian and Roman were distinguished. *His mother lived to witness the eminence, he attained; and to bear him refer all to her care and instruction.* In his infant years, by the death of his father, the duties of both parents devolved upon her. "A woman eminently qualified for the task;"—"of uncommon talents and acquirements." In these memoirs, on the one side, the mother is shown "adopting, and pursuing, with indefatigable perseverance, a plan for his education," "rejecting the severity of discipline," "laying aside the distance of

"years," becoming the companion of his youthful labours, presiding over his studies, modelling his habits, forming his taste, and

—loading him
With such precepts, as would make
invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On the other side, the son is seen, "cheerfully and zealously discharging every filial duty," at his highest elevation, amid the flush of his honours, according to the genius of ancient gratitude and elevated sentiment, "always acknowledging himself indebted to her maxims for his future attainments;" evidencing the most affectionate attention, and respectful love; "devoting to her whatever time he could spare from his studies; in manhood, "making her the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations;" consulting her on all occasions affecting his important interests; and "showing, in numberless instances, too minute to be particularised" that "he derived a double satisfaction from the distinction, to which his abilities had raised him, from the consideration, that his mother participated in it."

Traits of character, like these, are worthy of minute record and of frequent recurrence. They are testimonies borne by unquestionable greatness to the most important virtues, and the most refined, as well as useful sentiments of common life;—testimonies, likely to be noticed, because they are splendid, and to sink deep, because they fall from uncommon height. They are also testimonies, which the herd of literary greatness have not been assiduous

to give, either from real narrowness of intellect, which, occupied by mental avocations has no room left for the show of the finer feelings, or from that pride, which makes them vain

————— to stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

The next quality, we notice, in the subject of these memoirs, is an industry, almost without example. To this, his biographer assures us, "he was not less indebted for his attainments, than to superiour capacity." While yet a boy, "he voluntarily extended his studies, beyond their prescribed limits," and sought distinction "by solitary labour." Hours, allotted by his schoolfellows to amusement, he devoted to improvement; spending whole nights in study; taking antidotes against drowsiness. This temper, and these habits, strengthened with manhood. Age did not quench, nor did temporary avocations allay the noble flame, which glowed in his breast. His enthusiasm for letters, and his assiduous cultivation of them, continued, under every aspect of fortune and every accumulation of business. In a mind, thus constituted, the greatness even of *his* acquisitions scarcely surprise. Although versed in twenty-eight languages, and master of the literary treasures of Greece, Rome, and the East, as well as of whatever science, modern Europe, in a cultivated age, yields, his attainments, unequalled as they are, seem the necessary effects of wise means, early adopted and late pursued, rather than the happy result of a nature, extraordinarily beneficent. We are

ready to acknowledge, and perhaps with justice, that he was the architect of his own greatness. The blessing of heaven was only given, and seldom is it denied, to well directed design and unremitting efforts.

It is a wise and natural wish to follow one, distinguished as was Sir William Jones, into the recesses of his literary haunts; to inquire, in what way he managed his industry to make it thus singularly productive; what were his apportionments of time; what the aids, by which he overcame that indolence, which assails the strongest, and that weariness of labour, which men, who lay claim to genius, for the most part, feel, or pretend. Concerning these objects, this volume does not sufficiently gratify curiosity. It tells us indeed, that he was a rigid economist of time; that he read always with a pen in his hand, and, deeming "writing to be the chain of memory," was frequent in extract, and, in sciences which he intended perfectly to possess, regular in common place book. Helps these, which the sneers of a vain and labour-saving age have put out of countenance and use; but which such men as Locke and Jones have condescended to practice and to recommend. Men, like these, we may be assured are formed no where but in the school of the ancients;—on that great scheme, which refers all success to industry, all literary eminence to individual exertion; which first excites in the mind of the pupil a zeal and ardour for intellectual advancement, placing him above the allurements of pleasure and aloof from the influence of

the vulgar passions, and which next teaches him to progress, according to the nature of an imitative and dependant being, by a discriminating use of the rich stores the wisdom of former ages has collected, and by elevating his soul, chastening his passions, and refining his taste by long and diligent study of the works of those great men, whom the concurrent testimony of the truly learned in every period has acknowledged as standards and models.

How much Sir William Jones was indebted to ancient learning, first to that of Greece and Rome, afterwards to that of the East, these memoirs and his writings every where witness. Among these we find his choicest pleasures and most profitable pursuits. He wrote many things, and contemplated others, expressly on the model of celebrated Grecian and Roman writers. He frequently expresses his obligations, and dwells with rapture on their beauties. Let those, who, beguiled by the fantastick novelties of the period, would banish the Greek language from the course of academick studies, hear him declare the pleasure he had derived from that source. *—*Equidem poesi Græcorum jam inde, à puero, ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphūs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis reliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur.*

Yet these are, chiefly, the minor relicks of that unrivalled nation. What language would he not have used, had his subject led him to speak of authors of an higher

class; of Sophocles or Euripides, of Thucydides or Homer?

It is impossible for the classical reader to open the works of Sir William Jones, not even those few transcripts of letters, preserved in these memoirs, without feeling that the spirit, which breathes in his veins, was quickened and purified by the study of the ancient masters; that he has caught their simple and nervous manner; and glows with that elevated enthusiasm, which characterises them. The following passage, extracted from his letter to Reviczki†, cannot fail to illustrate this observation and to delight every one, who has any claim to a kindred soul. —*Nescis quantum ab illo mutor quem in Angliā vidisti. Fui adolescens, fui imprudentior; nunc me totum humanioribus Musis devoteo; et nihil vehementer peto præter Virtutem, quā nihil divinius, Gloriam, quā nihil mortali pretiosius, ac tuam denique amicitiam, quā nihil dulcius esse potest.*

In a subsequent letter‡, to the same correspondent, he indulges a similar strain, worthy of the best periods of antiquity. —*Sed omnibus vitæ gaudiis facili antefero illam, illam quam perdidit amo, Gloriam; illam per aquas, illam per ignes, illam diebus, illam noctibus, persequar. Oh! mi Carole, quanta mihi sese aperit sylva! Si vitæ spatium duplicetur, vix mihi satisfaciat, ad ea quæ, in animo bebo tam publice quam privatim recte perficienda.*

In conformity with the same spirit is his advice to a student, in his letter to Halhed§. —*Humanioribus literis da operam, ut soles; musas colè; philosophiam venerare; multa scribe die, multa noctibus; ita*

* Letter to Reviczki. P. 1. Appen. Vol. II. No. 7. Aaa

† Appendix p. 20.

‡ Ibid. p. 27.

§ Ibid. p. 18.

tamen ut valetudinem tuam cures diligenter.

We cannot pass unnoticed the testimony of Sir William Jones, in favour of "the divine works" of Cicero. A writer, whom it is apparent he had assiduously studied; for no where else could he have acquired that purity and elegance, for which his latin style is conspicuous.*

Si mihi liceat eloqui quod sentio, auctor sim ut M. Tullii ferè divinis operibus quam diligentissimè navet operam, quæ neminem unquam legisse puto, quin legendo factus sit et eloquentior et doctior. Digna est admirabilis illa ad Quintum fratrem de provinciâ administrandâ epistola, quæ ab omnibus in terrarum orbe regibus memoriter quotidie recitetur. Digni sunt libri de Officiis, de Finibus, de Questionibus Tusculanis, quicquid perlegantur. Dignæ orationes ferè sexaginta quæ in omnes Europæ linguas convertantur. Nec vereor affirmare sedecim illos epistolarum ad Atticum libros historiis ferè omnibus (Sallustio excepto) præstare.

The moral and religious attainments of Sir William Jones are on a scale, not less elevated, than his literary. In truth, in every part of his character, this admirable man seems to have reached that height of ideal perfection, which it is permitted to most men to conceive, but to which it is the lot of very few even to aspire. To young men, to men indeed of every period of life, the contemplation of such a character cannot be too frequent, nor intense. The first and surest step towards the improvement of an age is to set up correct standards, to make the admiration and imitation of them fashionable, and to teach men, by

exalting and refining their imaginations to the sublimity of their sentiments and the purity of their manners, to transfuse into themselves all the excellence of their spirit. It is no objection, that these models are of rare workmanship, and above the reach of human capacity in its ordinary state. He, who levels at a high mark, although he fall short of it, will probably approach nearer to it, than he, who is content to take a low and ignoble aim. The advice, which Quintilian† gives to his orator, is applicable to every literary pursuit, indeed to every pursuit in life.—*Sed non ideo minus nobis ad summa tendendum est—quod si non contingat, aliis tamen ibunt qui ad summa nitentur, quam qui, præsumpta desperatione, quo velint, evadendi, protinus circa ima subsisterint.*

ART. 51.

Democracy unveiled, or tyranny stripped of the garb of patriotism. By Christopher Causlie, LL.D. &c. &c. Boston, J. West. 12mo.

IN all free governments political satire, though little distinguished by novelty of sentiment or elegance of language, will be read with avidity. The buffoonry of Pindar will be sometimes received as wit, and even his blasphemy, horrid beyond parallel, will be slightly censured by the multitude of those, whose malignity exults in the profanation of whatever is venerable; in the ridicule of their monarch, and abuse of the supporters of his throne. But such productions soon perish. When the fervour

* Letter to Bayer. Appendix p. 39.

† Instit. orator proœm.

of party, which alone enables them to cover a weak and un-fighty trunk with the luxuriance of their foliage, is abated, they are swept without regard to the putrescent receptacle of the worthless and noxious herbage of an uncultivated soil.

Even the works of the great masters of satire, though splendid with invention and glowing with wit, are studied with ardour gradually decreasing, as the remembrance of the incidents they record, becomes fainter by age. For one, who peruses Hudibras with delight in our time, there were fifty among the subjects of Charles.

Such will probably be the fate of this poem; but many will be desirous, that it should first produce the effect, for which it seems so well adapted.

Whoever reads Democracy Unveiled with candour, even if his muscles be distorted with anguish by the castigation, so liberally bestowed on the rulers of the most numerous party in this country, will readily credit the assertion of the author, that "personal animosity is not among the motives which produced this poem." Though the smart of the culprit under the beadle's lash be little alleviated by the knowledge, that his demerits have long required this exertion of justice; yet the publick will remember that the punishment is not inflicted through wantonness, nor aggravated by malice.

The poet in his commencement says,

I would not wantonly annoy,—
I would no one's happiness destroy.

None lives, I say with honest pride, who
Despises slander more, than I do—

and next assigns the reason of his satire,

I'll lash each knave, that's now in vogue,
Merely because he is a rogue.

This poem is divided into six parts, between which however the connexion is not easily discerned. Canto 1st, called the Tocsin, briefly discloses his plan, and concludes with an apostrophe to his adversaries.

Now, since ye are a ruffian crew,
As honest Jack Ketch ever knew;
Have chang'd your name, as well as
courses,
Like folks, who *steals* in *stealing* horses,
&c.

The second part of Illuminism, is energetick and well conducted. The earnestness of the author has condensed his usual levity, and the rhyme becomes more regular and dignified.

In the next Canto, Mobocracy, is an anachronism of so little use, that perhaps the author, so far from intending to derive advantage from it, in the hurry of composition did not observe it. The rebellion of 1786 is represented, as one of the consequences of that spirit, excited by the revolutionary proceedings in France.

The fourth part, which takes its title from the president of the United States, contains "high matter," worthy to be examined by his friends and his foes.

Canto 5th, the Gibbet of Satire is the most humorous of the whole. The principal labourers in the cause of democracy are

here introduced to receive their reward; and so little deference does the author pay to the common notion of poetick justice, that a new recruit, purchased from England, receives his honours, so nearly resembling those of a veteran of twenty years' service in this town, and so blended with them, that it is difficult to adjudge the superiority to either. But, "when two men ride on a horse together, one must ride behind." Conspicuous above all others in this mock execution is the gentleman, who lately resigned the office of attorney-general of the United States. His last words and dying speech to the court is versified in a manner irresistibly ludicrous.

The last Canto contains the author's monition to his countrymen, in which is more good sense, than poetry.

Of the notes to the poem we may remark, that they are chiefly serious and closely connected with the text. The best is upon the principles of Godwin.

When the author publishes a new edition, to which the success of the first, as it is said, has encouraged him, he may easily enlarge his note on the 99th page. An ignorant, noisy, and mischievous fanatic in a neighbouring town has lately proved, and published his proofs, that Mr. Jefferson is the sixth angel, mentioned in the book of revelation. Are the days of Cromwell about to return?

Amid exuberance of thought, we are sometimes offended by repetition. In one place we find the bludgeon of satire and in the next couplet the whipping post of satire, where the author meant to

convey but one idea. *Incuria fudit.*

In a late number of the Monthly Anthology a judicious critick, reviewing a former poem of this author, has said, that he receives no pleasure from rhymes, 'when the corresponding sounds are farther from the end of the line, than the penult syllable.' But in such compositions, as these, we know no reason, why the succession of rhyme should not begin with the antepenult. If only by poetical licence the double line be introduced, may not the same licence lawfully extend to the triple rhyme? All double rhymes seem distorted and unnatural, and it is this, perhaps, that affords us the amusement, we receive from them. From the difficulty of its composition the triple rhyme cannot often recur; and Butler has shewn us, that its effect is great. How often have we observed the particularity of this couplet,

'There was an ancient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over.'

Of Trulla we are told,

'She laid about in fight more busily,
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.'

The best double rhyme in Democracy Unveiled is,

No dancing bear, whipt round a stake, or
Wild whirligigging shaking Quaker.

And on page 84th the reader will find an equally favourable specimen of these anomalous triple rhymes, which we have defended.

Democracy Unveiled should be read by every person in the community, especially by the middling

class of citizens, for whom it seems chiefly intended.

ART. 59.

The Power of Solitude : a poem, in two parts. By Joseph Story. A new and improved edition. Salem. B. B. Macanulty. 1804.

WHATEVER may be the absurdity in morals of the doctrine of transmigration, we certainly sometimes see it realized in the literary world. When Mr. Story's poem first appeared, its features displayed so much more than infantine inanity, its frame appeared so rickety and imbecile, its whole aspect was so pale and bloodless, that we saw it go down to the tomb without surprize ; and believed that, if the Sybil should ever conduct us to the lower regions, we should find this ill-starred babe among the screaming ghosts of infants at the entrance of Tartarus,

Quos

Abstulit a tra dies & funere merfit acerbo.

After seeing it so quietly inurned, we confess we were somewhat alarmed, when its second existence was announced ; and our society was sadly puzzled to determine, by what means it had burst its cearments, and made its escape to the upper air. Our alarm however we find was needless, as it does not, like the royal Dane, appear in any very questionable shape. It professes to be a new birth, rather than a second existence, and we will now examine, whether by this literary metempsychosis it has acquired any of the strength of manhood and any of the glow and vigour of health,

The primary and radical defect of this poem, to drop our already jaded metaphor, is found in the subject itself, or at least in the view which Mr. S. has taken of it. Its design, we are told, is "to mark the influence of solitude on the passions and affections of the mind." In doing this he does not confine himself to melancholy or ascetick abstraction from civilized life, but seems to think that every pause from social intercourse, and every reflection excited when alone, exemplifies the influence of solitude. This accommodating view of the subject, which he probably learned from Zimmerman's silly book, enables him to talk about any thing, and he avails himself of the privilege by talking definitely about nothing. We do not, to be sure, ask for formal induction, for investigation of recondit truth, or even for much massiveness of sentiment from a poet ; but we have a right to demand, that we should not be presented with pages of absolute inanity ; that at least we should find some salient principle of animated sentiment, to preserve the current of his verse from stagnation and putridity. But it does not seem to enter into Mr. Story's definition of poetry, that fine thinking should make one of its constituents, and accordingly his work in general displays what Goldsmith calls 'a complete virginity of feature, uncontaminated by the smallest symptom of meaning.' There would be no end to transcription, if we should undertake to quote passages in support of our assertion ; we will nevertheless extract one from the sec-

ond Canto, observing, however, that it is rather worse than the general strain of the volume.

Speaking of the sports of "Gothick sprites," for an illustration of which we are referred to Drake's *Lit. Hours*.

—Leagu'd with witchcraft, strangest
feats perform ;
Wilder the traveller's path and brew
the storm,
Lead the wild corpse light round the
omen'd grave,
Dance in the bog or whistle on the
wave ;
Or, bent on mischief, round some pillow
creep
To ride their night-mare through the
virgin's sleep.
There too disport, for gambols deftly
dight
The silver legions of Arabia's sprite ;
Winds her blithe horn, and lo, the busy
troop
Trail in light meteors, many a fiery
whoop ;
On posting glow-worms wing some-
soft desire,
And breathe from ruby lips innocuous
fire ;
With mellow warbles charm the curious
ears,
Or weave of moonlight hues pellucid
tears, &c. Part 2.

From this extract our readers will probably infer, that the poem has at least the merit of considerable smoothness of versification ; and the conclusion will not be unjust. Indeed, since the days of Pope, this species of excellence has become almost mechanical. The artizan of verses has only to resort to his works, in which, it is scarcely too much to say, may be found every musical and every graceful phrase, which our language affords, and the manufacture of harmonious lines becomes the easiest thing in the world. In this way, of late years, so much

currency has been given to the insipid and quotidian trash of those, who never were 'poets of God's making,' that we are almost tempted to renounce our objections to the harsh, abrupt versification of Cowper, and hail him as the restorer of the dignity of English verse.

There are many peculiar reasons however for the melody of Mr. Story's versification. In the first place, he is not incumbered with any very violent regard to sense ; and is not always very scrupulous that his line should be intelligible, provided it be liquid and round. In the next place, he has a most perilous talent of eking out verses by means of an accommodating set of phrases, which he has always at command. If, for instance, he had occasion to speak of love, and the rhyme were too obstinate to be made out by any common place epithets, he would not, like a writer of inferior powers, count his fingers, bite his nails, and 'cudgel his dull brains' for a moment, but would call it at once a "sprite ;" or if that would not do, a "viewless sprite ;" or if the verse were still reluctant, he would talk of its "widering power," its "mystick power," its "fitful glance," its "kindling glance," or its "reckless glance ;" its "eye's fluttering flash," its "flickering beam," or its "moon-witched beam," &c. &c.

Another method, by which Mr. S. makes his versification easy, is by enlarging, on an emergency, the vocabulary of the language, He introduces, for instance, "needled landscapes," "pierceless shields," "moveless tongues,"

"*changeless rigours*," "*anguishful screeches*," and "*screamful ghosts*." It is not to be expected, that one, who has so little regard to the English language, should have much respect for its prosody; we are not surprized therefore to meet with "*alärmed soul*," "*cō-qüet's arts*," &c. From the last charge, however, we confess Mr. S. is tolerably free; and we are more willing, that he should escape without censure on this subject, because though we think that every fault of this kind should be carefully noted in poets, as they are the legitimate guardians of the prosody of language, yet we somewhat doubt that Mr. Story's authority will ever be quoted by posterity to sanctify an anomaly.

In looking back on what we have written, we observe scarcely a gleam of praise, and for this we are sorry, because Mr. Story's talents, if they were not distorted by his vitiated taste, are not contemptible. We quote the following lines as a proof that he is capable of better things. Speaking of Vacluse,

There lov'd the bard, mid rocks grotesque and bold,
His liberal converse with the dead to hold.
Above, dark woods o'er dizzy torrents hung
Through winding vales their giant shadows flung.
Below, from springs where scarce a bubble whirl'd,
Through verdant glens the silver Sorgia pur'd;
The landscape round in pure luxuriance smil'd;
Here soft and calm; there grand, abrupt, and wild.

And the following:

Span, if thou durst, the mighty march of mind,
Its views how vast, its projects unconfin'd;
Then trace the source, whence mental grandeur rose,
Its orbit measure, and its height disclose.
No flowery paths, to win aspiring youth,
Mark'd the bold rout to scientific truth;
Slow mov'd invention many a tardy year,
Toil led the van, and patience clos'd the rear.

If he had attended at all, however, to the sentiment of the closing lines, he would not have talked of the *source*, *orbit*, and *height* of mental grandeur.

We conclude from internal evidence, that Mr. Story cannot be the author of the *Monody*, which begins the collection of fugitive poems at the end of the volume. We need only to extract the following exquisite stanza to support our assertion.

Her voice was softer than the lyre,
That steals each echo from the breeze;
Her eye, the blue with chasten'd fire,
That wins us, ere it seem to please.

There is a truth of nature and delicacy of thought throughout this little piece, of which we find nothing in any of Mr. Story's writings.

The general insipidity of the volume before us we do not so much attribute to want of talents in the author, as to an imbecile surrender of his powers to the modern school of writers. He is sometimes an imitator of Darwin among others, but we think altogether without success. It indeed requires stronger powers, than Mr. Story possesses, to imitate the style of Darwin, to copy his mantle of every hue and every lustre,

gorgeous with gold and sparkling with gems. With all his mad philosophy, and Asiatick taste, he has yet too bright an eye, and too noble a wing to be emulated in his flight by such an imitator. We forbear however any farther observations on Mr. Story. The present edition of his work is undoubtedly improved, as it is diminished to one third of its former size. He has also added some good lines and expurgated it of a great deal of nonsense. It is in truth a better poem, than nine tenths that are published. And when he has learned to be content with the limits, which Butler assigns, of giving only *one line for rhyme, and one at least for sense*; when he has learned, that our language is already tolerably copious, and that his ideas are really not so novel nor gigantic, as to require that its vocabulary should be enlarged to express them; when also his mind shall have become regulated by age, and enlarged by meditation, we think he may write *very tolerable verses*.

ART. 53.

The moral tendency of man's accountability to God; and its influence on the happiness of society. A sermon, preached on the day of the general election, at Hartford, in the state of Connecticut, May 9th, 1805. By Asahel Hooker, A. M. Pastor of the church in Goshen. Hartford, Hudson and Goodwin, 8vo. pp. 41.

MR. Hooker was judicious in selecting his topick of discourse; and his sermon, among ordinary sermons, and before ordinary assemblies, might be deemed a good

one. But to a scholar, who had viewed this subject by the lights of Dr. Parr's notes to his Spital Sermon, or of Hall's Sermon on Modern Infidelity, the Election Sermon of Mr. H. will seem a vapid performance, distinguished for neither richness of matter, fire of fancy, nor elegance of style.

ART. 54.

Entick's New Spelling Dictionary; adapted to the use of schools in the United States, with an Abridgement of Murray's Grammar prefixed. Printed at New Haven, 1804.

THIS is a cheap and useful work, though the editor differs in some instances from the English accentuation. Thus he accents the words *conventicle* and *exemplary* on the second syllable instead of the first. He has Walker in his favour with regard to *conventicle*; but the authority of the poets is superiour to that of Walker, and must always be considered the standard for quantity.

'Myself had notice of your *conventicles*.'
SHAKESP.

'Far more disgusting than the natal
twang
In *conventicle* heard.'

COWPER.

'From this abyss of *exemplary* vice.'

PRIOR.

ART. 55.

Sermons by William Jay. First American from the second London edition. Boston, B. & J. Romans. 1805. 8vo. pp. 478.

THE author of these sermons is a minister at Bath in England; a place distinguished, not only as

the retreat of the invalid for the healing qualities of the waters, but as the resort of the dejected for amusement and recreation, and of the polite and accomplished for the purpose of mingling in genteel company and improving society. The clergymen of the city are therefore expected to possess talents to please the learned, and interest the cheerful, as well as powers to sooth the disconsolate, and administer to the last stages of human misery the reviving cordials and comforts of religion. Mr. Jay was undoubtedly selected under these considerations, and appears to have done honour to such a choice. He is considered as one of the most eloquent and popular preachers in Great-Britain. A volume of his sermons was eagerly desired, and when it was published was read with such avidity, that a second edition was called for within a year. Such was the general approbation, that another volume was solicited by his friends in 1803, which has also passed thro' a second edition. Both these volumes are here reprinted; and every person of piety and taste must be pleased with the perusal. As compositions they are animated and elegant; as moral lessons, instructive and solemn; and as scriptural illustrations, clear and evangelical. There is great ingenuity in the plan of each discourse, and the interest excited by the exordium increases to the close. The author's talent appears to be that of **PERSUASION**; which he attains by convincing the judgment, awakening the imagination, rousing the passions, and impressing the heart.

Vol. II. No. 7. Bbb

Our limits will not allow us to enter into a particular examination, nor to make large extracts; but we will select a few specimens of Mr. Jay's manner.

The Vth sermon is from 1 Kings xviii. 12. *I fear the Lord from my youth.* After briefly stating the history of the context, the preacher tenderly mentions his concern for the spiritual improvement and happiness of the youth he addresses, and adds....

Behold standing near your preacher, your friends, your relations, your parents, hearing for you with trembling, and prayers, and tears. Thy father is saying, "my son, if thou be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine." The woman who bare thee is saying, "What, my son, and what the son of my womb, and what the son of my vows!"

Behold too your fellow-citizens, your countrymen. I imagine all those assembled here this evening, with whom you are to have any future connexions by friendship, by alliance, by business; whose kindred you are to espouse, whose offices you are to fill; these, I ask, is it a matter of indifference, whether the rising generation be infidel and immoral, or influenced by conscience, and governed by Scripture? Where is the person, who has any regard for the welfare of the nation, for social order, for relative life, for personal happiness, who would not immediately exclaim, "Rid me and deliver me from the hand of strange children; whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood: that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; and that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

Behold the blessed God looking down from heaven, blending his claims with your welfare, and urging the language of command and of promise: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; "they that seek me early, shall find me." These are parties concerned in the success of this endeavour. But, my young friends, there are characters

here more deeply interested than all these; they are yourselves. To be pious in early years, is to be "wise for yourselves": it is your privilege, shall I say, more than your duty? Yes, the gain will be principally your own.

The whole of this discourse is excellent, and deserves the attentive perusal of every young person, who has the intention to be virtuous or the wish to be happy.

Sermon X. is an ingenious application of the address of Jehovah to the Captain of the Lord's inheritance, when, having nearly completed the conquest of Canaan, he suffered his fervour to cool, and his courage to fail. *There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.* Joshua xiii. 1. From this remark the preacher urges, by a variety of considerations, the propriety and necessity of making fresh and continual advances in knowledge and holiness. In illustration of his argument he observes,

There is something very attractive and pleasing in progress. It is agreeable to observe a stately edifice rising up from the deep basis, and becoming a beautiful mansion. It is entertaining to see the rough outline of a picture, filled and finished. It is striking in the garden to behold the tree renewing signs of life; to mark the expanding foliage, the opening bud, the lovely blossom, the swelling, colouring, ripening fruit. And where is the father, where is the mother, who has not sparkled with delight, while contemplating the child growing in stature; acquiring by degrees the use of its tender limbs; beginning to totter, and then to walk more firmly; the pointing finger succeeded by the prattling tongue; curiosity awakened; reason dawning; new powers opening; the character forming. But nothing is to be compared with the progress of "this building of God;" these "trees of righteousness"; this "changing into his image from glory to glory"; this process of "the new creature" from the

hour of regeneration "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And, O what is it when we are the subjects too! The nearer we live to heaven, the more of its pure and peaceful influence we shall enjoy. The way of life, narrow at the entrance, widens as we proceed. It is the nature of habits to render their acts easy and delightful. There is little pleasure in religion, if there be no fervency; if there be no vigour in faith, no zeal in devotion, no life in duty, religion is without a soul; it is the mere carcase of inanimate virtue. What sensations of ecstasy, what prospects of assurance can such christians expect? In conversion, as in the alteration of an old edifice, we first demolish, and this only furnishes us with rubbish and ruins; but afterwards, we raise up an orderly beautiful building, in which we are refreshed and charmed. What an happiness arises from difficulties overcome, and from labour crowned with success! What emotions can equal the joy of one, who after the painful battle "divides the spoil?" But what can resemble the satisfaction of the christian, who on each successful exertion gathers fresh "glory, honour, and immortality!" The life of the active christian is the labour of the bee; who all day long is flying from the hive to the flower, or from the flower to the hive; but all his business is confined to fragrant, and productive of sweets.

The XIXth is a beautiful and excellent sermon "on Domestic Happiness." As a farther specimen of Mr. Jay's manner, we enrich our pages with the following extract.

Oh, what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joys of home?

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys; and he hears the

promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." Oh, the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence!

Behold the man of science. He drops the labour and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brows, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part:
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be imbosomed in the caresses of his family; he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love,

for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again and retires to rest, and "the rest of a labouring man is sweet whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! "Peace be to this house."

"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
For JULY, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUEDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA FLURA.—MART.

NEW WORKS.

Sketches of the life of the late Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D. pastor of the first Congregational church in Newport, written by himself; interspersed with marginal notes, extracted from his private diary: To which is added, a dialogue, by the same hand, on the nature and extent of true christian submission; also, a serious address to professing christians: Closed by Dr. Hart's sermon at his funeral. With an introduction to the whole, by the editor. Published by Stephen West, D. D. pastor of the church in Stockbridge. Hartford, Hudson & Goodwin, 1805. 12mo. pp. 240.

News from heaven by visions. Communicated miraculously to, and explained by, Caleb Pool, of Gloucester. Salem, price 25 cents.

A complete treatise on the mensuration of timber. Containing besides all the rules usually given on the subject some new and interesting improvements; particularly the new, expeditious, and very accurate method of calculating the contents of square and round timber; with the description of the Sliding Rule and Gunter's Scale, so far as they relate to this art. The whole being illustrated with examples at full length, and is well adapted to the

practical timber measurer. By James Thompson. Troy, N.Y. 50 cts.

The value of life and charitable institutions, a discourse delivered before the Humane Society of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, at their semi-annual meeting, June 11th, 1805. By Thomas Gray, minister of the church of Christ on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. Boston, Sprague. pp. 22. 8vo.

A sermon, delivered to the church and congregation, on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, the afternoon of the Lord's day, immediately succeeding the twelfth anniversary of his ordination, March 31, 1805. By Thomas Gray, minister of that church. Boston, Russell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 22.

A masonick address, &c. pronounced before the brethren of Mount Moriah Lodge, at Reading, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, A. L. 5805. By Brother Benjamin Gleason, K. T. &c. Three editions. Boston, Newell. pp. 22.

An oration, delivered on the 4th of July, 1805, at the north meeting house in Salem, Massachusetts. By Ichabod Nichols, ter. Salem. Joshua Cushing. 8vo. pp. 24.

An oration pronounced at Northampton, July 4, 1805, the twenty ninth anniversary of American independence : at the request of the committee of arrangement. By Isaac C. Bates. Northampton. Pomroy. 8vo. pp. 32.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the federal republicans of Charlestown, at the anniversary of American independence. By Aaron Hill Putnam. Charlestown, Etheridge. 8vo. pp. 18.

An oration, pronounced at the request of the Charlestown Light Infantry company, before the republican citizens of Charlestown, on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Benjamin Gleason, A. M. Two editions. Boston.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in commemoration of American independence. By Warren Dutton. Boston, Newell. pp. 16.

An oration, pronounced July 4th, 1805, before the young democratick republicans of the town of Boston, in

commemoration of the anniversary of American independence. By Ebenezer French. Boston. Ball. pp. 23.

The Panoplist, or the Christian's armoury, No. 1. Containing religious communications, selections, review of new publications, religious intelligence, literary intelligence, list of new publications, poetry, &c. Charlestown, Etheridge. 8vo.

The 4th number of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine. Boston. Manning & Loring.

NEW EDITIONS.

Catechismus Historicus Minor. By the Abbe Fleury. Philadelphia. John Conrad & Co.

The Children of the Abbey. By Regina Maria Roche. Third American edition. Fine paper—in 2 vols. 12mo. 2 dols. 50 cents. N.York. Riley & Co. Debates and other proceedings of the Virginia convention on the adoption of the federal constitution. Norfolk—Worldly & Dobson.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

A new work, entitled, Wonders of nature and art ; or, a concise account of whatever is most curious and remarkable in the world, whether relating to its animal, vegetable, or mineral productions, or to the manufactures, buildings, and inventions of its inhabitants, Compiled from historical and geographical works of established celebrity, and illustrated with the discoveries of modern travellers. By Rev. Thomas Smith, author of the Universal Atlas, Sacred Mirrour, &c. Revised, corrected, and improved by James Mease, M. D. member of the American Philosophical Society, and corresponding member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. 14 vols. octo-duodecimo. Philadelphia.

The travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, during the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era, with notes and references. By the Abbe Barthelemy, keeper of the medals in the cabinet of the king of France, and member of the royal academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres. Translated from the French. 4 vols. octavo. Wove paper. 2 dols. per vol. bound and lettered ; 1 dol. 75 cents, in boards. Baltimore. Mc'Loughli & Grave.

The new American Clerk's Magazine, and Complete Practical Conveyancer. Containing the most useful and necessary precedents in conveyancing, as settled and approved by the most eminent conveyancers; with observations and references to the laws, &c. with a variety of other useful instruments of writing: the whole of which are adapted to the use of the citizens of the United States, and more particularly to those of the state of Maryland. With necessary instructions and forms of precedents for the use of justices of the peace, sheriffs, coroners, and constables, and of matters which relate to the duties of executors and administrators in the settlement of the estates of deceased persons; also, of guardians, &c. The whole selected from the laws, and

draughts of actual practice. By a gentleman of the bar. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 350. 1 dollar 25 cents. Hagerstown, Maryland. Jacob D. Dietrick.

Human prudence; or the art, by which a man or a woman may be advanced to fortune, to permanent honour, and to real grandeur. With corrections and additions from the 8th London edition. This book was found in the library of the late Dr. Sprague of Dedham, who received it from a friend in London, when a youth. He used to call it his treasure—a pearl—among other more bulky volumes. And it is well known, that his literary, as well as medical and pecuniary judgment and acquirements were great. Dedham. H. Mann. 66 cents to subscribers.

INTELLIGENCE.

Two numbers of a new religious publication, entitled, "The christian sun and true philanthropist, or the one thing needful," have made their appearance. The work will be published, weekly, in one of the middle states, and contain, each number, 8 octavo pages, for 25 cents. Its design and complexion seem to us, from a hasty perusal, to be similar to those of the Panoplist published at Charlestown, in this state.

We have great pleasure in announcing the appearance of a monthly miscellany in the island of Jamaica (a part of the world hitherto considered as devoted solely to the services of Plutus and Bacchus), to be regularly continued under the title of the Jamaica Magazine. Part of the second number contains some original Memoirs of Charles Westcote, which have proceeded with much spirit through the succeeding numbers. We ardently wish success to an attempt calculated to introduce a spirit of literary curiosity and inquiry into so considerable a community as that composing the flourishing island of Jamaica.

Proposals have been issued in this town for publishing by subscription an elegant American edition of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, being a prose translation after the manner of Fenelon's Telemachus; by Francis Green, of Medford, A. M. H. S. S. The profits

arising from the sale (if any) to be applied, as a subscription sum, towards establishing a school, or charitable institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, whenever that can be effected. The work is to be comprized in two neat octavo volumes, on good paper, and with a large and distinct type, containing about 400 pages in each volume. This highly celebrated and beautiful epick poem of 20 cantos (says the editor in his proposals) is an elaborate compound of historical facts and interesting poetical fiction, abounding with all the machinery of poetry, and inferior to none perhaps, (the prior poems of the Iliad and Æneid excepted), has no translation of *this kind* in our language; and this, on being compared with Hoole's elegant *versified* edition, it is presumed does not suffer by the comparison, nor appear to do injustice to Tasso. The four first cantos were translated by the late Miss Harriet Mathews Green, daughter of the editor, under his inspection, and have been thought by competent judges to be a handsome specimen of the talents of the youthful fair of the United States.

Mr. William Dunlap, of New York, proposes to collect and publish, by subscription, his dramatick performances. This publication will probably extend to eight or ten volumes, and will consist of tragedies, comedies, comick operas,

and farces; some of which, but not all, have been produced on the stage. These performances will undergo the most accurate revision and correction, some of them, especially the earlier ones, will be wholly re-written, and all will receive those improvements which may reasonably be hoped for from the extensive experience and mature taste of the author. As this gentleman is almost the only dramatick writer among the natives of America, his friends entertain some confidence that the patronage will not be denied to him by his enlightened countrymen, to which he may justly lay claim on that score alone.—*Lit. Mag.*

Mr. Abbot, of the Temple, has recently finished, for publication, a small volume of Instructions to Masters of Hired Transports and other Vessels in the Service of Government.

The editor of the Gazette of the United States has received Mr. Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X., and is preparing to put it to press. Proposals for this work will be presented to the publick in a few days.

M. Cossuli has published, at Parma, a work, in two volumes, quarto, on the origin and early progress of algebra, in Italy; in which he shows that this science was brought from the east into Italy, by Leonard Bonacci, of Pisa, in the thirteenth century. He follows its progress through the subsequent periods, and shows that for the first advancement of the science the world is indebted to Italy, and that even before it began to be cultivated in other countries, it had there attained a high degree of perfection.

Another new planet has been discovered by M. Harding of Lihenthal, near Bremen, to which he has given the name of Juno. It is of the eighth magnitude, and attracted his attention while comparing with the heavens the 50,000 stars observed by Messrs. Lalande. It appears to have a peculiar motion, and after observing it for several days, he clearly ascertained that it was a planet. Its right ascension on the 5th of September, was 1 min. 52 sec.; its north declination 0 deg. 11 min. The same planet was observed by M. Burckhardt, on the 23d of September, at 359 deg.

7 min. and 40 deg.; from which he inferred that the duration of its revolution is five years and an half. The following particulars have also been ascertained: its inclination is 21 deg.; its eccentricity is a quarter of its radius; its mean distance from the sun is three times that of the earth, or about an hundred millions of leagues; it is consequently farther than Ceres or Pallas, whose distance is 96,000,000. Its diameter has not yet been ascertained, but its size appears nearly the same as that of Ceres, or the planet discovered by Piazzi. This is the twelfth planet discovered within a few years; Herschel having discovered the Georgium and its 6 satellites, and 2 new satellites to Saturn; Piazzi discovered Ceres; Olbers discovered Pallas.

An Italian translation of Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick and the Belles Lettres, by Francisco Soave, has recently been published at Parma.

We are happy to extract from the life of Gilbert Wakefield, by Messrs. Rutt & Wainwright, the following note:—"It will be gratifying to scholars to learn that Mr. Wakefield's copies of his Lexicon, with all his papers connected with that work, are still in possession of his family, and it is hoped will be given to the publick, at no very distant period.

His critical study of the Greek writers had led him to remark the lamentable deficiencies and inaccuracies of Hederic's Lexicon, and he had accustomed himself, almost from the period of his quitting school, to note, in the margin of his own copy, such alterations and corrections as were suggested by an attentive study of the best Greek authors. These were originally designed simply for his own improvement. Finding, at length, that his notes became very numerous, he adopted the plan of continuing them in an interleaved copy of Hederic.

It was his practice, during a long course of years, when reading any Greek author, either alone, or with his pupils, to keep the Lexicon open before him. To this he continually referred for the examination and correction of errors and omissions with a patient assiduity which would surprise an ordinary stu-

dent. His enthusiastick love of classick literature, and his ardent desire to facilitate the knowledge of it, reconciled him to a task so painful, and laborious, to a man of his refined taste.

As his first object in the proposed work was to assist the studies of his own countrymen, it was his design to give an *English* instead of a *Latin* interpretation, notwithstanding the prevailing prejudices against such an innovation."

PROFESSORSHIP OF RHETORICK AND ORATORY.

The friends of our Alma Mater will hear with pleasure that the Corporation have chosen the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Professor of Rhetorick and Oratory on the foundation left by the Hon. Nicholas Boylston, and that the choice has been confirmed by the Board of Overseers. No one, who has observed the style of elocution and of oratory which has hitherto prevailed in the university, can be insensible that the call for reform is loud and pressing. We anticipate much from the acknowledged learning, taste, and ability of the Professor elect, and sincerely hope that the conditions of the foundation are such, as to encourage him readily to accept, and early to commence the duties of the office. Though it may be true that *orator nascitur non fit*, yet an institution like the present may be the means of developing in some those talents, which should not be concealed, and of concealing in others those defects, which cannot be removed.

MEDICAL REPORT.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR JUNE.

(Omitted last month, by mistake.)

Cases of typhus continue to occur. With the advance of the season we have seen affections of the stomach and intestinal canal—such as cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, &c. A few cases of hepatitis, and some catarrhal affections, as also a few cases of hæmoptysis have come under our observation. The acute diseases of this month have scarcely in any instance been fatal,

where they have had the advantage of professional direction.

We hear of the ravages of small pox within twenty miles,* but relying on providence we will not guard against the enemy till he begins to batter down our walls. Let us bless the Jennerian discovery and rejoice that other nations are blessed by it, but if our children are not threatened with the small pox this year, they shall not be inoculated for the cow pox till the next.

* *At Beverly.*

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR JULY.

Diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera have been the diseases most prevalent during the month of July. Cholera infantum has not yet become very common. The whooping cough is epidemick. Typhus mitior has been frequently seen, but of a character remarkably mild. Scarcely a fatal case of fever has hitherto appeared; yet all the vigilance of the preservers of publick health is required to oppose the introduction of the fatal disease, which afflicts our unfortunate neighbours.

A case of variola has lately occurred and excited that attention to the cow pox, which it merits. Should the infection of the former disease have been communicated, many will, no doubt, suffer for their neglect of advice, which has been continually lavished upon them.

METEOROLOGY.

State of the Barometer and Fahrenheit's Thermometer. Observed at 8 o'clock, A.M.—2, P.M.—sunset—and 10, P.M.

9th July.

Clk.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
8 :	29.9	79	N	Fair and clear,
9 :	30	84		
ss. :	30	80		
10 :	30	76		
10th.				
8 :	30.1	71	N	Clouds and sun,
9 :	30.1	75		shine.
ss. :	30.1	72		
10 :	30.2	69		

11th.			am. : 30,3	
8 : 30,3	69	NNW Fair. Very fine.	10 : 30,3	
2 : 30,2	78			23d.
am. : 30,1	76		8 : 30,3	70 Fair ;—some
10 : 30,1	78		2 : 30,2	76 clouds P. M.
12th.			am. : 30,1	70
8 : 30	76	WSW Fair and clear.	10 : 30	71
2 : 30	90			24th.
am. : 30	87		8 : 29,9	76 A small shower
10 : 30	84		2 : 29,8	84 about daylight—
13th.			am. : 29,9	80 Fair afterwards.
8 : 30	88	W Fair. Hot.	10 : 29,9	76
2 : 30	91			25th.
am. : 30	88		8 : 30	73 NE. Fair and clear.
10 : 30	85		2 : 30	74 E. Fair.
14th.			am. : 30	72
8 : 30	77	ENE Cloudy.	10 : 30	70
2 : 30	76			
am. : 30	78			
10 : 30	73			
15th.				
8 : 30,1	76	SW Fair.		
2 : 30	83	NE		
am. : 30	84			
10 : 30	81			
16th.				
8 : 30	83	Fair.		
2 : 30	94			
am. : 29,9	88			
10 : 29,9	82			
17th.				
8 : 29,8	85	Fair. Thunder &		
2 : 29,8	98	lightning atten-		
am. : 29,8	84	ded with a little		
10 : 29,8	76	sprinkling at am.		
18th.				
8 : 29,9	79	Fair.		
2 : 29,9	90			
am. : 29,9	82			
10 : 30	74			
19th.				
8 : 30	76	Fair.		
2 : 30	81			
am. : 30	80			
10 : 30	80			
20th.				
8 : 30,1	74	NNE. Somewhat clou-		
2 : 30,1		dy.		
am. : 30,2		Fair.		
10 : 30,2				
21st.				
8 : 30,2		Fair.		
2 : 30,2				
am. : 30,2				
10 : 30,2				
22d.				
8 : 30,2		Fair and clear.		
2 : 30,2				

We regret the imperfection of the above observations ; which arise from an accident, which we hope will not again occur.

NOTES.

THE observations prefixed to Sacontala were made before we received the poem, the publication of which we have with pleasure commenced.

We have received a letter from Dr. Morfe, acknowledging the error observed by Salvian. It was received too late for the present number, but shall receive our ready attention in the next.

The medical communication, which was acknowledged in our last, is so valuable, that we greatly regret the necessity of postponing it to another number.

We have prepared for August Dr. Parr's character of Gilbert Wakefield ; a letter from Europe ; review of the Science of Sanctity, &c.

July 30, 1805.

ERRATA.—On page 366, fifteen lines from the bottom, for *country* read *courtly*. P. 374, 2d col. beginning of l. 5 from bot. read *first*.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

AUGUST, 1805.

REMARKS ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF
GILBERT WAKEFIELD,

In a letter from the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

WHATSOEVER traces of irritability, and sometimes even pertinacity, may occur in the publications of our excellent friend, Mr. Wakefield, I know, from my private correspondence with him, that, when treated with the respect due to his talents and attainments, he was patient under opposition, was grateful for information, and would honestly abandon some of those opinions and conjectures, which, previously to our discussions, he had believed to be well founded.

"Conjectural criticism," says Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, "has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds from the revival of learning to our own age, from [John Andreas] the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley;" and I shall myself add, as Johnson would have added, to Richard Porson.—

"It is not easy," says the same writer, "to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed."—"The various readings of copies, and

Vol. II. No. 8. Ccc

different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But, whether it be, that "*small things make mean men proud*," and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame."

Though the temper, or at least the language, of verbal criticisms, has been, in our own days, much improved by the examples of Markland, Wesseling, Hemsterhusius, Valkenaer, Ruhnken, Heyne, and other illustrious scholars, too many traces may yet be found of that spirit, which is so extremely offensive to every well-regulated mind.

The *Vannus Crittica* of D'Orville abounds with recondite criticism; and the severity of the writer has been sometimes excused, on the plea of retaliation,

against Pauw, whose coarseness and petulance are quite intolerable. But I must confess that the perpetual recurrence of illiberal and savage reproach in that celebrated work is wearisome to me, and I remember with pleasure that, in his notes upon *Charito*, D'Orville has not fallen into this odious way of writing.

No man admires more sincerely than I do the genius and learning of Herman. But I can never read without indignation the arrogant and contemptuous terms in which he speaks of the late Mr. Heath—a man, whose good sense, good manners, and most meritorious labours ought to have protected him from such indignities. Vid. Herman. Obser. Crit. p. 59, and his note on verse 1002 of the *Hecuba*, p. 153.

The manner in which Mr. Brunck speaks of Vauvilliers is by no means warranted by Brunck's great and indisputable superiority; and I suppose that other readers, as well as myself, have observed numerous instances, in which Brunck has slyly stolen the emendations of his insulted predecessor, and meanly endeavoured to disguise his plagiarism.

Perhaps the great erudition, the wonderful sagacity, and the useful discoveries of such men as Joseph Scaliger, Bentley, and Salmasius, may now and then induce us to forgive the insolence of their temper, and the asperity of their invectives. But, when better examples have been set before us by the most distinguished critics of our own times, little or no apology remains for men whose abilities are not of the highest class, if they select their models from periods, when the happy effects of

civilization were less diffused, and when the value of it on controversial subjects, was less understood.

In the ardour and impetuosity of youth, our friend had met with those terms of reproach, which critics employ against each other. He might have been pleased at the moment with the appearance of vivacity and acuteness in some favorite writer: he found it easy to use the expressions which custom seems to have established among his predecessors; and perhaps the natural soreness of his mind, under provocations which he thought unmerited, increased his disposition to adopt them. This failing, however, we should deplore, rather than justify; and we should also remember, that he shared it in common with other writers, who were inferior to him in diligence, in knowledge, in rectitude of intention, and in holiness of life.

The warmest of Mr. Wakefield's admirers must acknowledge that, in taste, erudition, and ingenuity, the celebrated Ruhnken was superior to him. But they will recollect with satisfaction that one praise which Wyttenbach has bestowed upon Ruhnken, may be justly claimed by Wakefield. "*Nec ipse unquam aliter loquebatur, quam sentiebat, nec eos qui secus facerent, ferre poterat.*"—See the Life of Ruhnken, p. 245.

Many of the errors, which occur in his emendations, and many of the imperfections which have been imputed to his Latin style, may, I think, be traced to the following causes.

The first, and perhaps the most powerful, which presents itself to my memory, is, that he had not received his education in one of our great publick schools, where

his taste would have been early and correctly formed ; where a traditionary stock of principles would have been ready for his use in the opinions and compositions of his schoolfellows ; where the conjectures and arguments of commentators, unaccompanied by their rude disputes, would have been first conveyed to his mind ; and where a judicious instructor, by his own remarks, would not only have assisted the judgment of Mr. Wakefield, but would have taught him to smile at the self-importance, and to avoid the acrimony of the most eminent critics. Dr. Warton of Winchester, and Dr. John Foster of Eton, carried into their writings the same candid and liberal spirit which pervaded their oral instructions ; and their examples, I am sure, were equally favourable in their literary and moral effects on the minds of their scholars.

Mr. Wakefield was himself very sensible of the inconveniences to which he was exposed from another circumstance, which I am now going to mention ; and in his letters to me, he has more than once lamented them most ingenuously and most feelingly. In consequence of his habits of retirement, of his separation from the English church, and the English universities, of his residence in places far remote from the capital, and of his numerous and honourable employments, when he came into the neighbourhood of it, he seldom had access to the conversation of such among his countrymen, as are most distinguished for philological learning. But, from my own personal experience, I can say with justice of

those who take the lead among them, that Mr. Wakefield would have derived the greatest advantage from their friendly communications ; and would have met, not only with more wisdom, but with more candour, than the generality of the world is prone to ascribe to verbal critics. If much intimacy had fortunately subsisted between these excellent men and our friend, he might have been often contradicted ; he would have been sometimes vanquished ; but he would have always been enlightened, and very seldom displeased. "*Si quidem vera Amicitia nullam fert Exigamiam, nullam Malevolentiam, nullam Invidiam, Irrisionem nullam.*" Life of Ruhnken, p. 162.

Men who talk to each other with freedom and good humour, are seldom disposed to write about each other with bitterness and scorn. But it was the hard fortune of Mr. Wakefield to meet with rivals, rather than guides and auxiliaries, among his contemporaries ; and for this reason, erroneous and rash opinions, which might have been previously corrected by conversation, sometimes found their way into his writings. To me, however, it seems wonderful that a man, who had so little personal intercourse with philologists, should so intensely, and, I will add, so successfully have turned his attention to those subjects, in which the curiosity of scholars is chiefly interested, and on which their talents are chiefly employed.

Every man of letters would do well to read Morhoff's Chapter de Conversatione Eruditâ, where he tells us, "titulo HOMILETICES

ERUDITÆ, Librum mihi scribendum aliquando proposui;" and every impartial critick on the philological labours of Mr. Wakefield, will acknowledge the importance of the following remark: "*Nihil ad Informationem commodius est, quam frequens cum vtrius doctis Conversatio, quæ est Disciplina omnium optima, et in Sensus magis incurrit, quam tædiosa illa per Lectiones et Meditationes Via.*"—Vid. Morhoff. Polyhis. Lit. lib. i. cap. 5, p. 165, vol. i.

I have sometimes thought that the range of Mr. Wakefield's critical reading was too confined, and the course of his classical reading too diversified and irregular. He had not begun, I believe, till very lately, to make the metre of the ancient writers a subject of direct and distinct study. He does not appear to have been very deeply versed in the writings of Hæphæstio, Terentianus Maurus, Diomedes, Marius Victorinus, and the other metrical writers in Putsch's Collection; nor even in the rules laid down by Hare, Bentley, Morell, Heath, &c. and without much preparatory knowledge he could hardly have turned to good account the very curious and valuable information which has lately been communicated to the world by Herman and by Porson. He had not very accurately examined the history of the changes which took place in the Greek orthography. He had not been much accustomed to consult the structure of letters in manuscript, though, from the works of Bentley and other scholars, he had gained some useful general notions, upon the sources of errors in transcribers.

The learned biographer of Ruhnken speaks with just com-

mendation of the method in which Ruhnken conducted his studies; and after enumerating the order which Alberti followed in his reading, he tells us, "*regiam illam viam, gravissimorum et antiquissimorum quorumque deinceps scriptorum ex ordine legendorum, aut non ingressus est, aut ingressus mox reliquit.*"

This, perhaps, was, in some measure, the case with Mr. Wakefield. I suspect that his mind was embarrassed and confused by the multiplicity of his reading; that it was not sufficiently stored with those principles which a man of his industry and sagacity might have easily collected from the great work of Henry Stephens on the Dialects, and from the celebrated preface of Pierson to Mæris: that he passed with too much rapidity from writers in one age and in one dialect, to writers of other ages, and in other dialects; from prose to verse; from epick to dramatick poetry; from tragedy to comedy; from epigrammatists to lyrick writers; that he had read much, observed much, and remembered much; that he was eager to produce the multifarious matter which he had accumulated; and that he wanted time or patience for that discrimination, which would have made his conjectures fewer, indeed, but more probable; and his principles in forming or illustrating them more exact.

"I have always suspected," says Johnson, "that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot, without so much labour, appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once." Ruhnken, it should seem, was

nearly of the same opinion with Johnson, "*Emendationum conjecturas, nisi sponte et subito, facili certe partu, natae, non probabat.*" Life of Ruhnken, p.221.—But the faculty of striking off such conjectures surely *πολλὰς ἰσθὶ σίγης το δούλων ἐκρύπτειται*. Longin. sect. vi. And, in the absence of the aids from genius and experience which are necessary to such felicity, the patient industry of Mr. Markland is most worthy of imitation.

I have, therefore, sometimes indulged a wish that Mr. Wakefield, instead of pushing on to fresh editions of books, or to fresh emendations of writers, had sitten down to review his own critical works. When the first and sudden allurements of emendation had passed away—when his mind was at leisure to consider "the objections which might arise against the change which once appeared to him happy"—when correction was the professed and immediate object in which he was to be employed, I am persuaded that he would have observed and retracted many of his own mistakes; and that he would have placed a proper degree of reliance upon those canons of criticism, which he had examined negligently, and rejected hastily. Some of them have been long established by the general consent of scholars, and others, though recent, are decisive and illustrious proofs of sagacity in the persons who proposed them. Most of his prejudices, indeed, would have been corrected, and most of his deficiencies would have been supplied, if he had met with opportunities for conversing familiarly with the scholars who adorn our capital and our universities.

It was once suggested to me that even his arduous and most meritorious labours in the elucidation of the Scriptures, might have no very favourable influence upon his judgment, when he directed his thoughts, as an editor and as a critick, towards the profane writers of antiquity. Upon this point, I shall not myself attempt to decide; nor do I think it necessary, upon the present occasion, to enlarge upon the very different qualifications for criticism, in those who undertake to explain the *sacred* writings, and those who are employed upon the *classical* writers of antiquity. But in justice to Mr. Wakefield, and with frequent and important differences of opinion from him upon controversial questions in theology, I must acknowledge the success, and commend the judgment with which he applied his philological learning to the illustration of the scriptures.

The natural vigour of his mind, the great increase of his knowledge, and the gradual improvement of his taste, are visible in many of his later English productions: for in point of elegance and correctness, as well as energy, they far surpass the earlier productions of his pen in his own language.

He seems to have composed in *Latin* with great ease and rapidity, I mean in his later works, when practice had enabled him to overcome the difficulties of which he complains in his Memoirs. Habit, no doubt, was accompanied by improvement, as well as by facility. But, in common with many other scholars, he had not attained to any eminence in the art of what Wytttenbach calls "*vel Latine scribendi, vel*

benè." Life of Ruhnken, p. 227.

—In the general structure of his sentences there is something of harshness and embarrassment. His periods are seldom harmonious ; and none, I fear, of his Latin productions are wholly free from faults, which he would have been taught to avoid in our best publick seminaries, and of which I have seen many glaring instances in the works of archbishop Potter, Dr. John Taylor, Mr. Toup, and several eminent scholars now living, who were brought up in private schools.

In thus endeavouring to account for the imperfections of Mr. Wakefield's writings, I would not be understood to depreciate their *real, great, and solid* merit. Many who, like myself, discern those imperfections, are far below Mr. Wakefield, not only in industry, but in acuteness ; not only in extent, but, perhaps, in accuracy of knowledge ; not only in the contributions which they have made, or endeavoured to make, to our general stock of knowledge, but in their capacity to make them so largely or so successfully.

While, therefore, we state what Mr. Wakefield has *not* done, let us bear in mind what he *actually* did ; and when we enumerate the causes, which might have enabled him to *do better*, let us remember the *obstacles* with which he had

to contend, when he *did so well*.

He had fewer incentives than other men to exertion, from secular emoluments. He had fewer opportunities for improvement than others, from access to publick libraries, from the advantages of publick education, and above all from the company of persons accurately and profoundly learned. But his diligent researches, his extensive and various knowledge, his zeal for the diffusion of learning, and his solicitude for the discovery of truth, will always be remembered with respect by unprejudiced judges, who consider the numerous difficulties with which he had to struggle, and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

For my part, I shall ever think of him as one of the best scholars produced by my own country in my own age ; and as one of the best men who, in *any* country, or in *any* age, have examined the evidences of Christianity seriously, believed them sincerely, defended them earnestly, and endeavoured to practise the duties which it inculcates steadfastly and faithfully.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very faithful well-wisher
and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Hatton, June 1, 1804.

Arnold Wainwright, Esq.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

WATER, AS A REMEDY IN FEVERS.

TO those who appreciate the importance of the healing art, it cannot be an useless attempt to inquire into the causes which have contributed to throw so many,

once celebrated, remedies into disrepute and neglect. These remedies, having been found useful in some cases, have, by the enthusiasm of their discoverers,

been too indiscriminately recommended as of general application.

Here two sources of fallacy readily present themselves. The peculiar properties of the new article have not been accurately ascertained. The specifick cases where it would have been really beneficial have not been sufficiently particularised. This task, so little flattering to the impatience of genius or the pride of science, requires more opportunities, more time, and attentive observation, than are commonly found. Till lately, the common article of *water*, in its various temperatures and modes of application, has been classed among the curative means of doubtful character. It has excited but little of the physician's attention, because, when he has thought of it at all, he has considered it as of little consequence in the exercise of his profession. If the light however which has been recently thrown on this subject be received, it can no longer be deemed an uncertain remedy, nor one of small importance.

Since the early records of medicine we find that water, in some form or other, and in different countries, has been occasionally tried as a means of relief in fevers and some other complaints. But so little were the properties of this powerful agent understood, and so equivocal were the effects of its application, that, though sometimes extolled, it never came into general use, so far as I am informed, as a remedy for any of the diseases of the human body.

It is now nearly thirty years since this subject, the use of water in fevers and other kindred complaints, has occupied the at-

tention and united the labours of a number of humane and enlightened physicians. During this period the subject has been very successfully investigated and is now well understood. Every shade of error, of doubt, and uncertainty has given way to the light of truth and knowledge, fully established by the most adequate experience. The result of the numerous trials and experiments, relating to this branch of medical science, is the establishment of the following fact; a fact surely of the highest importance to suffering humanity. Namely, that *Water, applied according to principles now clearly developed and amply detailed, is a more pleasant, speedy, and effectual remedy, than any other yet known, for the most numerous and fatal class of diseases to which the human body is obnoxious.*

Among the cultivators of this field of valuable research, the name of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, England, stands preeminent. Since he entered this field of experiment, though preceded by several, his progress has been equalled by none. About the year 1797 appeared his "Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, cold and warm, as a remedy in Fever and Febrile Diseases, whether applied to the Surface of the Body, or used internally."

Last year, 1804, he published a third edition of the same work, much enlarged; 630 pages, with an appendix, bound in two volumes. This work is strongly recommended to the American publick, in full confidence that every liberal physician, every benevolent spirit, will read it with

great satisfaction to himself, with gratitude to the author, and with much surprise and regret that Dr. Currie's successful mode of treating the worst kinds of fever has been so little attended to in the treatment of the late epidemics of the United States. Dr. C. says, p. 610.

'The first edition of the Medical Reports had no influence, that I know of, on the mode of practice in Philadelphia, or New York, in the fatal epidemick of 1798. The practice I had recommended met indeed the approbation of Dr. Eustis*, of Boston; and the second edition of this work was abridged and recommended to publick notice by a gentleman in the district of Maine, formerly a member of the British House of Commons†. But in the middle States, where the mortality has chiefly prevailed, other modes of practice have engrossed the general attention. The Medical Reports were announced, but neither reviewed nor analyzed, in the Medical Repository of New York. From a recent number of this valuable publication, I however see with pleasure, that the practice I have recommended begins to receive some attention. The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. Selden, and Dr. Whitehead, of Norfolk, Virginia, to Dr. Miller, of New York, dated July 15, 1802, and published in the 6th volume of that Journal. After a general view of the causes and of the symptoms of the yellow fever at Norfolk in 1801, they proceed as follows. The plan of treatment proposed this year was,

* See his letter, dated Nov. 21, 1798, p. 18, of the 1st No. of the Med. and Phys. Journal.
† Mr. B. Vaughan.

in many respects, similar to that adopted in 1800, of which we have formerly given some account. The lancet, however, was more sparingly employed; calomel, in all cases, was liberally exhibited, both with a view to produce, in the commencement, a full and speedy evacuation, and afterwards also, in such forms as have been found most readily to bring on a salivation, which, in every instance with us, as has been often noticed by others, was followed by the recovery of our patient.——But, under every form of treatment, numbers fell victims to the disease. In this juncture, being desirous of making every effort, we had recourse to a remedy we had last year tried in a few cases with some benefit, and now found attended, as far as it was carried, with unequivocal success. This was the liberal affusion of cold water, not on the plan prescribed by some of the writers of the West Indies, but in a mode similar to that recommended by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool. The first trials were made on young robust British seamen, & the good effects of this remedy equalled our most sanguine expectation. After the affusion of the cold water, the pulse was often thereby reduced thirty strokes in a minute, the burning heat of the skin was greatly lessened, and the thirst, headache, and other uneasy sensations, were greatly alleviated. The patient generally found himself so much relieved and refreshed after the cold bath, that he submitted, not only without reluctance, but with pleasure, to a repetition of it.——It is with the fullest conviction of the supe-

riority of this plan of treatment, to any we have yet tried, that we record its effects.' Then proceeds Dr. Currie, p. 615.

'After the body of evidence, which has been brought forward, and particularly after this narrative, I may perhaps, though a stranger, be excused for proposing a more general trial of the practice recommended in this volume to the candid and unprejudiced physicians of America. Proposals for improving the method of cure of the destructive fever of that country cannot be considered as superfluous. "Four times as many persons," says Dr. Rush, "were affected by the yellow fever of 1793, as in 1798, but the mortality of the two years was nearly equal;" a melancholy truth, which affords room for much serious reflection. Nor has the subsequent experience of the American physicians discovered a mode of treatment on which confidence rests. The great cities of America are still deserted on the appearance of the yellow fever, which every where excites alarm and dismay. That this

practice, in favour of which so much evidence is here collected, will succeed in the United States is a fair presumption, which nothing but the result of careful and continued experience should be allowed to overthrow; since the evil is one for which no other remedy has been found, and, since it is of a magnitude to obstruct the high destinies of a people, otherwise most happy and prosperous. I venture these observations with hesitation, and offer them with deference and regard. An observer, at this distance, must be particularly liable to error; and those who have performed their duty with courage and fortitude, amidst scenes of unprecedented toil and danger, are entitled to the respect, as well as the sympathy, of their more fortunate contemporaries.'

Let no one presume from what is here said, that the application of this remedy will be beneficial, or even safe, in his hands, till he has read Currie, and learnt the principles by which the practice should be conducted. G.

Boston, June, 1805.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Thinking some account of the late Collection of Paintings in the Louvre might interest as a novelty, if not instruct as a criticism, I take the liberty of communicating to the Monthly Anthology the following letter. The analogy between Painting and Poetry may render observations on the former not altogether unacceptable, though perhaps unusual: Painting, in fact, is no more than Poetry in pantomime, and, though the medium through which she expresses similarity of sentiment is not german to the bosom of all, yet when it is known that, in addition to the fascinations of her Sister Muse, she possesses the singular qualification of taciturnity, no one can refuse her reception at least amongst the gentlemen. Poetry and Painting are improperly ranked with the luxuries of society, and I fear, under favour of a prejudice, are ready to be discarded.

Ddd

to palliate the little encouragement they render to either. He who equalizes the passions by exhibiting the harmonies of Nature, though he pipes in the fields or pencils on the canvas, may without levity be considered as sermonizing with the preacher on the loveliness of Divinity. It is not the contemplation of Nature or her resemblances that weakens the sinews of a nation....Luxury is born of the body and rebel to the soul ; and we may say with Fuseli, that towards the aggrandizement of character and the cultivation of Genius, gold, gold has done nothing ! Yet a seed has fallen in the bosom of our land, and I look wistfully for the period when, with regard to the growth of the Arts, we may be considered as sitting under our own vine and fig-tree....Philosophers affect the citizenship of the world, but I am too mortally compounded not to love my own country. I have heard her rated for deficiencies which I could not defend, and my cheek has crimsoned.*

Oh, speed the years that wrap our future fame,
And grant me life to glow beneath their flame !

Paris, Nov. 27, 1803.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE you not long since from Rotterdam, where I arrived with a bad sore throat, after a tedious passage of sixteen days. We were not all that time on the water (being obliged to make two ports in the English channel) ; but our accommodations on shore gave us little reason to rejoice that we were not. Our vessel was what they call a bomb ; and I think not improperly, for we only wanted powder to be truly combustible. Surely such a compound of heterogeneous animals was scarcely ever collected together ; as you may judge when I tell you that our company consisted of French, American, Dutch, German, Italian, and Swiss, all crowded together in a nut-shell of a cabin, and a stinking hold, every now and then perfumed with subterraneous fumes

* The New York Academy, though ridiculed by those who love to thwart enterprise, is vastly superior to the English School in its collection of PLAISTERS. The oak was an acorn.

of masticated garlick, and the balsamick steams of defuncted herring. Some are able to forget their sufferings in sleep ; but the cursed Genius of Dutch economy took good care that I should not ; for the birth allotted me was hardly better than a kennel and scarcely long enough for a dog. In short, I suffered as much as the most devout Catholick could desire.

You will hardly be amused by what I can say of Rotterdam, as you already know it so well. I wished to have seen more of it, but my cold would not suffer me to attend to anything before I arrived at Paris ; where it left me to be still more confounded by the innumerable spectacles that met my astonished senses. You have heard much of Paris ; so have I. But to have an idea of Paris, you must be in it ; wherever you go, something grand, or something amusing is ready to arrest you ; your eyes, your ears, and I may say your palate, nay, to you who are so great an admirer of

onions, I may even add your nose.

The Louvre I visited the day after I arrived. Oh Raphael, oh Paolo, oh Titian !—What would you give to hear something about them ? I can say very little as yet ; but I feel disappointed to find, that the mechanical has outstripped the intellectual part of our arts.—I have seen the Transfiguration of Raphael. It may be that I want taste ; but after seeing the Raising of Lazarus, I must confess that it appeared cold and powerless. Had I never beheld the picture of Michael Angelo, I had probably admired this more. But I looked in vain for the divinity that inspired his Christ, in vain for the grandeur that characterized his Lazarus. Raphael has certainly discovered less poetry in his treatment of this subject, than, I am apt to think, either Michael Angelo or Leonardo would have done. Take the figures separately, they are fine ; they are well drawn, they are expressive, and, together, they tell the story ; but they are not beings, under the influence of a preternatural power ; they are not witnesses of the divinity of the Saviour. Abstracted from the subject, the composition is great ; the figures stand together as in the presence of a master ; they are dressed for the society of the antique ; but they speak in language of mortals. Michael Angelo perhaps would have made them gods. "How absurd !" say the critics, "there would be no distinction between the principal and the subordinates." In that case he would only have followed the example of Raphael.

Better then that he had made them all gods, than that he had made them all men.

You may think I say too little of Raphael. If I have said little of Raphael, it is only in comparison with Michael Angelo. Should I meet him in any other company, I will shew him the homage that is due to the lover of the Graces, to the enchanter of hearts. But I bow to Michael Angelo, as to the Poet of nature. I would not have you imagine neither that I condemn his Transfiguration. I only say, it is not equal to the Raising of Lazarus. Taken by itself, it is grand ; it has a dignity about it, that was natural to Raphael ; it is expressive, it is harmonious : No figure is introduced to fill up the canvas ; they each take a part and act it with dignity. The female figure which is kneeling is particularly beautiful, and the little maniac has an expression that borders on sublimity. In short, it is a picture that displays the whole power of art, and wants nothing but the destruction of Lazarus to be the finest in the world.

If I have dared to criticise this picture, I have not been without example ; but presume upon the privilege, that all the world assume, of criticising every thing, without troubling themselves with considering whether they are able to improve them or not.

If it would cause you any pleasure, I could tell you with what astonishment the gallery filled me ; but you can better conceive than I describe, when you are told, that, besides a salloon as large as the exhibition room of

the English academy, it consists of a gallery of several hundred yards, which even now is not sufficient, as I am told, to contain all the pictures. I cannot conclude without mentioning the Marriage at Cannæ, by Paul Veronese. It is thirty feet long, proportionably high, and filled with figures of the size of life. This picture surpassed my expectation. If there be a sublimity in colour, it is in this picture. There is something so pure, so divine, in the atmosphere that breathes in it throughout, so grand and impressive is the aspect of the whole, that you forget you are looking

at an entertainment, and fancy yourself in the presence of some ærial court, surrounded by genii, and respiring the ambrosial gales of enchantment. So powerful is the effect of colour even without sentiment! Here is a female head, by Leonardo da Vinci..... Were it alive it would set all the men crazy; I never saw any thing so fascinating; and it smiles so bewitchingly, that had I been alone I should certainly have kissed it. I have much to say of Titian, much of Poussin, Carachi, and Rubens. At present, good night.

SMELFUNGUS.

SILVA.

No. 6.

Nempe inter varias nutritur SIEVA columnas.....HOR.

PITT'S VIRGIL.

I HAVE often thought, that Pitt's translation of the Æneid has never received half the encomiums it deserves. There are many who prefer Dryden's, though in many instances a very slovenly performance. Where the poet indeed breaks out, as he occasionally does, he far surpasses Pitt, and possesses more fire, perhaps, than Virgil himself. But Pitt preserves better the grave majesty of the Mantuan bard, and the correct harmony of his numbers. I shall quote a few passages of the original with their translations, in which I think the superiority of Pitt is evident.

*Et, si fata deum, si mens non leva
 fussit,
Impulerat ferro Argolicus fadare latebras;
Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx
 alta maneres. Æneid II. l. 54.*

These lines are thus translated by Dryden.

And had not heaven the fall of Troy
 designed,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t' inspire
 a better mind.
Then had our lances pierced the
 treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers, and Priam's empire
 stood.

These lines are flat and prosaick. Pitt is scarcely inferior to his original.

Then, had not partial fate conspired
 to blind
With more than madness every Trojan
 mind,
The crowd the treacherous ambush
 had explored,
And not a Greek had 'scaped the
 vengeful sword.
Old Priam still his empire would
 enjoy,
And still thy towers had stood, majestic
Troy!

This last line breathes the very spirit of Virgil.

Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum ;

Ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago. L. 792.

Dryden.

And thrice about her neck my arms
I flung,

And thrice deceived, on vain embraces
hung,

Light as an empty dream at break
of day

Or as a blast of wind she rushed away.

Pitt is far more spirited, and equally preserves the elegant repetition of the original.

Thrice round her neck my eager
arms I threw,

Thrice from my empty arms the
phantoms flew,

Swift as the wind, with momentary
flight,

Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

*Turis erat vasto suspectu pontibus altis
Opportuna loco ; summis quam viribus
omnes*

*Expugnare Itali summaque evertere
opum vi*

*Certabant ; Troes contra defendere saxis,
Perque cavas densi tela intorquere fe-
nestras.*

*Princeps ardentem conjecit lampada
Turnus,*

*Et flammam affixit lateri ; quæ plu-
rima vento*

*Corripuit tabulas, et postibus hæsit
adesis.*

*Turbati trepidare intus, frustra que ma-
lorum*

*Velle fugam ; dum se glomerant, re-
troque residunt*

*In partem, quæ peste caret, tum pon-
dere turris*

*Procubuit subito, et calum tonat omne
fragore.* IX. 530.

Dryden.

There stood a tower, amazing to the
sight,

Built up of beams, and of stupendous
height.

Art, and the nature of the place con-
spired

To furnish all the strength that war
required.

To level this the bold Italians join ;
The wary Trojans obviate the design ;

With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd
their troops below,

Shoot through the loop-holes, and
sharp javelins throw.

Turnus, the chief, tossed from his
thundering hand,

Against the wooden walls, a flaming
brand.

It struck, the fiery plague ; the winds
were high,

The planks were seasoned, and the
timber dry.

Contagion caught the ports ; it spread
along,

Scorched, and to distance drove the
scattered throng.

The Trojans fled, the fire pursued
again,

Still gathering fast upon the trem-
bling train,

Till crowding to the corners of the
wall,

Down the defence and the defenders
fall.

The mighty flaw makes heaven itself
resound,

The dead, and dying Trojans strew
the ground.

These lines, with the excep-
tion of the four last are faithful
and poetical, but must yield to the
following, which are wrought up
with uncommon spirit and ele-
gance.

Pitt.

Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
Stage above stage, unrivalled, to the
sky.

This fort to gain the Latians bend
their care,

Point their full strength, their whole
collected war.

Vast fragments from above the
Trojans throw.

And through the walls their javelins
gaul the foe.

A blazing torch the mighty Turnus
flung ;

Close to the sides the flaming mis-
chief hung ;

Then thundering through the planks,
 in fury grew,
 Swelled in the wind, and round the
 structure flew.
 With headlong speed the imprisoned
 troops retire,
 Thronged in huge heaps, before the
 spreading fire.
 While on one side their weight in-
 cumbent lay,
 The beams all burst, the crackling
 walls give way,
 The ponderous pile comes tumbling
 to the ground,
 And all Olympus trembled at the
 sound.

Mr. Melmoth, the elegant au-
 thor of Fitzosborne's letters and
 translator of Cæcero and Pliny,
 passes the following just encom-
 mium on Pitt's Virgil. 'I am
 glad of an opportunity of quoting
 from a poet, whose translation of
 the Æneid does honour to the
 English language.' Melmoth's
 Pliny. Lib. 5. Letter 8.

CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL possessed great
 genius, which he prostituted in
 the most scandalous manner. He
 was so intoxicated with the praise
 bestowed on the Rosciad, his first
 production, that he grew careless
 in his composition, and profligate
 in his habits. His works are fast
 hastening to oblivion, from which
 the far greater part deserves not
 to be rescued. Wilkes used to
 repeat the following lines of his
 poetical friend as the finest in our
 language.

Cold-blooded criticks ! whom ener-
 vate sires
 Scarce hammered out, when nature's
 feeble fires
 Glimmered their last.

PUNS.

It is observed by some one,
 that none despise puns but those,

who are unable to make them.
 The observation is not strictly
 just, as Johnson and Swift were
 extremely happy in this species
 of wit, though they despised it.
 Swift's pun on a Cremona fiddle
 accidentally thrown down by a
 lady's gown, then commonly call-
 ed a mantua, is admirable. On
 observing the accident he imme-
 diately repeated from Virgil the
 following line.

*Mantua ve misera nimium vicina
 Cremona.*

Pope, who was extremely di-
 minutive and deformed, in poring
 over a Greek author at a coffee-
 house, found a passage which he
 could not explain. A young offi-
 cer in his regimentals, who hap-
 pened to be an excellent scholar,
 looking over him, observed, that a
 note of interrogation would re-
 move the difficulty, and render the
 sentence clear. The great poet,
 mortified at being thus instructed
 by a stripling, asked with con-
 tempt. 'And, pray, Sir, what is
 a note of interrogation?' 'A note
 of interrogation, Sir, replied the
 young man, fixing his eyes on the
 unhappy person of the bard, is a
 little crooked thing, that asks
 questions.'

The ancients seemed to have
 had little success in this kind of
 wit. Nothing can be more con-
 temptible than Cicero's puns on
 the name of Verres. Quintilian,
 however, has preserved one that
 is admirable. Hortensius, who
 was engaged on the other side,
 pretending not to understand
 Cicero, who was pleading against
 Verres, observed that he was no
 Œdipus, and could not explain
 riddles. No Œdipus, replies
 Cicero, when you have the golden

Sphinx at home ! Verres, among other fees, had presented Hortensius with a golden Sphinx, of considerable value, not only for the metal of which it was composed, but for its exquisite workmanship.

When a pun can bear translation into another language and depends not on the mere quibble of words, it then rises to the dignity of wit.

—
DR. JORTIN.

THIS excellent scholar, and most amiable man will rise in estimation with posterity, when Warburton and the disciples of Warburton will no longer be read. We understand his works are now reprinting in England, and will probably comprise twenty octavo volumes. Profoundly learned himself, and at the same time distinguished by excellent sense and abundant wit, he could detect the errors of the most celebrated writers. He thus exposes the ignorance of Voltaire. ‘Scanderbeg (says the Frenchman) was son of a despot, or little prince of

Albany ; that is to say, of a vassal prince, for so the word signified ; and it is strange, that the word despot should be appropriated to monarchs, who have made themselves absolute.’ Voltaire *Essai sur l’Histoire*. II. 29.

What ignorance ! (says Jortin) to imagine that *despotick* or *despotism* had its derivation from the title of these petty rulers. Though tributary princes have worn the pompous name of *despot*, yet originally *Δεσποτης* is a lord or master relatively to *Δουλος* a slave ; and so *despotism* means, properly and strictly, arbitrary and uncontrollable power.

‘A total ignorance of the learned languages (continues Jortin) ; an acquaintance with modern books, and with translations of old ones ; some knowledge of modern languages ; a smattering in natural philosophy, poetical talents, a vivacity of expression, and a large stock of impiety ; these constitute a Voltaire, or a modern genius of the first rank, fit to be patronized by princes and caressed by nobles.’

THOUGHTS ON PLAGIARISM.

Messrs. Editors,

I NOTICED in your last some thoughts on plagiarism, with some extracts tending to show, that certain brilliant passages in celebrated works were borrowed or were imitations of predecessors. This is a nice subject, and requires a master’s hand. “There is no new thing under the sun,” and if we resolve to read and admire nothing but what is new and entirely original, we shall, I am afraid, deprive ourselves of a great deal of intellectual pleasure. The

ingenious and candid Boileau has said, in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. Mr. Addison, who quotes and applauds the passage, adds, ‘that it is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We

have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights.' There have been but few originals in the world. Cannot we trace the logick now taught in all our colleges to Aristotle, who it seems invented it. Every thing praiseworthy in Horace's Art of Poetry may be found in the writings of the same mighty original. As to modern learning, if we reject all that is taken from Bacon, Newton, Hooke, Grew, Linnæus, and Priestley, to what a small number shall we reduce our publications. As in a political view we were colonies derived from Europe, so in a literary one we are colonies of that great mother country, especially England. As to our own native literature, our country has

not yet arrived at the period of its encouragement. I should not be displeased, I confess, if our clergy would borrow more than they do from their elder brethren of Europe, especially England. As to our periodical publications I could wish them adorned with transatlantic silk and fine-twined linen; and not with tow-cloth, merely because it is homespun. I hate to see the disposition to hunt out resemblances, imitations, and strained plagiarisms. It discourages the young from attempting to express old things in a new way, when in truth that is all we ought to expect from them.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non
quia crasse*

*Compositum, illephedve putetur, sed
quia rufus. W.*

ORIGINAL LETTER OF REV. SAMUEL MATHER.

Messrs. Editors,

The following letter is from the pen of Rev. Samuel Mather, a man who was not inferior to any of his illustrious ancestors, and who closed the fourth generation of a family high in the ranks of natural aristocracy. The remarks are pleasant and ingenious, and highly commendatory of the philosophick poet of Cato and Pharsalia. It seems to me a rich gem. I have read it as often as the medallist contemplates an exquisite cameo, and my cabinet does not contain a rarity more precious. It was found among the papers of a clergyman, who died in this town a few years ago; and though the name of the person to whom it was written does not appear in the manuscript, yet

I have learnt from high authority, reasoning on known facts and internal evidence, that it was addressed to the Rev. Nathaniel Walter, then a student in divinity under the care of Rev. Mr. White, of Cape Ann. The proposals for printing refer to the author's life of Rev. Cotton Mather. Mr. Henchman was then one of the deacons of the first church in this town, and kept a bookstore at No. 19, Cornhill, which was then the fashionable literary lounge of the clergy, and whence, on each Thursday, they proceeded in a body to the stated theological lecture. I could wish that your publick garden was adorned with every flower of rich fragrance and variegated hue, which now blooms

in the parterre of individual botanists, high fenced from every look, whether of mere curiosity or of intellectual animation..... Dried roseleaves, wreaths of larkspur, and wild fern may be properly preserved in old family bibles, but you and I, and every one would joyfully thank every possessor of antiques, or of modern rarities, if he would take them from the curious shelf or table-drawer, and exhibit them in the Anthology, whether they are rusty by corrosion of time, or sparkling with radiance fresh from the hand of the workman. Q.

*Castle Wm. June 6. 1730.

Dear Sir,

SINCE I wrote to Mr. White by my Aunt, I received your Letter, by which I am informed that mine came safe to your Hands and was acceptable to you : I am very glad of it.

In compliance with your Desire I now enclose you *Lucan* and *Tibullus*, &c. I hope the latter will not effeminate your Mind, but soften your Disposition, tho' it is already tender and sweet.

As for *Lucan*, I am sure he will raise your Sentiments and invigorate your Soul. For my part I cannot but think in some Places the *Pharsalia* excels the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. As a Proof and Instance let me just observe the different Behaviour of *Æneas* and *Cæsar* in a storm. As the Tempest grows the Courage of the latter rises ; and when the Storm rages

....

* It will be seen that we have preserved the obsolete and uncouth orthography of the original with all the scrupulosity with which the antiquarian cherishes the orogro of a medal.
ED.

and the Master of the Vessel is overwhelmed with Anxiety and Fear, he is tranquil, sedate and unconcerned,

Sperne minas, inquit, Pelagi, ventog. furenti

Trade sinum—

Whereas *Æneas* in the same Circumstances despairing, weeps and bewails his Misfortune, tho' the Gods had assured him, y^t he sh^d. one day found an Empire in Italy.

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur Frigore Membra

Ingemit, et Duplices tendens ad Sidera Palmas.

Nor is this the only noble Passage in *Lucan*. *Cato's* March thro' the Desarts of *Lybia* is fine. In that March he comes to *Jupiter Ammon's* Temple. Coming there *Labienus* advises him to consult the famous Oracle about the event of the War

Nam cui crediderim, supertos arcana datus

Dicturosq. magis, quam sancto vera Catoni ?

To w^{ch} *Cato* answers in a manner as grave and religious, as beauteous and inimitable ;

Quid quari, Labiene, jubes ? an liber in Armis

Occubuisse velim potius quam Regna videre ?

An sit vita nihil, sed longa ? an differat etas ?

An noceat vis ulla bono ? Fortunaq. perdat

Opposita virtute minas ? Laudandaq. vell:

Sit satis et nunquam Successu crescat honestum ?

Scimus et hac nobis non altius inseret Hammon

Haremus cuncti Superis, Temploq. tacente,

*Nil facimus non sponte DEI: nec
vocibus ullis
Numen eget; dixitq. semel nascenti-
bus Auctor,
Quicquid scire licet. Sterilemne
elegit harenas,
Ut caneret paucis, mussatq. hoc
fulvere verum?
Estne DEI sedes nisi Terra et
Pontus et Aer
Et Calum et Virtus? Superos
quid querimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcumq. vides, quo-
cumq. moveris.
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperq.
futuris
Casibus ancipites; me non oracu-
la certum
Sed mors certa facit. Pavidofor-
tiq. cadendum est.
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem.*

* *St. Evremont* says, every thing here is poetical, every thing is consonant to Truth and Reason... *Dr. Welwood* says, the Language here is worthy *Cato and the Gods*.

Lucan considered *Nero* in whose Reign he lived and died, as his own and his Country's Adversary, and therefore he conspired against him: But, being unhappily betray'd, he was sentenc'd to dy, and to choose in what manner he w^d leave the World. He supped chearfully with his friends and then went into the Hot Bath, which distended his Veins; then

* Our readers will be willing to see the original passage from *St. Evremont*. "Vous voyez in *Labienus* un homme pieux & sensé, qui unit à la sainteté envers les Dieux la consideration qu'on doit avoir pour la veritable vertu des gens de bien. *Caton* est un philosophe religieux, défait de toute opinion vulgaire, qui conçoit des Dieux les hauts sentimens qu'une raison pure & une sagesse élevée en peuvent former." *Ceuvres* de *St. Evremont*, tom. v. ED.

he ordered those of his Arms and Legs to be open'd, and so expir'd in his 27th Year with great Ease and Tranquillity, repeating those Lines in *Pharsal*. lib. 9. lin. 811.

*Sanguis erant Lachrymæ; quæ-
cunq. foramina novis
Humor, ab his largus manat Cruor:
Ora redundant,
Et patula Nares; Sudor rubet,
omnia plenis
Membra fluunt Venis, totum est pro
Corpore Vultus.*

There has bin an English translation of *Lucan* by *Mr. Rowe*, who it is thot has always equall'd and often outdone the Original.

You see I am very particular in my Accounts of this Author; I have so great a Value for him y^t I could not help it.

When you have done with these Books I beg, you would return them, and let me know what others I shall send you; For I am very ready to oblige and gratify you.

So wish, if you may encrease in useful Knowledge and generous Vertue I am

Yours affectionately

Samuel Mather.

P. S. When you are at leisure, I wish you would take Copies of my Letters to you and send them to me. I have not Time to transcribe them; and sh^d be loth to write the same things over and over to you.

I enclose you Proposals for Printing &c. I beg *Mr. White* and you would animate the Ministers and People abt you to subscribe. The Subscriptions may be sent either to *Mr. Henschman* or to me.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 366.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A plain, with royal pavilions on the skirt of the forest.*MADHAVYA, *(sighing and lamenting.)*

STRANGE recreation this?—Ah me! I am wearied to death.—My royal friend has an unaccountable taste.—What can I think of a king so passionately fond of chasing unprofitable quadrupeds?—“Here runs an antelope!—There goes a boar!”—Such is our only conversation.—Even at noon, in excessive heat, when not a tree in the forest has a shadow under it, we must be skipping and prancing about, like the beasts whom we follow.—Are we thirsty? We have nothing to drink but the waters of mountain torrents, which taste of burned stones and mawkish leaves.—Are we hungry? We must greedily devour lean venison, and that commonly roasted to a stick.—Have I a moment’s repose at night? My slumber is disturbed by the din of horses and elephants, or by the sons of slave-girls hollooming out, “More venison, more venison!”—Then comes a cry that pierces my ear, “Away to the forest, Away!”—Nor are these my only grievances: fresh pain is now added to the smart of my first wounds; for, while we were separated from our king, who was chasing a foolish deer, he entered, I find, yon lonely place, and there, to my infinite grief, saw a certain girl called Sācontalā, the daughter of a hermit: from that moment not a word of returning to the city!—These distressing thoughts have kept my eyes open the whole night.—Alas! when shall we return?—I cannot set eyes on my beloved friend Dushmanta, since he set his heart on taking another wife.—*(Stepping aside and looking.)*—Oh! there he is.—How changed!—He carries a bow, indeed, but wears for his diadem a garland of wood-flowers.—He is advancing: I must begin my operations.—*(He stands leaning on a staff.)*—Let me thus take a moment’s rest.—*(Aloud.)*

Dushmanta enters.

Dushm. *(aside, sighing.)* My darling is not easily attainable; yet my heart af-

fumes confidence from the manner in which she seemed affected: surely, though our love has not hitherto prospered, yet the inclinations of us both are fixed on our union.—*(Smiling.)*—Thus do lovers agreeably beguile themselves, when all the powers of their souls are intent on the objects of their desire!—But am I beguiled? No; when the cast her eyes even on her companions, they sparkled with tenderness; when she moved her graceful arms, they dropped as if languid with love; when her friend remonstrated against her departure, she spoke angrily.—All this was, no doubt, on my account.—Oh! how quick-lighted is love in discerning his own advantages!

Mādh. *(Bending downward as before.)* Great prince! my hands are unable to move; and it is with my lips only that I can mutter a blessing on you. May the king be victorious!

Dushm. *(Looking at him and smiling.)* Ah! what has crippled thee, friend Madhavya!

Mādh. You strike my eye with your own hand, and then ask what makes it weep.

Dushm. Speak intelligibly. I know not what you mean.

Mādh. Look at yon Vétas tree bent double in the river. Is it crooked, I pray, by its own act, or by the force of the stream?

Dushm. It is bent, I suppose, by the current.

Mādh. So am I by your majesty.

Dushm. How so, Mādhavya?

Mādh. Does it become you, I pray, to leave the great affairs of your empire, and so charming a mansion as your palace, for the sake of living here like a forester? Can you hold a council in a wood? I, who am a reverend Brāhmen, have no longer the use of my hands and feet: they are put out of joint by my running all day long after dogs and wild beasts. Favour me, I entreat, with your permission to repose but a single day.

Dushm. *(Aside.)* Such are this poor fellow’s complaints; whilst I, when I

think of Canna's daughter, have as little relish for hunting as he. How can I brace this bow, and fix a shaft in the string, to shoot at those beautiful deer who dwell in the same groves with my beloved, and whose eyes derive lustre from her's ?

Madb. [*Looking steadfastly at the king*] What scheme is your royal mind contriving ? I have been crying, I find, in a wilderness.

Dushm. I think of nothing but the gratification of my old friend's wishes.

Madb. [*Joyfully.*] Then may the king live long ! [*Rising, but counterfeiting feebleness.*]

Dushm. Stay ; and listen to me attentively.

Madb. Let the king command.

Dushm. When you have taken repose, I shall want your assistance in another business, that will give you no fatigue.

Madb. Oh ! what can that be, unless it be eating rice-pudding ?

Dushm. You shall know in due time.

Madb. I shall be delighted to hear it.

Dushm. Hola ! who is there ?

The Chamberlain enters.

Cham. Let my sovereign command me.

Dushm. Raivata, bid the general attend.

Cham. I obey.—[*He goes out, and returns with the General.*]—Come quickly, Sir, the king stands expecting you.

Gen. [*Aside, looking at Dushmanta.*] How comes it that hunting, which moralists reckon a vice, should be a virtue in the eyes of a king ? Thence it is, no doubt, that our emperor, occupied in perpetual toil, and injured to constant heat, is become so lean, that the sunbeams hardly affect him ; while he is so tall, that he looks to us little men, like an elephant grazing on a mountain : he seems all soul.—[*Aloud, approaching the king.*]—May our monarch ever be victorious !—This forest, O king, is infested by beasts of prey : we see the traces of their huge feet in every path.—What orders is it your pleasure to give ?

Dushm. Bhadrāsena, this moralizing Mādhavya has put a stop to our recreation by forbidding the pleasures of the chase.

Gen. [*Aside to Mādhavya.*] Be firm to your word, my friend ; whilst I found the king's real inclinations.—[*Aloud.*] O ! Sir, the fool talks idly. Consider the delights of hunting. The body, it

is true, becomes emaciated, but it is light and fit for exercise. Mark how the wild beasts of various kinds are variously affected by fear and by rage ! What pleasure equals that of a proud archer, when his arrow hits the mark as it flies ?—Can hunting be justly called a vice ? No recreation, surely, can be compared with it.

Madb. [*Angrily.*] Away, thou false flatterer ! The king, indeed, follows his natural bent, and is excusable ; but thou, son of a slave girl, hast no excuse.—Away to the wood !—How I wish thou hadst been seized by a tiger, or an old bear, who was prowling for a shakā, like thyself !

Dushm. We are now, Bhadrāsena, encamped near a sacréd hermitage ; and I cannot at present applaud your panegyrick on hunting. This day, therefore, let the wild buffalos roll undisturbed in the shallow water, or tosa up the sand with their horns ; let the herd of antelopes, assembled under the thick shade, ruminate without fear ; let the large boars root up the herbage on the brink of yon pool ; and let this my bow take repose with a slackened string.

Gen. As our lord commands.

Dushm. Recall the archers who have advanced before me, and forbid the officers to go very far from this hallowed grove. Let them beware of irritating the pious : holy men are eminent for patient virtues, yet conceal within their bosoms a scorching flame ; as carbuncles are naturally cool to the touch ; but, if the rays of the sun have been imbibed by them, they burn the hand.

Madb. Away now, and triumph on the delights of hunting.

Gen. The king's orders are obeyed.

[*He goes out.*]

Dushm. [*To his attendants.*] Put off your hunting apparel ; and thou, Raivata, continue in waiting at a little distance.

Cham. I shall obey.

[*Goes out.*]

Madb. So ! you have cleared the stage ; not even a fly is left on it. Set down, I pray, on this pavement of smooth pebbles, and the shade of this tree shall be your canopy ; I will sit by you ; for I am impatient to know what will give me no fatigue.

Dushm. Go first, and seat thyself.

Madb. Come, my royal friend.

[*They both sit under a tree.*]

Dushm. Friend Mādhavya, your eyes have not been gratified with an object which best deserves to be seen.

Madb. Yes, truly ; for a king is before them.

Dushm. All men are apt, indeed to think favourably of themselves ; but I meant Sacontalā, the brightest ornament of these woods.

Madb. [*Aside.*] I must not foment this passion.—[*Aloud.*] What can you gain by seeing her ? She is a Brāhmen's daughter, and consequently no match for you.

Dushm. What ! Do people gaze at the new moon, with uplifted heads and fixed eyes, from a hope of possessing it ? But you must know, that the heart of Dushmanta is not fixed on an object which he must for ever despair of attaining.

Madb. Tell me now.

Dushm. She is the daughter of a pious prince and warrior, by a celestial nymph ; and, her mother having left her on earth, she has been fostered by Canna, even as a fresh blossom of Malati, which droops on its pendant stalk, is raised and expanded by the sun's light.

Madb. [*Laughing.*] Your desire to possess this rustick girl, when you have women bright as gems in your palace already, is like the fancy of a man, who has lost his relish for dates, and longs for the sour tamarind.

Dushm. Did you know her, you would not talk so wildly.

Madb. Oh ! certainly, whatever a king admires must be superlatively charming.

Dushm. [*Smiling.*] What need is there of long description ? When I meditate on the power of Brahmā, and on her lineaments, the creation of so transcendent a jewel outshines, in my apprehension, all his other works : she was formed and moulded in the eternal mind, which had raised with its utmost exertion, the ideas of perfect shapes, and thence made an assemblage of all abstract beauties.

Madb. She must render, then, all other handsome women contemptible.

Dushm. In my mind she really does. I know not yet what blessed inhabitant of this world will be the possessor of that faultless beauty, which now resem-

bles a blossom whose fragrance has not been diffused ; a fresh leaf, which no hand has torn from its stalk, a pure diamond, which no polisher has handled ; new honey, whose sweetness is yet untasted : or rather the celestial fruit of collected virtues, to the perfection of which nothing can be added.

Madb. Make haste, then, or the fruit of all virtues will drop into the hand of some devout rustick, whose hair shines with oil of Ingudi.

Dushm. She is not her own mistress ; and her foster-father is at a distance.

Madb. How is she disposed towards you ?

Dushm. My friend, the damsels in a hermit's family are naturally reserved ; yet she did look at me, wishing to be unperceived ; then she smiled, and started a new subject of conversation. Love is by nature averse to a sudden communication, and hitherto neither fully displays, nor wholly conceals himself in her demeanour towards me.

Madb. [*Laughing.*] Has she thus taken possession of your heart on so transient a view ?

Dushm. When she walked about with her female friends, I saw her yet more distinctly, and my passion was greatly augmented. She said sweetly, but untruly, " My foot is hurt by the points of the Cusa grass : " then she stopped ; but soon advancing a few paces, turned back her face pretending a wish to disentangle her vest of woven bark from the branches in which it had not really been caught.

Madb. You began with chasing an antelope, and have now started new game : thence it is, I presume, that you are grown so fond of a consecrated forest.

Dushm. Now the business for you, which I mentioned, is this : you who are a Brahmen, must find some expedient for my second entrance into that asylum of virtue.

Madb. And the advice which I give is this : remember that you are a king.

Dushm. What then ?

Madb. " Hola ! bid the hermits bring my sixth part of their grain." Say this, and enter the grove without scruple.

Dushm. No, Mādhavya : they pay a different tribute, who having abandon-

ed all the gems and gold of this world, possess riches far superiour. The wealth of princes, collected from the four orders of their subjects, is perishable; but pious men give us a sixth part of the fruits of their piety: fruits which will never perish.

Behind the scenes.] Happy men that we are! we have now attained the object of our desire.

Duskm. Hah! I hear the voices of some religious anchorites.

The Chamberlain enters.

Cham. May the king be victorious!—Two young men, sons of a hermit, are waiting at my station, and soliciting an audience.

Duskm. Introduce them without delay.

Cham. As the king commands.—*[He goes out, and re-enters with two Bráhmens.]*—Come on; come this way.

First Bráhm. *[Looking at the king.]* Oh! what confidence is inspired by his brilliant appearance!—Or proceeds it rather from his disposition to virtue and holiness!—Whence comes it, that my fear vanishes?—He now has taken his abode in a wood which supplies us with every enjoyment; and with all his exertions for our safety, his devotion increases from day to day.—The praise of a monarch who has conquered his passions ascends even to heaven: inspired bards are continually singing, “Behold a virtuous prince!” but with us the royal name stands first: “Behold, among kings, a sage!”

Second Bráhm. Is this my friend, the truly virtuous Dushmanta?

First Bráhm. Even he.

Second Bráhm. It is not then wonderful, that he alone, whose arm is lofty and strong as the main bar of his city gate, possesses the whole earth, which forms a dark boundary to the ocean; or that the gods of Swerga, who fiercely contend in battle with evil powers, proclaim victory gained by his braced bow, not by the thunderbolt of INDRA.

Bath. *[Approaching him.]* O king, be victorious!

Duskm. *[Rising.]* I humbly salute you both.

Bath. Blessings on thee!

Duskm. *[Respectfully.]* May I know the cause of this visit?

First Bráhm. Our sovereign is hailed

by the pious inhabitants of these woods; and they implore——

Duskm. What is their command?

First Bráhm. In the absence of our spiritual guide, Canna, some evil demons are disturbing our holy retreat. Deign, therefore, accompanied by thy charioteer, to be master of our asylum, if it be only for a few short days.

Duskm. *[Eagerly.]* I am highly favoured by your invitation.

Madb. *[Aside.]* Excellent promoters of your design! They draw you by the neck, but not against your will.

Duskm. Raivatata, bid my charioteer bring my car, with my bow and quiver.

Cham. I obey. *[He goes out.]*

First Bráhm. Such condescension well becomes thee, who art an universal guardian.

Second Bráhm. Thus do the descendants of Puru perform their engagement to deliver their subjects from fear of danger.

Duskm. Go first, holy men: I will follow instantly.

Bath. Be ever victorious! *[They go out.]*

Duskm. Shall you not be delighted, friend Mádhavya, to see my Sacontalá?

Madb. At first I should have no objection; but I have a considerable one since the story of the demons.

Duskm. Oh! fear nothing: you will be near me.

Madb. And you, I hope, will have leisure to protect me from them.

The Chamberlain re-enters.

Cham. May our lord be victorious!—The imperial car is ready; and all are expecting your triumphant approach. Carabba too, a messenger from the queen-mother, is just arrived from the city.

Duskm. Is he really come from the venerable queen?

Cham. There can be no doubt of it.

Duskm. Let him appear before me. *[The Chamberlain goes out, and returns with the Messenger.]*

Cham. There stands the king—O Carabba, approach him with reverence.

Mess. *[Prostrating himself.]* May the king be ever victorious!—The royal mother sends this message——

Duskm. Declare her command.

Mess. Four days hence the usual fast for the advancement of her son will be kept with solemnity; and the presence

of the king (may his life be prolonged!) will then be required.

Dufbm. On one hand is a commission from holy Brahmins; on the other, a command from my revered parent: both duties are sacred, and neither must be neglected.

Madb. [*Laughing.*] Stay suspended between them both, like king Trisancu between heaven and earth; when the pious men said, "Rise!" and the gods of Swerga said, "Fall!"

Dufbm. In truth I am greatly perplexed. My mind is principally distracted by the distance of the two places where the two duties are to be performed; as the stream of a river is divided by rocks in the middle of its bed.—[*Musing.*]—Friend Madhavya, my mother brought you up as her own son, to be my playfellow, and to divert me in my childhood. You may very properly act my part in the queen's devotions. Return then to the city, and give an account of my distress through the commission of these reverend foresters.

Madb. That I will;—but you could not really suppose that I was afraid of demons!

Dufbm. How come you who are an egregious Brahmen, to be so bold on a sudden?

Madb. Oh! I am now a young king.

Dufbm. Yes, certainly; and I will dispatch my whole train to attend your highness, whilst I put an end to the disturbance in this hermitage.

Madb. [*Strutting.*] See, I am a prince regnant.

Dufbm. [*Aside.*] This buffoon of a Brahmen has a slippery genius. He will perhaps disclose my present pursuit to the women in the palace. I must try to deceive him.—[*Taking Madhavya by the hand.*]—I shall enter the forest, be assured, only through respect for its pious inhabitants; not from any inclination for the daughter of a hermit. How far am I raised above a girl educated among antelopes; a girl, whose heart must ever be a stranger to love!—The tale was invented for my diversion.

Madb. Yes, to be sure; only for your diversion!

Dufbm. Then farewell, my friend; execute my commission faithfully, whilst I proceed—to defend the anchorites.

[*All go out.*]

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION.....A POEM.

Continued from p. 369.

'TO tell those arts the secret villain
forg'd,
How gain'd that love his fated stomach
gorg'd,
Would be, impervious through the
thorny brake
To trace the flexures of the slipp'ry
snake.
Enough to know that sin to union
tends,
And ev'ry Vice its sister Vice be-
friends;
Thus horrid aids to horrid purpose
speed.
Thus hell communion'd crown'd the
damning deed.

Ah, simple maid, who own'd his
plighted love!
Who chang'd for titled wealth thy
quiet grove!
Those rosy cheeks, that vied with
morning's hue,
Those sparkling eyes, that sham'd her
brightest blue,
The pleasant task that serv'd to sweet-
en play,
The healthful slumbers light, the cheer-
ful day.
The lowly joys the vacant rustick knows;
All, all were lost, and lost for gilded
woes!

Sad was the eve, and mournful ev'ry
gale,
When o'er the hills you left our little vale.
Nor rural reed that charm'd at twilight
close,
Nor homeward woodman singing as he
goes,

Normurmur soft, that whisper'd through
the grove,
Where Leisure sweet with Pastime lov'd
to rove,
Nor aught of sounds, that us'd to cheer
the lawn,
Were heard as once—for Lucy now was
gone !
Her lengthen'd note the boding raven
pour'd,
The village fall in hollow murmurs
roar'd ;
Cold o'er the dew, with throbbing bos-
om bare,
Pale Sorrow stalk'd and wav'd her fa-
ble hair,
While muffling Night through heavy
darkness frown'd,
And awful Stillness breath'd her hor-
rours round :
The scene all drear, in desert slumber
laid,
Like hoary mansion of the mould'ring
dead.

Still, true to woe, that parting scene
revives,
And closing wounds with freshening an-
guish rives ;
Still o'er my cheek a childish tear will
flow,
And fruitless sorrow ne'er a respite know.

The sun had sunk beneath his western
way,
And tender Twilight shed her pensive
grey ;
No breeze was heard the slender reed to
move,
And weary Nature paus'd in dreams of
love.
Then throng'd the train to bid their last
farewell—
But only look'd, what grief forbade to
tell ;
For each a friend in favourite Lucy
own'd,
And sever'd love each playmate's heart
bemoan'd.
Their sports had oft the summer's day
deceiv'd,
One pastime pleas'd them and one sor-
row griev'd :
And then to lose her, ev'ry tie was
broke ;—
Sighs fill'd the vale, and wonted mirth
forsook.

With brimming eyes, where silent bless-
ings flow'd,
Some treasur'd trifle ev'ry swain bes-
tow'd,
Then slowly turn'd and sep'rate wound
away :
Drear was the eve, all lonesome was the
way.

Thus cherish'd friendship wings the
keenest dart,
Full oft may sooth, but oftener rends
the heart.
Loose let me range where random For-
tune wills,
Unfelt its raptures, and unknown its ills.

Sad mid the throng the rev'rend
Bruno stood,
His evening's blessing fled, yet mildly
god ;
Time's lengthen'd debt his furrow'd
forehead bore,
And honour'd frosts his ringlets sprinkl'd
o'er :
Propp'd on a staff, his age's last relief,
Oppress'd with years, but more op-
press'd with grief,
He tott'ring lean'd—the tears in fond-
ness roll'd—
But naught but tears his silent suffer-
ings told ;
For firm on God the rustick faint rely'd,
And healing hope with trembling voice
apply'd.

“ Yet, yet, a few vain days of April
joys,
Of friendless anguish and of empty noise,
And all is hush'd, and little man's
forgot—
Slow beats his bell, and nature waits
her lot.
Cease then, my child, ah, Lucy, cease to
mourn !
Nor waste in truant tears youth's fleet-
ing morn ;
Thy image still my lonely hours shall
cheer,
And lov'd remembrance hold thee ever
dear :
Thee shall the close of summer's eve
restore,
When, silent sitting at our cottage door,
The drowsy gales through trembling
poplars sigh,
And nightly birds their mournful ves-
pers ply ;

Or musing oft by winter's social blaze,
 With thee renew'd, I'll act o'er former
 days,
 Still at the wicket wait thy wish'd re-
 turn,
 And anxious tidings from each traveller
 learn :
 The busy wheel, the song of *Robin Grey*,
 In fancy fresh, shall sooth a gloomy day.
 Distance may part this lump of kneaded
 loam,
 A breath may blast it, or a straw fore-
 doom ;
 But kindred souls no mortal mounds
 withhold,
 In ruin reckless and in being bold.
 And now farewell ! and oft when far
 away
 Thy youthful steps through rosy wind-
 ings stray,
 Remember well the moral tales I taught—
 The world nor deem too wise, nor Bru-
 no nought ;
 For soon through tears this sacred truth
 shall beam,
A parent's friendship's next to God's Supreme.
 And, oh, where e'er thou go'st may sor-
 row fly !
 Smooth be thy way and guardian angels
 nigh !"

O'ercome with grief, the good man
 could no more,
 But wav'd his hand and silent fought
 the door ;
 Its hinges hoarse with hollow murmur
 close,
 And preface dark his boding bosom
 froze.

By Alva rous'd, who eager chid their
 slay,
 Sad through the gate his Lucy took her
 way ;
 Beside the path, then smooth with fre-
 quent tread,
 Where yonder thistle waves its barren
 head,
 In service old and white with honest hoar,
 (Emblem of Him, whose quiet rule he
 bore)
 Stretch'd in the cool of evening's tran-
 quil ray,
 True to his trust the faithful watch-dog
 lay.
 Beneath their roof his earliest breath he
 drew,
 The humble friend of all the village crew ;

Vcl. II. No. 8. Fff

Oft on his back, that stooping met its
 load,
 In childish sport his playful mistress
 rode ;
 And oft had Tray, with neighb'ring
 playmates pair'd,
 Before the cot her simple supper shar'd.
 The fall of feet the weary veteran drew,
 And o'er his friend a wistful eye he
 threw,
 That feebly gleam'd through age's even-
 ing tear,
 And sadly storied all he had to fear.
 " And dost thou too," she sigh'd, " my
 sorrows share ?"
 Thy Lucy's loss shall many friends re-
 pair ;
 Alas, for thee (a bliss to me deny'd)
 Thy native fields and happy home a-
 bide ;
 No doubtful change thy peaceful rest
 annoys,
 No parted parent, and no rifled joys ;
 And yet I would thy wintry joints were
 young,
 As once they were, when round thy
 neck I clung ;
 For I with thee some thoughtful hour
 might ch  er,
 When wayward fancy moulds a bitter
 tear.
 But fare thee well—remember'd be my
 Tray,
 Whose labour'd limbs are past their
 useful day."
 The wicket clos'd, and o'er the hollow
 ground
 Her parting steps in mournful measure
 sounded.
 Awhile he paus'd, and homeward turn'd
 his view,
 Then ey'd the gate where late his friend
 withdrew :
 Still in the gale his lessening name re-
 turn'd,
 And hapless " Tray" alone the valley
 mourn'd ;
 But, impotent to rise, each effort try'd,
 Beside the door he crawl'd, and whining
 dy'd.

Jeer not this tribute to an humble
 friend,
 Not mean the subject, if the verse of-
 fend ;
 Worth e'en in Tray my better feelings
 moves,
 Tho' rigid reason sacreering disapproves.

Oh! it does gall me in the tend'rest
part,
And bids each pulse with indignation
start,
When peevish churls, unknowing how
to feel,
Their worthier brutes do spurn with
brutal heel.
With *him* all friendship, kindred I dis-
claim,
And brand his mem'ry with a villain's
name,
Whose narrow soul would vent its cow-
ard spleen
On poorest reptile, that possess'd the
green,
Rent from the entrails of some rocky
mine,
By furies fashion'd at the moon's de-
cline,
With naught that's human, save an out-
ward form,
Design'd for judgments and create for
storm,
There are, who feast on cries of tor-
tur'd breath,
And hold their pastimes in the courts of
death.
But, unprovok'd, who basest being
harms,
Is dead to manhood and to nature's
charms—
Would unconcern'd, to gain some pal-
try end,
Renounce his Saviour, and traduce his
friend.
Mercy ne'er sleeps within a generous
mind,
But scatters blessings gen'ral as the
wind.

Near these waste walls, this rudely
fractur'd frame,
Where hoary Ruin holds his desert reign,
Noting the thefts that stealthy Time
achieves
By moulder'd fragments tumbled from
the eaves;
At dead of night, when awful Stillness
broods
'Neath sleepy shadow of the noiseless
woods,
Remote from all I mourn poor Lucy's
fate;
And nurse the woes these idle lines re-
late.
For here with her at eve I us'd to rove;
Here gain'd the promise of her early love;

And here e'en now, secure from restless
fame,
Had known the joys, that wait an hum-
bler name.
But rapid Time had scarce that period
roll'd,
When ardent boyhood feels the man
unfold,
What time the dawn was dawning on
my cheek,
And sober Reason bow'd to childish
freak,
When round the vale I roll'd a sickly eye,
And heav'd for nobler scenes a foolish
sigh.
Oft on the lonely head of some vast
height,
When gathering tempests shed prophet-
ick night,
In strange repose I listening lean'd to hear,
While doubling thunders shook the pal-
l'd sphere:
And oft at eve when all the hamlet slept,
And waking fays from folded roses crept;
Musing, I lov'd to haunt some poet
stream;
And gaze all wistful on the moon's mild
beam.
Thus, frenzied grown, I burn'd for vain
renown,
My crook resign'd, and sought the faith-
less town.

(To be continued.)

LOVE EPISTLE.

Messrs. Editors,

Amatory epistles are as antiquated as the passion they respire; and History is indebted to conjecture for the origin of Love. No sonnets are recorded of the courtship of Adam, but who can discredit the numbers that our Mother inspired! The influence of Love on the Lyre was never more eminently evinced, than in the following Elogy on Betty. Fortunately, we have hitherto avoided the peril of her charms; for something approaching the configuration of the sensitives has been seriously apprehended from the portraiture of her Beau.

"*Omnia vincit Amor: et nos cedamus Amori.*"

Peculiar Betty, Fortunate as Fair! Fortunate in the Friendship of thy President! Fair, peculiarly Fair, in Intellect and

*Form ! " Laura, to this Lady, was but
a kitchen-wench ; Dido, a dowdy ; Cleo-
patra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, bildings
and barlots ; Thisbe, a grey eye or so,
but not to the purpose."*

*Fain would I tune the Jewsharp, Love,
for Thee,*

*And waft Thy praise to Wasby o'er the Sea :
Fain view the beel-taps of those witching
Shoers.*

*Or kiss their little printings 'mong the dews.
Perish PRESUMPTUOUS ! nor presume a sigh !
My Bet, my Life, my Ang—I faint—
I die ! ! !*

....

TRANSCENDANT BETTY,

IN the inexhaustible infinitude of thy
beatifick perfections, suffer thy most
passionate adorer one celestial smile on
thy nectareous lips. Pardon him, most
enchanting of thy sex, if in the trans-
porting paroxysms of seraphick admira-
tion he dares one day hope for one elec-
trick kiss on those cherubick corals to
lull his soul into a sweet delirium of
agonising ecstasy. O, most egregiously
benignant angel, to affix a value to the
smallest hair of thy tranfluent head
would be to estimate a world of dia-
monds ; but to delineate thy beauty
would be to paint a heaven which we
never saw, and talk a language that we
never knew.

Would that the sun to view thy eyes
could meet !

His rav'nous envy would consume his
heat,

And waste his carcase to a lump of peat.
Would that the spheres thy tuneful
voice could hear !

Such sweet confusion would their bodies
wear

As soon to earth would send them, drop-
ping down

To dance a hornpipe round thy angel
crown.

Would that the Goddess, of renown so
great,

Celestial DIAN ! could behold thy gait.
Her blushing highness would to stilts
conform,

And high-heel'd shoes by all her train
be worn.

Celestial BETTY, deign this gift receive,
The richest treasure my fond heart can
give ;

On thy fair bosom let it hence remain,
Until in death you give it me again.
And when far hence, beyond the grave
you fly,

To rove the fields of yonder glitt'ring
sky,

Inform each angel, as they flock to thee,
That once, on earth, you thought of
love and me ;

Then shall each cherub, as I enter there,
Douse his congée and give me welcome
cheer.

O, maid seraphick ! soothe my aching
heart,

'Tis death alone us turtle-doves can part.

VERSES

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP AT MIDNIGHT.

*By Mr. C——, a young Gentleman, who
died of a consumption a few days after
writing them.*

I.

YE heavenly sounds ! enchanting notes !
That swell the whisp'ring breeze ;
Say whence your soft complaining airs,
Your magick power to please.

II.

Are ye some fairy, tiny voice,
That, by the glow-worm's light,
In lonely hours, your vigils keep,
Unmark'd by mortal sight ?

III.

Are ye some nymph of antient time,
Like Echo's hapless maid,
In plaintive songs that woo'd your love,
Till chang'd into a shade ?

IV.

Or, are ye Ossian's passing ghost
That thus the midnight cheers,
And to the fair Malvina tunes
The tale of other years ?

V.

Sweet sounds ! that melt the soul to love,
My senses captive take,
Soft as the cygnet's dying voice,
That's wafted from the lake.

VI.

Oh ! cease not to my list'ning ear ;
Still tune your heav'nly lay ;
And by your strains my raptur'd soul
To Paradise convey.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR AUGUST, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ emendanda, ar-
bitraver. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui
maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 56.

A theoretick explanation of the science of sanctity, according to reason, scripture, common sense, and the analogy of things : containing an idea of God : of his creations, and kingdoms : of the holy scriptures : of the christian trinity, and of the gospel system. By Thomas Fessenden, A. M. pastor of the church in Walpole, N. H. Printed by Wm. Fessenden, for the author. Brattleboro', Vermont. 1804. 8vo. pp. 308.

It has been the misfortune of theology on this side the Atlantick to have received little illustration from the learning, while it has suffered much embarrassment, and false refinement from the ingenuity and subtilty of its professors. The catalogue of American divines is not crowded with philologers and criticks, with scholars versed in the sacred idiom, and provided with the furniture of sacred science ; but we discover in the villages and hamlets of New-England scholastick theologues, hair splitting metaphysicians, long-breathed controversialists, pamphleteers, and publishers of single sermons,

Thick as autumnal leaves which strew the
brooks
In Vallombrosa.

In American literary history it would perhaps be in vain to search

for one *omnis Minervæ homo* ; and in the learning peculiar to theology, no divine, since the days of our puritan ancestors, has attained an eminence, which has attracted the notice of Europe ; but in the metaphysicks of theology we can boast of Edwards, Witherspoon, Hopkins, Emmons, West, Dickinson, and a long *et cætera* of names, of some of which the sound has gone forth unto the ends of the earth, while others are destined to remain the temporary pride and wonder of a county only, or a village.

To the class of system-makers another is now added ; and we are here presented with "a theoretick explanation of the science of sanctity, according to reason, scripture, common sense, and the analogy of things." This production is an absolute non-descript ; and one half its readers, after having gone through the book, will not probably know much more about it, than they have now found out from the title. If it were fairly written in any living or dead language we should venture to speak more decidedly of the merit of its novelties, because, by the help of a grammar and dictionary, we might hope in time to reach its meaning. But ever since we took up this book, which is really not without the merit of ingenuity, we have been gaping after the

sense of passages, which it would puzzle Œdipus to unravel, and guessing at the signification of terms, which we might hope to find only in a Thesaurus of the languages at Babel. Here may the curious reader cull some of the newest words which have enriched Columbian dictionaries, many of the choicest phrases of cis-atlantick writers, not a few grammatical solecisms, and a plentiful variety of compound and decompound epitheta, and polysyllabick terms of every description, now for the first, and, as we hope, last time set in types and impressed on paper. Of the style in which this book is written we propose now to give our readers a foretaste, which we think will sufficiently excuse us, if in the short sketch we shall give of its contents, we should be found to have misapprehended the meaning of the author.

First. As to the titles of Lord and King as belonging to the divine majesty, and the prerogatives of his sovereignty or imperial estate.

Lord and God are of near affinity, and are often joined in scripture. In a civil law sense, a Lord is a superior proprietor of things and persons. Math. xx. 8. Gen. xxi. 35. As possessor, God is Lord of heaven and earth and all things in them. Governing powers of the natural and legal kind are Lords who have a kind of propriety in those to whom they stand in this relation. I. Pet. iii. 6.

But an authoritative Lord is one that *beareth rule*, and is so far *unsubject*. To the civil sovereignty, whether lodged in one or more persons, the law attributes a public *lordship*, consisting in the great and supreme rights of government. The subjects of a legal lord are his lieges, and between him and them there subsists a mutual obligation even

where no formal contract is made. In nobility learning, which treats of titles of honour, the greater dominant estates are lords. Jud. xvi. 8. God as Lord is of dominant condition over the universe, as a supreme authoritative power, *pantheocrat*, *all imperial*, and a liege lord to his liege subjects.

GOD IS KING.

This is of great note in the bible, though it is disregarded by many divines, and not accounted of in most systems, but considered as a metaphor when it comes in their way. But, He is no otherwise God, than he is King. I. Tim. i. 17.—p. 22.

The kingship of God imports a reigning condition or estate; to this agree the titles of the most High, the supreme Potentate, Power, &c. Goodness, greatness, glory, belong to him as a person of regal dignity. The reigning estate, is the sublimity of the godhead, the summity of the divine supremacy, the dignity of the peerless supereminency, and transcendency of God.—p. 23.

The imperial Father is the head of a vital empire, and must possess that life which is *constitutive* of his person, and that life which is *communicative*, which is the essence of the Holy Spirit, who was the Father's agent in creation, and in the Son's generation, and in the communication of vital sanctity to the whole empire. And the imperial Son is mediate Head of a vital empire: and there is in his essence the vitality which is *constitutive* of his person, and the vitality which is *communicative*. Therefore the one divine essence must be considered as it is the *constitutive personal essence of the Father as the primitive*, and the *constitutive personal essence of the Son, as the derivative*, confronted to the *divine essence the communicative, which is the constitutive essence of the Holy Ghost*. That vitality which the Father's essence is, as the primitive, must be confronted to the Son's as the derivative, and as it is the *constitutive*, it is confronted to the *communicative*, which is the Holy Ghost's. And in like manner the vitality of the Son as the *derivative*, must be confronted to the vitality the primitive; and as it is merely the *constitutive* of his person, it must be confronted to the *communicative*.—p. 212, 213.

The preface, which is rather better written than the rest of the book, is occupied in stating the author's belief, that much improvement may be made in the science of theology, and that much of the present corruption of christian doctrine has originated in the Platonism of the early fathers, whose piety he professes to venerate, but whose infallibility he resolutely denies. He offers an apology for the compound words which he has fabricated, "because no others," he says, "would express his idea;" declaring with St. Augustin, *mallem reprehendunt grammatici, quam non intelligent populi*. But, with St. Augustin's leave, this is a most absurd sentiment; for never was a writing the more intelligible because it violated syntax, purity, or precision.

The first chapter of this anomalous production is entitled, "an idea of God." His definition is, "God is definitively the Divine Majesty, actually reigning, and exercising imperial sway over the universe of creatures." Much in the same style is the whole of this chapter; where old maxims are wrapped up in curious phraseology, common notions presented in odd attitudes, and for new purposes, and distinctions and definitions, some of which are valuable in themselves, and others important only to the author, multiplied without mercy and without end. His remarks on the meaning of the word *nature*, particularly as applied to God, we shall now quote; because much use is made of them in other parts of the book.

By a nature and life the same thing is to be understood, and it is the specific property of a thing, the vital sub-

stance of a being, which constitutes and denominates it, and distinguisheth one being from all others of another kind. It is not therefore a being, person, or agent of itself, nor hath it any existence but in relation to the subject to which it belongs. To ascribe personal acts to a nature, or to speak of worshipping the divine nature, however common, is a real impropriety, and manifest absurdity. — Saints, as saints, are one with God and Christ, by a participation of the divine nature. John xvii. 21, 22. It is an essential oneness, if nature and essence are the same; but if essence signifies something different from nature, as it is no scripture word, Thomas Aquinas, or any one else may have it. — One person or being may have more than one nature, but one personal agent, or being, cannot have more than one intellect without destroying his individuality. In men there are two natures, an animal nature of flesh and blood, common to them and beasts, and a rational soul with its vital substance, wherein humanity properly consists; and in regenerate christians the divine nature is added to these and yet there is but one individual personality, as there is but one intellect. — By a nature as applied to God is not intended his metaphysical entity as the first being, nor his mere intellectuality. These constitute no *specific* difference, but only what is *gradual*, between him and other beings or intellectualists. Being or existence in any degree is no more the divine nature, than Behemoth partakes of the divine nature because he is great. Creatures may exist, be invisible, incorruptible, intelligent, and immortal in a *degree* and not partake of the divine nature. pp. 16, 18.

You see, gentle reader, what the divine nature is not; we do not promise you, that you shall *understand* what it is. "The divine nature is that whereby God is God. It is his life and constitution; it is *vital, true sanctity, holiness, spirit, light, love, and eternal life*. — Unbounded sanctity is the vital substance in which the infinite intellect of God exists." P. 18. This indistinct notion

however of essence or nature is the key to his language on the subject of the Trinity, a subject which occupies more than half of the work.

In the second chapter, which treats "of the original creation and kingdom of God," we have an incomparable mixture of truth and falsehood, good sense and absurdity, credulity and scepticism, rational theology and the most vague and ridiculous conjectures. He combats the chimeras of others, however, with such fearless honesty, that he may sometimes be pardoned for suggesting his own. By the original creation and kingdom of God, he intends a society of holy "rationals," or intelligent spirits, existing with God before the formation of our world. These subjects of God's original kingdom were angels, and pre-existent human spirits, created holy, under a law which required "unslinng" obedience. They inhabited the place called heaven, about the locality of which he offers a conjecture. He supposes the peculiar brightness of the milky way is occasioned by the vicinity of this celestial world. Notwithstanding the holiness and happiness of this society, yet as they were left to the freedom of their own wills, a number of the angelick rank with Satan at their head, and the whole order of human spirits, revolted from their lawful sovereign. Having thus lost the original righteousness in which they were all created, they are incapacitated for heaven; and while the rebel angels are hopelessly confined in chains of darkness, the human spirits are successively sent into this world,

where, by being united to flesh and blood, they suffer all the inconveniences of our present state, not for the sin of Adam in paradise, but for their own sins in a pre-existent state. All that in his opinion we suffer by Adam is the loss of animal life. To this, indeed, he confesses we should have been naturally exposed, but on account of the transgression of our progenitor it was rendered positive and penal. We expected some new and ingenious reasoning in favour of the exploded doctrine of pre-existence; but we can find only the following argument,....No man can be restored to what he has not lost. We are restored to something by Christ; but we lost nothing by Adam; therefore we must have possessed in some *former* state that to which we are restored, viz. a portion of the divine nature, i.e. vital sanctity, i.e. original righteousness. Q. E. D.....Truly this is a proof of which "Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Plato, the Egyptian Gymnosophists, and Indian Bramins," could never have dreamt. From this visionary region, however, he frequently descends into the old and beaten paths of rational theology and common sense. He reasons ingeniously in favour of the opinion, that the Mosaick account of the Hexæmeron, does not require us to suppose a creation out of nothing; he exposes the absurdity of the dogmas of imputed righteousness and imputed guilt; and throws occasional gleams of light on the obscurities of the earliest dispensations. But the reader will look in vain for any long continued series of sensible remarks, and le-

gitimate conclusions. The author's evil genius is perpetually recovering the ascendancy, and then he begins to talk confidently about the Devil, his kingdom, offices, ministers, subjects, territory, titles, and shape. He espies the sinuous track of the old serpent in the absurdities and horrid crimes of savage superstition, and in all the humiliating extravagances, which deform every period of the history of man. King James wrote a *Dæmonology*, to which these pages on the "Devil's worldly kingdom" might be subjoined, as a statistical account of the empire.

The next chapter is entitled "a delineation of the character of the Scriptures, as holy, popular, unphilosophical, antimetaphysical, and theopolitical." Notwithstanding these hard words, this is quite a sensible chapter; and whoever can overlook harsh epithets, quaint phrases, and terms needlessly invented, will say, when he reaches the end, *macte, Senex,....O si sic omnia!* Neither from this, nor from any other portion of the work, have we been able to ascertain the opinion of the writer on the subject of inspiration.

The seven following chapters embrace what is undoubtedly the favourite object of the present publication, a statement of the author's notions on the character of Christ, and on the christian trinity. We would gladly present our readers with an analysis of every chapter in its order; but (to borrow a word from poetry) so *fitful* is the progress of his reasoning, so intricate are his movements, so abrupt are some of his digressions, and so impalpable are many of

his notions, that we are not always confident of having understood him ourselves; and even when we have caught his slippery meaning, we despair of holding it long enough to hand it to our readers. We have therefore chosen to give you at once those few outlines of his scheme, which we think we have discerned through the vexatious obscurity of a style, which is unquestionably *suâ generis*; a style which never had a prototype, and we trust will never have a copy.

We can easily tell you what he is not; for never was a divine less solicitous of disguising his sentiments, to conciliate orthodox or heretick. He is not an Athanasian; for scarcely is there a contemptuous epithet, which he does not bestow on those who hold what he calls the traditionary dogma of three persons in one God. He is not an Arian; for, while the subordinate divinity of the Son and Holy Ghost forms an article of his creed, we cannot find that he believes Christ to have existed before his "Bethlehemetical generation," though he maintains the pre-existence of all other human souls. And he is not a Socinian; for, besides his peculiar notion of the person of Christ, which we shall presently attempt to state, he vindicates without difficulty the personality of the Holy Spirit. His scheme coincides, however, in many points with that of the early Polish Socinians, in others with the last conclusions of the excellent but irresolute Watts, and in others with the gross conceptions of an Anthropomorphite.

The unity of the Supreme God,

as one individual person, and the only underived being in the universe, is the primary tenet of his faith. The Father alone is essentially and absolutely God, and to him is all religious homage ultimately due. Though the Son and Spirit are also Gods, yet their divinity, as well as their existence, proceeds from the Father. As each possesses distinct personality, it is impossible they should constitute one individual being. They are therefore one, only as they exercise, each in his proper office, a consentient dominion over the new creation. This Trinity he considers as peculiar to christianity; an administration of the divine government, with which the church only is concerned. The Son of God is Jesus of Nazareth, who had no existence in any state or capacity before his conception in the womb of the virgin. He supposes this to have been a real and proper generation; and if we may be pardoned for copying his language, which sometimes treads on the brink of blasphemy, "the divine nature possesses a power and principle of fecundity," so that, in plain terms, Jesus was born a proper and natural son of God, an infant prince, and heir of deity. The incarnation and humiliation of Christ do not, in his opinion, refer to his birth of the virgin; for as he did not exist before his birth, which was the beginning of his "personal subsistence," there could be no condescension in his being born; thus the generation, conception, and nativity of Jesus, were no more the acts of Jesus, than they are the acts of any other infant, which is ushered into life.

Vol. II. No. 8. Ggg

We confess that we have not been able to comprehend this author's notion of the character of Jesus during his minority, and before his entrance on his publick mission. If we recur to his former remarks on the word nature, we may perhaps understand him when he says, that in Jesus were united from his birth the divine and human natures, without the animal nature of flesh and blood, which man shares in common with the brutes. Still however he grew up with a body, which possessed the form of God, was admitted to heaven, and resided for a time at the court of his Father. This our author calls his "ascensional remove;" and thus supposes with Socinus, that Jesus was personlay in heaven before the commencement of his publick ministry. It was at the beginning of the gospel epoch, when John began to preach, that the word, or Jesus, was with God, and was God.

He was not that God with whom he was, but the only begotten of that God, now arrived to perfection by the progress of nature he was born subject unto. God here is without an article in the Greek, to distinguish him from the Father, and to denote that He was not in *state* God; that is, in a reigning condition, vested with any power of actual government. This is the God afterwards manifest in flesh.—p. 141.

When the fulness of time was come, Jesus consents to leave the presence of his Father, where he enjoyed all the honours, which he possessed by native, hereditary right, empties himself of the form of God, and assumes a body of flesh and blood, which was prepared for him, that he might be

made in all things like unto his brethren, whom he came to save.

The scripture idea of the incarnation is precisely no more than the *sarkosis* becoming flesh of Jesus Christ, at that beginning which succeeded the termination of his generative capacity, and was the commencement of his missive economy. The *sarkosis* means no more than that at the descent of Jesus from heaven, and coming into our world, after emptying himself of the form of God, he assumed an animal body fitted for him, for a little while called flesh, flesh and blood. And thus coming in flesh he was anointed, made God's Messiah by the descent of the Holy Ghost at his baptism by John.

In every state after the person of Jesus was constituted by his Bethlehemical generation and nativity, he remains the same essentially human divine, of two natures in one person. The several states he passes through do not alter his person, but so change his condition, that things rightly predicated of him in one state, are not compatible to him in another state. The becoming incarnate was only for a little while, a temporary thing : the days of his flesh were only during his ministry on earth, and are now over, but his essential divinity and humanity are the same yesterday, to day, and forever. In Isaiah ix. 6. and Philip. ii. 5. 11. we have three states of Jesus Christ mentioned at once ; and in 1st Cor. xv. 28, &c. a fourth.—p. 144.

While he was in flesh he had three natures in one person, the *human* in a true body, the *divine* in sanctity, and the *animal* in flesh and blood ; in neither nature had he any distinct subsistence or separate agency, but was one only intelligent agent. Thus the persons of the regenerate are now constituted. Jesus Christ at his death put off the animal nature, the flesh and blood he had assumed for a little while, and his body by a change of qualities became spiritual and glorious at his resurrection, as the bodies of the saints will be changed like unto his. He was therefore exactly a middle person between God and men, according to the present estate of the sons of men, that God might mani-

fest them. A middle person between God the Father and men, and not between the Trinity and men ; for it is as such a middle person, human divine, that he is the second person in the trinity. It is noticeable that as mediator he is called the *man Christ Jesus*, and he is to be honoured as the Father is and hath all judgment committed to him *because he is, or was the Son of man* : He is the *man* ordained to judge the world. Now in his transactions with God, he is called God, or the Son of God : but when he acts in God's behalf with men, he is called man, or the Son of man. So that in his treating with God he assumes a name expressive of his divinity : But in his treating with men, he assumes the more familiar name of man, or the Son of man. The ground hereof was not his birth of a woman a virgin, as we have before shown, for man had no concurrence therein, but his becoming the second Adam, when he came from heaven in his incarnate state : That ground hath now ceased since his exaltation, and if he is now called man or the Son of man, it is not for what he is, but hath been, and is now more properly like to the *Son of man*. Rev. i. 14.—p. 272.

Jesus is anointed Christ at his baptism, dies, and rises again ; and leaving the body of flesh and blood, ascends to his former hereditary rank, retaining however in one person the divine nature, which he possesses as properly begotten by God, united with the human, which he necessarily receives from Mary. By referring the incarnation to the period of Christ's entrance on his ministry, the author conceives that he avoids many difficulties ; and it must be confessed, that he has thrown light, whether delusive or true we do not determine, on many perplexing texts. If the reader complains of obscurity or absurdity in this account of our author's sentiments, we cannot help it. He speaks for himself in the following passages.

It appears there are two grounds or reasons of the filiation of Jesus Christ to God.

The first is, as Jesus, whereby he is the Son of God by *nature* the only begotten of the Father. The second is, as Christ, whereby he is divine by *state*. The divinity of the nature of Jesus can only be proved by his generation, and the communication of the divine life to him therein. But the divinity of the *state* of Christ is to be proved by his official dignity. Thus Christ proves his divinity of state from his being sanctified, and sent into the world. John x. 36. Mr. Emlin and others who deny the divine nature of the Son, say he was only an official God, as magistrates are. It is allowed divinity of nature is not asserted here in John x. 36, however it may be supposed. As Christ he is God by office, but as Jesus he is God by nature, and it is impossible he should be otherwise as a Son of a divine Father. Even in the forecited John v. 30, and 38, his divinity of nature is also intimated, "I and my father are one," and "the Father is in me and I in him." Sanctity is divinity of nature, or life: and is only the vital substance, of the intelligent agent made partaker of it: the communication of it to Angels or the regenerate neither makes them all powerful nor all knowing. A nature is no intellect or intellectualist, but the substance of one, and therefore knows nothing of itself. Is it a valid proof that a man hath not the human nature because he knows not so much as Newton, or cannot reason like a Locke, or write a poem like Milton, or move a weight equal to Sampson or Archimedes? Just as well Jesus may be denied to be divine by nature when in the manger, because he was not that mighty God and great God our Saviour he came to be when the government was upon his shoulder. Let them prove that the only Begotten of the divine Father can be by nature of a different species from the Genitor, and it will be to some purpose. It makes nothing when the Son begins his personal existence; his life from the time of its being given, must be divine and eternal because the Father's is so.—p. 157.

Another inferential observation may

pertinently be made, viz. That *divinity of nature alone* is no ground of religious worship, but divinity of state grounded on and added to divinity of nature is. It is only in his official character Christ is worshipped. Every man possesses the human nature equally with a king, and yet that nature is no object of civil worship, but only the person of him who is in state king. While Jesus was God's holy child and heir, he was truly divine by nature, but direct acts of divine worship were not then paid to him.

The worship of the wise man was *civil* according to the eastern mode; it was paid to the born king of the Jews, but it does not appear that they viewed him as divine. The worship ordered to be given him is because of his being the son of man, and having all judgment committed to him.—p. 159.

Should any object that we are to worship God only, and therefore if the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, were not in conjunction one God, it would be idolatry to worship the Son. The answer is easy, the worship paid the Son is not *supreme* though it is *divine*, but is such as the divine Father orders to be paid to the divine Son, to His own glory. Phil. ii. 2. The intelligent christian who knows the only true God, and Him whom he hath sent, worships each according to their personal idea and state, and for their personal works, and doth not confound the *sender*, and the *sent*, and the whole of the worship of Jesus Christ redounds to the glory of the Father, the fountain of all divinity of nature and state.

It is Jesus Christ as exalted, that is the mediatorial creator of all things, as shall be shewn in its place, which determines the nature and time of his creation. That it is spiritual and heavenly, not natural, earthly, or material, and that it did not take place till at or after his resurrection, the beginning of his exaltation.

Jesus Christ in his exaltation is the second person in the christian trinity, which is the triune administration of the kingdom of God.

An eternal Son, and an eternal Trinity, are mere scholasticisms, human inventions, and groundless traditions.

There was no Trinity before the re-

urrection of Christ, and there will be none after he hath delivered up the kingdom of the Father, and God shall be all in all. Now the government is that of the Father, of whom are all things, and of the Son, by whom are all things, and of the same Spirit, through whom are all things.

We would now state the author's notion of the Holy Spirit ; but lest we should misrepresent it, we prefer quoting the following definition, which, though enlarged upon in several chapters, is scarcely rendered more intelligible.

The third Person in the christian Trinity is the *Holy Ghost*.

He hath been proved to be a personal agent, and not a mere virtue or energy : divine and not a creature : an eternal undivided essentiality of the one God, and not caused by any productive procession, or spiration. Officially the inspiration agent in the kingdom of God, and a peculiar kind of person, sustaining no politick relation to God, Christ, Angels, the Church, or individual Saints. His divinity of *nature* appears from his sanctity, for sanctity is divinity : and his divinity of *state* is evident from his junction with the Father and the Son in the divine sovereignty. The essence and power of the Holy Ghost, like that of the Son's is not another divided from the Father's, but *his* communicated, manifested, and exercised in a certain way and manner peculiar to the Holy Spirit, to the Father's glory, the source and fountain of all divinity of state and nature. The honour therefore due to each, must be divine according to their personal characters, and works : and the reason of this worship cannot be the same in each person, but differs as " of whom are all things, by whom are all things, through whom are all things," differ. The intelligent worshipper will not confound these distinctions, misplace them, nor unite them as mere denominations in one Agent, Being, or God.—p. 202.

The subjects of the remaining chapters are, *Regeneration*,... *A tes-*

tament-covenant and law,... *Christianity a new creation of God by Christ*,... *Justification and Salvation*.

In these chapters there is nothing remarkably just, nor remarkably odd. The opinions of the author are uniformly anticalvinistick, and he seems unwilling that any one should write metaphysically on subjects of theology, but himself. He asserts positively the freedom of the will, and denies positively the doctrines of imputed righteousness, personal election, and necessary perseverance. Part of one chapter is devoted to the subject of universal restitution.....

" The mediatorial kingdom of Christ will not cease, till it has drawn into its vortex all rationals of God's creation ; as they all issued from the Father of spirits, and the fountain of sanctity, so they will all be brought home in him.—The present reign of Christ is for the subduing of every opposing power, Jews, Romans, Turks, *Kings*, and Infidels, *sin*, *death*, and the devil." p. 168..... The concluding chapter on Justification contains many valuable remarks, and some continuous reasoning ; as to the efficacy however of Christ's death little is said, and this little is so unsatisfactory, that we have been entirely unable to penetrate the sentiments of the writer.

The peroration, as it may be called, we here subjoin, because it contains more of truth, nature, intelligible sentiment, and intelligible language, than any other paragraph in the book.

The theoretick explanation of the Science of Sanctity is now finished. One practical observation may be subjoined that the gospel contains a perfect rule

of life and righteousness : grants no liberty to sin, and affords or offers to all sufficient assistance to enable them to comply with the terms therein proposed.

Among all the rejecters of the gospel doctrines, few have condemned its morality : but most have spoken highly of it, as containing the best directory or rule of life, for the regulation of temper, conversation, and conduct, towards God, man, and ourselves, that is any where to be found, in whatever station and relation of life we may be placed.

The royal law of God as written upon the hearts of men, published by Moses and explained by the Prophets, containing the love of God and of our neighbours ; and the doing to others as we would that they should do unto us, contains a most excellent system of piety, righteousness, sobriety, and charity. As Christ saith he came to *fulfil the law*, so one sense in which he doth this is by extending and enlarging it. In his sermon on the mount, and in his other discourses, he adds some things to the law. Christianity contains new causes, degrees, measures, objects, and motives of duty to angels and men. In the gospel we have the clearest notices of righteousness and true holiness, the greatest and most precious promises to make us partakers of the divine nature, and to animate us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. The grace of God which hath appeared to all men bringing salvation, teaches that denying, &c.

One thing more might be added, viz. that with the gospel proposal of salvation sufficient grace and assistance are offered to men to enable them to comply with the terms of it. The christian religion is adapted to the present state of man in the world, and considers him as what he is, and not what some have supposed him to be. It doth not require him to act from principles which he is not possessed of, in order to obtain what he wants. Men could not receive the grace of God in vain, if it was not given : nor reject the counsel of God against themselves by a non-compliance with the means of salvation, if there was no counsel of God that they should use them, and that with such use as they can make, they will by

his grace prove effectual to the desired end. The helps the gospel affords or offers are various, consisting in God's preventing grace, in the drawings of the Father, in the free supernal influence of the spirit, in the power of prayer, in the unction of the holy one Christ Jesus, who is a magazine of grace, and of his fulness we may receive a supply of all our needs, in the prevalence of his intercession, in his divine example, in the gospel ministry, in the holy sacraments, in the communion of saints, and in the ministry of angels : all which serve to begin or carry on a good work in men, and by which God works in men, to will and to do of his good pleasure. Men cannot be neglecters of a salvation not offered them so as they might receive it.

Since the whole design of the religion of God is to restore men to holiness and happiness, it hath been our aim in this theory to promote this end. The better the theoretick part is understood by men, the more likely it will be to have a practical influence on their hearts and lives. Consistency is what the human mind delights in : the divine plan is perfect self consistency, and the clearer our view of it is, the more readily shall we acquiesce in it. Whether we have contributed any thing towards giving such a view of the ways of God to man, the reader is left to judge for himself. If any, by what hath been written, be engaged to acquire a habit of thinking upon subjects not much attended to, and the holy scriptures recover their due esteem and place, from which they have long been excluded by tradition and the undeserved veneration entertained for the supposed authority of fallible men : and the searches of the sincere be directed, their faith increased, and their lives bettered, the author will not think his labour lost :—For any good effected by this well meant, little encouraged, and much opposed publication, may the one God of grace, through the one Lord Jesus Christ, by the same Holy Spirit have all the praise.

p. 366.

Never did we read a work, of which we found it so difficult to give an account, as of this " theoretick explanation of the science

of sanctity." Twenty times have we sitten down to this review, and twenty times have we risen again, repulsed by the absolute barbarity of the style, and shocked by the absurdity of some of the sentiments. Still the occasional good sense and ingenuity, the uniform independence of mind, and honesty of intention, which discover themselves, together with the theological learning of the author, which, however indigested, is, we are confident, rare in New-England, seemed to solicit attention and respect, though they could not command unmingled approbation. We have pointed out no particular defects of style or of reasoning; for to write them all would require not only a pen of brass, but adamantine patience, the χαλκίον πτερόν of Homer. Scattered throughout the work are several critical remarks, some of which are plausible. Texts of scripture are frequently placed in a new light, and many obstinate passages are either warped or straightened, till they are accommodated to the author's system. Upon the whole, though we have been often vexed and wearied in the perusal, we take our leave of Mr. Fessenden's book in perfect good humour. Much of what we have understood we have approved, and are therefore willing to believe, that what we have not understood is equally excellent. We have only to regret, that before this work was committed to the press, it had not been subjected to the rigorous criticism of some sensible friend, sufficiently indoctrinated in the author's system, who might have suggested many hints for its better arrange-

ment, many alterations for its greater perspicuity; who might have purged it of "colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations," and out of the present indescribable medley of notions have presented the leading features of a system, which, while it would have attracted all by its novelty, would have been peculiarly interesting to the theologian, as the unassisted result of a retired clergyman's speculations. Then it might have been read through with an avidity, which, in its present form, the first page will destroy, and received with a degree of commendation, which we are confident few will now have the patience to qualify themselves to give.

ART. 57.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in commemoration of American independence. By Warren Dutton. Boston. Newell.

THOUGH there is no country so fruitful in orations as our own, yet are our orators widely distant from perfection in this species of composition. Unnatural thoughts, extravagant metaphors, and violent exclamations, conveyed in a style inflated and incorrect, are the rhetorical flowers, with which these patriotick effusions are commonly decorated.

Mr. Dutton has carefully avoided these faults, and produced a composition of considerable merit. The sentiments are manly and just, and the style terse and correct. But though a performance of excellent sense, it bears little

resemblance to an oration, as the audience are in no instance directly address. The occasional interspersions of 'Fellow citizens,' like the '*Cives & Judices*' of Cicero, the '*Arctos Athinai*' of Demosthenes, or the '*Mr. Speaker*' of modern senators, would have removed this defect, and given it a less equivocal title to what it claims to be. In its present form it must be considered as a sensible treatise, containing important political truths, to which all men of sense will readily assent. It possesses also a negative merit of no small magnitude, as it is entirely free from those silly invectives against monarchies, and those no less silly panegyrics on republics, in which the unfledged productions of our oratorical striplings abound. We fought for the rights of Englishmen under a limited monarchy, from the enjoyment of which an infatuated ministry attempted to exclude us. We never fought for a republic, into which we were forced by the injudicious obstinacy of our opponents. Thus our form of government was the result of necessity, and not the offspring of choice.

For modes of government let fools contest,
That, which is best administered, is best.
POPE.

We shall transcribe the conclusion of the production, that the reader may form an opinion of the author's style and manner.

Such representations are not made in the spirit of despondency, which says that nothing can be done; nor in that of over-cautious prudence, which says that nothing ought to be done; but in the persuasion, that the evils, which threaten the existence of our excellent institutions, are altogether of the popu-

lar kind, that they ought to be understood, and can be resisted. Those who will still borrow confidence from their hopes, and believe nothing which requires exertion, must continue in their slumbers, till exertions are useless. They will perceive the mischief when it has happened, and excuse their indolence, by expressions of idle amazement. The timid and the wary, who fear to act, lest they should be acted upon, who hope to obtain favour for their neutrality will find that the evils of anarchy will fall indiscriminately, like the tornado which tears the oak of an hundred years from its foundations, and despoils the humblest flower of a day.

The present time demands all the talents the virtues and influence of men, who are engaged from principle and interest to support our truly Republican system of State Government. Popular errors should be exposed and misrepresentations corrected, with the same perseverance with which they are made, till truth becomes powerful, and being widely diffused.

Those, who administer our government have nothing to fear from the truth for it is their friend; and as to the charge of non-conformity, the only one which has been brought against them, we consider it their highest praise, and are still impelled by all our hopes, and by all our fears, to confer honour where honour is due.

It is confidently trusted, that there is a redeeming spirit yet to arise from the sober sense and sound principles of New-England. The tyranny of democracy, though it wears a thousand disguises, will be laid bare to the eye before it is too late to resist; and call into action all the energies, which resisted it in another shape is the memorable year of seventy-five. Then it was seen in the gigantic form of undisguised power; now it approaches with smiles, in the light drapery of fancy, suiting its forms and hues, to the endless varieties of human passions.

As an important member of the Union, we ought never to forget, that we must preserve the best system of Government in the world, or submit to one of the worst. Those, who feel an interest in its preservation, united in sentiment, and acting in concert, should

cling even to the last falling pillar of the Constitution. But we trust that extremes may yet be prevented. Time will be our friend ; it will heal the breaches already made, and embody with facts, which all can feel and understand, the principles of a government, necessarily metaphysical. Enough of the work of WASHINGTON and ADAMS will remain to direct us in repairing the shattered structure, and enable us to leave it to those who may come after, established in beauty and order.

ART. 58.

A Discourse, delivered at the ordination of the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, to the pastoral charge of the church in Brattle-Street, Boston. By Joseph Buckminster, D.D. pastor of the N. church, Portsmouth. Boston. Young & Minns, 1805. pp. 37. Text, Titus ii. 15. LET NO MAN DESPISE THEE.

In this discourse, the review of which has been accidentally delayed, the author enforces the exhortation of the apostle in the text by the following considerations : 1. That the christian ministry is of divine appointment.

It is an important branch of the glorious plan of grace, concerted in the councils of heaven, for counteracting the designs of Satan, and recovering sinners from the degradations of the apostasy to glory, honour, and immortality.

2. That the office possesses great dignity, and is important in its design, christian ministers being styled by

The Holy Ghost pastors and teachers—bishops, presbyters, and overseers—rulers over God's household, &c.

3. That it is the principal instrument in the conversion of men.

I dare not say that men have not been brought to that knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ, which is life eternal, where a gospel ministry was either neglected or not enjoyed ; but, it is presumed, the instances are very rare, in which persons have obtained a rational and comfortable persuasion of their title to heaven and happiness, and have supported that persuasion by a life of uniform piety and righteousness, who have not found themselves greatly indebted to this gracious institution.—p. 12.

“ But dignity of station,” the author justly observes, “ does not make the man ; nor will elevation of office, weight of responsibility, nor sacredness of character secure from contempt, where corresponding qualifications, and a congenial spirit and deportment are wanting.” He proceeds therefore to point out several qualifications, which the christian minister ought to possess. “ He should be a man of knowledge, pious and virtuous, and opposed to the two extremes of infidelity and fanaticism. In preparing for the publick duties of his office he should be diligent ; and attentive to his language and address both in praying and preaching. But he should not direct his principal attention to the science of words and the beauties of style, lest he leave his discourses empty of sentiment, and destitute of solid doctrinal, practical, and experimental instruction. He should not conform to human creeds his principles of religion, nor attempt to support them by the arts of philosophy, the abuse of reason, or the subtleties of metaphysics. He should not studiously reject the language of scripture, nor fritter down its sublime and mysterious doctrines. As a ruler over

God's household, he should combine candour with courage, piety with prudence, and an impressive sense of the authority of God with compassion to men. In the walks of common life he should preserve his dignity. Like Moses he should descend with a commanding lustre upon him, and throw the light of his doctrines, and the force of his persuasion into his temper, spirit, and deportment. To pursuits foreign to his profession he should not devote a large share of his time and attention. Still less should scenes of amusement, the pleasures of the palate, or the parade of life, have power to divert him from the call of professional duty, or render him inattentive to the slightest whisper of distress from the chambers of sickness, or the abodes of sorrow. Whilst he is a zealot in nothing, except the honour of his Master and the salvation of sinners, he ought to be neither afraid nor ashamed to avow the opinion which he has formed. In fine, he should be guileless, charitable, faithful, firm, fervent, pure, holy, meek, and gentle."

The discourse is closed with the customary addresses. The first, to his son, is tender; the second, to the church, is respectful; and both are interesting. We are sorry that our limits do not permit us to select several passages which have gratified us on the perusal. Dr. B. appears from his performance a man of piety and sincerity. His manner is warm and affectionate; and he has studiously formed his style on that of the sacred scriptures, in

his allusions to which he is sometimes remarkably happy.

To the Discourse is annexed the Charge, which contains the good advice usually given on such occasions, and expressed in the usual style.

The Right Hand of Fellowship, by Mr. Emerson, is a neat, comprehensive, and judicious performance. There is no part in an ordination, which, in our opinion, is so difficult of execution as this. The person, to whom it is assigned, must avoid trespassing on the province of the preacher; nor must he, as is too often done, deliver a second charge. It is not expected of him to explain doctrines and inculcate precepts; to point out the qualifications, which are necessary to a clergyman, and with authority to exhort him to fulfil the duties of his ministry; but simply to express his brotherly affection to the church and their newly elected pastor. He cannot give advice, except indirectly; and he cannot with delicacy bestow compliments, though they may be due, because the objects of them are present. With such a want of materials, he, who gives the fellowship of the churches, is frequently compelled to exhaust the portion of time allotted to him in a tedious, impertinent introduction, or a verbose and unmeaning conclusion. Mr. E., we think, has successfully extricated himself from these embarrassments, and his performance contains nothing which is superfluous or improper.

In addressing the brethren of the church, an opportunity is afforded him of briefly characterizing their deceased pastors.

With the transactions of the present hour you naturally associate the events of other years. You call to mind the history of your society, which has existed more than a century. With gratitude to Providence, you reflect upon its flourishing state under the care of a Coleman, venerable for his piety and learning; of a Cooper, eminently useful and beloved; of his son and successor, whose talents, literature, patriotism, and urbanity, rendered him not only the boast of the church, but an ornament to his country; and of the late eloquent and beneficent Thacher, whose charming accents still vibrate in our ears, and whose memory will never be erased from our hearts.—p. 35.

This is high praise; but it is below the truth.—The character of Dr. Coleman has often been described to us by an aged friend. He was a man as amiable for his candour and humility, as he was venerable for his piety and learning. Though he laboured incessantly to correct and polish his discourses, yet after all his pains he entertained a low opinion of them, and esteemed them far inferior to those of many of his brethren. To young clergymen he was attentive and indulgent; and he took pleasure in displaying their abilities, and in bestowing on them the praise, to which they were entitled. His charming pulpit talents and the elegance of his manners rendered him the delight and the pride of his congregation.—His colleague was a character of a sublimer order. The sermons of Dr. Coleman were applauded by all who heard them; but no man ever thought of applauding the sermons of Mr. Cooper. For he had gained that height of perfection, which few preachers seem to have the inclination or the power of attaining,

the happiness of keeping himself entirely out of sight. He did not for a moment divert the attention of his hearer to the graces of his manner, or the ornaments of his style, but fixed it deeply on his subject. A preacher of terrour, terrour was introduced by him, not for the sake of *pulpit* effect, but because he felt that it was his duty to alarm the conscience of the sinner. Hence it was, that after the performances of Dr. Coleman, the hearers retired from church with erect countenances and voluble tongues, with a smile of satisfaction for the entertainment which they had enjoyed, and with warm encomiums on the talents of their admired pastor. But when Mr. Cooper had preached, they withdrew, hanging their heads, serious, and silent.—His son, the classick, the refined, the all-accomplished Dr. Cooper, we have seen; and we do not expect to see his like again.—We also knew his worthy successor; nor can we forbear to lament his death, whilst we recollect the unblemished integrity, which accompanied him in every situation of life.—These four preachers were all distinguished by their eloquence. It does not often happen, that a church is favoured, during so long a period of time, with pastors of such eminent abilities. We regret that the plan of Mr. E. did not permit him to enter more fully into their characters, as he will probably never again be indulged with an opportunity of bestowing his encomiums with equal justice. For in a succession of ministers, governours, or any other description of persons, of whom it is ex-

pected that notice should be taken, four or five men of talents or virtue are commonly associated with one or two insignificant or worthless individuals. But if any are praised, all must be praised. For who would willingly give offence to surviving friends by censure, or even by silence? and what heart is so bold, as to dare to call from the tomb frailties, which ought to be buried in oblivion?

ART. 59.

An Oration, pronounced at Northampton, July 4, 1805, the 29th anniversary of American independence, at the request of the committee of arrangement. By Isaac C. Bates. Northampton, Pomroy. pp. 32.

An Oration, delivered on the 4th of July, 1805, at the North meetinghouse in Salem, Mass. By Ichabod Nichols, ter. Salem, J. Cushing. pp. 24.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the federal republicans of Charlestown, at the anniversary of American independence. By Aaron Hill Putnam. Charlestown, Etheridge. pp. 18.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the Charlestown light infantry company, before the republican citizens of Charlestown. By Benjamin Gleason, A. M. Boston.

An Oration, pronounced at Worcester on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Daniel Waldo Lincoln, A. B. Worcester. Ægis press.

THE dispute between Great Britain and her colonies, which

was closed by the peace of 1783, may be justly considered as one of the most important events of the last century. A mob of French, English, Dutch, German, Italian, and American authors have attempted to trace its origin, to delineate its principles, and to detail the events of the war which succeeded; yet we flatter ourselves, that we shall not be singular in the opinion, that few subjects have been less understood, or more grossly misrepresented. The French writers have been singularly unfortunate and extravagant in their compositions on the American revolution. In consequence of the treaty of alliance between France and the American States Frenchmen displayed an uncommon interest in our contest with England, and discovered no small degree of anxiety to be acquainted with its history. All who could write were eager to treat on a subject which excited so much interest, and each, in fear of being anticipated, published his production before it was possible to have acquired correct information from this country, or even to have collected that, which might otherwise have been procured in Europe. Many of their histories are therefore no better than romances, and a man may acquire as much correct information from Homer's Iliad, as from their productions on the American revolution. Call General Washington Achilles, and Lord Cornwallis Hector, and, as has been correctly observed, you would have little doubt, that you were reading the history of the Trojan war. The American revolution, thus badly

detailed as to its events by historians, and worse misrepresented as to its principles by many of the July orators, resembles no more the revolution, which our heroes and statesmen magnanimously achieved, than the mangled phantom*, which Æneas met in his descent to Avernus, resembled the faultless figure of Deiphobus, when rioting on the charms of his fair Helen.

....

The oration by Mr. Bates is unquestionably written by a man of respectable talents. He defends with much ingenuity, and with the zeal of an honest man, the federal constitution, and the measures of an administration, which, as has been acknowledged by one of its most insidious and inveterate enemies in an inaugural speech, has brought this country to the height of political experiment. The style of this performance, though often nervous and animated, is neither elegant nor correct; and we are inclined to believe, that the author, had he given himself more time, might have comprised in a much smaller compass what he has now extended to thirty pages. In the 6th page, "The ashes of the dead are *unraked* with deliberate coolness to glut the rage of envy," &c. We apprehend the author has mistaken the meaning of the word *unraked*. Johnson defines

* *Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora manisque ambas, populataque tempora
raptis*

*Auribus, & truncas in banesto vulnere naves,
Plæ adeo adgnosuit pavitantem, et dira
legentem*

Supplicia

ÆN. VI. 494.

unraked "not thrown together and covered." The ashes of the dead are *raked open*, &c. would have conveyed the author's meaning in correct language. *Truer*, in the 14th page, is an expression, which the philosophy of language does not admit. In universal grammar *true* is one of those adjectives which exclude comparison. Notwithstanding the errors of this oration, we are not insensible to its many beauties, and cannot but regret, that the limits of this publication prevent our making many extracts. Alluding to the want of energy in the present administration in regard to our countrymen in Tripoli, "whitening and fading in the solitary cells of darkness and disease," our author exclaims :

There was a time, my countrymen, when the voice of Greece rocked the battlements of Troy, and shook the throne of Priam, to redeem an individual. But that was an age of magnanimity; heroes ruled, and cowards played with children.

Speaking of the pusillanimous conduct of the administration as it respects foreign nations, Mr. Bates observes,

With a fawning submission, we crawl to the footstool of nations, and intreat as a favour what we might have demanded as a right. In France, we curse and slander the enemies of the Great Republic; we applaud and caress the tyrant; we outstrip the obsequious multitudes that surround him, and receive a *smell* bow for our adoration. When tutored for our conduct, by the rod of England, we beg her pardon, and promise to reform.

In his peroration our orator enforces, with much warmth, and

earnestness, serious truths, which Americans would do well to consider and lay to heart.

Though the course we ought to follow be clear as the sun, we have no reason to expect that prejudice will yield, or that truth will triumph.

There is a strange fatality attending man. Should an *Angel from Heaven* preach to a congregation on the great principles of morality and a judgment to come, each individual would believe himself excepted. Though we have the testimony of all history without a single exception or contradiction, and the evidence of our own experience, that anarchy alone is the door which can open tyranny to our view, yet we *will not* believe it. But the judgment will come; and if we refuse to listen to the warning voice that whispers from the ruins of our predecessors, the period is on the wing, rapid as the flight of time and certain as the shaft of fate, when it will be forever too late; when our liberty will be gone and with it all that can cheer, can animate, or console. Some future traveller may sit, like the son of Hilkiah on the ruins, and apostrophise the desolation that surrounds him. Here once was the seat of a great empire. Under the smiles of Heaven and of freedom, she was virtuous and happy. But parties arose, freedom fled, and now she is left desolate. "How doth the city mourn that was full of people. All her friends have dealt treacherously with her." The sound of the lute is no more heard in her cottage; innocence no more sports upon her mountains; but the streams murmur to the silence of the forest; and the blasts of the evening sigh through the wide and melancholy waste.

The oration by Mr. Nichols we understand was hasty. Some of his positions seem therefore to have been carelessly examined. His reasonings are of consequence not always conclusive, and though on the whole the performance may be pronounced tolerably judicious and spirited, it will proba-

bly share the fate of the ephemeral productions of the season.

....
The oration by Mr. Putnam displays judgment and ingenuity. Allusions to English history have by this time become trite, but his are so just and apposite, they please without being new.

....
The oration by Mr. Gleason, to borrow the beauties of its author, "is a standing monument of impoverished ostentation and pre-eminent insignificance." Residing in the neighbourhood of a geographer, our orator appears to have taken the *geographical disease* the natural way, for it breaks out in the forehead of this performance with the names of more countries than are contained in the American Gazetteer. We enumerated twenty on the face of a single page, but the complaint growing confluent as we advanced, a further lustration was postponed for future leisure. In fact, the performance is altogether so singular in its structure, that one is puzzled how to take hold of it. "It is not o'the earth, and yet is on't." Our society wished it to slip through their fingers for a bad job, but it is so exquisite a recipe for the vapours, that it would be siding with the faculty not "to give you a taste of its quality."

See!—your brave countrymen throwing up entrenchments, on *Bunker's Hill*! The enemy advancing, with the progress of the Sun,—*all is lost*!—No!—livid Death rushes down their ranks dreadful and tremendous.—*They retreat*! our Countrymen victorious!—No! They rally!—They return!—Again all is confusion, shrieks and shouts:—again bravely repulsed:—*They retreat*:—Victory!—No!—wrought up to a de-

gree of desperation—great in numbers,—pomp and power, they furiously put forward !—O ! God—temper, with mercy, the preponderating scale of war !—Spare—Spare our brethren. WARREN falls !—*Relief—ammunition fail !* Convulsed, our countrymen make the last struggle !—*Charlestown in flames !* Howe yet trembles in dubious contest. I see the interest felt universal, all round the hemisphere of vision.—The enemy have reared the standard of victory ; but in exaltation, triumph the Americans !—Those take possession of the *Hill* ;—but our WARREN, our *Countrymen* of immortal glory !—

“ See ! ” (Mr. Gleason appears to see more than any man) “ a gathering storm appears at Leechmore’s point,—eight hundred troops have landed ! ” This interesting climax is not, we are sorry to say it, perfectly original.

*“ See red hot stones from burning
Ætna’s toft,
Roll down the hill amain, hof, hof,
hof, hof, hof ! ”*

...

Mr. Lincoln’s. Though juvenile performances may claim indulgence, by withholding the rod we may injure the child. The severity of criticism is a vulgar complaint, for more capacities are ruined by the palliatives of praise, than by the asperities of censure. At least, in the present instance, whatever may be thought of the influence of either, no mischief can be apprehended from the application of the latter. The object of our strictures, if character is developed in composition, is too much elevated with his own consequence to be hurt by the reflections of another. Mr. Lincoln, mistaking acrimony for wit, and confounding finery with ornament, appears desperately bu-

sied after sublimity and point. But, as we are all liable to misconstrue inclination into capacity, the gentleman will acquit us of the charge of ill-nature, though we should consider him as peculiarly unfortunate in his declamatory endeavours. There are some trees more remarkable for their foliage than for their fruit, and we may be supposed, during the reading of this oration, to have been dozing in the shade, without a single excitement from the fall of an apple. Mr. L. after the rough *unseamment* of old wounds, by recounting revolutionary cruelties, and after raking together a promiscuous handful of last year’s political sarcasms, very modestly supposes the business of celebration accomplished. Nothing further follows but a wearisome continuance of former declamation, The same wave, attended with the same froth and the same roar, is continually unbosoming itself. Though such stuff of the imagination might answer to decorate the pages of the *Ægis*, Mr. L. should recollect, that something more is expected from a gentleman and a scholar.

NOTICE

Of the American editions of the Classics, from the press of William Poyntell & Co. Philadelphia.

THESE publications we announced in a recent number of the *Anthology*, and have since formed our opinion of their merit from an inspection of the editions of Virgil and Sallust.

The editors have chosen for their model the editions in usum

Delphin, and, with the exception of the indices at the close, these publications have all their merit and defects. The origin of the Dauphin Classicks is not perhaps generally known, we will therefore extract an account of them from the Huetiana, quoted in the Bibliog. Dict. They were completed for the Dauphin of France, under the direction of Huet, Bishop of Avranches. Forty scholars were employed, but, as they were necessarily of unequal talents and learning, the original design was imperfectly executed. The best edited works in the collection are Pliny by Hardouin; Cicero's orations by Merouille; Livy by Doujat; Virgil by La Roue, and Curtius by Le Tellier.

These editions we believe have been in popular use, and some of them have passed through a vast number of impressions; but always accompanied with the indices. These indeed are of so much value to every scholar, unless he possess the boundless memory of Scaliger and Wakefield, that we are disposed to think the omission of them a serious defect. We understand, however, that the editors have in contemplation to publish a separate volume containing the indices to all the classicks which they give forth. If this be true, and they can procure a scholar of sufficient erudition and sufficient patience to condense and unite them all, so as to give at one view the author-

ities for every word, our censure will be converted into praise, and we think the design will even receive the approbation of the learned in Europe.

Though we cannot forbear to wish that the text had been taken from some more recent and better collated editions,* our only very valid objection is to the retention of the marginal interpretations. Nothing has contributed more to the retardation of boys in the knowledge of the construction and idiotisms of the language than these injudicious auxiliaries. One proof is sufficient...the fact that a boy, who with their assistance can translate Virgil with considerable facility, will yet find embarrassment from the pure and natural phrases of Cæsar. This objection, however, applies with equal force to the English and French editions of the Dauphin Classicks; the American editions are therefore in this respect on an equality, & we think incomparably superiour to them in the beauty of the type, and the general neatness of the page. In correctness also, as far as we have examined, we think it claims a preference, particularly to the *late* London editions, some of which have been shamefully neglected.

* Of Virgil, for instance, by Hunter, the basis of whose edition is Heyne's; and which Heyne himself, the first Latin scholar in Europe, has pronounced to be the best *text edition* extant; of Horace by Gesner; of Sallust by Cortius, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

Gentlemen,

WITH the *politeness*, with which *some* of your number are accustomed to treat their correspondents, who happen to differ from them,

SALVIAN, in your last number (p. 22.) notices a mistake of mine in quoting, in my reply to the Reviewers, from a MS. sermon, which I supposed to have been written by *Professor Wigglesworth*, but which, it since appears, was written by another gentleman of the same name. The mistake arose from this circumstance : the sermon, which agreeably to the requisition of the Founder of the Dudleian Lecture, was copied by the Author ; and deposited in the Archives of the College, was inscribed, " Mr. Wigglesworth's sermon at the annual Dudleian Lecture," &c. It was naturally supposed, that the modesty of the Author might induce him thus to inscribe it without his christian name, or his titles. Not knowing that there was any other clergyman of his name living at that time, and having understood that Professor Wigglesworth preached the Dudleian Lecture about this period, it was naturally concluded that this was his sermon, and it was quoted accordingly. The amiable and venerable clergyman of Newburyport, who detected the error (having been a member of College at the time, and present at the Lecture) in a conversation, I recently had with him on the subject, candidly imputed the error to its true cause, and considered it a very natural and innocent mistake. Had *Salvian*, possessed a small portion of the candour of the worthy gentleman from whom he received information of the mistake, his note would have exhibited a very different temper and complexion. After the foregoing statement of facts he is at liberty to make the most of what he is pleased to call an " egregious blunder." But, as the extracts alluded to, were made only in defence of a point, which the Reviewers themselves consider to be not essential to the main argument, it is presumed the same gentleman will not imagine the argument affected by the mistake, nor allow it more than " the weight of a straw in balancing the merits of the main question," viz. Are the Electors bound by the Statutes of the Founder, to choose a Professor, *sound and orthodox*, in Mr. Hollis's sense of these terms ?

In consequence of the repeated reference to Dr. Wigglesworth's MS. annexed by his son to his printed Lectures on the doctrine of Reprobation, I have sought, obtained, and read it ; and I will add, with uncommon satisfaction. I find in it nothing contradictory to the sentiments expressed in the Extracts above referred to ; nothing that in any degree indicates a departure from those *sound and orthodox principles* required by Mr. Hollis in his Professor. It is a candid, able, and lucid illustration and defence of that *middle ground*, which lies between Arminians and Supralapsarian Calvinists. The venerable Professor, with uncommon strength of reasoning, and exemplary candour, maintains mild, rational, and scriptural views of the much controverted doctrine of which he treats ; such I conceive, as would meet the cordial approbation of the great body of evangelical christians at the present day. And, as you have brought this MS. into view, in a manner calculated to excite a strong desire in many of your readers to peruse it, and especially, as the author himself, at the

close of his life, "at several times expressed his desire, that it might be made publick,"* I hope, gentlemen, you will recommend its speedy publication, in which you shall assuredly receive the prompt and cordial aid of
Your humble servant, J. MORSE.

July 23. 1805.

* See MS. Remarks of the late Dr. Wigglesworth, prefixed to the MS. of his Father.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR AUGUST, 1805.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocritas, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

NEW WORKS.

An abridgement of the history of New-England, for the use of young persons. By Hannah Adams. Printed for the author, and for sale by B. & J. Romans, and John West.

The Berean, or an appeal to the scriptures on questions of utmost importance to the human race. Boston, Munroe & Francis. 12mo. pp. 228.

A sermon delivered at the funeral of the Rev. Timothy Fuller, of Merri-mack, formerly pastor of Princeton, Mass. July 4, 1805. By Humphrey Moore, pastor of the church in Milford. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A discourse on the decease of Mrs. Martha Russell, who died at Burlington, January 28, interred on the 26, 1805, after a mental derangement during the seven preceding years, aged 50, the consort of David Russell, Esq. By Daniel C. Sanders, A. M. President of the University of Vermont, in Burlington. Bennington, Haswell & Smead. 8vo. pp. 24.

A sermon, delivered at Walpole, N. H. March 10, 1805, being the Lord's day next following the ordination of the author. By Pliny Dickenson, A. M. junior pastor of the church and society in said town. Walpole, Thomas & Thomas. Price 12½ cents.

An oration, pronounced before the inhabitants of Portland, on the 4th of July, 1805, in commemoration of American independence. By James D. Hopkins. Portland. pp. 25.

An oration, pronounced before the republican citizens of Portland, on the 4th of July, 1805, being the anniversary of American independence. By the

Rev. Joshua Taylor. Portland, Nathl. Willis, jun. 8vo. pp. 12.

An oration, pronounced at the request of the republican citizens of Falmouth, on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Rev. Joab Young. Portland, Willis, jun. 8vo.

"The union of all honest men." An oration, delivered at Rowley, West parish, July 4th, 1805. By Isaac Braman, A. M. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, pp. 20.

The first number of the Literary Miscellany, second volume. Cambridge, Hilliard.

The Monthly Register and Review of the United States, No. 2, being for the month of February, 1805. Charleston, S. C. Courier Office.

The Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, No. 2 of 3d Volume, for July, 1805. Boston, E. Lincoln. pp. 40.

NEW EDITIONS.

Volume 4th of a new and complete Encyclopædia, or universal dictionary of arts and sciences, on an improved plan, in which all the respective sciences are arranged into complete systems, and the arts digested into distinct treatises; also the detached parts of knowledge alphabetically arranged and copiously explained according to the best authorities. New York, John Lowe. Quarto. Price 5,00 per vol.

IN THE PRESS.

A small volume of Poems by John Marriot, of the Society of Friends, including a short account of the author, and extracts from some of his letters. This work will be copied from an edition lately published in England, and

will be neatly printed on writing paper. New Bedford, Abraham Shearman, jun.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of Connecticut. Part 1. Containing twenty three Cases, decided

at the term of said court at New Haven; June 1805. By Thomas Day, counsellor at law. To be published in the same manner, as to type and paper, with the London edition of East's Reports, and afforded to subscribers at the rate of one cent per page.

INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from Charleston, S. C. June 8, 1805:—"I suppose that ere this you have heard the progress, which we have made in founding a University in our state, at Columbia. We have placed Mr. Maxy at the head of it as President, and have a sufficient number of students to induce us to hope that it will do well. By Capt. McNeil, from England, we expected to have received a very large assortment of books and a very valuable philosophical apparatus, but, just as he was off our bar, and about to enter, he was captured by a French privateer and I suppose will be taken to some of the West India islands, where no doubt he will be sold as lawful prize. He left England it seems, without certain documents, and it is very likely that he will be sold and all our books, &c. with her. This is truly a great misfortune."

It affords us much pleasure to announce the complete success which has attended the establishment of a Botanical Garden, under the auspices of the Medical Society of South Carolina. The lot is inclosed and many valuable exotic plants have already been presented. A public meeting was held in August, for the organization of the institution; and a committee chosen to serve till October, 1806, who call upon the public to further the views of the establishment. "No company (say they) ever met with more general patronage, nor was ever a proposal more liberally subscribed to, than that of the Botanical Garden. But the objects of attention are still wanted: We have to make a collection of Plants, and request that every one who feels a wish for the success of our undertaking, will contribute something thereto. Those Plants are chiefly solicited, or the seeds of such Plants, as are remarkable either for their novelty, or beauty, for their

medicinal properties, or utility in the arts. We request likewise as much information respecting each as can be given, and not only with regard to the above peculiarities, but also as to the nature of the soil in which they grow, whether it be sandy, of a rich mould, clayey, or low and watery. Likewise, that the roots may be inclosed in as much of the native soil as possible, and the whole of the Plant enveloped in moss; that the name, or names, if known, should be mentioned, and the part pointed out, whether the flower or fruit, the leaf, stem, bark, or root that had been remarkable for any peculiar property. As many Plants are now in flower, and the season therefore unfavourable for transplanting them, we request that such may be set apart until the winter; but that some specimens be now taken up with the flower perfect, and dried between sheets of paper, that their description may be more easily ascertained."

The Windham Herald contains an account of the progress of the manufacture of silk in the town of Mansfield, Connecticut, by which it appears, that in the last year, 1804, there was produced in that town, "between twelve and thirteen hundred pounds weight of well dried raw silk, every pound of which when made into sewing silk was worth seven dollars, and found a ready market." This silk is stated to be far superior to that imported, in strength and durability. It is principally attended to by women and children, and therefore interferes very little with the agriculture or other pursuits. Would not the manufacture of this article be worth attention in other places than Mansfield?—*N. Y. pap.*

Mr. Hugh Maxwell, printer, of Philadelphia, has at present in his press,

Lord Strangford's Translation of the Minor Poems of Camoens. These beautiful poems have already had a third edition in London, and their popularity still increases. The British critics speak highly, but not extravagantly, in their praise, and with some confidence assert them to be the *original* productions of the noble translator himself. It would appear strange that a poet should thus needlessly deprive himself of the valuable reputation which the production of such poems must procure to him, if we did not know the modesty of true genius. There seems to be no good reason to doubt the assertion of the Reviewers, one of whom has, perhaps truly, said, that Camoens could not have written them. This is, indeed, high applause—but no one who may read them, will deny it to be just. They possess all the delicacy and the grace of Little's poetry, without its voluptuousness; they have the harmony of Pope, the sweetness of Goldsmith, and the pensive pathos of Collins, with the playful sprightliness of *Little*, and after repeated perusals, it may yet be doubtful whether *Moore* or *Strangford* be the better poet.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Perkins's Stereotype Bills.—It is a remark, which justice to the merit of Mr. Perkins and general interest require should be made publick, that since the banks in this part of the country have, most of them, adopted his Stereotype printed Bills, those hordes of counterfeiters, who formerly perplexed us, have either relinquished their iniquitous trade, or fled to the southward, where bills are still made on the old plan, and, of course, liable to be counterfeited, as in fact we find they are. We have attentively examined the process of making stereotype plates for bank bills, and are confident that Mr. Perkins, having delivered up his plates to the charge of some bank, could not himself counterfeit his own work. The uncertain degree of expansion and contraction which takes place in preparing the steel, used in making his plates, destroys the possibility of imitation, by any system; and in his last improvement he has combined with his own talents, as a dye-sinker, the best execution he could command in etching and engraving. The

discovery is invaluable, and promises to command universal attention, from the strongest of all motives to patronage—the interest of *those concerned*.—*Reper.*

The first volume of *American Annals*, printing at Cambridge, by Mr. Hilliard, it is expected, will be ready for subscribers early in October.

Mr. Belsiam has at length completed his *History of England*, from the Revolution to the Peace of Amiens, in 12 uniform volumes octavo. In connection with the history of Mr. Hume, it forms an authentick series of English history, from the earliest records to the present time. Six of the volumes have just been reprinted, with such considerable corrections founded on new information, as to constitute almost a new work, and the eleventh and twelfth volumes appeared but a few weeks ago.

Mr. Cooke, well known as the friend of the late Samuel Foote, of facetious memory, has written a life of that celebrated character; to which he has annexed anecdotes of many of Foote's contemporaries, and a collection of his best *bon mots*, chiefly original.

Sir William Forbes will speedily publish an account of the life of Dr. Beattie.

The editors of Dr. Doddridge's works, the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Rotherham, and the Rev. Edward Parsons, of Leeds, have announced their intention of publishing periodically, by subscription, an uniform edition of the whole works of the late President Edwards, of New-England, executed in the same elegant style as their edition of Doddridge.

At the first annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held on Wednesday, the 1st of May, at the New London Tavern, Cheap-side, the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, president, read from the chair a report of proceedings. It appears from this report, and the extracts of correspondence which were afterwards read by one of the secretaries, that the Society had made in the course of this, their first year, a very considerable progress; a society upon a similar principle has, under their auspices, been established in the free Imperial city of Nuremberg, and a great degree of zeal has been excited in many other parts of the continent, both among Protestants and

Catholics, for procuring and distributing the Holy Scriptures. It also appeared that in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the views of the Society had been cordially embraced, and that, in the two latter, collections had been made which already amount to more than two thousand pounds. The report and revised plan of the Society were unanimously adopted, and, on the motion of the Lord Bishop of Durham, seconded by Mr. Wilberforce, the warmest thanks of the meeting were voted to the Right Hon. the President, for his Lordship's faithful, zealous, and persevering, attention to the interests of the Society, during the whole period of his connection with it. Thanks were also severally voted to the Right Rev. and the other Vice-Presidents; to the Treasurers and Secretaries for their gratuitous services; to Granville Sharp, Esq. for a valuable donation of Versions of the Scriptures in various modern languages; to the Presbytery and Synod of Glasgow for their respective resolutions to promote collections for the Society; and to the several congregations throughout the United Kingdoms, from which collections have been re-

ceived. The report is, we understand, in the press, and to that we must refer the publick for a more particular account of the design and success of this institution.

The Literary Club has begun a subscription for erecting a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of that Society.

A new edition of the works of that celebrated American patriot, Dr. Franklin, consisting of his Life, by himself, together with his philosophical and other papers, will shortly be published, in periodical numbers, forming, when complete, two handsome volumes octavo.—*Lon. Mon. Mag. for July.*

M. Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, is employed in the following works. 1. A Physical Description of the Equinoctial Regions. 2. A Flora of the same. 3. The Astronomical Observations and Measurements made during his Travels between the Tropicks: and 4. in conjunction with Gay Lussac, some Treatises on Eudiometry and the Atmosphere. He intends to make a tour in Italy, and another to the most northern point of Norway.

ACCOUNT

OF

THE REV. DR. PALEY.

....

DIED, at Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, on Saturday the 25th of May, 1805, after a violent illness of three weeks, the Rev. Dr. PALEY, sub-dean of Lincoln and rector of Bishop Wearmouth. This distinguished literary character was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father who held a small living near that place soon afterwards removed to Giggleswick in Yorkshire, where he was appointed to be master of a grammar school, and continued to act in that capacity until his death, which happened in the year 1790. Dr. Paley was educated under his father's care, until he became a student of Christ College, Cambridge, in 1759. The first opportunities he enjoyed in the university of displaying his talents, brought him into considerable notice. About the middle

of their third years, the senior sophs (as they are called) dispute in the publick schools on questions of natural and moral philosophy. In these exercises Dr. Paley was distinguished for his extraordinary quickness and sagacity, and whenever he was expected to dispute, the schools were crowded with his admirers. In the earnestness and intensity of thought he was sometimes led to dispose himself into unusual attitudes; and a drawing by Bunbury, who was a contemporary, is still remembered at Cambridge, in which one of these is happily described, and in which Dr. Watson, the present bishop of Llandaff, who then presided in the schools, forms another very prominent figure. In 1763 he took the degree of bachelor of arts, and in the previous examination had the

honour of appearing the first man of his year. His studies being now completed, and no other engagement offering, he went to be an assistant in the school at Greenwich. In that situation he remained nearly three years, and then, upon being elected fellow of Christ College, returned to a residence in the university. His election into a fellowship of the college, was very soon followed by an appointment to be one of the tutors of it. Though the duties and usefulness of the tutor of a college are in the present state of the university almost imaginary, and the progress of the young student depends upon his own industry or on private assistance, this appointment was of very considerable importance even in its literary consequences. Dr. Paley did not content himself with repeating over every year the traditional learning of the college, but endeavoured to convert the opportunities that were afforded to him into means of extending his reputation. His lectures on moral and political philosophy and on the Greek Testament contained the outlines of the works by which he has so much benefited the world, and his old pupils preserve in their note books some of the arguments and illustrations which have rendered them so celebrated and so useful. The works may therefore be said to have been occasioned by the situation which imposed upon him the duty of delivering the lectures; and though it would be absurd to conclude that they might not have been produced under very different circumstances, yet there can be no impropriety in attributing superior efficacy to a cause of which the operation may be so distinctly traced. He had the happiness of acting with a brother tutor who was one of the ablest and most intimate of his friends, Dr. John Law, the present bishop of Elphin, son of Dr. Edmund Law, the late bishop of Carlisle. The talents and exertions of two such men of course rendered the college extremely popular; but the flourishing state to which the society attained while they were tutors, unequalled, perhaps, in the history of the university, was not entirely owing to the reputation they conferred upon it. Dr. Shepherd, the late Plumian professor, shared with them the profits of the

tuition, which he very essentially contributed to enlarge; for, though without literature and without literary talents, by extensive connexions among the great, by his plausibility and activity, he made known the merits of his colleagues, and brought about them a crowd of pupils which they themselves could perhaps never have assembled. It is by intrigues without a college, and not by talents within, that it is filled. Who is the publick tutor is not in fact a very important consideration, and it has in general less weight even than it deserves. During his residence at Cambridge, Dr. Paley was intimately acquainted with almost every man who was at that time celebrated in the university. The friendship that subsisted between him and Dr. John Law has already been mentioned. Through him he became known to Dr. Edmund Law, who was master of Peterhouse, and continued to reside almost wholly at Cambridge, after he was created bishop of Carlisle in 1769. This connexion had a most important influence on Dr. Paley's life, for he owed to it an establishment in the church which induced him to abandon all the advantages of his academical situation, and directly led to those great preferments he enjoyed in the latter years of his life. Dr. Waring, the celebrated mathematician, and Dr. John Jebb, well known both by his talents and his violence in religious and political controversy, were amongst his most particular friends. The Bishop of Carlisle was always considered as very deficient in orthodoxy, and Dr. Jebb was the most notorious innovator, both in creeds and government, that disturbed the age in which he acted. The strict union and confidence in which Dr. Paley lived with them, rendered his opinions suspected, and prepared many to discover dangerous tendencies in his moral and political speculations when he had acquired reputation as a writer. Because he was a liberal thinker, they pronounced him a latitudinarian; forgetting or not being able to see, that a philosopher, who undertakes to instruct mankind, would be indelibly disgraced by sanctioning prejudices with his approbation, however useful they may be deemed, and however professional it may have been to support them. After

his return to the university he continued to live in it about ten years. During this time he was rather a hard worker, than a hard student. To his engagements as a publick tutor, he added others still more numerous, as a private one, and by these united labours was in the receipt of a very considerable income. This is perhaps the only useful way of spending the university life. What is called its leisure, is the absence of all exertion. He who does not work for money, works for nothing else; for the mere love of reputation is quickly obliged to yield to the drowsy examples by which he is surrounded. Nothing more than the general outlines of his great performances was produced whilst he resided as Cambridge, nor had he then conceived the design of publishing at all; but what splendid or useful undertakings have been accomplished by men oppressed under the disadvantages of such a situation? He did not, as most frequently has been the case, lose the power of accomplishing them.

At no time of his life was Dr. Paley a hard student according to the common acceptance of the word, which is used rather to describe one who reads, than one who thinks much. His works do not display any very profound or extensive acquaintance with books; they are valued not for discussing and deciding upon the opinions of learned men, but for original and enlightened reflections on the transactions of human life, such as may be supposed to have passed before him, or to have come to his knowledge without any laborious inquiry. A master of Greek canons, and an admirer of accents would probably have looked with contempt on the literary acquisitions of a man, whose genius enabled him to comprehend the most important truths, and to teach them with a force and perspicuity which will be sought for in vain in the writings of ancient or modern philosophers. In 1770 Dr. Paley left college and married. He had at first a small benefice in Cumberland then the living of Appleby in Westmoreland, worth about 800*l.* a-year; and in a short time he was promoted to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, together with the living of Dalston, a pleasant village situated in the neighbourhood of that

city, and between it and Rose-Castle, the seat of the Bishop. In 1782 on the resignation of Dr. John Law who was created an Irish Bishop, he was made arch-deacon of the diocese, and not long afterwards succeeded Dr. Burn, the author of the "Justice of the Peace," &c. in the chancellorship. All these preferments were bestowed on him either by the bishop or Carlisle or by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church in which Dr. John Law, who was a prebend had the leading influence. Men of genius have not often experienced such bountiful patronage from the friends whom their talents have procured them. It was while his residence was divided between Carlisle and Dalston, that Dr. Paley undertook to write his first and most celebrated work, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy." It would however perhaps never have been produced by a just confidence in his own talents, if that had not been aided by the instigations of Dr. John Law; who having, while they were connected together at college, enjoyed frequent opportunities of looking into his lectures, had read them with the admiration they deserved, and had early conceived an idea that they might be expanded into a most useful treatise by the great abilities of the author. This he had often suggested and often urged him to carry it into execution; but Dr. Paley always objected the little attention that was paid by the publick to the most eminent writers on those subjects, and after his marriage thought it his duty not to print a book that would not be bought. A living therefore becoming vacant, Dr. Law gave it to him on receiving a promise that he would consider it as a compensation for the hazard of printing, and immediately set about preparing his work for the press. The living was doubtless intended to be freely given to him, but his friend might justly think it no injurious departure from that intention, to attach a condition to the gift which was so likely to increase its value. In 1785, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy," appeared. The publick did not hesitate long about the reception of it. It was read with universal admiration, and editions were multiplied with a rapidity

entirely unexpected by Dr. Paley. It is dedicated to the Bishop of Carlisle, in an address which may be safely preferred to any complimentary composition in the English language. The venerable age of that distinguished prelate, his great services to mankind performed in a life devoted to the investigation of moral and religious truth, and the signal and numerous obligations conferred by him upon the author, gave a peculiar propriety to the dedication, and furnished such a variety, as cannot often be found, of noble and interesting topics. It is unnecessary to add how they are treated: the address exhibits one of the greatest literary opportunities the most happily employed. It is upon this work that the reputation of Dr. Paley is principally founded, though he has exerted the whole force of his mind in many others; and its merit is sufficient to establish the most illustrious name. It displays a sagacity, a comprehension and powers of communication and instruction which were never before so happily united. That indeed which dis-

tinguishes Dr. Paley from all other writers, in the art he possessed of familiarizing knowledge. He has the solidity of a philosopher, without his solemnity and reserve; he has disencumbered truth of its scholastick trappings, and accommodated it to the commonest understandings. So great is his excellence in this respect, that it has perhaps operated against his reputation. Because he is intelligible, he is thought to be not profound: for the scholar is often least apt to reverence the knowledge of his master, when he most readily apprehends his instructions. The political speculations, if not the most valuable part of his work, are certainly that part in which his talents are most eminently displayed. His Observations on the Laws and Constitution of this Kingdom shew that he had imbibed very largely the spirit of our jurisprudence, and are founded upon enlarged views, such as are rarely taken by those who, in the course of their professional studies, make greater legal acquisitions.

(To be continued)

Statement of Diseases in Boston, for August.

Dysentery and cholera infantum have been the prevailing diseases this month; the former however less so, during the latter part of it. The hooping cough more general, than in the preceding month. Cholera morbus of adults has also been no uncommon disease for the last two or three weeks, but has generally been the consequence of error in diet, or imprudent exposure to the dampness and chill of a night air, after the extreme heat of the day. Fevers of a typhoid character have been less frequent, than in the former part of the summer. Cutaneous affections of children, and other consequences of atony and indigestion, have appeared, as the natural consequences of alternate heat and cold, peculiar to the season.

The cow pox has been an object of greater attention this month than usual, in consequence of an instance of variola; but is again sinking into its former neglect.

Deaths in Boston, from July 26 to August 23, as reported to the Board of Health.

	M.	F.	C.H.
Accident, 70,	1		
Bilious colic, 36,	1		
Cholera, 26, 52, 22, 2,		3	2
Cholera infantum, 9m. 11m. 5m.			3
Consumption, 36, 50, 18, 7	4	2	
35, 30, 66,			
Diarrhoea, 2,		1	
Drowned, 16, 8, 7,	3		
Dysentery and fever, 17,	1		
Hooping cough, 4,			1
Infan. compla. 7m. 3w. 3m. 18m.			7
Lung fever, 63,		1	
Marasmus, 8, 1, 2, 2, 1, 8m.			6
Nervous fever, 27,		1	
Pluresy and Stranguary, 56,	1		
Rickets and fever, 3,		1	
Spiny bifida, 3w.			1
Spasmod. asthma, 3m.			1
Stranguary, 57,		1	
Typhus fever, 23, 40,		2	
Diseases not returned, 46, 3, 20,	4	8	4
79, 10, 46, 38, 21, 48, 19, 5, 2m 16m			

18 17 26

5 persons from the almshouse. Total 65

NOTES.

THE "notice" of the remarks of one of our correspondents, which appeared in the last number of the Literary Miscellany, we confess we have not read with indifference. The observations which we admitted, though not perhaps very lenient, appeared to us dignified and temperate. They seemed to be the language of a friend, or they would never have been admitted; though indeed of a friend, who could see defects as well as excellence; who though willing to be pleased, was unable to commend without limitation or exception. With the Literary Miscellany we surely could have no wish to contend; for most of us have felt more than a stranger's partiality for it, and none of us think of the society, under whose auspices it was commenced, without respect. The idea of competition we have never for a moment entertained; and though we have whatever right to publick favour priority of birth can bestow, yet we have never felt any Turkish jealousy of this "brother near the throne." We have always thought, that within the ample domains of literature, there was enough to find us both employment without interference; that while we were engaged in the humble employment of collecting the scattered and neglected flowers of its fields, we might resign to them the more dignified task of cultivating the oaks of science, and enriching the soil around their roots. Having such feelings, it was with a warmer sensation than surprize, that we saw the pages of the Miscellany disgraced with a publication containing so much illiberal censure and unmanly sarcasm. Illiberal, we say, because there was no attempt to refute the writer of the observations, and unmanly because it contained so much gross and contemptible personality. If it had been merely an attack on the sentiments

of the author, though it had been ever so severe, we should have been the last to complain; for it is one of our principles that satire if just must be beneficial, if unfounded must be impotent. If a writer then advances any thing disputable—let him be refuted; if any thing weak, or unjust—let his writings be condemned and chastised; but there is something in personal allusions, which argues weakness in the cause, or rancour in its defender; something of littleness, which a man of spirit would despise; and something of dissingenuity, which would not be resorted to by a man of honour and generosity.

These observations flow from our regard to the writer, who honoured the Anthology with his essay; one whom though we have not the happiness of numbering among our society, yet from the knowledge, which some of us have of him, we are sure is infinitely removed beyond the reach of such weapons; and who will feel only one emotion, when he reads the "notice of his observations."

The Literary Wanderer is necessarily omitted.

In the next Anthology, our society will commence a series of original Essays.

We shall also present our readers with a continuation of the very delightful letters on the paintings of the Louvre, with a continuation of the review of the Historical Collections, with reviews of Story's Pleadings, of Morse and Parish's, and Adams' Histories of New-England, &c.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1803.

ERRATA.—Page 402, 5th line from the bottom, for *fulsist* read *fulset*. Page 403, beginning of quotation from *Æn.* ix. for *turis* read *turris*. Page 406, 8th line from bottom, for *carnex* read *carnes*.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1805.

BOTANIST.

No. 11.

If love be any refinement, conjugal love must be certainly so in a much higher degree. It is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour.—Spectator No. 525.

WE dedicate the present number to such of our fair countrywomen, as honour these essays with perusal. Our FLORA, on this occasion, has bound her cheerful brow with *myrtle* and placed the *white rose* in her bosom.* We have moreover selected for a motto a passage from that accomplished scholar and friend of the sex, ADDISON, as containing a charming sentiment, every way proper to precede the history of a female, who not only shone with uncommon splendour as an artist and a botanist, but was rendered still more conspicuous by the additional lustre of conjugal affection, which virtue she exercised at the darkest periods and during the most distressful pangs of human calamity.

Our fair readers will pardon us, if we should fail in celebrating conjugal affection, the groundwork of all the domestick virtues. Teachers of righteousness themselves may excuse us, if we cast a look of regret towards this too much neglected portion of moral philosophy. We have colleges

for teaching every art and science. We have minute directions in gardening and in agriculture. We have numberless books on the doctrine of business; on self policy, or the art of rising in life; on oratory, and on politics; while that which is worth them all, *the doctrine of domestick happiness*, is left comparatively uncultivated,....yet this is that philosophy, spoken of by Lord Bacon, which of all others "*comes home to men's business and bosoms.*"

The history of every civilized nation, nay every man's own recollection, affords abundant proofs, that the female mind is equally capable with that of the male. It is situation and circumstances, that rouse the latent energies of the female soul. Whence is it, that the children of widows become generally better men and better women, than children brought up in conjunction with a father? It is, because afflictive circumstances have called forth the dormant energies of heroic woman, and perfected a virtue peculiar to the sex; a virtue, which originated in conjugal affection. Can this

* Plants sacred to love in ancient mythology.

evanescent world, this anxious scene exhibit a more interesting sight to the philosopher, than a virtuous widow weeping over her "*houseless child of want*?" Yes! there is one picture still more affecting. It is where the father and husband is worse than dead, through his folly and his crimes. Here, if conjugal love has not been ripened into maternal affection, and grown up into the highest of stoical virtues, nay more, sublimed into religion, the wretched woman sinks into intemperance or is lost in despair. An over anxious and unrestrained fondness is not true maternal affection. The fowls of the air and the beasts of the field have also a blind and furious fondness for their young. Maternal affection is where judgment draws more closely the bonds of nature.

The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened, says Addison, to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers among the Romans, has left us, in his letter to Hispalla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind ever seen. We refer our readers to 525th number of the Spectator for the letter itself, and hasten to give an account of an ingenious and excellent woman, who enlivened the dungeon of her husband with flowers and entwined his fetters with the *rose* and the *myrtle*.

It is a singular fact, says Dr.

Pulteney, that physick is indebted for the most complete set of figures of the medicinal plants to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion, that redounded highly to her praise. The name of

MRS. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

is well known, both from her own merit and the fate of her unfortunate husband, who, condemned for crimes of state, suffered death on the scaffold in Sweden, in the year 1747.

We are informed, she was the daughter of a merchant in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; of which city Dr. Alexander Blackwell, her husband, was a native, and where he received an university education and was early distinguished for his classical knowledge. By some he is said only to have assumed the title of Doctor after his successful attendance on the king of Sweden; but I believe the more probable account is, that of his having taken the degree of Doctor of Physick under Boerhaave at Leyden. After having failed in his attempt to introduce himself into practice, first in Scotland, and afterwards in London, he became corrector to a printing press, and soon after commenced printing himself. But being prosecuted by the trade, and at length involved in debt, was thrown into prison. To relieve these distresses, Mrs. Blackwell, having a genius for drawing and painting, exerted all her talents; and, understanding that an herbal of medicinal plants was greatly wanted, she exhibited to Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Mead, and other physicians, some specimens of her art in painting plants, who

approved so highly of them, as to encourage her to prosecute a work, by the profits of which she is said to have procured her husband's liberty, after a confinement of two years. Dr. Isaac Rand was at that time Demonstrator to the Company of Apothecaries, in the garden at Chelsea. By his advice she took up her residence opposite the Physick Garden in order to facilitate her design by receiving the plants as fresh as possible. He not only promoted her work with the publick, but, together with the celebrated Philip Miller, afforded her all possible direction and assistance in the execution of it. After she had completed the drawings, *she engraved them on copper* and coloured the prints with her own hands. During her abode at Chelsea, she was frequently visited by persons of quality and many scientifick people, who admired her performances and patronized her undertaking.

On publishing the first volume, in 1737, she obtained a recommendation from Dr. Mead, Dr. Sherard, Dr. Rand, and others, to be prefixed to it. And being allowed to present, in person, a copy to the College of Physicians, that body made her a present, and gave her a publick testimonial of their approbation ; with leave to prefix it to her book. The second volume was finished in 1739, and the whole published under the following title : "*A curious Herbal, containing 500 Cuts of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of Physick, engraved on folio copper-plates, after drawings taken from the life. By Elizabeth Blackwell. To which*

is added, a short description of the Plants, and their common uses in Physick. 1739." 2 Vol. fol.

The drawings are in general faithful ; and if there is wanting that accuracy, which modern improvements have rendered necessary in delineating the more minute parts, yet, upon the whole, the figures are sufficiently distinctive of the subject. Each plate is accompanied with an engraved page, containing the Latin and English official names, followed by a short description of the plant, and a summary of its qualities and uses. After these occur the name in various other languages. These illustrations were the share her husband took in the work. This ill-fated man, after his failure in physick, and in printing, became an unsuccessful candidate for the place of secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Learning. He was made superintendant of the works belonging to the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, and experienced those disappointments, incident to projectors. He formed schemes in agriculture and wrote a treatise on the subject, which we are told was the cause of his being engaged in Sweden. In that kingdom, he drained marshes, practised physick, and was even employed in that capacity for the king. At length he was involved in some state cabals, or, as some accounts have it, in a plot with Count Tessin, for which he suffered death, protesting his innocence to the last.*

So respectable a performance as Mrs. Blackwell's attracted the

....

* Dr. Pulteney's historical and biographical sketches of the progress of Botany in England.

attention of physicians on the continent. It was translated into German and republished at Norimberg in 1750. To this edition was prefixed a most elaborate and learned catalogue of botanical authors. In 1773 a supplemental volume, exhibiting plants omitted by Mrs. Blackwell, was published under the direction of Ludwig, Rose, and Boehmer. In this form the work of this learned and ingenious lady surpassed

all that had been published. We hope the patrons of botany, that beautiful handmaid of medicine, will gratify the ladies of America with a sight of these splendid books, not merely as a valuable treasure of botanical knowledge, but to show the men to what degree of perfection the other sex may ascend, when their talents are called forth sublimed by conjugal affection.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

ACCOUNT OF PAINTINGS IN THE LOUVRE.

Continued from p. 402.

No. II.

Paris, March 5, 1804.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WILL not wait for an answer to my letter, but continue to write while I have any thing to say ; as I have the vanity to think, that nothing, which I might esteem worthy of saying, will ever be unacceptable to you. I endeavoured in my last to give you some notion of the great gallery here. I said much of Raphael, and much of Paul Veronese. I promised also to send a word or two concerning Titian and Rubens. Of the latter's works almost the whole of the Luxembourg gallery is composed ; so that one may have the advantage of gathering his character, as an artist, from a variety and number of pictures, which are no where else to be seen collected of any one painter. The subjects of this series of his works, I suppose, you are acquainted with. They are all allegorical ; a branch of the art

which Sir Joshua thought best suited to the powers of Rubens. They all, in fact, contain some story ; but such a story as would not reward curiosity to know. Yet such is the splendid, overpowering fascination of his pencil, that every picture rises from his hand with a magnificent prodigality, that seemingly could only flow from stores extracted from the richest sources. Most painters elevated themselves on the grandeur of their subjects ; but it was Rubens' delight to raise dignity from meanness. No man ever possessed such a power of commanding ; he enchains the attention even where he has nothing to say. Like a mighty orator his very looks, his very gestures, are significant ; they awe us into silence and inspire us with expectation ; and if his words should not be to the purpose, they are such, as at least, to extort admiration ; if they do not convict us with arguments, they, at least, enrapture us with their melody,

and overpower us with their splendour.

Thus o'er his Art indignant Rubens rear'd

His mighty head, nor critick armies fear'd.

His lawless style, from cold subjection free,

Impetuous rolling, like a troubled sea,
High o'er the rocks of reason's ridgy verge

Impending hangs ; but, ere the foaming surge

Breaks o'er the bound, the under-ebb of taste

Back from the shore impels the watry waste.*

SMELFUNGUS.

* I suppose you well know that on the sea shore every breaker forms a returning current, which makes its way under the succeeding waves, and of course impels them back towards the ocean.

THE REMARKER.

No. 1.

Quæ, quæ brevi ostendit quod dictum sit, proponit item breviter quod consequatur.

AUC. ad HEREN.

BAYLE in one of the notes to the life of Tavernier has justly remarked, that an author, who publishes his work, becomes a party in a publick trial for his literary reputation. This is a metaphor, so striking in its applicability, that it singularly involves argument and illustration. In the opening number of a series of essays, I have therefore determined to avoid all apology ; not that apology is unnecessary, but because it is useless. Excuse is indeed the ordinary refuge of guilt, and necessity of explanation implies mysteriousness of conduct ; but though perfectly conscious of literary weakness, to excuse I shall not resort, to explanation I shall not condescend. In the early feudal ages the *juramentum expurgationis*, either of the party or the vicinage, was high testimony of innocence ; but society has changed ; we live in a different age, and must therefore submit to different institutions.

When a new production in literature is presented to the publick, they have a right to know the object, which it proposes to attain,

and the principles, on which it is established. This right has generally been acknowledged by authors, in every department of letters, without any dispute ; but, by the writers of regular unconnected essays alone, the obligation is lost in the pleasure of the act, and the simple duty is transmuted into a refinement of elegant courtesy. This difference of conduct is curious, and its cause deserves investigation. It results partly from diversity of temper, which alone is mighty in operation among the affairs of men, and principally from the diversity of literary pursuits. The writer of short unlaboured speculations commonly inculcates the excellence, advantages, and necessity of practical ethics ; his literary opinions and criticisms are light, easy, and sparkling, without deep erudition or perplexing abstruseness ; sometimes he may examine the solid foundations of morality ; and religion sometimes receives from his aid new reasons of obligation and new enforcements of obedience. He who discusses these beautiful or su-

blime subjects must be strangely deficient in duty, if he neglect to discourse gallantly to his readers on his intended manner of execution ; on the objects, which occupy his mind, and the principles, which invigorate his exertion. As he sometimes trifles with the fashions of the day, and either sportively talks of concerts and plays, of scandal and the tea table, or seriously censures high gaming and loo parties, he should always endeavour to attract attention to his work by commencing his papers with courteous respect, as the christian knights of chivalry always bowed low to the ladies, when they entered the ground of the tournament. He ought to open his subject, not as if it were exacted by stern authority from servile obedience, but as if intended to conciliate affection and substantiate esteem.

Other writers have other pursuits and are animated by different rewards. They are not "men of honour ;" or, if ever they attempt to imitate the graciousness of Sir Philip Sydney or the glowing soul of Tasso's Tancred, they shew by their impotence and abominable folly, that they are made of the dust and are "stale and unprofitable." This *genus inutile* bury themselves among the manuscripts of museums or the ruins of cities ; they traverse deserts, plunge into caverns, and listen to cataracts ;...the historian discusses the travels of Alexander beyond Indus and the Panjab ; the metaphysician talks learnedly of occult forms and the Gnostick æons ; while the naturalist treats of the strata of mountains and the Megalonyx or the Mammoth ; and

the antiquary decyphers his Otho and the Isiack hieroglyphicks. As these subjects, in the opinion of the authors, are very abstruse, useful, and important, they always demand submission to their sentiments and reverence for their labours. These lords in literature never think of reconciling disgust, of propitiating indifference, or strengthening goodwill ; the world must remain under the deepest obligations for such unmerited favours ; the ponderous folios must be received by mankind with gratitude, like magnificent gifts, without questioning the value of the present, or the motive of the donor. Such men, in the republick of letters, are like Roman dictators ; they silence disputes by punishment, and punish disobedience with death.

The periodical essayist has not received a suitable degree of esteem and admiration from the world, whom he has endeavoured to benefit. If we except the *Spectator* of Addison and the *Rambler* of Johnson, it will not be easy to mention another, who has been honoured and courted according to the goodness of his intentions, the rectitude of his principles, and the perseverance of his labours. The *Adventurer* is sometimes quoted, and the *Mirror* and *Looker-On* are read and regarded, but all the others, from the *Tailer* to the *Pic Nic*, which now lies on the English breakfast table unknown or unregarded, have either gone down to the quiet repose of oblivion, or else are fast hastening to the place of their original destination. Sometimes indeed they will reappear in clusters, like half dead

swallows raked up from a mud pool, and when they have been warmed by a bird catcher, like Harrison or Chalmers, they will faintly twitter for a summer, and then die together all in a heap. Sometimes a solitary writer will burst from the tomb, like Hamlet's father, in strength of arms and kingly apparel, but he ranges only a little while, and when "the glow worm shews the matin to be near," he feels an impotent revenge, descends into the earth, and never can return. Surely these writers deserved better rewards. Their intention was honest and laudable, and these qualities merit some real celebrity. For every good wish, I should hope, there is due a little applause, and for every virtuous exertion I would not circumscribe the sphere of renown.

If the periodical compositions of England are in general forgotten, what fate awaits the American essayist? Even the name is lost in early life. I know not indeed, that our country has added many such works to the bills of literary mortality. The *Lay Preacher* is still alive, but he confines his sermons to the way-faring people and lives in woods and by the pleasant running waters. I am sure, that there is a gentleman in full health and vigour, beloved by all the Muses and the Graces too, though residing in the noise, and bustle, and business of a great metropolis, who is the friend and father of the *Lay Preacher*, and I could wish that he would deck this offspring in his Sunday clothes and introduce him to the gay world, to the circles of the fair, the witty,

and the great; for I am certain that his short discourses would please the loungers and the ladies, and all would be highly interested in his manners and learning, his company and his talk. Besides this country youth, I once knew, though I now only faintly recollect, a *Gleaner*; but she was ugly as a gypsy and spoke gibberish. An English gleaner with a clean blue stocking and a new straw hat is pretty, and civil, and modest, but the other gleaner nobody cared for; where she has gone to, nobody can tell; I heard a report, that she had died many years ago in a garret or a cellar, forgotten and alone, and I have no doubt, that the story is perfectly true, for her nearest relations know nothing about her.

If there have been any other periodical publications in America, which have assumed the dress of a volume, they have never come to my knowledge, and I can only beg pardon of the authors for not noticing their names. Perhaps there have been many, and perhaps none. But whether the number is great or small, I have no doubt, that they were written with the most praiseworthy intentions. I believe, that the object to be promoted was important or interesting, and that the principles were honest and pure. If then they are forgotten, let not unsuccessful uprightness be depressed; honour and renown are often the portion of knaves and fools; merit is frequently disregarded by the undiscerning multitude, but in the other world every pure motive and every virtuous attempt will be accepted and rewarded.

The *Remarker* claims no high favours ; he only requests a little attention. This may be easily granted, even by merchants and speculators. As he intends either to instruct or entertain, perhaps every one may be willing to know if the intention is fulfilled. But whether the essays are regarded with indifference and neglect, or received with welcome and wreaths, it may gratify the severe censor and the careless reader to know, that as the company at the luxurious banquets of the polished Athenians was never less than the Graces, and never more than the Muses in number ;

so by rhetorical inversion of metaphor, the writers of the *Remarker*, who are to furnish the feast, will be equinumerant to the guests at the Attick entertainments. Such therefore will be the variety of sentiment and composition, that I trust that the readers of this periodical work will be as numerous as the crowded population of Athens ; and I hope, that its critics will be as candid and discerning, as the pure judges of truth and refinement, who guided the taste and extended the glory of that nurse of arts, the Queen of Greece, the *omnium doctrinarum inventrix*. Q.

OBSERVATIONS

ON ALLOWING THE CLERGY THE OCCASIONAL USE OF PRINTED DISCOURSES.

OF the clergy of New-England it cannot be denied, that they are sedulous and fervent in duty, with little hope of human praise and with no view of worldly promotion. It may be doubted however, whether the composition of weekly discourses, in which perhaps the greater part of their time is employed, be not laborious without proportional utility. Why this should be so rigidly required, why a good man should thus, as it were, despise all eloquence and reject all instruction, but what is the immediate labour of his clergyman, it may be difficult to tell. There are published in our language many sermons, such as no common preacher hopes to excel ; and it might be for the benefit of all who preach and all who hear, that their use should be occasionally allowed.

By intermingling the sermons

of others, there would be leisure for a clergyman to mature and perfect his own. He would be relieved from the irksomeness of delivering hasty compositions dissatisfying himself ; and his hearers might hope to be often pleased and seldom offended, since his selections would probably be good and his compositions need not be negligent.

There is however, little ingenuity necessary to discover one's objection to this proposal ; that it is an innovation. In our times we have seen so much good destroyed with the pretence of removing evil, and so many rash experiments, in which present blessings have been hazarded and wasted in unsuccessful attempts to procure greater, that he may be excused who has forgotten, that to alter is sometimes to improve. This is however an

objection, which will rather deter us from examining, than assist us in deciding on the question. It is addressed to our fears, not to our understanding.

It is indeed seldom good to destroy what time has spared ; what it has rendered familiar is to be loved, and what it has sanctioned is to be revered. But it is the principle of the institution, not the defects of the one nor the abuses of the other, which are to be preserved. Though the tree, bearing fruit, is not to be cut down that we may rear a better in its place, yet it is more than allowable, it is required, to prune away branches which are useless or unhandsome.

The opposition to this proposal from weakness at least amiable, or from principles at least prudent, will not however be the most difficult to remove. There are some, I have no doubt, who will say, that if this periodical labour be in any degree dispensed with, they shall not have from their clergyman the full value of what they have a right to require. I may have weakened the force of this objection by stating it with too much delicacy. The weapon which is clumsy and blunt must be impelled harshly to give it effect.

To spend his life in doing that, which to do well requires talents that are given to few and leisure which is now allowed to none, and the latter more especially, as the former may be wanting, is not one of the principal and essential duties of a clergyman. He is to administer the sacraments of our religion. He is set apart and consecrated from common services

to offer up the prayers of his people. He is to be among them as it were a father, admonishing by his example and reproving by his neglect. There is assigned to him a more than ordinary share of the duties of charity and consolation ; he is to "remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and to visit the forsaken." The eloquence of his life should indeed be seconded by the less effectual eloquence of the pulpit ; but his public discourses will not be less pleasing if sometimes the adopted favourites of his taste, and not always the immature offspring of his invention.

I have been hitherto considering the subject, as if the labours of his profession were the only labours of a clergyman ; but those, who think their minister intended "for nothing but to write," sometimes however believe that, as a man, he has much other duty to perform. The charge of their souls being little better than a sinecure, they cannot consent that it should be his only employment. A country clergyman is frequently both a farmer, and, to boarding scholars at least, a schoolmaster. "The wisdom of a learned man," says an authority not lightly to be despised, "cometh by opportunity of leisure ; and he, that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad ; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks ?"

The hurried manner, in which the sermons of our clergy are at present necessarily composed, not only renders them less valuable, but induces habitual carelessness

and inattention. He, who is often obliged to take into service whatever thoughts chance first to offer, that his required number may be complete, will lose the power of selection by prescriptive disuse. The faculties of the mind, (literary taste and acuteness, certainly as much as any) become torpid, and decay if neglected. As for invention too, whatever may be thought, there is almost as little opportunity for its exercise in these prolific labours, as for that of taste. There are very many acknowledged truths and prevailing prejudices; very many propositions, which, when enforced, no man feels more strongly, because no man ever denies; very much beautiful imagery, which has however lost a little of lustre by continual use; and all this common treasure is at the service of him, to whom is no proper wealth from the labours of invention.

The man of genius, who *paints for eternity* must paint like Apelles, and the man who, with moderate talents, would attain moderate excellence, must use similar labour; labour not diffused without effect over a multitude of objects, but concentrated and illuminating one. He, who would write what may be read with instruction or delight, must patiently accumulate his treasures and employ them with careful munificence. Many of our clergy however (not perhaps from any personal fault, but from the unfortunate neglect of literature among us) enter their profession with the little knowledge of a very defective education, and that little every day decaying; not even ac-

quainted for the most part with the classical languages, those keys, which beside admitting us into the pleasant paths of ancient poetry and eloquence, open the way into the holy *penetrabilia* of our religion. Ignorant as they may be however of books or of men, they are still to write, not "*with patient touches of unwearied art,*" but continually and hastily; and their labours must become every day more feeble, as their minds are more exhausted. Why should leisure be denied to these, to learn what they ought to have learned before, to write slowly, and thus perhaps to write well? Why should it be denied to those, whose education has been more complete, and who by promoting the literature may promote the elegance, and taste, and virtue, and power of our country?

Religion has appointed her holy days as resting places for man, where he may stop to review the past and to prepare for the future. They should be sacred from the cares of life. The Temple of God (to apply the language of inspiration) should be a *refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat*. They are intended to recal us from business and from pleasure, and to disengage us from their allurements; they are intended too, to give to those, struggling with misfortune, a truce at least from the warfare of the world.

That the recurrence of these days should by every proper means be rendered delightful, who will deny? Yet who will affirm, that the publick exercises of these days are always such as to allure attendance? Who will af-

firm, that he has not sometimes been wearied and sometimes disgusted? Who will affirm, that the ridicule of the light and the gay has not sometimes glanced from the speaker to his subject, and even religion and virtue become less respected by the meanness of their advocates? Who will affirm, that former good impressions have not been partially defaced by him, who has unskilfully attempted to renew them?

These are questions, I know, not lightly to be asked; the implied assertions are not hastily to be made. But these evils, if they do exist, (a thing very unpleasant to believe, but hard to be doubted) may be removed, in some degree at least, by allowing such as want leisure occasionally, and such as want talents often to resort to the volumes of those, who have "*poured out doctrine as prophecy and left it to all the ages forever.*"

The writings of men of former days with their real excellence, whatever it may be, have beside an accidental recommendation. In every age and country there are favourite virtues and prevailing vices, and these vices are frequently nothing more, than those virtues degenerate and excessive, engrafted upon some one of the passions, instead of growing naturally from principle. Now these vices, though most requiring censure, will be engaged with too little disfavour by men, who are themselves interested in the passing scene, who are affect-

ed by the prejudices and have their share of the character of the age, and whose disgust is weakened by frequency of observation. It is from those alone, who have lived in times of a different character, that rigid and impartial sentence is to be expected upon vices, which did not then shelter themselves under the name of some favourite good quality. He who travels may divest himself of the prejudices of his country; he who studies the works of our forefathers may free himself from the prejudices of his age; he who studies their morality may free himself from its vices.

I would therefore recal as it were to the pulpit the sacred orators of other times. I would recal the various eloquence of South, the persuasive sincerity of Tillotson, the equable elegance of Atterbury, and the Grecian simplicity of Sherlock.*

*Cernere uti videamur eos audi-
reque coram*

*Morte obita, quorum tellus am-
plectitur ossa.*

I would thus recal in some measure the virtues of our forefathers, and entwine our elegance of manners around their strength of principle.

....
* There are others, whom I am not worthy to praise; but though many, like me, may have not read their discourses, all have heard of Butler, and Barrow, and Clarke.

SILVA.

No. 7.

In ingenio quoque, sicut in agro, quanquam alia diu serantur & atque elaborantur, gratiore tamen quæ sua sponte nascantur.—TACITUS.

MRS. RATCLIFFE.

I CLAIM the privilege of being one of the admirers of this wonderful woman. It is easy to find a thousand faults with her writings, and faults, which cannot be defended on any of the canons of criticism. But I have forgotten her faults, and remember only her beauties. Her imagination is inexhaustible, and her fancy sometimes displays itself in descriptions, of unequalled beauty. She is in truth always a poet, except when she writes verses. Her grand excellence however is in the conception and impression of character, and her greatest character is undoubtedly Schedoni. There is nothing within the whole compass of the Epos or Drama superiour to it. It is long since I read the Italian, and yet the image of the dark, mysterious, horrible monk is almost as vivid, as when it was first impressed. The scene on the seashore no reader ever yet forgot.—And this woman is now a maniac.

IMPURITY OF THE CLASSICKS.

WE hear much of late from the opposers of learning of the licentiousness of the classicks and of its effect on youth. Those, who can read them, however, laugh at the charge. Would such writings have received the approbation and almost devotion of Hooker, of Hales, of Mede, and of Fenelon? I designedly name men of even punctilious piety. The truth is, the charge

proceeds from those, who do not read the classicks; all who do, know that it is groundless. The impurity, which words can excite, arises from irregular associations, and these associations, if they exist, cannot be excited by the words of a language which has ceased to be spoken. With a man indeed of such an imagination, so polluted as to find impurity in the most unmeaning expression, this may not be true. But happily debauchees never read the Classicks. In order however to destroy the efficacy of this feeble weapon, expurgated editions of the most licentious writers have been published, and in their zeal the University of Paris sometimes proceeded to a laughable extreme. It must certainly, for instance, be a most termagant chastity, which can apprehend danger from Horace's *Dulce ridentem Lalagen almabo*, yet it was thought necessary to change the line to *Dulce ridentes socios*, and an edition was actually published with this mutilation.

POETRY OF MOORE.

BUT harmless as is the licentiousness of the classicks, it is impossible to look with equal indifference on the same fault in our own language, and in our own times. The poetry of Moore is read with emotions bordering on horroir, by every mind which retains any sanctity and healthiness of principle. It is indeed without parallel. Even

Catullus, the careless and vivacious libertine Catullus, in an age of the deepest profligacy, thinks some apology necessary, and confesses,

Castum esse decet fîum poetam,
though he thinks, that a writer of *little verses* may be indulged with some licence. It is then a subject of serious and almost awful consideration, that in the present state of society any writer should presume thus to cry "Havock" against decency, and that his poems should find admission into any other libraries, than those of a brothel.—I feel and admire the talents of Moore. But is his reputation to rest on no nobler basis? Can he consent to be deified by prostitutes, or to have his praises chaunted only amid the wild and lascivious revelry of the crew of Comus? Is this a worthy exercise of the bright-eyed fancy of the poet? And can he think, without shuddering, that his writings may have contributed to awaken the yet dormant passions of innocence, or to revive the loathsome prurience of gray and tottering iniquity?

—
JOHNSON'S VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE Vanity of Human Wishes is I think fully equal to the 10th satire of Juvenal; though that satire is doubtless the master piece of its author. Johnson above any writer that can be named was formed to be the imitator of Juvenal; an author whose peculiarity he describes, "as a mixture of gaity and stateliness; of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur," but who is with-

out any of those aerial and indescribable beauties, which are the offspring of feeling and taste, and which Johnson, as he could not feel, could neither imitate, nor admire. The subject too is peculiarly fortunate; so darkened and solemn; so kindred to the melancholy philosophy of the author of *Rasselas*. It calls forth all the felicity of his powers, and if he is ever a poet it is in this imitation. The portrait of Charles XII., corresponding to that of Hannibal in the original, is singularly happy. I know not which to prefer, though the greater merit is undoubtedly Juvenal's, because in the finest passages Johnson imitates him most closely. The instance of Wolsey is not a perfect parallel with Juvenal's Sejanus, though it might not perhaps be easy to select a better. The lines themselves too are indifferent; while the description of Sejanus is given in Juvenal's keenest and most vigorous manner. Johnson's closing lines are noble and inimitable. I wonder however, that he should neglect a sentiment of the original, which I suppose is by far the most sublimated and devout; by far the brightest apprehension of the Divine Benevolence, that can be found in the writings of all antiquity. It is this short sentence.

Cavîor est Diis homo quam sibi. 1. 250.
More dear to God than to himself is man.
GIFFORD.

—
FAITH.

THERE is a story in one of Dr. Jortin's works, which I will transcribe, because it is a good one in itself; but principally because it will display the manner in which

he enlivens his writings, and relaxes the melancholy brow of Ecclesiastical History.

‘ Since it is sometimes so nice a thing,’ says he, ‘ to settle the boundaries between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, the only way to be safe is to imitate the prudent monk, who, when Satan would have drawn him into heterodoxy by asking his opinion on a certain point, answered, *Id credo, quod credit ecclesia*. But *Quid credit ecclesia*, said Satan. *Id quod ego credo*, replied the other.’

—
HORACE WALPOLE.

THERE is no man, of any rank in literature, who seems to me to have lived more completely in vain, than Lord Orford. He used life, as if he thought it a bauble, which we are to toss about for a few hours, and when we are weary, to resign ourselves to repose, which will never be interrupted. He amused himself, for none of his works have claims to a more dignified character than amusing, with writing “Historick doubts,” which have some ingenuity, without either accuracy or utility ; a “Catalogue of royal and noble authors,” of some value, but of little merit ; the “Mysterious Mother” & “Anecdotes of painting,” which are said to be his best attempts. Besides these he published some pretty letters and some neglected verses. The rest of his life was wasted in writing a romance, determining the antiquity of a picture, reviving forgotten scandal, or retailing bon mots. Such a man as this however did not fear to deride Johnson, dislike Cervantes, and ridicule christianity.

AMERICAN POETRY.

THE common charge against us of poverty of genius is least easily eluded, when we are told, that America has never yet produced a poet of more than second rate excellence. We can account pretty well for not having any rivals to the philosophers and scholars of Europe ; but poetry has no necessary alliance with opulence and refinement. Its fullest and richest tones have often been heard, where science never raised her voice, and refinement never imprinted her footsteps. The birth place of the original poet has often been, where, as in our country, nature appears in all her rudeness, where the mountains rise in their unsubdued and gigantick elevations, the cataracts fall without mechanical precipitation, and the rivers roll without artificial meanders. The only reason, that I can think of, without admitting the justice of the charge, is, that our writers import the style and imagery of the poets of England, as much as our merchants do its wares. The new appearances of nature in our country, one would think, ought to have extended the limits of an art confessedly imitative. But our poets have been contented with attempting to revive the lilies and roses of Europe, all whose leaves are withered, and all whose fragrance is exhausted by having been so long plucked, and having been transferred to so many possessors. When we are farther advanced in refinement, we shall have poetry of as much beauty, as any that has recently appeared in Europe ; but whilst we contin-

ue to receive our riches by inheritance, and not to produce them by our vigour, we shall not be able to boast of any imperishable

name ; of one, who may sit down with Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare.

VOLTAIRE ON VIRGIL.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND to you for publication in the Anthology the translation of a letter, written in French by M. Fontanes, containing observations on some notes, in the hand writing of Voltaire, on the margin of a Virgil, found in his library. The letter was published in the second number of the new series of the *Mercur de France*, 5th of July 1800, a periodical journal, which was suppressed during the revolution, but which had been established for more than a century, and had acquired great reputation by the genius and learning of its conductors, in the list of which were the names of Marmontel, Champfort, and M. de Laharpe, who were numbered among the most illustrious academicians of France. Fontanes is a gentleman of taste and learning, who has for a long time held a distinguished rank in the republic of letters, and who has contributed much by his well written essays to the high estimation, which the literary world are disposed to allow to the *Mercur de France*. His oration, on the death of General Washington, in the *Champ de Mars* at Paris, takes a high rank among the funeral panegyrics, which that occasion produced. It sometimes exhibits that gorgeous imagery, which distinguishes the eloquence of France, as displayed in the *Oraisons funébres* of Bos-

suet ; and many of those simple touches and insinuating impulses of tender passion are discoverable, with which the sermons of Massillon abound, and to which the poetry of De Lille is indebted for its peculiar fascinations. The following letter is full of pleasant literature ; it will agreeably detain the idle reader for a few minutes ; and though it does not aspire to the high dignity of regular criticism, it will surely be interesting to those, who would regard with delight the smallest notice on the great national poet of Rome, by him, who was afterwards to assume the same place in the literature of France. Voltaire was indeed young, when he wrote upon Virgil, but his was the youth of a giant. If Leonardo da Vinci had painted the retreat of Æneas from the ruins of the city of Priam, though the Trojan Chief, in strength of manhood and ripeness of years, would be the most important figure in the composition of the picture, yet who would not view with peculiar interest the tender Iulus, treading in the steps of his father, and perhaps anticipating the day, when he was to reign in the kingdom of his predecessors ?

SAMFSCISERAMUS.

....

TRANSLATION.

THE loss of Voltaire's library cannot be too much regretted.

The greater number of the books, which composed it, were filled with remarks, written with his own hand, which proved the immense extent of his reading and knowledge. We might there perceive a superiour understanding employing all the treasures of memory, refuting by a single passage a long production, and condensing in a few words the result of fifty years' meditation. Gentlemen of credit, who have seen the library of this great man, will attest, that this eulogy is not exaggerated. Circumstances have procured me a copy of Virgil, which belonged to Voltaire, on the margin of which he has scattered various observations. His chirography is easily to be recognized, and the testimony of his secretary, Vanieres, corroborates its authenticity. Nothing at first view promises more interest, than criticisms on the author of the *Æneid* by that of the *Henriade*; but Voltaire was unfortunately very young, when he made these remarks, of which I am the depository. It appears to me, that at that period, fraught with the instruction of father Poreé, he had just left college, and therefore almost all his remarks are written in latin. We perceive, that he had studied with care the language of Virgil...he comments on the peculiar expressions of the Roman poet...he illustrates the affinity between him and the Greek authors, whom he imitated...he explains, by a short paraphrase, some of the elliptical and figurative expressions, with which he was delighted. Such a labour, undertaken by Voltaire in his early youth, is at once a reproach

and a lesson to so many modern authors, who have neglected the most indispensable studies, and who call themselves men of letters, to the disgrace of our age.

I confess, that the greater number of the notes, which I have perused, contain nothing remarkable, altho' they discover throughout, that his erudition was very extensive for so young a man. Five or six only forewarn even the most critical observers of the future mind of Voltaire. To manifest this it is perhaps sufficient to mention the apparent indifference, with which Voltaire appears to have read the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*. The last work, the most perfect of antiquity, has not furnished him with the smallest remark, and of the *Eclogues* only the following line has received any mark of his commendation.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.

This he underscored, because it contained an expression of passion. The 3d *Eclogue*, imitated from Theocritus, appeared to him unpolished in some of its detailsthe 9th, cold....the 4th, too elevated for Bucolick compositions.

From this epoch we perceive Voltaire's exclusive preference for moral and dramatick poetry. He reserves all his attention for the animated scenes of the *Æneid* and entirely neglects the interesting nature of the rural paintings.... the perfection of the picturesque details, which all ages have admired in the *Georgicks*. Thenceforward we may conjecture, what will be the character of his genius. We are no longer surprised, that Voltaire, equal to the

greatest masters in delineating the passions, should be almost always their inferiour in his pictures of nature ;it was because he never loved the country, and because from his youth he never had lived in it.

All epick poets before him, and this observation is I think very important in the history of their productions, wrote pastoral poetry in their youth, or works of an analogous nature. Virgil, before he had described the sack of Troy and the combats of Turnus and Æneas, had chaunted of Tityrus and the old man of Galesus. The Rinaldo of Tasso was preceded by his Aminta. Camöens, in the commencement of his poem, while addressing himself to the nymphs of the Tagus, reminds them of the Eclogues, with which they had inspired him. Even the sublime genius of Milton has attempted rural imagery in his Lycidas and Il Penseroso. Homer, in fine, loses no opportunity of retracing, amid the horrors of war, the charms of the tranquillity of a rural life. Voltaire has drawn from this original source of true beauty less, than all the others. His youthful days flowed away among the fascinations of the arts and society. He lived in the country during his old age only, and then he carried with him more philosophy, than passion. Having cherished for fifty years different impressions, he could not, even surrounded by the Alps and the Jura....on the banks of the lake of Geneva, and in the presence of the genius of nature, abstract himself for a moment from the illusions of the theatre. Whatever was not related to the drama,

Vol. II. No. 9. Mmm

in his estimation was of inferiour rank. This opinion has sometimes bewildered his judgment, and caused him to neglect several essential parts of the art. Thus, in his descriptive poetry, we often wish for images, more true, and more precise....a harmony more judicious, and a character more original. This defect is often felt, particularly in the *Henriade* compared with the poems of antiquity ; but even this is no excuse for the criticks, who close their eyes to its beauties, some of which are real and even peculiar, and the work itself will always be ranked with the first monuments of French poetry.

It is then true, that, even in the infancy of men of splendid talents, we may conjecture what will be the character of their genius. Voltaire, while a child, preferred the movements of passion to the calm and happiness of rural life. Racine affords an opposite example in the remarks of his youth on the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. His affectionate soul dwelt with delight on those very details, which could not fix the impatient and restless sensibility of Voltaire. Pastoral images, hospitable manners, always received profound respect from the future creator of *Athalie*. Even in the earliest reflections of these two great dramattick poets we perceive a glimmering of the characteristic difference of their style. Voltaire judges only of the whole manner, and the general beauties. He admires less often the effects of imitative harmony, those bold expressions, those expert combinations of words, happily collocated, which

are the fruit of profound meditation and of skilful art. Very different was the progress of Racine. I have read some of his notes in the margin of a Horace, which had been in the possession of his son and Lefranc de Pompignan. We find, that the most perfect of our poets did not become so, but in studying continually, and in its minutest details, all the secrets of the poetick style. He had marked many expressions of Horace, as fit to be transplanted into French poetry. By the side of the words *nigrum fulvere* he had written *noire de poussiere*, and added, *this expression may be transferred with success into our language*. In the same copy, on the margin of the well known passage in Horace,

*Ja me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit,*

was found this admirable verse of Phædra,

C'est Venus toute entiere a sa proie attachee.

Voltaire's notes on Virgil do not offer, as I have said before, a single remark so interesting. The first, second, fourth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* are filled with marks of the pencil, the fifth has very few of them. The book, which Montaigne regarded as the chef d'œuvre of the versification of the first of Latin poets, could not arrest the attention of Voltaire, and precisely for the same reason that he read so cursorily the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus is the part of the ninth book which he most extols. The delicate impulse of passion, which terminates this episode, and by which Virgil introduces himself in this scene of the *Æneid*, ap-

peared to him singularly beautiful.

*Fortanati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

Therefore he has not failed to imitate it, at the end of the combat of the two D'Ailly, in the eighth book of the *Henriade*.

Père, époux malheureux, famille déplorable, etc.

The lines, which expressed a sentiment, always attracted his attention. The line,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

is carefully marked, and in the margin against it he has written, *versus mirificus*. Voltaire remembered his original admiration of this verse, when he wrote that charming line of *Zaire*, in which the same thought occurs with a different sentiment,

Qui ne sait compatir aux maux qu'on a soufferts ?

When Dido, after having loaded *Æneas* with reproaches, addresses her sister in order to move her compassion in those well known verses,

Anna viides toto properari litare circum, etc.

Voltaire eulogizes the happy artifice of this discourse, and recalls that line of *Phædra* to *Ænona*,

Presse, pleure, gémis, peins—lui Phædre mourante.

He repeatedly observes, and this observation has been made by others, that Virgil seems to disregard the uniformity of the same sounds recurring at the hemistich and at the end of the line. Examples of these are sufficiently numerous in Virgil, and in the poets which succeeded him. It seems, that this species of beauty,

if it sometimes is one, degenerated into affectation after the age of Augustus. This is probably one of the reasons, why these famous lines, attributed to Nero,

Terra mimalloensis implerunt cornua bembis,
etc.

appeared so affected to Persius ;but we cannot deny, that the return of the same sounds has sometimes been designedly contrived in the poetry of Horace and Virgil. The Asclepiad verses of the first, particularly, offer frequent examples of it.

*Metaque fervida
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evexit ad decos.*

Rhyme is not a barbarous invention, although some have said so, who believed themselves philosophers. By means of a true philosophy they would have found in nature, and in the organization of man, the causes of the pleasure which it affords him. They would have learned, that it was natural in every nation, and that the first verses in every language have probably been rhymes.

Voltaire observes very judiciously, that in the beautiful lines of the second book,

*Uteroque recesso
Insonuere cavæ geminæque dederunt cavernæ,*

the four lines prolong and double the harmony by the repetition of similar sounds. He blames, and perhaps with some reason, the same effect repeated nearer the end of the book.

Trojaque nunc stans Priamique arx alta mæ-necra)

It is very certain, that we do not perceive here the necessity of the same harmony. How many beauties of this kind would a man

like Voltaire have discovered in the *Æneid*, if he had made his comments at a more advanced age ? But it is not now genius estimating genius, it is a pupil of Poree who was improving himself in the knowledge of the Latin language. By the side of the sublime description of *Ætna*, in the third book of the *Æneid*, he refers to the first Pythique of Pindar, in which he has so well described the rage of Typhæus. He transcribes some Greek verses and cites them with great applause, whence we may conclude that Voltaire, notwithstanding what has been said of him, had studied Greek, and that there was one time at least, when he could admire Pindar.

We recognize, even in these notes, traits of the satirical spirit of Voltaire. At the close of the sixth book, when Anchises has shown to his son the whole succession of his descendants, Virgil terminates very abruptly and speaks, without any transition, of the two gates of sleep, through which dreams proceeded,

Sunt geminæ somni portæ, etc.

Voltaire wrote on the margin, *Hic Virgilius oblitus sui est, nisi lacunas fuisse velies*. Upon reflection we are disposed to think with Voltaire, that there is in this place an absolute *hiatus*.

I could have wished to have made a more abundant harvest, but I foresaw that it must be limited. I flatter myself, that the celebrated names of Voltaire and Virgil will excuse the minuteness of these details, and give them some value. FONTANES.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 413.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The Hermitage in a Grove. The Hermit's Pupil bearing consecrated grass.*
PUPIL.

HOW great is the power of Dushmanta !—The monarch and his charioteer had no sooner entered the grove, than we continued our holy rites without interruption.—What words can describe him ?—by his barely aiming a shaft, by the mere sound of his bow-string, by the simple murmur of his vibrating bow, he disperses at once our calamities.—Now then I deliver to the priests this bundle of fresh Cusa grass to be scattered round the place of sacrifice.

——(*Looking behind the scenes.*) Ah ! Priyamvada, for whom are you carrying that ointment of Usíra root, and those leaves of water lilies ?—(*Listening attentively.*)—What say you ?—That Sacontalá is extremely disordered by the sun's heat, and that you have procured for her a cooling medicine !—Let her, my Priyamvadá, be diligently attended ; for she is the darling of our venerable father Canna.—I will administer, by the hand of Gautamí, some healing water consecrated in the ceremony called Vaitána. (*He goes out.*)
Dushmanta enters, expressing the distraction of a lover.

Dushm. I well know the power of her devotion : that she will suffer none to dispose of her but Canna, I too well know. Yet my heart can no more return to its former placid state, than water can reascend the steep, down which it has fallen.—O God of Love, how can thy darts be so keen, since they are pointed with flowers ?—Yes I discover the reason of their keenness. They are tipped with the flames which the wrath of Hara kindled, and which blaze at this moment, like the Bárava fire under the waves : how else couldst thou, who wast consumed even to ashes, be still the inflamer of our souls ? By thee and by the moon, though each of you seems worthy of confidence, we lovers are cruelly deceived. They who love as I do, ascribe flowery shafts to

thee, and cool beams to the moon, with equal impropriety ; for the moon sheds fire on them with her dewy rays, and thou pointest with sharp diamonds those arrows, which seem to be barbed with blossoms. Yet this god, who bears a fish on his banners, and who wounds me to the soul, will give me real delight if he destroy me with the aid of my beloved, whose eyes are large and beautiful as those of a roe.—O ! powerful divinity, even when I thus adore thy attributes, hast thou no compassion ? Thy fire, O Love, is fanned into a blaze by a hundred of my vain thoughts.—Does it become thee to draw thy bow even to thy ear, that the shaft, aimed at my bosom, may inflict a deeper wound ?—Where now can I recreate my afflicted soul by the permission of those pious men, whose uneasiness I have removed by dismissing my train ?—(*Sighing.*)—I can have no relief but from a sight of my beloved.—(*Looking up.*)—This intensely hot noon must, no doubt, be passed by Sacontala with her damsels on the banks of this river over-shadowed with Támalas.—It must be so :—I will advance thither.—(*Walking round and looking.*)—My sweet friend has, I guess, been lately walking under that row of young trees ; for I see the stalks of some flowers, which probably she gathered, still unshrivelled ; and some fresh leaves, newly plucked, still dropping milk.—(*Feeling a breeze.*)—Ah ! this bank has a delightful air !—Here may the gale embrace me, wafting odours from the water lilies, and cool my breast, inflamed by the bodiless god, with the liquid particles which it catches from the waves of the Málini.—(*Looking down.*) Happy lover ! Sacontala must be somewhere in this grove of flowering creepers : for I discern on the yellow sand at the door of yon harbour some recent footsteps, raised a little before, and depressed behind by the weight of her elegant limbs.—I shall have a better view from behind this thick foliage.—(*He conceals him-*

self, looking vigilantly.)—Now are my eyes fully gratified—The darling of my heart, with her two faithful attendants, reposes on a smooth rock strown with fresh flowers—These branches will hide me, whilst I hear their charming conversation. (*He stands concealed and gapes.*) Sacontalá and her two Damsels discovered.

Both. (Fanning her.) Say, beloved Sacontalá, does the breeze, raised by our fans of broad lotos leaves, refresh you?

Sac. (Mournfully.) Why, alas, do my dear friends take this trouble? (*Both look sorrowfully at each other.*)

Dusm. [Aside.] Ah! she seems much indisposed. What can have been the fatal cause of so violent a fever?—Is it what my heart suggests? Or—(*Musing*)—I am perplexed with doubts.—The medicine extracted from the balmy Uśra has been applied, I see, to her bosom: her only bracelet is made of thin filaments from the stalks of a water lily, and even that is loosely bound on her arm. Yet, even thus disordered, she is exquisitely beautiful—Such are the hearts of the young? Love and the sun equally inflame us; but the scorching heat of summer leads not equally to happiness with the ardour of youthful desires.

Pri. [Aside to Anusúyá.] Did you not observe how the heart of Sacontalá was affected by the first sight of our pious monarch? My suspicion is, that her malady has no other cause.

Anu. [Aside to Priyamvada.] The same suspicion had risen in my mind. I will ask her at once—(*Aloud*)—My sweet Sacontalá, let me put one question to you. What has really occasioned your indisposition?

Dusm. [Aside.] She must now declare it. Ah! though her bracelets of lotos are bright as moon beams, yet they are marked, I see, with black spots from internal ardour.

Sac. [Half raising herself.] Oh! say what you suspect to have occasioned it.

Anu. Sacontalá, we must necessarily be ignorant of what is passing in your breast; but I suspect your case to be that which we have often heard related in tales of love. Tell us openly what causes your illness. A physician, without knowing the cause of a disorder, cannot even begin to apply a remedy.

Dusm. [Aside.] I flatter myself with the same suspicion.

Sac. [Aside.] My pain is intolerable; yet I cannot hastily disclose the occasion of it.

Pri. My sweet friend, Anusúyá, speaks rationally. Consider the violence of your indisposition. Every day you will be more and more emaciated, though your exquisite beauty has not yet forsaken you.

Dusm. [Aside.] Most true. Her forehead is parched; her neck droops; her waist is more slender than before; her shoulders languidly fall; her complexion is wan; she resembles a Madhavi creeper, whose leaves are dried by a sultry gale: yet even thus transformed, she is lovely, and charms by foul.

Sac. [Sighing.] What more can I say? Ah! why should I be the occasion of your sorrow?

Pri. For that very reason, my beloved, we are solicitous to know your secret; since, when each of us has a share of your uneasiness, you will bear more easily your own portion of it.

Dusm. [Aside.] Thus urged by two friends, who share her pains as well as her pleasures, she cannot fail to disclose the hidden cause of her malady; whilst I, on whom she looked at our first interview with marked affection, am filled with anxious desire to hear her answer.

Sac. From the very instant when the accomplished prince, who has just given repose to our hallowed forest, met my eye—

[She breaks off, and looks modest.]

Both. Speak on, beloved Sacontalá.

Sac. From that instant my affection was unalterably fixed on him—and thence I am reduced to my present languor.

Anu. Fortunately your affection is placed on a man worthy of yourself.

Pri. Oh! could a fine river have deserted the sea and flowed into a lake?

Dusm. [Joyfully.] That which I was eager to know, her own lips have told. Love was the cause of my discontent, and love has healed it; as a summer's day, grown black with clouds, relieves all animals from the heat which itself had caused.

Sac. If it be no disagreeable task,

contrive, I entreat you, some means be which I may find favour in the king's eyes.

Dufm. [*Aside.*] That request banishes all my cares, and gives me rapture even in my present uneasy situation.

Pri. [*Aside to Anusuya.*] A remedy for her, my friend, will scarce be attainable. Exert all the powers of your mind; for her illness admits of no delay.

Anu. [*Aside to Priyamvada.*] By what expedient can her cure be both accelerated and kept secret?

Pri. [*As before.*] Oh! to keep it secret will be easy; but to attain it soon, almost insuperably difficult.

Anu. [*As before.*] How so?

Pri. The young king seemed, I admit, by his tender glances, to be enamoured of her at first sight; and he has been observed, within these few days, to be pale and thin, as if his passion had kept him long awake.

Dufm. [*Aside.*] So it has—This golden bracelet, sullied by the flame which preys on me, and which no dew mitigates, but the tears gushing nightly from these eyes, has fallen again and again on my wrist, and has been replaced on my emaciated arm.

Pri. [*Aloud.*] I have a thought, Anusuya—Let us write a love letter, which I will conceal in a flower, and, under the pretext of making a respectful offering, deliver it myself into the king's hand.

Anu. An excellent contrivance! It pleases me highly;—but what says our beloved Sacontala?

Sac. I must consider, my friend, the possible consequences of such a step.

Pri. Think also of a verse or two, which may suit your passion, and be consistent with the character of a lovely girl born in an exalted family.

Sac. I will think of them in due time; but my heart flutters with the apprehension of being rejected.

Dufm. [*Aside.*] Here stands the man supremely blessed in thy presence, from whom, O timid girl, thou art apprehensive of a refusal! Here stands the man, from whom, O beautiful maid, thou fearest rejection, though he loves thee distractedly. He who shall possess thee will seek no brighter gem; and thou art the gem which I am eager to possess.

Anu. You depreciate, Sacontala, your own incomparable merits. What man in his senses would intercept with an umbrella the moonlight of autumn, which alone can allay the fever caused by the heat of the noon?

Sac. [*Smiling.*] I am engaged in thought. [*Sbs meditates.*]

Dufm. Thus then I fix my eyes on the lovely poetess, without closing them a moment, while she measures the feet of her verse: her forehead is gracefully moved in cadence, and her whole aspect indicates pure affection.

Sac. I have thought of a couplet; but we have no writing implements.

Pri. Let us hear the words; and then I will mark them with my nail on this lotos leaf, soft and green as the breast of a young parrot: it may easily be cut into the form of a letter. —Repeat the verses.

Sac. "Thy heart, indeed, I know not: but mine, oh! cruel, love warms by day and by night; and all my faculties are centered on thee."

Dufm. [*Hastily advancing, and pronouncing a verse in the same measure.*] "Thee, O slender maid, love only warms; but me he burns; as the day-star only stifles the fragrance of the night-flower, but quenches the very orb of the moon."

Anu. [*Looking at him joyfully.*] Welcome, great king: the fruit of my friend's imagination has ripened without delay.

[*Sacontala expresses an inclination to rise.*]

Dufm. Give yourself no pain. Those delicate limbs, which repose on a couch of flowers, those arms, whose bracelets of lotos are disarranged by a slight pressure, and that sweet frame, which the hot noon seems to have disordered, must not be fatigued by ceremony.

Sac. [*Aside.*] O my heart, canst thou not rest at length after all thy sufferings?

Anu. Let our sovereign take for his seat a part of the rock on which she reposes. [*Sacontala makes a little room.*]

Dufm. [*Seating himself.*] Priyamvada, is not the fever of your charming friend in some degree abated?

Pri. [*Smiling.*] She has just taken a salutary medicine, and will soon be restored to health. But O mighty prince, as I am favoured by you and by her, my friendship for Sacontala prompts

me to converse with you for a few moments.

Dufm. Excellent damsel, speak openly; and suppress nothing.

Pri. Our lord shall hear.

Dufm. I am attentive.

Pri. By dispelling the alarms of our pious hermits, you have discharged the duty of a great monarch.

Dufm. O! talk a little on other subjects.

Pri. Then I must inform you that our beloved companion is enamoured of you, and has been reduced to her present languor by the resistless divinity, love. You only can preserve her inestimable life.

Dufm. Sweet Priyamvada, our passion is reciprocal; but it is I who am honoured.

Sac. [*Smiling, with a mixture of affection and resentment.*] Why should you detain the virtuous monarch, who must be afflicted by so long an absence from the secret apartments of his palace?

Dufm. This heart of mine, oh thou who art of all things the dearest to it, will have no object but thee, whose eyes enchant me with their black splendour, if thou wilt but speak in a milder strain. I, who was nearly slain by love's arrow, am destroyed by thy speech.

Anu. [*Laughing.*] Princes are said to have many favourite comforts. You must assure us, therefore, that our beloved friend shall not be exposed to affliction through our conduct.

Dufm. What need is there of many words? Let there be ever so many women in my palace, I will have only two objects of perfect regard; the sea-girt earth, which I govern, and your sweet friend, whom I love.

Both. Our anxiety is dissipated.

[*Sacotala strives in vain to conceal her joy.*]

Pri. [*Aside to Anufuya.*] See how our friend recovers her spirits by little and little, as the peahen, oppressed by the summer heat, is refreshed by a soft gale and a gentle shower.

Sac. [*To the damsels.*] Forgive, I pray, my offence in having used unmeaning words: they were uttered only for your amusement in return for your tender care of me.

Pri. They were the occasion, indeed, of our serious advice. But it is the king who must forgive: who else is offended?

Sac. The great monarch will, I trust, excuse what has been said either before him or in his absence.—[*Aside to the damsels.*] Intercede with him, I intreat you.

Dufm. [*Smiling.*] I would cheerfully forgive any offence, lovely Sacotala, if you, who have dominion over my heart, would allow me full room to sit by you, and recover from my fatigue, on this flowery couch pressed by your delicate limbs.

Pri. Allow him room; it will appease him, and make him happy.

Sac. [*Pretending anger, aside to Priyamvada.*] Be quiet, thou mischief-making girl! Dost thou sport with me in my present weak state?

Anu. [*Looking behind the scenes.*] O! my Priyamvada, there is our favourite young antelope running wildly and turning his eyes on all sides: he is, no doubt, seeking his mother, who has rambled in the wide forest. I must go and assist his search.

Pri. He is very nimble; and you alone will never be able to confine him in one place. I must accompany you.

[*Both going out.*]

Sac. Alas, I cannot consent to your going far: I shall be left alone.

Both. [*Smiling.*] Alone! with the sovereign of the world by your side!

[*They go out.*]

Sac. How could my companions both leave me?

Dufm. Sweet maid, give yourself no concern. Am not I, who humbly solicit your favour, present in the room of them?—[*Aside.*]—I must declare my passion.—[*Aloud.*]—Why should not I, like them, wave this fan of lotos leaves, to raise cool breezes and dissipate your uneasiness? Why should not I, like them, lay softy in my lap those feet, red as water lilies, and press them, O my charmer, to relieve your pain?

Sac. I should offend against myself, by receiving homage from a person entitled to respect. [*She rises, and walks slowly through weakness.*]

Dufm. The noon, my love, is not yet passed; and your sweet limbs are weak. Having left that couch where fresh flowers covered your bosom, you can ill sustain this intense heat with so languid a frame. [*He gently draws her back.*]

Sac. Leave me, oh leave me. I am not, indeed, my own mistress, or—the two damsels were only appointed to attend me. What can I do at present?

Dufm. (Aside.) Fear of displeasing her makes me bashful.

Sac. (Overhearing him.) The king cannot give offence. It is my unhappy fate only that I accuse.

Dufm. Why should you accuse so favourable a destiny?

Sac. How rather can I help blaming it, since it has permitted my heart to be affected by amiable qualities, without having left me at my own disposal.

Dufm. (Aside.) One would imagine that the charming sex, instead of being, like us, tormented with love, kept love himself within their hearts, to torment him with delay. *(Sacotala going out.)*

Dufm. (Aside.) How! must I then fail of attaining felicity? *(Following her and catching the skirt of her mantle.)*

Sac. (Turning back.) Son of Puru, preserve thy reason: oh! preserve it.—The hermits are busy on all sides of the grove.

Dufm. My charmer, your fear of them is vain. Canna himself who is deeply versed in the science of law, will be no obstacle to our union. Many daughters of the holiest men have been married by the ceremony called Gándharva, as it is practised by Indra's band, and even their fathers have approved them.—*(Looking round.)*—What say you? are you still inflexible? Alas! I must then depart. *(Going from her a few paces, then looking back.)*

Sac. (Moving also a few steps, and then turning back her face.) Though I have refused compliance, and have only allowed you to converse with me for a moment, yet, O son of Puru—let not Sacotala be wholly forgotten.

Dufm. Enchanting girl, should you be removed to the ends of the world, you will be fixed in this heart, as the shade of a lofty tree remains with it even when the day is departed.

Sac. (Going out, aside.) Since I have heard his protestations, my feet move, indeed, but without advancing. I will conceal myself behind those flowering Curuvacas, and thence I shall see the result of his passion.

(She hides herself behind the shrubs.)

Dufm. (Aside.) Can you leave me, beloved Sacotala; me who am all affection? Could you not have tarried a single moment? Soft is your beautiful frame, and indicates a benevolent soul; yet your heart is obdurate: as the tender Sirisha hangs on a hard stalk.

Sac. (Aside.) I really have now lost the power of departing.

Dufm. (Aside.) What can I do in this retreat since my darling has left it?—*(Musing and looking round.)*—Ah! my departure is happily delayed.—Here lies her bracelet of flowers, exquisitely perfumed by the root of Usira which had been spread on her bosom: it has fallen from her delicate wrist, and is become a new chain for my heart.

(Taking up the bracelet with reverence.)

Sac. (Aside, looking at her band.) Ah me! such was my languor, that the filaments of lotos stalks which bound my arm dropped on the ground unperceived by me.

Dufm. (Aside, placing it in his bosom.) Oh! How delightful to the touch!—From this ornament of your lovely arm, Oh my darling; though it be inanimate and senseless, your unhappy lover has regained confidence—a bliss which you refused to confer.

Sac. (Aside.) I can stay here no longer. By this pretext I may return.

(Going slowly towards him.)

Dufm. (With rapture.) Ah! the embrace of my soul again blesses these eyes. After all my misery I was destined to be favoured by indulgent heaven.—The bird Chátac, whose throat was parched with thirst, supplicated for a drop of water, and suddenly a cool stream poured into his bill from the bounty of a fresh cloud.

Sac. Mighty king, when I had gone half way to the cottage, I perceived that my bracelet of thin stalks had fallen from my wrist; and I return because my heart is almost convinced that you must have seen and taken it. Restore it, I humbly entreat, lest you expose both yourself and me to the censure of the hermits.

Dufm. Yes, on one condition I will return it.

Sac. On what condition? Speak.—

Dufm. That I may replace it on the wrist to which it belongs.

Sac. (Aside.) I have no alternative.

Dufm. But in order to replace it, we must both be seated on that smooth rock. *(Both sit down.)*

Dufm. (Taking her hand.) O exquisite softness! This hand has regained its native strength and beauty, like a young shoot of Camálata: or it resembles rather the god of love himself, when, having been consumed by the fire of Hara's wrath, he was restored to life by a shower of nectar sprinkled by the immortals.

Sac. (Pressing his hand.) Let the son of my lord make haste to tie on the Bracelet.

Dufm. (Aside with rapture.) Now I am truly blessed.—That phrase, the son of my lord, is applied only to a husband.—*(Aloud.)*—My charmer, the clasp of this bracelet is not easily loosened: it must be made to fit you better.

Sac. (Smiling.) As you please.

Dufm. (Quitting her hand.) Look, my darling: this is the new moon, which lent the firmament in honour of superior beauty, and, having descended on your enchanting wrist, has joined both its horns round it in the shape of a bracelet.

Sac. I really see nothing like a moon: the breeze, I suppose, has shaken some dust from the lotos flower behind my ears, and that has obscured my sight.

Dufm. (Smiling.) If you permit me, I will blow the fragrant dust from your eye.

Sac. It would be a kindness; but I cannot trust you.

Dufm. Oh! fear not, fear not. A new servant never transgresses the command of his mistress.

Sac. But a servant over-assiduous deserves no confidence.

Dufm. (Aside.) I will not let slip this charming occasion.—*(Attempting to raise her head—Sacontalá faintly repels him, but sits still.)*—O damsel with an antelope's eyes, be not apprehensive of my indiscretion.—*(Sacontalá looks up for a moment, and then basely drops her head.)*—*Dufmanta, aside, gently raising her head.)*—That lip, the softness of which is imagined, not proved, seems to pronounce, with a delightful tremour, its permission for me to allay my thirst.

Sac. The son of my lord seems inclined to break his promise.

Dufm. Beloved, I was deceived by the proximity of the lotos to that eye which equals it in brightness.

(He blows gently on her eye.)

Sac. Well; now I see a prince who keeps his word as it becomes his imperial character. Yet I am really ashamed that no desert of mine entitles me to the kind service of my lord's son.

Dufm. What reward can I desire, except that which I consider as the greatest, the fragrance of your delicious lip!

Sac. Will that content you?

Dufm. The bee is contented with the mere odour of the water lily.

Sac. If he were not, he would get no remedy.

Dufm. Yes, this and this—

(Kissing her eagerly.)

Behind the scenes. Hark! the Chacrávaca is calling her mate on the bank of the Málini: the night is beginning to spread her shades.

Sac. (Listening alarmed.) O son of my lord, the matron Gautamí approaches to inquire after my health. Hide yourself, I entreat, behind yon trees.

Dufm. I yield to necessity.

(He retires.)

Gautamí enters with a vase in her hand.

Gaut. (Looking anxiously at Sacontalá.) My child, here is holy water for thee.—What hast thou no companion here but the invisible gods; thou who art so much indisposed?

Sac. Both Priyamvadá and Anusúyá are just gone down to the river.

Gaut. (Sprinkling her.) Is thy fever, my child, a little abated?

(Feeling her hand.)

Sac. Venerable matron, there is a change for the better.

Gaut. Then thou art in no danger. Mayst thou live many years! The day is departing: let us both go to the cottage.

Sac. (Aside, rising slowly.) O my heart, no sooner hadst thou begun to taste happiness, than the occasion slipped away!—*(She advances a few steps, and returns to the arbour.)*—O bower of twining plants, by whom my sorrows have been dispelled, on thee I call; ardently hoping to be once more happy under thy shade. *(She goes out with Gautamí.)*

Dufm. (*Returning to the bower, and sighing.*) How, alas, have my desires been obstructed!—Could I do less than kiss the lips of my charmer, though her modest cheeks were half averted; lips, whose sweetness had enchanted me, even when they pronounced a denial?—Whither now can I go?—I will remain a while in this arbour of creepers, which my darling's presence has illuminated.—(*Looking round.*)—Yes; this is her seat on the rock, spread with blossoms, which have been pressed by her delicate limbs.—Here lies her exquisite love letter on the leaf of a water lily; here lay her bracelet of tender filaments, which had fallen from her sweet wrist.—Though the bower of twining Vétasas be now desolate, since my charmer has left it, yet, while my eyes are fixed on all these delightful memorials of her, I am unable to de-

part.—(*Musing.*)—Ah! how imperfectly has this affair been conducted by a lover, like me, who, with his darling by his side, has let the occasion slip.—Should Sacotalá visit once more this calm retreat, the opportunity shall not pass again unimproved: the pleasures of youth are by nature transitory.—Thus my foolish heart forms resolutions, while it is distracted by the sudden interruption of its happiness. Why did it ever allow me to quit without effect the presence of my beloved?

Behind the scenes. O king, while we are beginning our evening sacrifice, the figures of blood-thirsty demons, embrowned by clouds collected at the departure of day, glide over the sacred hearth, and spread consternation around.

Dufm. Fear not, holy men.—Your king will protect you. (*He goes out.*)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION....A POEM.

Continued from p. 417.

SWEET were the hours, oh, passing
sweet the days,
When simple childhood fram'd its little plays;
Fair was each scene, as opening morn-
ing fair,
Pure as her breath, and lucid as her
hair;
Light was each heart, as schoolboy's
bubble light,
To touch as tender, and as clear to
sight!
Fool that I was to grasp at higher joys,
And quit my playthings for these em-
p-
tier toys!
Oh, lost to truth, to innocence, to ease,
Repose to fancy 'midst these tumbling
seas!

Here must I pause, nor farther press
the tale,
And o'er her wanderings drop a friend-
ly veil.

Who deeply feels, in nice description
fails,
And breathes his sorrows to the heedless
gales.

The poet writes from rules of cautious art,
And feeling feigns to catch the reader's
heart.

But I, alas, can feign no feeling here;
And all my art is Pity's simple tear.
And yet, 'twere ill the story thus to
close,

Though friendship bids her ruin'd
name repose;

For haply here, by friendlier planets
blest'd,

Some artless Fair, alike by Vice carest'd,
In happy hour her mournful fate shall
learn,

And through the visor smooth the vil-
lain's face discern.

Then briefly know what friendship
fain would hide,
Nor spurn the wretch, though frown-
ing prudes deride.

A time she shone in glare of guilty
state,

A splendid offering to the pamper'd
Great;

An idle toy to court curst Fashion's
 smile,
 And tell the town a Lordling whored
 in style.
 With feign'd endearments, and with
 mimick fire,
 To rouse a drivelling lecher's coarse
 desire;
 With nauseous dalliance fill his vacant
 hour,
 And hang dependent on a hated power;
 In sorry smiles to dress an aching heart,
 And basely truckle in the wanton's
 art;
 To drudge through life a mere conven-
 ient tool,
 And huckster sin to serve a loathsome
 fool;
 This was her fordid task! her *wondrous*
 gain
 For yielded virtue and for trusted fame!
 Oft tow'rd's her home she turn'd a wist-
 ful eye,
 And oft in silence heav'd a stolen sigh:
 But past those simple scenes of former
 days,
 The morn's fresh task, the evening's
 sweeter plays;
 Mute too the pipe she lov'd so well to
 hear,
 When thought was peace, and all her
 breast was clear:
 Naught now was her's but noise and
 empty show,
 The smooth profession and the secret
 foe,
 The tedious pomp, that cumpers awk-
 ward state,
 The midnight revel and the noisy fête;
 But what where these, with all their
 boast to please,
 To one calm hour beneath her village
 trees?
 Yet e'en this semblance of fictitious joy,
 These current mock'ries, stamp'd in base
 alloy,
 Not long indur'd the owner's homely
 wear,
 But gave their tinsel to the passing air.
 For smiling Heaven, that lent a tran-
 sient ray
 To warm this blossom of a short-liv'd
 day,
 In sudden storm withdrew its sacred
 light,
 And wrapt the region in portending
 night:

In cold neglect awhile it droop'd its
 head,
 And o'er the ground the chilly raindrop
 shed,
 Till fading fast, and 'rest of every sweet,
 It rudely perish'd 'neath the traveller's
 feet.

Does not thy breast with indignation
 swell,
 To hurl this Scoundrel to his native
 hell,
 Where kindred Fiends in penal flames
 reside,
 Where wo's eternal, and where death's
 deny'd?
 Or has vile custom fear'd thy fordid
 soul
 And bow'd all manhood to its curst
 control,
 That unprovok'd thou hear'st the ribald
 boast
 Of maiden conquests in his nightly
 toast?
 To rouse thy rage, to make the selfish
 feel,

Let me more closely to thy heart appeal:
 Think on a *sister*, robb'd of dearest
 fame,
 Behold thy name disgraced—and then
 be tame!
 On even tide my equal passions move,
 Nor lack I aught the milk of human
 love;
 Yet, injured thus, by Heaven's eternal
 fires!
 To wide revenge I'd yield all fond
 desires,
 From pole to pole I'd hunt the hollow
 knave,
 And ponder vengeance in the gloomy
 grave.

In corner vile, where Want and An-
 guish find
 A wretched shelter from the wintry
 wind,
 At gloomy eve, when nipping frost de-
 scends,
 And no one near the houseless wretch
 befriends,
 Methinks I view, in wavy tatters hung,
 With sorrow, sickness, and repentance
 stung,
 A lean and loathsome band—Seduc-
 tion's spoil.
 All 'rest of hope, and doom'd in sin to
 toil!

How wan their looks ! how roll their
 rayless eyes !
 Yet harden'd man their scanty prayer
 denies ;
 Man, that has led their sliding hearts
 astray,
 And meanly triumph'd o'er a helpless
 prey.
 Oh, pause awhile, if murderers dare
 reflect,
 The foulest, lowest, deadliest, of the sect ;
 Murderers, that scorn in single death
 to deal,
 And gen'ral ruin in their progress seal.
 Remember yet a righteous God presides,
 And redden'd vengeance in his court
 abides ;
 Think of the crimes that throng your
 guilty souls,
 And tremble, villains, when his thun-
 der rolls.
 Oh, for the power to launch the light-
 ning's blaze,
 And blast the remnant of their guilty
 days,
 In scattering winds to hurl their crum-
 bled earth,
 And hide the traces of their timeless
 birth !
 But I but rave and idly beat the air,
 And impious aim the arm of Heaven to
 bare.
 " Vengeance is His," to Him the right
 belongs,
 And He alone shall judge their brutal
 wrongs ;
 On hell's dark scroll the crime super-
 iour stands,
 While rival'd Furies clench their iron
 hands.
 If injur'd love, if want with all its
 woes,
 And all the pangs that guilty conscience
 knows ;
 If bitter tears, that fall from Sorrow's
 eyes,
 And keen Remorse, which e'en *that* boon
 denies,
 Can plead with Thee, who guid'st the
 rolling spheres,
 And mould'st Event in distant depth of
 years ;
 Oh, spare these children of misfor-
 tune's school ;
 Oh, veil thy judgments 'neath a Parent's
 rule.

Sad is our journey through this thorny
 way,
 And drear the clouds that cross our lit-
 tle day ;
 Life's fairest web is wove with light and
 shade,
 And narrow joys in neighb'ring sorrows
 fade.
 But, oh, how hard to fathom deepest
 ills,
 And drain the cup that wayward For-
 tune fills !
 Bankrupts in fame, and bare to every
 blast,
 Wedded to wo, and worn with meagre
 fast,
 Outcasts from heaven, and long estrang'd
 on earth,
 Hopeless in life, and curs'd with timeles
 birth ;
 At death's dim hour when tyrant con-
 science wakes,
 And cruel Memory counts her poison'd
 snakes,
 Oh, hear their maniack prayer, in *mercy*
 hear,
 And o'er their wanderings drop a par-
 doning tear ! OTTIE.

ODE.

We are not usually very lavish of praise, but to the following little piece we are willing to give it almost without mixture and without measure. We have rarely seen poetry and piety in such interesting and delightful alliance. ED.

The following ODE was written by a young Lady in the North of England, who for many years had been oppressed with a hopeless consumption.

NOT to the rosy maid, whom former
 hours
 Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
 The melancholy lyre ; No more I seek
 Thy aid, Hygeia ! fought so long in
 vain,
 But 'tis to thee, O Sickness ! 'tis to thee
 I wake the silent strings ; accept the lay.
 Thou art no tyrant waving the fierce
 scourge
 O'er unresisting victims—but a nymph
 Of mild though mournful mien, upon
 whose brow
 Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy
 eye,

Though moist with tears, is always fix'd
on Heaven.

Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds, but
thou canst tell

Of worlds where all is sunshine, and at
length

When through this vale of sorrow thou
hast led

Thy patient sufferers, cheering the while
With many a smile of promise, thy pale
hand

Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest;
Where Death's kind Angel waits to dry
their tears

And crown them with his amaranthine
flowers.

Yet I have known thee long, and I
have felt

All that thou hast of sorrow—many a
tear

Has fall'n on my cold cheek, and many
a sigh,

Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my
aching breast;

Yet still I bless thee, O thou chastening
pow'r!

For all I bless thee thou hast taught my
soul,

To rest upon itself, to look beyond
The narrow bounds of Time and fix its
hopes

On the sure basis of eternity.—

Meanwhile, even in this transitory scene
Of what hast thou deprived me? Has
thy hand

Clos'd up the book of knowledge; drawn
a veil

O'er the fair face of Nature; or destroy'd
The tender pleasures of domestick life?

Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the
heart

Each better feeling; thou awakenest
there

That unconfin'd Philanthropy which
feels

For all the unhappy: that warm Sym-
pathy

Which casting every selfish care aside,
Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest:

That Melancholy,—tender yet sublime—
Which feeling all the nothingness of
earth,

Exalts the soul to heaven: and more
than these

That pure Devotion, which, even in the
hour

Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes

With tears of ecstasy—such tears perhaps
As Angels love to shed.—

These are thy gifts, O Sickness! these to
me

Thou hast vouchsaf'd, and taught me
how to prize.

Shall my soul shrink from aught thou
hast ordained?

Shall I e'er envy the luxurious train
Around whose path Prosperity has
strew'd

Her gilded toys? Ah, let them still pur-
sue

The shining trifles; never shall they
know

Such pure and holy pleasures as await,
The heart refin'd by sufferings.—Not to
them

Does Fancy sing her wild romantick
song,

'Tis not for them her glowing hand un-
draws

The sacred veil, that hides the angelick
world.

They hear not in the musick of the
wind

Celestial voices, that, in whispers sweet,
Call to the flowers—the young and bash-
ful flowers!

They see not at the shadowy hour of
eve,

Descending spirits, who on silver wings,
Glide thro' the air, and to their harps
divine

Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of
praise:

Or pausing for a moment as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted

scene,

Drop on their golden harps a pitying
tear.

Prosperity, I court thy gifts no more,
Nor thine, O fair Hygeia! Yet to thee

I breathe one fervent prayer; attend
the strain,

If for my faded brow thy hand prepare
Some future wreath, let me the gift re-
sign.

Transfer the rosy garland; bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend be-
lov'd,

On whose maternal bosom even now
I lay my aching head! and as I mark

The smile that plays upon her speaking
face,

Forget that ever I have shed a tear.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 60.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1794. Vol. 4. Printed by S. Hall, Boston. 1795.

THE Historical Society of Massachusetts deserves every praise and every encouragement. It is honourably fulfilling the design of its founders, and realizing the expectations of its friends. As the principal object is the elucidation of the antiquities and history of America, without disregarding collateral topics of inferior consideration, we can assure the publick that these intentions have been partly accomplished with no ordinary success during the vigorous youth of the Society, and will certainly be completed in the bursting and bony manhood of its existence. The nine volumes of Collections already published give evidence of this honest applause. We do not indeed find, and perhaps we have no right to expect, the elegant disquisitions of French antiquarians nor the laborious archæology of German academicians ; but the philosopher is always compensated by the discovery of facts, by naked truth, by real existence, by essential evidence, and these were the substantial nutriment, by which alone the mighty minds of Bacon, Newton, Euler, and the

Bernouillis obtained their blooming expansion and gigantick hardihood.

The volume opens with the act of incorporation, the laws and regulations of the Society, and circular letter of the late learned Belknap on its objects and wishes. An Appendix follows of ten numbers on the articles, on which the Society want information ; pamphlets and tracts wanted ; directions for preserving animals ; Dr. Cutler's method of preserving the skins of birds ; method of preserving animals, collected by Mr. Peck from various authors ; method of preserving birds and other animals, from the Philosophical transactions ; method of collecting and preserving vegetables, by Dr. Lettsom ; Mr. Peck's method of taking impressions of vegetable leaves, by means of smoke ; method of preserving marine productions, by Dr. Lettsom ; directions for the collecting of mineral and fossil substances, by the same. The whole of this appendix is useful and ingenious, and is very properly published for general circulation in this work, for by it we best know what communications are most wanted ; and the botanist, the huntsman, and mariner are instructed how to preserve delicate foliage, the truth of nature, and all the varieties of ex-

ternal and internal appearance. Surely that knowledge is worth knowing, that teaches how to perpetuate the microscopick, rainbow radiance of the humming-bird, and which tends to illuminate the ancient and thick darkness of the mysterious mammoth.

After the appendix the series of communications begins with

A topographical description of Hopkinton, by Dr. Stimpson, which is useful to the geographer.

Topographical description of Thomaston. Lime is the staple of this town, and as such is here described in general terms for general utility.

The Proceedings of two conventions, held at Portland, to consider the expediency of a separate government in the District of Maine. This paper is very useful and very authentick. The beginnings of revolutions in small states lead sometimes to important consequences, and always throw light on their subsequent periods of history.

Observations on Wellfleet and Cape Cod Harbour, by Levi Whitman, with a bill of mortality for Wellfleet.

Account of an uncommon frost, May 17, 1794, by Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, of Lancaster. This was indeed a severe frost, and though it happened in the mild month of May, it reminded us of Dr. Johnson's winter, when the greatest luxuries are an arm chair, a blazing fire, and a smoking dinner.

Description of Marlborough, by Rev. Asa Packard.

Account of the Western Indians, by Rev. Gideon Hawley. This is in the form of a journal and is curious, minute, simple, and honest.

Answer to *Querles* respecting the Western Indians, by Rev. J. T. Kirkland. This is an elegant dissertation, and would not disgrace the memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. We present two extracts, and are sorry that we cannot diffuse the radiance of the whole.

The state of industry among them is wretched. They seem to have an insurmountable aversion to labour; and though they discover some energy in the chase, wholly want it in husbandry and the arts of life. With respect to the *Oneidas*, their habitations consist of three or four framed and boarded houses, built principally by whites, a large number of unhewn, and a few hewn log houses, built by themselves, and a few wigwams, entirely constructed with bark. A few cribs and benches, wooden bowls, spoons and baskets, of their own formation, with some necessary vessels for cooking, purchased of whites, generally constitute their furniture. They dress chiefly after the Indian manner; though several can make garments in the English fashion. In two or three instances they imperfectly adopt our husbandry, possess the most necessary farming utensils, and succeed in tillage. All the others in the nation get half or two thirds of their subsistence by raising corn, beans, and potatoes, having no implement but the hoe; and the other part by hunting and fishing. The labour of the tillage is chiefly performed by the women; though latterly the men afford them considerable assistance. In short, they live in laziness and poverty. Though their soil is easily cultivated, and highly productive; and, on account of the immigration to their vicinity, the price of productions of the earth is almost equal to that of the city of New-York; they often want the necessaries, and always the conveniences of living; and suffer greatly from hunger, nakedness, and hardship.

Reflecting Indians are very much distressed with their apprehensions respecting their destiny. They have faint hopes that civilization will be introduced; but they seriously fear that they

shall be obliged to remove from the neighbourhood of the whites; or that if they continue in their present situation, they shall be poor, despised, and dependent, gradually dwindling, till they become finally extinct. It is certain that as the whites advance towards Indians, the latter become vicious, intemperate, sickly, and dispirited, and, in general, diminish in numbers. I believe it is the opinion of those who best know and consider their history and present condition, that they are destined to utter extermination.

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to an American gentleman in England. These letters concern provincial politics in 1744, and 1748.

Letter to Dr. Kippis relative to an error in his life of Captain Cook, with several testimonies in evidence, by Dr. Belknap. Kippis had charged the American Congress with having given orders to American cruisers to seize Capt. Cook, on his return from his voyages of discovery; and in this ample communication the charge is successfully repelled by unquestionable authorities. Dr. Belknap was an honour to America. His literary acquisitions were of no vulgar value. He is generally thought to have been laborious, rather than quick; to have had little of the "*fonderibus verborum*," and less of the "*accrini ingenii*;" but his "Foresters," though formed on Swift's "John Bull," has humour and interest, which the model does not excite; and who will dare to continue the American Biography?

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

Topographical description of Exeter, by Dr. Samuel Tenney. Here is valuable information; but why such an ambition of fine writing, on such a subject?

Observations on the Indians in the southern parts of the United States, by Dr. Ramsay. The Indians decrease every where, from known and unknown causes, not only in population, but in virtue, bravery, and renown. In a century they will probably be extinct on this side of the Mississippi.

Observations and conjectures on the antiquities of America, by Rev. Jacob Bailey. This paper is intended to prove, that in North America there must have existed many centuries ago nations powerful, extensive, and populous, who had made improvements in various branches of useful knowledge. This may be true, but certainly Mr. Bailey only plays about the question, and does not vigorously grapple.

Remarks on Mr. Bailey's letter, by Rev. J. T. Kirkland.

An account of the Church of Christ in Plymouth from its establishment to the present day, by John Cotton, Esq. written in 1760. The American student of divinity and the writer of American history should study this long communication.

General Lincoln's observations on the Eastern counties in the district of Maine. The counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, from a variety of causes, are equally, if not more healthy, than any part of the United States, and probably in this respect are not exceeded by any climate whatever. General Lincoln remarks the ex-

cellence of rockweed as a manure, and we shall extract the process of making a valuable salt from that marine vegetable substance, which is used in the manufacture of glass.

But this is not all the advantage that may be derived from it; a salt is produced with great ease, which is an article of export, being much used in all the glass manufactories. It is made with little expense, nothing more being necessary than cutting the weed from the rocks, carrying it upon the shores, and spreading it until it shall be partly dry. A pit is then to be formed, proportionate to the quantity you shall have to burn, lined with clay; a fire built in the bottom of it, made with light wood, and the weed put on. When it begins to burn, you may keep feeding the fire with weed, until your pit shall be full of the kelp ashes, or you have exhausted your stock of weed. When you have done burning the salt, which will be run into a body a little like potashes, it is to be cut out of the pit and put into casks; when so done it is fit for the market. From this salt, by a very simple process, two other articles of exports may be drawn, the marine alkaline salts and the Epsom salts. For the former there are great demands in Europe, and are generally, if not universally, obtained from Spain called in that country *Barilla*, which, though obtained from another marine plant, is of the same nature.

The observations on the climate we also insert with pleasure, and recommend the whole dissertation to every reader, and particularly to the emigrant and trader.

Some have affected to consider these lands as cold, barren, and unpleasant. The old part of the Massachusetts was so considered by some, in the early days of its settlement, and representations much to its disadvantage, were transmitted across the Atlantick; those misrepresentations had their ill effects, at

that time, as false representations have at this day. It is true, that the eastern part of the state is a little farther north than Boston; but all agree, who have experienced both, that the fall of the year in the new counties, is equally pleasant as the fall in the old part of the state. Winter hardly ever sets in until Christmas; and when it commences, there is such an uniformity in the weather, that it is rendered more agreeable, and less injurious, than it is when it is more open and changeable. The snow seldom or ever falls so deep, as to prevent the people from doing business with their teams, in the woods, all the winter. It is said, vegetation is not so forward there, in the spring, as it is in the old counties: It may be so at the beginning of May; but before the end of it, from what I saw the three seasons I was in those new counties, there is very little, if any difference, to be discovered; for the progress of vegetation is much more rapid in northern than in southern climates. I believe that there has not been any year, when, upon the cleared lands, there has not been a full supply of grass, for the cattle, by the twentieth of May. As soon as the lands shall become fully opened, there will not, in my opinion, be any considerable difference between the length of the winters, in the counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, and those in the counties of Hampshire and Worcester.

General Lincoln's letter on the state of religion in the Eastern counties of the district of Maine.

Two letters from Charles Thompson, Esq. relative to the affair of Cook, Kippis, and Congress, mentioned before.

Dr. Bentley's letter on some French opinions, respecting the United States. As anonymous Frenchmen slandered the United States they did not deserve a reply.

Inquiry into the right of the Aboriginal Natives to the Land in America and the titles derived from them, by Rev. John Bulk-

ley. After a long moral and political disquisition he justly concludes, that the aborigines had a right only to the land, which they had subdued and improved ; and that the first discoverers had an undoubted right to enter upon and appropriate all waste and unimproved lands without any consideration.

Sketch of a history of Guilford in Connecticut, by Rev. Thomas Ruggles.

Belknap's letter to Hon. Judge Minot on Fire-Engines, Fires, and Buildings in Boston.

Judge Tucker's Queries concerning slavery and emancipation of negroes in Massachusetts, and Dr. Belknap's answers. The questions are judicious and the answers are satisfactory.

References to the topographical and historical description of Boston in Vol. 3. of the Collections, &c.

Account of the Burials and Baptisms in Boston from 1771 to 1774.

Copy of a curious paper concerning the inhabitants of this government.

Letter to Mr. Provost Dunster.

Account of the first Century Lecture at Salem.

Answers of the General Court of Connecticut to certain Queries of the Lords of the Committee of Colonies. The lords inquired of the form of government, trade, military forces, &c. &c. in 1680, and the answers are official. It is curious to observe the effect of time, commerce, population, &c. on the price of labour, for in 1680 labour was dear at 2s. or 2s. 6. pr. day. Beef was then 2d $\frac{1}{2}$. and butter 6d. At present, pro-

visions and labour do not materially differ in price between Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Account of the earthquake in Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1692.

It is a sad sight to see all this harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest I ever saw, covered with the dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial : For our great and famous burial-place, called the palisadoes, was destroyed by the earthquake ; which dashing to pieces the tombs, whereof there were hundreds in that place, the sea washed the carcases of those, who had been buried, out of their graves. Multitudes of rich men are utterly ruined, while many, who were poor, by watching opportunities, and searching the wrecked and sunk houses, (even almost whilst the earthquake lasted, and terrour was upon all the considerable people) have gotten great riches.

We have had accounts from several parts of these islands, of the mischiefs done by the earthquake. From St. Ann's we hear of above 1000 acres of woodland changed into the sea, and carrying with it whole plantations. But no place suffered like Port-Royal ; where whole streets (with the inhabitants) were swallowed up by the opening earth, which then shutting upon them, squeezed the people to death. And in that manner several are left buried with their heads above ground ; only some heads the dogs have eaten : others are covered with dust and earth, by the people who yet remain in the place, to avoid the stench.

Account of some effects of the great earthquake in 1755 at Holden, by Rev. John Mellen.

Topographical description of New Bedford.

Discovery and description of the Marquesas and other islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

Observations on the Islands of Juan Fernandes, Massafuero, &c. by Mr. Bernard Magee.

Captain Magee's discovery of a group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean.

After groping in the three last communications among bearings and distances, and latitudes and headlands, and W. N. W. and S $\frac{1}{2}$ E. till we had boxed the compass, and got beyond "Aurora and the Ganges," we are called to the pleasant land of poetry in

A brief account of the agency of the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq. in the Court of King Charles 2d, 1662, when he obtained the Charter for Connecticut; by Roger Wolcott, Esq. The author represents the King in Council, who being informed "an agent from Connecticut doth wait" desires Winthrop to be introduced, and after raising him up, he asks to be informed

By whom it was your place did first commence,
Your patriarchs that led your tribes from hence.

Winthrop accordingly gives his majesty the reasons of departure, an account of the voyage, the nature of the country, the Indians, their own settlement, wars, and civil history, and finally asks for a charter and regular liberties, which the king accordingly grants. In this poem are some grains of wheat among bushels of chaff; but for American poetry, between the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century, and having a Governour for its author, it is really not contemptible. The following extracts are quaint and curious.

The waters fresh and sweet; and he
that swims
In it, recruits and cures his surfeit limbs,

The fisherman the fry with pleasure gets,
With seines, pots, angles, and his trammel-nets.
In it swim salmon, sturgeon, carp and eels;
Above, fly cranes, geese, ducks, herons and teals;
And swans, which take such pleasure as they fly,
They sing their hymns oft long before they die.

Within the covert of these shady bows
The loving turtle and his lovely spouse,
From bough to bough in deep affection move,
And with chaste joy reciprocate their love.
At the cool brooks, the beavers and the minks
Keep house, and here the hart and panther drinks.
And partridges here keep in memory,
How to their loss they soared once too high.

Within these spacious forests, fresh and green,
No monsters of burnt Africk may be seen.
No hissing basilisk stands to affright,
Nor seps, nor hemorhous, with mortal bite;
The tybian lion ne'er set footing here,
Nor tigers of Numidia do appear.
But here the moose his spreading antlers sways,
And bears down stubborn standels with their sprays.
These sport themselves within these woods, and here
The fatted roe-buck and the fallow deer
Yield venison as good as that which won
The patriarchal benediction.

Addition to Capt. Magee's discovery of a group of islands is the next paper, and the volume closes with a note respecting burials in Boston from a private manuscript.

Thus we have concluded the review of the 4th Volume, which

as a whole is valuable and interesting. The subjects however are often of the nature of some physical substances ; they positively attract the antiquarian, and positively repel the polite scholar. They have a power, like that of electric affinity in chymistry, remarkably congenial to curious researchers and lovers of detail. It is impossible to make a review of such subjects agreeable to him, who strolls in the woods with Cowper, or who loves with Johnson *fumum, opes, strepitumque Roma* ; but necessity is above and beyond pleasure and wishes, and whatever may be our individual desires as to selection of publications for criticism and review, or for the pleasure of readers and loungers, it is our bounden duty, and therefore our highest delight, to investigate antiquities and examine monads, and molecules of doubt, conjecture, and detail.

ART. 61.

A selection of Pleadings in Civil Actions, subsequent to the Declaration, with occasional annotations on the Law of Pleading. By Joseph Story.

— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si, non, his utere mecum.*
HOR.

Salem, Macanulty. 8vo. 14p.
697. 1805.

BEFORE the revolution the common law, acts of parliament, and statutes enacted in the colonies, constituted the law of the land, and the decisions of the English courts were read here as authorities. When the colonies became independent states, they recognized the common law and such acts of parliament, as had

been adopted and practised upon in the colonies, as part of the legal system, by which they were to be governed, and the books which had been read as authorities, prior to that period, continued to enjoy their legal pre-eminence.

Decisions in the English courts since the revolution, are read in the courts of the several states, with one or two exceptions, but *not as authorities*. They are read to shew, what opinions the ablest lawyers in the world have entertained on such points, as may be in controversy among us. It must be acknowledged, that we derive the greatest assistance from these decisions. They command confidence. They elicit the highest praise. That forum will require a supernatural illumination, which can derive no light from the deep and clear intellect of Lord Mansfield, from the creative and systematic reasonings of Sir William Scott, and from the profound yet ready science of Lord Ellenborough.

However important the knowledge of the transactions of the English judiciary is to us, it is not sufficient in numerous instances to supply our wants. The nature of the English government differs so essentially from ours, and the proceedings under some statutes are so peculiarly our own, that works of American professors of law are necessarily much desired. There have been many highly important decisions in our own courts, which would doubtless be considered as deciding many cases which occur, but these decisions rest only in memory, and it is not surprising, that

the recollections, which different gentlemen may have of them, should be not a little contradictory. Not having any reports in the form of authorities, every case must be tried with all the labour of a new investigation. Different opinions on the same point are said sometimes to be given by gentlemen, equally respectable for professional science, and each may be able to appeal to a case, on which he grounds his opinion. The pressing want of law books of our own is every where felt, but, for the best of reasons, it has not been remedied in this state; nor will it be remedied, unless by the interference of government, while the profession offers nothing of honour or profit, except in a laborious and difficult practice. Few men of talents, engaged in the profession, find leisure to become authors, and when the practice ceases to be necessary to such men, they find many things more pleasant, than to make law books. It is therefore a subject of much congratulation, that the government have thought proper to establish the office of a reporter. From the well known erudition and talents of the gentleman appointed to perform the duties of that office, the profession and the publick may expect to possess a very valuable work.

Whatever may have been the real motives, or the success of Mr. Story in the works he has published, it seems no more than candid to presume he meant to be useful, and to relieve in some degree the necessities of the profession. Of Mr. Story's "*Precedents of Declarations*," the pro-

fession have formed an opinion. The publication of that *form book* has saved many an indolent student or careless practitioner from the intolerable evil of thinking, and from the labour of consulting the English entries. The compilation, which now claims our notice, partakes of the same character. It is however at least questionable, whether such books as Mr. Story makes are advantageous to the publick or to the profession. To gentlemen, whose industry and talents entitle them to confidence, these books are but *Primers*. To those, who are not entitled to confidence, they are mischievously useful. They afford to professional men but a very superficial knowledge, and tend to make them copyists instead of students. But the greatest injury these books do to society is the enabling some men to get a living in the character of lawyers, whose knowledge and whose moral delicacy are far removed from being subjects of commendation.

This book contains "a series of forms of pleading, subsequent to the declaration, with annotations on the pleas, and occasional dissertations." The pleadings are on the following heads, viz. abatement, account, assumpsit, covenant, debt, real actions, bills in equity, replevin, slander, scire facias, trespass, and waste. The forms appear to be transcribed from the files of our courts, or from English books, with such alterations as Mr. S. thinks to be pertinent to our practice. He informs us, that most of the pleas, drawn by living characters, were inspected by them previous to publication. These

forms are therefore doubtless entitled to confidence. The transcriptions from English books must also be entitled to confidence; they are forms which have been in use for centuries. As to Mr. Story's alterations or amendments, it will be pardonable to doubt of their correctness, until they shall have been tested by trial. As a collectanea of pleadings, (Mr. S.'s notes, dissertations, and amendments excepted) this work is entitled to all the praise, which belongs to careful industry; and if not objectionable for reasons before suggested, will abridge the labours of the junior part of the profession. If there be errors in these forms, they are such as practical experience will detect. They are not discoverable by such an examination as is sufficient for the purposes of a review.

The notes and dissertations have increased the bulk and cost of the book, without increasing its value. So far as we have examined the notes, they contain only that common place learning, which every student, who has read Blackstone and an abridgment, in connection with the reporters, must be presumed to possess. Any man, tolerably well read in the law, might make from a dozen law books, with such notes and dissertations as Mr. Story's, nearly as many books as he could make different combinations of sound from the same number of harp strings. For what purpose are they introduced? They are either extracts from such books as every lawyer probably has in his library; or they are the opinions of the au-

thor. If merely extracts, it is inviting the profession to pay twice for the same thing. If they are Mr. Story's opinions, whom are they to instruct, and in what court are they to be read as authorities? Where shall we look for evidences of that soundness and wisdom, which will entitle that gentleman's *opinions*, in the most abstruse and difficult of sciences, to attention in a judiciary tribunal? To allow this to the author of this compilation, would be to accord to youth and inexperience *honours*, which are in England denied to men of talents and industry, who have grown grey in the forum.

As a proof of the common place learning of the "notes," we extract the following, whence a character of the whole may be deduced.

Notes on the plea of infancy.

In what manner infant should sue, and be sued, see ante Abatement, and 5 Com. Dig. 2. C. 1. 2.

The general rule is, that an infant can bind himself only for necessities suitable to his estate and degree. Jones 146. Palm. 528. 3 Com. Dig. Infant. B. 5. And necessities supplied to his wife are necessities supplied him. Str. 168.

But it shall not be intended for necessities, unless alleged; and therefore if Defendant pleads infancy, Plaintiff must reply necessities, for Demurrer would be bad. 2 Cro. 560.

And if the account be for necessities for horse, the Plaintiff should reply generally, that they were necessities for the infant; and not for his horse. Clowes v. Brooke. Str. 1101. Andr. 377.

In replying to a plea of infancy, the Plaintiff must shew enough in the replication to maintain every part of the declaration. And therefore, where Defendant pleaded infancy to the whole declaration, and one count was *for account stated*, and the Plaintiff replied necessities, it was adjudged bad; for an

action will not lie on an account stated against an infant; and if a replication, which is entire, be bad for a part, it is bad as to the whole. *Trueman v. Hurst*. 1 T. R. 40. *Webber v. Tivill*. 2 Saund. Rep. 124.

The Plaintiff may reply to part *full* *age*, and to the residue *for necessities*; though all be stated on the same day. 1 Salk. 223.

The Defendant may rejoin, that it was not for necessities *generally*; without saying that the money or any part thereof was not for necessities. *Lut.* 241. *Carth.* 110.

And infancy may be given in evidence under the general issue without being pleaded. *Salk.* 279. *Darby v. Boucher*.—p. 95.

If we understand what the author intends by "occasional dissertations," we consider the following extract to be one, as contained in pages 97, &c. on coverture, being "notes on the plea of coverture."

Much discussion has taken place within a few years in the various courts of law upon the subject of the liability of *femes covert*. The general rule is acknowledged, that a *feme covert* can neither sue nor be sued alone; and that she is liable to no action upon any contract during her coverture; but the same is absolutely void.

The cases on this subject divide themselves into two classes, wherein exceptions have either been established, or attempted to be established, from the general rule.

I. The first class consists of cases, where the husband is considered as civilly dead, and of course where the wife would be entitled to dower in the same way, as if he were naturally dead, such as exile for life, abjuration, &c. and of modern cases, which have extended the principle of them.

If the husband was exiled for life, if he abjured the realm, or was professed, the wife might be sued as a *feme sole*. 2 Bl. Rep. 1081. *Co. Litt.* 133. 1 Com. Dig. Abate. E. 6. F. 2.

In conformity with the same princi-

ple, in a case, where coverture was given in evidence under the general issue, it appearing in evidence, that the husband was transported, and that his time was not yet expired, Justice Yates ruled, that the wife was liable. *Sparrow v. Carruthers* cited. 2 Bl. Rep. 1197. 1 T. R. 6; and Lord Mansfield in the case of *Corbett v. Poelnitz* said he had decided a case in the same way. 1 T. R. 7.

And in *Walford v. de Pienne*, where the goods had been delivered to the wife after the departure of the husband from the realm, *who was a foreigner*, Lord Kenyon ruled, that the wife was liable; and said, "that the present case came within the principle of the old common law, where the husband had abjured the realm.—If the husband had been absent for some months and then returned, and paid bills contracted by his wife in his absence, and again left the kingdom, he should hold the wife not liable; but here there was a desertion of the kingdom, and an absence of some years; and he was no longer domiciled here." 2 Esp. C. N. P. 554. And in the case of *Franks v. De Pienne*. Esp. N. P. C. 587, where an action was brought for goods, &c. delivered partly before and partly after the departure of the husband, Lord Kenyon ruled, that the wife was liable for the latter, and observed, that the rule laid down by him in *Walton v. De Pienne*, applied only *where the husband was a foreigner*. "For, in case of an Englishman, who may be supposed to have the animus revertendi, it might be different; but here is a complete desertion of the country."

The case of *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*. 1 Bos. 357, seems to have been decided on the same ground; for it was there determined, *that if the husband resided abroad, and the wife trade, and obtain credit in this country as a feme sole, she is liable for such debts, even though the party knew her situation*. And Buller said, that it was like lady Belknap's case, where the husband was banished, but it does not appear whether for one or two years, or for life; and it was held sufficient to make lady Belknap liable. And he said, the rule had been extended to cases of transportation; and "that in those cases, the husband was sent out

of the country for crimes ; and in the principal case, he had voluntarily abandoned his, and for aught that appears, never was in England, and perhaps never may come. The wife has traded as a feme sole, has obtained credit as such, and ought to be liable for her debts." No notice is taken in the above case of the circumstance of the husband being a foreigner, nor does it appear in the pleadings ; though, that such was considered a principal ingredient in the case, seems to appear in a case, (*Marsh v. Hutchinson*. 2 Bof. 227,) where it was stated by the council. But, quere, if the replication was not bad in *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*, if *the being a foreigner* was a necessary point in the case ; for no such averment is there made.

But since these cases were determined, the decisions in some of them have been considerably shaken, if not destroyed, by the great cases of *Marshall v. Rutton*. 8 T. R. 545. *Beard v. Webb*. 2 Bof. 95, and *Marsh v. Hutchinson*. 2 Bof. 226. The two former will be noticed hereafter.

The last (*Marsh v. Hutchinson*) tried in 1799, was an action for goods sold and delivered ; and on plea of non assumpsit, it appeared in evidence, that the Defendant was a married woman ; that her husband was an *Englishman* ; that in 1783 he left this country, and had occasionally been here since that period ; but, that about ten years ago, having purchased the appointment of agent for the English Packets at the Brill in Holland, he had resided there ever since ; that in 1795 his employment of agent having ceased, on the eruption of the French into Holland, he sent his wife into this country, but remained in Holland himself, to look after his madder grounds there ; and also with a view to recover his situation on the re-establishment of intercourse. The Defendant lived at A. and was there considered as a married woman. On the facts at the trial at N. P. the Plaintiff was non-suited, and now moved for leave to enter a verdict for himself, according to a reservation at the trial. The council for the Defendant insisted, that this case was distinguishable from *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*, because *there the husband was a foreigner*. But

the council for the Plaintiff insisted, that the principle was the same in both cases, and that the husband being domiciled abroad, and beyond the jurisdiction of the court, was the ground of decision.

The court were of opinion, that the non-suit was right ; but deferred judgment until the case of *Marshall v. Rutton* was determined ; after which, the court at a subsequent day, declared the non-suit right, and discharged the rule.

In the above case of *Marsh v. Hutchinson*, Lord Eldon declared, that the question in that case, in the view of the law, might be reduced to this, "whether the Defendant's husband having been employed in Holland by the British government, he has remained there after the cessation of that employment, merely to collect, what the civilians call, *summas rerum*, or with any other, or further views. And yet, if it were clear that this man never intended to return to England, and might therefore be represented as incapable of being sued in this country, before we come to a conclusion upon the case, there are many considerations to be weighed." And he seemed to entertain great doubts, whether the principles of abjuration, &c. could be correctly extended to such a case ; and particularly, whether even in the case of *Sparrow v. Carruthers*, if the term of transportation had been ended, the wife would have been liable. For in the case of abjuration, he considered the husband civilly dead, and the wife entitled to dower, and thus in every respect a feme sole ; but temporary transportation could hardly be extended so far.

And Heath. Jus. in the same case said, that "there was a great difference between the cases of an *Englishman* residing abroad, leaving his wife in this country, and of a *foreigner*, so doing ; for in the former case he might be compelled to return by the king's writ ; but in the old cases of banishment and abjuration, and the modern case of transportation, the husband could not return. It would be contrary to law. There is no case, in which the wife has been held liable, the husband being an *Englishman*."

This case was determined about the time of the case of *Marshall and Rutton* ; and the principles contained in,

and to be collected from it, seems to borrow much authority from the weighty discussion of that case by all the Judges. If the principles therefore contained in it be correct, they go far to invalidate the authority of *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*; for if being a foreigner was the only ground of that determination, there being no averment to that effect in the pleadings, (as has been before intimated,) the case seems unsupported. And indeed it does not appear, that Buller relied much on that circumstance; for he seems to state, as the reason of his opinion, that "the wife having traded, as a feme sole, had obtained credit as such, and ought to be liable for her debts." It ought also to be remembered, that Buller had, on various occasions, appeared strongly to support the case of *Corbett v. Poelnitz*, and had been of opinion, that a separate maintenance was (as in that case,) a sufficient reason to make a feme covert personally liable; a doctrine, which has since been overthrown by a solemn decision, to which it does not appear, that Buller subscribed.

How far, indeed, the doctrine with respect to foreigners would be now acquiesced in, is for the diligent student to determine. In *Franks v. De Pienne*, Esp. N. P. C. 587, Lord Kenyon ruled in favour of it; and he, in delivering judgment in the case of *Marshall v. Rutton*, said, "that no authority could be found (except cases by that decision overruled,) that a woman may be sued, as a feme sole, while the relation of marriage subsists, and she and her husband are living in this kingdom." Lord Eldon's reasoning in *Marsh v. Hutchinson* will, perhaps, be thought to throw some doubt on the doctrine, as broadly laid down in the cases above with respect to foreigners.

II. The second class of cases alluded to, consist of cases decided upon the principle of separate maintenance, and separation of husband and wife.

The leading cases on this head, are *Ringstead v. Lanefborough*, *Barwell v. Brooks*, and *Corbett v. Poelnitz*. 1 T. R. 5, in which it was decided, that a feme covert living apart from her husband, and having a separate maintenance, may contract and be sued, as a feme

sole, whether her husband be in or out of the kingdom. See replication. 3 Went. 93.

Attempts were made in subsequent cases, to extend the principle; but they were all uniformly rejected.

In *Gilchrist v. Brown*. 4 T. R. 766, it was determined, that a feme covert living in adultery, and separate from her husband, cannot be sued as a feme sole, if she have no separate maintenance. And though Buller in *Cox v. Kitchin*, doubted the doctrine, (1 Bos. 338;) yet it appears established by what fell from Lord Kenyon in *Marshall v. Rutton*, where he said no case had decided the woman liable; though in *Govier v. Hancock*, it was adjudged, that in case of the wife committing adultery, the husband was not liable even for necessities. 6 T. R. 603. See plea and replication. 3 Went. 91, 93.

In *Ellah v. Leigh*. 5 T. R. 679, it was decided, that a replication alleging, that alimony was allowed by the ecclesiastical court pending a suit there, and that the Defendant obtained credit, and made the promises, as a feme sole, and not on the credit of her husband, was bad.

In *Clayton v. Adams*. 6 T. R. 604, it was decided, that a replication to a plea of coverture, that the wife lived apart from the husband, and carried on a separate trade, that the credit was given to her, and that the promises were made by her, was bad. See replication. 3 W. 93.

The doctrine in *Corbett v. Poelnitz*, expressly contravened the opinion of the court in *Hatchell v. Baddeley*. 2 Bl. Rep. 1079; and was in turn doubted in *Compton v. Collinson*. 2 Bro. Ch. Caf. 377. 1 H. Bl. 334, and in *Legard v. Johnson*. 3 Vef. jun. 358, and *Hyde v. Price*. 3 Vef. 444, and in *Ellah v. Leigh*, (above cited;) and subsequently in *Beard v. Webb*. 2 Bos. 93, and was finally, after two arguments before all the Judges, solemnly overthrown, in the celebrated case of *Marshall v. Rutton*. And the law is now settled, that a feme covert cannot contract without her husband, and that a separate maintenance, and living apart from her husband, will not render her liable as a feme sole.

These dissertations appear to be an attempt to do what the judges in England call "bringing the cases together," and, according to our recollection, the authorities are in the above instance well recited, and the inferences fairly drawn. This is one of Mr. Story's best efforts in this work. But we cannot imagine, that even the younger part of the profession can be much instructed by this essay. Few young men would consider themselves flattered in being told, that from a perusal of the same authorities they could make reflexions and deductions as wise and as pertinent. Such book making as this is an art of little difficulty; and the exercise of it would do neither good nor hurt, if it did not encourage indolence, and induce men to part with their money without sufficient consideration.

We allow to the author of this book the merit of an industrious, and as far as we can judge, a fair compiler. In this world of ours, where the air we breathe seems to inspire sloth, and where indolence is more contagious and more fatal than the pestilence, the praise of diligence is no moderate praise. For the honour of American taste and literature, we wish, that the author had exhibited more modesty, than in applying to his work the words, which Lord Coke applies to some of his Reports. "*Illud a docto lectore peto, vel ut corrigat sicubi erratum invenerit, vel saltem ne partem aliquam reprehendat, donec totum studiosè perlegerit, unde fortè fiet, ut pauciora criminetur.*" The language of great men should be sacred to great occasions. But experience proves, that it is much

more easy to adopt the language, than to rival the merit of that illustrious Judge, whose works will ever preserve to themselves that rank among lawyers, which the Iliad holds among the poets.

ART. 62.

A summary, historical, and political review of the revolution, the constitution, and government, of the United States: an oration, delivered at Sheffield, July 4, 1805, by the Hon. Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. Pittsfield, Allen. 8vo.

ON the fourth of July, 1795, Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. delivered an oration at Stockbridge upon the celebration of American independence; an oration remarkable for its zealous federalism, but the object of which was to prove, that the people of these United States were the only wise, virtuous, and happy nation upon earth; and that all the rest of mankind were fools and villains, tyrants and slaves.

On the fourth of July, 1805, THE HONOURABLE BARNABAS BIDWELL, Esq. delivered at Sheffield, upon the celebration of American independence, the oration with the pompous title at the head of this article. In the course of the ten years, which elapsed between these two productions, the author's political creed has undergone considerable changes; and as Lewis XII. never avenged the injuries of the Duke of Orleans, the Honourable Barnabas Bidwell holds in utter contempt the doctrines of plain Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. This Honourable man has discovered, that, at the very period of consummate felicity when he spoke his first ora-

tion, the American people, whom he then pronounced to be surrounded by such a radiance of bliss, were in truth deep in the dungeons of darkness ; governed by an administration, whose only object was to enslave them ; and yet so blind, as not to see the fetters forging for them. As the nature of human discovery is generally progressive, we may reasonably hope, that the increase of brightness and glory in this gentleman's imagination will keep pace with every successive change of administration ; and that, by the time he comes to be His Excellency, the joyous extacies of the present period will become as insipid to him, as are now the raptures, in which his humblest days delighted.

To those, who are fond of speculating on the nature of man and the character of governments, a comparison between these two discourses and a philosophical estimation of the sources, whence the important difference between the sentiments they respectively promulgate may be traced, will prove at once an instructive and amusing employment. With all the zeal of a convert, Mr. B. not only condemns now all that he admired in 1795, but he imputes the most invidious motives to those, who then thought like him. He passes sentence upon himself and gives up his own opinions to reprobation. We shall, in confirmation of this remark, extract a passage from the first oration, respecting democracy, and contrast it with certain passages in the second, relative to the same subject. In 1795, speaking of the French, Mr. Bidwell says,

From the rigours of unlimited monarchy it was natural for them to deviate into the *extreme of democracy*. Though they have not gone to the same extent as the ancient republics of Greece and Rome in their democratick days, but have admitted the great modern doctrine of representation, without which indeed no community of magnitude, sufficient to be denominated a nation, can govern themselves at all ; yet they have adopted the fundamental error of a concentration of powers in a single assembly, possessing in itself or by subordinate communications, the whole national authority, legislative, executive and judicial, and in effect the sovereign prerogative of modelling their own constitution. In the exercise of such a political omnipotence, unassisted by experience, uncontrolled by a *paramount constitution*, without the *needful balance* of a second branch deliberating by themselves, and equally entitled to a negative vote, and without the *check of a well constituted executive*, they have exhibited a succession of tragedies, at which the friends of liberty will in all countries blush, while her enemies exult in the acquisition of new arguments to support their favourite opinions, that Republicanism, however beautiful in theory, cannot stand the test of actual experiment.

We may safely challenge the whole host of anti-democracy to produce a passage in any writer where democracy is more cavalierly treated....not merely original and primary democracy, for that Mr. Bidwell will not allow to be any government at all for a nation, though practised by the republics of Greece and Rome in their democratick days....no, it is *representative democracy*, without the balance of a second legislative branch and the check of a well constituted executive, upon which he pronounces his anathema and to which he attributes all the successive and disgraceful tragedies of the French revolu-

tion. What says Mr. Bidwell in 1805 ?

Two rival systems of government have long divided the attachment of the world. For the sake of distinction they may be called *democratic* and *anti-democratic*. Democracy is a compound term derived from original Greek words, and signifying a government of the people. Such is that of the United States, and of this commonwealth. The very first words of the federal constitution "We the people of the United States" indicate its democratic character; and the constitution of Massachusetts in express terms declares that the people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves. It is not therefore, as has been pretended, a mere cant phrase, but the plain, unequivocal language of the constitution, that the people govern themselves. Our government then is a government of the people, a *Democracy* in the common and proper sense of the term, the only sense in which there is a *democrat* in the United States.

We cannot, without too much transgressing our limits, continue this extract through the pages where Mr. Bidwell considers the compound theory of three independent orders in government, as constituting the principal *anti-democratic* system of government. Now this is the identical system, for the want of which Mr. Bidwell in 1795 charged the French nation with all the horrors of their revolution. We say the identical system, because Mr. Bidwell knows full well, that the *real* speculative difference between the political parties in this country has no more relation to an *hereditary* executive or a *permanent senate of nobles*, than to original and primary democracy. The real question, he knows full well, is between supreme power in a single representative assembly, and a limited power in a

compound legislative with an independent executive and a paramount written constitution. This is the system of Mr. Adams. This is the system which Mr. B. so warmly favoured in 1795, and which he now unequivocally condemns.

For a mere change of opinion, though upon the fundamental principles of government, no imputation ought to be cast upon a man's heart. A public recantation of sentiments, publicly avowed, is far from being answerable. It is the mark of a fair and ingenuous mind. Had Mr. B. contented himself with professing at this period of his career his devotion to that very democracy which he had formerly repudiated, we should, without following him in his wanderings, have been willing to pay a just tribute to his candour; but when we see him sophistically changing the state of the question, to charge his former friends with advocating monarchy and aristocracy; when we find him whistling up all the hounds of party slander to fall upon those, with whom he so lately herded, we have no difficulty in discerning his purpose, and we justly estimate at once the extent of his mental powers and the complexion of his heart.

In describing the state of things under the federal administration.... that state of things which he once thought the consummation of bliss upon earth.... Mr. B. now dips his pen in the very gall of party malignity, and among the numerous crimes, with which he charges the federalists, is their dislike of democracy. "Democrats were reproachfully stigmatised, and democracy, the essen-

tial principle of our national and state constitutions, *was charged with all the crimes of anarchy and atheism.*" Now, gentle reader, please to read over again the extract we have given you from Mr. B.'s Stockbridge oration, and tell us, whether the lines we have there underscored were pointed specially against it or not. We have never believed, that *any one* federalist ever intended the ruin of his country or the destruction of her freedom. Yet we know not how to resist the force of Mr. Bidwell's evidence against himself. We are sorry to see him prove so much against his own intentions; but we still hope, that in this last instance he speaks rather from consciousness, than from participation, and that what may be admitted as confession will have very little weight as testimony.

Mr. B.'s style is just such as might be expected from the author of two such orations, cold and languid; never sinking far below and never rising above the level of mediocrity. He sometimes labours for ornament, but his simplicity is too heavy to admit an alliance with the graces. The figure, in which he principally deals, is *insinuation*. He speaks of every thing as if he foresaw the possible future necessity of explaining away his meaning, and is prepared accordingly. His great aim seems to be the union of political inveteracy with the smile of candour, and the effusions of rancorous malevolence with the holiness of christian piety. Hence, after collecting and reissuing a compendium of ten years calumny against the federalists, he finally proposes to spread

a broad mantle of charity "over the petty animosities, which have too long divided us;" and after pouring the whole sink of defamation upon the party, whence he deserted, he talks of "grateful acknowledgments to the God of our fathers for past interpositions, and a humble reliance on his grace through the saviour for future blessings." ●

We are far however from thinking Mr. B. chargeable with inconsistency of purpose. The anti-democracy of 1795 and the democracy of 1805, may easily be traced to one uniform and undeviating principle. There is a good old song, in which a personage as pious as Mr. B. gives a history of his own political variations, where in the midst of similar and often repeated diversities, there is yet one thing of which he says,

And This is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, &c.

If Mr. B. should ever republish his two orations, we think these two lines, or others from the same song, would furnish him a suitable and appropriate motto.

ART. 63.

An oration, delivered at Biddeford on the fourth of July, 1805. By Joseph Bartlett. Saco, Wm. Weeks. 8vo. pp. 16.

DR. JOHNSON somewhere remarks on certain poems, that he knows not whence they came, nor whither they are going. We have rather more knowledge of this oration, than Dr. J. had of those poems, for it certainly came from Biddeford; and we believe, that it is going with commendable rapidity to the land of forgetfulness.

The Editors of the Monthly Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

IF "the amiable and venerable clergyman of Newburyport, who detected the error" of Dr. Morse, had exposed it in your pages, I should gladly have been spared the thankless task of doing it myself. It appeared, and still appears, to me an *egregious blunder*, that a man, when dead, should be forced to say a great many things, which his heart, whilst living, never conceived. However, nothing was farther from my mind, than the thought of contending with Dr. M. whose celerity and force in arguing are nowise impeded by the decisions of victory. A proof whereof, I beg you to observe, after evincing himself free from any sort of *blunder* in the case of Dr. W. how aptly and modestly he begins to revive the controversy concerning the Hollisian Professorship of Divinity, in which he was so fairly vanquished. You may, Messrs. Editors, if you please, take up the gauntlet, which the Dr. has thrown. But for myself, I shall no more think of opposing Dr. M. nor attempt to rectify any of his *errors*; and if he shall publicly write or teach, that Dr. Samuel Clarke was author of what is called the Athanasian creed, and shall thence infer, that the said Dr. S. Clarke lived and died a rigid trinitarian, I will not be so *uncandid* and *impolite*, as to disprove the inference, or deny the assertion.

Sept. 5, 1805.

SALVIAN.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE U. STATES, FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

☞ We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (*post paid*) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the *Anthology* is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.

NEW WORKS.

Report of the trial and acquittal of Edward Shippen, Esq. Chief Justice, Jasper Yates, and Thomas Smith, Esqrs. assistant Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, on an impeachment before the Senate of the Commonwealth, Jan. 7, 1805. By W. Hamilton. Lancaster (Penn.) Price 2,50 in boards.

A Key to Mystery of Iniquity, or an address to men of candour and lovers of truth. By John West, of Fairfax county. Alexandria, Cotton and Stewart.

The Gamesters, or Ruins of Innocence; an original novel, founded in truth. By Caroline Matilda Warren. Boston, 1 dol.

A vindication of the distinguishing sentiments of the Baptists, against the writings of Cowles, Miller, and Edwards. By Elisha Andrews. A. M. pastor of the Baptist church in Templeton. Boston, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 156.

Mode and subjects of Baptism examined, in seven sermons. To which is added, a brief history of the Baptists. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. pastor of the church of Christ in Sedgwick. Two editions. Boston, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 104.

"Open Communion with all who keep the ordinances as Christ delivered them to the saints;" eight letters on open communion, addressed to Rufus Anderson, A. M. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. Pastor of the church of Christ in Sedgwick. Boston, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 84. Price 40 cts. single.

The advantages of Association to promote useful purposes, illustrated in a Discourse, delivered in the second Congregational Church, Newport, August 1st, A. D. 1805, at the request of the Female Benevolent Society. By William Patten, A. M. Minister in said Church. Published by request, and for the benefit of the Society. Newport, (Rhode Island) printed at the office of the Newport Mercury, 1805.

Divine Breathings of a pious soul, published for the exclusive benefit of Miss Welch, who is deprived of sight. Boston, Josiah Ball.

Solemn Truths, stated and urged in a Lecture and Sermon: by the late Rev. John Springer, A. M. to which is prefixed a short sketch of the author's life, including a narrative of the exercises of his mind when he first became a professor of the christian religion: communicated in a letter to a gentleman in London. Price 50 cents. 'The late Mr. Springer was so well known in this state, (Georgia) that no observations are necessary to recommend any production of his—it may suffice to say, that of the numerous discourses delivered by this eminent divine, the above (it is believed) were the only two found intire among his papers after his death—these having been placed in the hands of the editors, they readily con-

cluded, that their publication would be useful to the publick, and gratifying to the numerous friends of the venerable deceased, by whom his character was held in the highest estimation.' Augusta, Georgia, Hobby & Bunce.

Minutes of the Warren Association, held at the Baptist Meeting-house in Warren, Sept. 10 and 11, 1805. Boston, Manning and Loring. 8vo. pp. 16.

A discourse delivered at Amherst, N. H. June 24, 1805, before the Benevolent Lodge of Free and accepted Masons, at the festival of St. John the Baptist. By Jeremiah Barnard, Pastor of the church in Amherst. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A sermon on the last Judgment, delivered at Poplar Creek Meeting-house, Wake county, North Carolina. By Leonard Prather, Pastor of the Presbyterian churches of Salem and Mount Hermon, Orange. Raleigh, N. C. Wm. Boylan, 8vo. pp. 16.

A sermon, delivered August 7, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Perez Lincoln to the charge of the first church of Christ in Gloucester. By Peter Whitney, A. M. pastor of the Congregational society in Quincy. Boston, E. Lincoln.

A sermon, delivered at Sedgwick, May 15, 1805, at the ordination of the Rev. Daniel Merrill, to the pastoral charge of the Baptist church of Christ in that place. By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. pastor of the second Baptist church in Boston. Boston, Manning and Loring. 8vo. pp. 36.

"Three unclean spirits" combining against Jehovah. A Discourse, delivered at Haverhill on the 4th, and at Pelham on the 11th of April, 1805; days of publick Fasting and Prayer in Massachusetts and Newhampshire. By John Hubbard Church, Pastor of the church in Pelham. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A sermon, delivered at Hingham, Lord's day, May 5, 1805. By Henry Ware, A. M. Occasioned by the dissolution of his pastoral relation to the first church of Christ in Hingham, and removed to the office of Professor of divinity in the university at Cambridge. Together with an address from the church on the occasion, and his answer. Published at the request of the society. Boston, E. Lincoln. pp. 20.

The Shade of Plato: or, a defence of religion, morality, and government. A Poem, in four parts. By David Hitchcock. To which is prefixed, a sketch of the author's life. Hudson. H. Croswell. 12mo. price 37 cents.

The Christian Magazine, Reviewer, Religious Intelligencer, No. 2. By Elias Smith. Portsmouth.

Independence, or which do you like best, the peer or the farmer? a comedy in five acts, by Wm. Jeor, of St. George, Dorchester, South Carolina. Charleston, S. C. G. M. Bountheau. price 1 dollar, elegantly printed on beautiful paper.

The Dying Confession of Willis Daniels, who was executed at Orangeburg, in South Carolina for horse stealing, detailing a course of almost unexampled villany and wickedness pursued by him in South Carolina and Georgia, previously to his being overtaken by the Justice of his country, and exhibiting the importance of "*training up a child in the way he should go,*" that when he is old, he may not depart from the ways of virtue. Augusta, Georgia. Hobby & Bunce.

The last words and dying confession of Joseph Hampton Beeler, who was executed at Edgefield for passing counterfeit money. Augusta, G.

An oration, delivered at Biddeford, on the 4th of July, 1805. By Joseph Bartlett. Saco, Maine, Wm. Weeks, 8vo. pp. 16.

An oration, pronounced July 4th, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of Bridgewater, in commemoration of the anniversary of American Independence. By Asa Meech. Boston, Manning and Loring, 8vo. pp. 16.

NEW EDITIONS.

Poems from the Portuguese of Lues De Camoens, with remarks on his life and writings, notes, &c. &c. By Lord Viscount Strangford. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, Maxwell.

The select Dialogues of Lucian. To which is added, a new literal translation in Latin, with notes in English. By Edward Murphy, M. A. Philadelphia, Claflack Press.

The celebrated poem of "The Sabbath." New York, Ronalds & Loudon.

Boyer's Lectures on diseases of the bones. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, James Humphreys.

A Dictionary of Merchandize, and Nomenclature in all languages, for the use of counting-houses. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, Humphreys.

Third Volume of Edwards's History of the West Indies. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys.

The Constitution of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America. Containing the Confession of Faith, the Catechisms, the government and discipline, and the directory for the worship of God.

The new Pocket Hoyle, containing the principal games at cards, chess, back gammon, billiards, &c. Philadelphia, Maxwell.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, in 2 vols. quarto, and in 4 vols. octavo, from the latest edition, with a life of the author, by Dr. Aikin. Philadelphia, James Humphreys.

Cases in Surgery, by William Hey, Esq. with plates. Philadelphia, J. Humphreys.

Poems on various subjects, by Isabella Oliver of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 200. 75 cts. in boards, 87 bound.

A Geographical Chart: containing an abstract, from the best authorities, of the principal States and Kingdoms in the known world; in which the productions, population, principal cities, rivers, mountains, boundaries, length, breadth, latitude, longitude, exports, imports, &c. &c. are arranged in so conspicuous a manner, that the general circumstances of a country may be perceived at a glance. To be printed, with a fair type, on two large sheets. Price to subscribers 17 cents a set. Amherst, N. H. Joseph Cushing.

The Christian's Magazine, a periodical work. By a Society of Gentlemen. This publication will embrace the following subjects, viz. 1. Dissertations on the constitution and history of the Christian church. 2. Essays on church government, worship, and discipline. 3. Origin and history of the American church-

4. Sacred criticism. 5. Biographical sketches. 6. Reviews of theological publications. 7. Sermons and essays. 8. Religious intelligence. With the publication of the Magazine will be connected a plan for printing and distributing Religious Tracts. Each number, issued quarterly, to contain 120 pages, making annually an 8vo. vol. of 480 pages. Price 1.50 per vol. Albany.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. I. for the year 1793. Second edition. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A periodical work, entitled, *The Christian Monitor*. 12mo. pp. 192. boards. Price to subscribers, 30 cents each quarterly number, or 1.20 annually. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A concise Introduction to Practical Arithmetick; in which all the rules that occur in common business are ap-

plied to Federal Currency. Designed for the use of schools in the United States. By Samuel Temple, A.M. 6th edition. Boston, Samuel Hall. pp. 118.

Democracy unveiled, third edition, with large additions. New York, L. Riley & Co.

Cullen's *First Lines on Physiology*. New York, Riley & Co.

Bullen's *Nifi Prius*. New York, Riley & Co.

New York Term Reports. Part 1st, Vol. 3d. New York, Riley & Co.

Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling, a new novel, by Godwin. New York, Riley & Co.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

The Spirit of the publick Journals; being an impartial selection of the best original poetry, essays, &c. which have appeared in the newspapers of the United States during the year 1805. 1 volume, closely printed. Baltimore.

INTELLIGENCE.

....

A meeting of the printers and booksellers in the Western Country will be held in the town of Lexington, on the first Wednesday in October next. The object of this meeting is, to take such measures as may be thought most advisable to form an association among the printers and booksellers, similar to the *Literary Fair* in the Atlantic States, thereby to facilitate the publication and interchange of works of merit.

"Proposals will be issued from this office in a few weeks for publishing a complete edition of all the writings of the late celebrated Rev. JONATHAN EDWARDS, many of which, we believe, have never appeared in this country. The work will be edited by a number of literary divines, one or two of which reside in England, and will be interspersed with many valuable notes and comments, and will be comprised in about eight octavo volumes.

"Spy Office, Worcester, }
(Ms.) Sept. 1805."

Dr. Arneinan, of Hamburgh, late Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen, and member of most of the Philosophical and Medical Societies

in Europe and America, has undertaken to superintend the foreign department of the *Medical and Physical Journal*, vacant by the decease of the late Dr. Noohden. The high consideration, in which the *Medical Journal* is held on the Continent, cannot fail to be increased by this arrangement; and it may not be improper to add, for the information of the correspondents of this work, that of the unprecedented number of two thousand five hundred copies, which are circulated every month, nearly one thousand are sent to the Continent, to the East and West India, and to North America. The advantages of so large a monthly circulation is, in this work, equally felt by readers and by correspondents.

Mr. Cottle (the author of *Alfred*) is engaged in writing an heroic poem on the subjugation of Wales by Edward I. entitled *The Fall of Cambria*.

Mr. Irving, author of the *Lives of the Scottish poets*, lately published in two volumes octavo, is now engaged in preparing for the press, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan*.

A selection of all the best epigrams in

the English language will speedily appear, under the title of the *British Martial*.

Mr. Beloe is printing *Anecdotes of Literature*, from rare books in the British Museum and other valuable libraries.

Mr. Roberts, author of a *Treatise on Voluntary and Fraudulent Conveyances*, is preparing a *Treatise on the great Statute of Frauds and Perjuries*; in which the influence of that statute upon contracts for sales, wills, judgments, and executions, will be the subject principally considered.

Mr. Cruise is preparing for the press the fifth and sixth volumes of his *Digest of the Laws of England respecting real Property*.

Mr. John Newland, of the Inner Temple, is preparing a *Treatise on Contracts*, as far as they fall within the jurisdiction of a court of equity.

The fifth volume of the *Supplement to Mr. Viner's abridgment* is preparing for publication.

Mr. W. D. Evans has in the press *A Translation of Pothier's Treatise on Obligations*; with illustrations adapted to the English Law.

The travels undertaken by Messrs. Alexander von Humboldt and Aime Bonpland, into the interior of America excite general interest. In fact there are few countries so worthy of the attention and investigation of enlightened men, and few travellers have combined with the spirit of observation, and the numerous attainments and talents possessed by Messrs. von Humboldt and Bonpland, such ardour for the improvement of the sciences, such courage and success in the execution of the plan they had formed. Messrs. Levrault, Schöhl, and Co. have published a *Propectus* of the *Travels* of these gentlemen, the publication of which has been committed to them by the authors. Travellers, say they, have, in general, introduced all their observations into the body of their works. M. von Humboldt has, however, thought proper to follow a contrary method, and to treat separately of objects which are of a different nature. He is, therefore, determined first to give to the public detached collections containing whatever relates more particularly to astronomy,

geology, botany, zoology, &c. before he publishes what may properly be denominated his *Travels*, which will embrace everything connected with general physics, the origin of nations, their manners, their civilization, prosperity, antiquities, commerce, and political economy. Of this portion of his observations, and the History of his Travels, he will at present publish only an abridged account, entitled *Abridged Relation of Travels between the Tropicks*, performed in the Interior of the new Continent, in the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, continue the publishers, being united by the ties of the most intimate friendship, having shared all the fatigues and all the dangers of this expedition, have agreed that all their publications shall bear their names conjointly. The preface of each work will announce to which of the two each distinct part belongs. This arrangement will accelerate the enjoyment of the publick, and will facilitate to a greater number the means of acquiring what will demand a less advance at a time. Besides, it is not agreeable to be interrupted in the midst of a narrative, sometimes by the details of an astronomical observation, and at others by the description of a plant or an unknown animal. He will publish, at the same time, his astronomical observations, and the tables of his barometrical and geodesical measures, under the title of *Collection of astronomical Observations and Measures executed in the New Continent*; and, as in his *Voyage*, he confines himself in mentioning an altitude to the statement of it, without saying whether it was found by the barometer or whether it was founded on geodesical measures. M. Humboldt then collects into a separate work all the phenomena presented by the atmosphere and the soil of the equinoctial regions. This work, the result of all the investigations undertaken by our philosopher during his five years travels in both hemispheres, is entitled, *Essay on the Geography of Plants, or physical Picture of the equinoctial Regions*, founded on the Observations and Measures taken between the Latitude of 10° South and 10° North, in 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. A large plate

represents a section passing over the summit of Chimborazo, carried from the coasts of the South Sea to the shores of Brazil. It indicates the progressive vegetation from the interior of the soil which contains cryptogamous plants, to the perpetual snows which are the limits of all vegetation. Among these is distinguished the vegetation of palm trees, &c. that of fern-trees, quinquina, and gramineous plants. The name of each plant is written at the height at which it is found according to the measures determined by M. von Humboldt. Fourteen scales, placed on each side of the table, relate to the chemical composition of the air, of its temperature, of its hygroscoical and cyanometrical state, of the electrical phenomena, of the horizontal refraction, of the decrease of gravitation, of the culture of the soil, of the height at which the different kinds of tropical animals live, &c. It is, without doubt, the most general physical table, of any portion of the globe, ever attempted. The same book-fellers are likewise printing two other works, which belong to descriptive natural history; one on botany and the other on zoology. The herbarium which these travellers brought from Mexico, the Cordilleras of the Andes, the Orinoko, Rio Negro, and the river of Amazonas, is one of the richest in exotic plants that was ever conveyed to Europe. Having long resided in countries which no botanist had ever visited before them, it is easy to conceive how many new genera and species there must be among the 6300 kinds which they collected under the tropics of the new continent. Were they to publish at once the systematic description of all these vegetables, they would employ several years in ascertaining what is really new, or they would run the risk of publishing, under new names, plants already known. It therefore appeared preferable to give, without any regular order, the designs of the new genera and species, which they have been able sufficiently to determine, and to publish at a subsequent period, a work without plates, which contain the diagnoses of all the species, systematically arranged. It is with this view that they publish the Equinoctial Plants collected in Mexico, the Island of Cuba, the Provinces of Caracas,

Cumana, and Barcelona, in the Andes of New Grenada, Quito and Peru, on the banks of Rio Negro, the Orinoko, and the River of Amazonas. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland have been equally fortunate in making interesting discoveries in zoology and comparative anatomy. They have collected, in great numbers, descriptions of animals hitherto unknown; monkeys, birds, fish, amphibious animals; for example, the axolotl of the lakes of Mexico, a problematical animal of a nature similar to the camelion. M. von Humboldt has made drawings of numerous objects of comparative anatomy, relative to the crocodile, the sea-cow, the sloth, the lama, and the larynx of monkeys and birds. He has brought over a collection of skulls of Indians, Mexicans, Peruvians, and natives of the banks of the Orinoko; and these drawings are not less interesting for the history of the different races of our species than for anatomy. These materials, among which will be found a notice on the fossil elephants' teeth found at the elevation of 2600 yards above the sea, will appear in numbers, under the title of *Collection of Observations in Zoology and comparative Anatomy, made during Travels between the Tropics*. While these various works are in the course of publication, M. von Humboldt will complete the engraving of the *Geological Atlas of the Cordilleras of the Andes and of Mexico*, containing profiles founded on measured heights; of the *Essay on geological Pagiography*, or on the manner of representing the phenomena of the stratification of the rocks, by perfectly simple signs; and of the *Geographical Atlas*, which will contain a map of the river la Madelaine, in four plates; others of the Orinoko, Rio Negro and Cassiquiare, and the general map of the kingdom of New Spain: the latter will be accompanied with a statistical account of the country. All these maps were drawn by M. von Humboldt himself, from his own astronomical observations, and a great number of interesting materials which he collected. He will, at the same time, put the finishing hand to the first volume of his *Travels*. To the subjects already mentioned as being particularly treated of in that work

should be added, observations on the climate relative to organisation in general ; considerations on the ancient state of civilization of these regions and detailed notices on the management and produce of the mines. A folio volume of engravings will exhibit several views of the Cordilleras, and valuable designs of the antiquities of Mexico and Peru, such as the elegant carabesques which cover the ruins of the ancient palace, several enormous pyramids constructed of brick, statues, and chronological monuments, which have a very striking analogy to those antiquities of Indostan with which we are acquainted. Several of these plates are already engraved with great care. As M. von Humboldt publishes these different works at the same time in German and French, both editions may be considered as originals. The *Equinoctial Plants*, by M. Bonpland, will appear only in French ; a great part of the text being in Latin, it will therefore be understood by the literati of all Europe.

A Collection of Letters, which passed between Leibnitz and several of his correspondents, and which had not hitherto been given to the world,

has lately been published at Hanover.

By an Imperial Ukase in the Court Gazette of Petersburg, the rights of citizenship have been given to the Jews throughout the whole extent of the Russian dominions. The children of the Jews will, henceforth, be admitted, like the other Russian subjects, into the schools, colleges, and universities. The Hebrews will be divided into four classes ; viz. of farmers ; artificers and workmen ; merchants ; and citizens. The farmers will be free, and, as well as the artificers, may purchase lands ; and those who wish to engage in agriculture, and have no fortune, are to have a certain portion of the crown lands. Those who will establish manufactories are to enjoy, in their commerce, all the franchises of Russian subjects.

Professor Kiefewetter has made a variety of observations on the *Deaf and Dumb*, at Berlin ; and he has discovered, that, when taught to speak, they have a great tendency to speak in rhyme !

ACCOUNT
OF
THE REV. DR. PALEY.

THE chapters in which he discusses the duties and interests of those who govern kingdoms are no less worthy of attention ; and in the latter part of the volume he investigates the causes of national prosperity, and the means by which they may be rendered most efficacious, with a degree of skill and originality which may justly intitle him to be ranked among the greatest masters of the science of political economy. The political writings of Dr. Paley have been studied and admired by the most illustrious statesmen of the present times. It would be useless to enumerate the praises with which they have been honoured ; but the last and perhaps the most enviable that were bestowed on them, were connected with circumstances so peculiar as to be de-

Continued from p. 445.
serving of mention. In the debate on the Catholic Question twelve days before his death, Mr. Fox in the House of commons read two passages from his work which contained the leading ideas of the celebrated speech delivered on that occasion. Both of these Mr. Fox prefaced with very high compliments, and when speaking of the first said that the author, *though living*, ought not to be defrauded of his due praise, and that he therefore would not conceal his name. This expression was imperfectly understood by most of the reporters, who in their accounts of the debate represented Mr. Fox as describing him to be *not living*, and spread about the kingdom false intelligence that he was dead just when he was labouring under the illness which was the cause of his

death. His friends had scarcely enjoyed the pleasure of contradicting it, when they heard another report which could not be doubted of. The illness was violent, and continued three weeks; Dr. Paley therefore probably never felt the satisfaction which the honours paid to him on that night must have communicated, had they been made known to him. For what writer, however distinguished his talents, and however exalted his reputation, could be insensible to its having been pronounced by such an eulogist as Mr. Fox, on such an occasion, and in such an assembly, "that no man who valued genius, no man who valued learning, no man who valued moderation, could bear his opinions without deference and respect!" It would argue a want of merit in a work such as Dr. Paley's, deciding on the questions which have most divided and agitated mankind, if it had not excited a great body of opposition. This proof of its merit has not been wanting; but it has now flourished twenty years in the approbation of the world, a length of time in which it has outlived most of the treatises in which it was attacked, and their titles can scarcely be recollected. Mr. Gisborne is the most known opponent of Dr. Paley, but his reputation is not owing to what he has written against him. He has endeavoured to shew that Dr. Paley intended to establish the principle of his philosophy in entire independence of the christian rules, and deduces a frightful train of consequences from the supposition; though its application is expressly confined to those cases in which christianity has left us without any rules to guide us, and it surely can never be at war with that to which it was formed to yield. That this important restriction, which is not only laid down in the plainest and most decisive terms, but is interwoven throughout the introductory chapters of the work, should have been overlooked by Mr. Gisborne shews a degree of inattention not quite excusable in a writer who undertook to confute Dr. Paley; but that the error growing out of the oversight should be insisted on in an edition published ten years after the first, is an inexplicable difficulty in the production of a man whose moral character is high-

ly respectable and whose literary reputation is not contemptible. Mr. Gisborne has also endeavoured to terrify his readers by an enumeration of the evils which will result from the general adoption of the principle; but the principle is, that in order to determine which of two actions is the most virtuous, we should consider which will most contribute to the happiness of mankind both in its immediate and general consequences. Whenever therefore Mr. G. has shewn the evils which will result from the preference of any mode of conduct, he has given reasons why it should not be preferred. Dr. Paley's next publication was of the "*Horæ Paulinæ*." This is not the most popular of his works, though it perhaps is that which is most admired by his judicious readers for the originality of the design and the vigour of the execution. It is an exposition and consideration of the evidences of the truth of the christian religion, which may be derived from the conversion and ministry of St. Paul. Not long after this work had made its appearance (in 1789) Dr. James York, the present Bishop of Ely, offered him the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he has the disposal in right of his see. This was a singular instance of honourable and disinterested patronage. His lordship had never seen Dr. Paley, he had no knowledge of his friends, he was influenced solely and entirely by the reputation of his talents, and by a wish to render them serviceable in a high academical situation. His preferments in the north of England and the engagements they imposed upon him, induced him to decline the offer after a very long hesitation, which, he has been heard to say, would probably have terminated otherwise, if he had not accidentally overlooked a small field belonging to the master of Jesus, and he expressed his gratitude to the Bishop in a dedication of the "*Evidences of Christianity*."

The "*Evidences of Christianity*" was published in 1794. This is one of Dr. Paley's most elaborate and successful performances. Containing a general view of the evidences of our religion, it is better adapted to the wants of the common reader than an argument, however masterly, which is confined to a

single subject. It is distinguished in an eminent degree, by that happy combination of sagacity, force and perspicuity which appears in all his writings. The publication of the "Evidences of Christianity" seems to have roused those who had the disposal of the great preferments of the church, into some notice of Dr. Paley; for excepting Dr. Edward Law, the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Vernon, the present Bishop, who had given him a living before it took place, and the Bishop of Ely, whose intentions in his favour have been mentioned with their due praise, no one of the episcopal bench had hitherto shewn any sensibility of his merit. The Bishop of Lincoln set an example and offered him the subdeanry of Lincoln, but with a condition that he should vacate his stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, and procure the Bishop the liberty of naming his successor, with which Dr. Vernon enabled him to comply. Soon afterwards the Bishop of Durham promised the presentation to the valuable living of Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, if he should be allowed to present to two other livings then held by Dr. Paley, and on that occasion Dr. Vernon and the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, who were the patrons, very readily transferred their rights to his lordship. What he owed to the Bishops of Lincoln and Durham was to difference between what he received, and what they required the power of disposing of: and although that difference was considerable the fact is deserving of mention; because it would be injustice to Dr. E. Law, Dr. York, Dr. Vernon, and the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, who were the only disinterested patrons of Dr. Paley, to allow others to partake of that honour, who did not make the necessary sacrifices to deserve it. After Dr. Paley had become sub-dean of Lincoln and rector of Bishop-Wearmouth, his residence was divided between those two places, his summers being spent at the latter, and his winters at the former. He now undertook and proceeded slowly with his last work the "Natural Theology," which was not published

until the end of the year 1802. He professes to have chosen this subject, because, with those he had already treated of, it formed a system which was complete, though its parts had been produced in an inverted order. In his Natural Theology, Horæ Paulinæ, and Evidences of Christianity, he proved the truth of religion, natural and revealed; and in his Moral and Political Philosophy taught the duties which result from and are sanctioned by the proof. He had undoubtedly another reason for the choice of this subject, that it was eminently adapted to his talents. To reason perspicuously and illustrate happily, were the powers by which he was most distinguished, and what other subject offered such admirable materials to exercise them? He has traced and shewn the marks of wisdom and design in various parts of the creation, but has dwelt principally on those which may be discovered in the constitution of the human body. The book contains almost a complete treatise of anatomy, which, by the observations he has interspersed, and by the excellence of his descriptions, he has contrived to render interesting even to those who read without any previous knowledge of the science. To be secure of immortality an author must be recommended either by striking excellencies of language or of sentiment, or by an happy arrangement of the parts of his subject, which renders them necessary to each other and incapable of separation. Valuable matter cannot alone preserve the name of the author, for of that he may be plundered by the writers of a succeeding age, who being able to consult its taste, will necessarily be more popular than an ancient whose productions have not some intrinsic superiority. Dr. Paley is not remarkable for elegant periods or splendid sentiments. He seems to have been less ambitious of pleasing the ear than of informing the understanding; for if we except the dedication of the "Moral and Political Philosophy," some chapters in the same work, (particularly that "On reverencing the Deity,") and the conclusion of the "Natural Theology," which contain some of the most elegant and dignified passages to be found in the language; the general characteristics

* The Bishop of London gave him a prebend of St. Paul's, which was of very small value.

of his writings is plainness and simplicity. But this is the genuine didactic style, he has imparted to it all those numerous graces of which it is capable. It will be universally allowed that no author ever wrote so pleasingly on the subjects he has treated of. The force and terseness of his expressions is not less admirable than the strength of his conceptions, and there is both in his language and his ideas a peculiarity of manner stamped by the vigour and independence of his mind, which cannot be borrowed, and which will therefore perpetuate his reputation. He has merit to deserve readers, and allurements to attract them, and will preserve a high rank among the writers of his country, who can command the attention of posterity. Dr. Paley was twice married, and has left eight children by his first wife, four sons and four daughters. In private life he had nothing of the philosopher. He entered into little amusements with a degree of ardour, which, when contrasted with the superiority of his mind, had a pleasing effect and constituted a very amiable trait of his character. He was fond of company, which he had extraordinary powers of entertaining; nor was he at any time more happy, than when communicating the pleasure he could give by exerting his unrivalled talents of wit and humour. No man was ever more beloved by his particular friends, or returned their affection with greater sincerity and ardour. That such a man and such a writer should not have been promoted to the Bench of Bishops cannot be esteemed creditable to the times in which we live. It is generally understood that Mr. Pitt recommended him to his Majesty some years ago for a vacant bishoprick, and that an opposition was made from a very high quarter of the church, which rendered the recommendation ineffectual. All those great services which demanded a large debt of gratitude both from his profession and from mankind, were not it seems, thought sufficient to atone for having advanced some opinions, of which the tendency was at the worst only doubtful, and which, those who condemned the author, could not perhaps have proved to be worthy of reprobation.—Mon. Mag.

Deaths in Boston, from August 22 to September 26, as reported to the Board of Health.

	M.	F.	Ch.
Apoplexy	2		
Cancer		2	
Canker			12
Childbed		1	
Cholera infantum			37
Colic, bilious	1		
Colliquative diarr.		1	
Consumption	7	10	8
Convulsions			1
Cramp		1	
Debility		1	
Dropsy		2	
Dysentery		3	17
Dysentery & whooping c.			6
Fits			3
Fever, bilious	3	6	1
Fever, malignant	1		
Fever, nervous	2	1	
Fever, slow and nervous		1	2
Fever, typhus	1	2	2
Whooping cough			6
Infantile complaints			5
Intoxication	1		
Lues Venerea		1	
Marasmus		1	4
Old age	4		
Quinsey			1
Spasms			1
Suicide	1		
Spina bifida			1
Worms			4
Unknown	1	3	13
	24	36	124
4 from the alms h.			Total 188

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases in Boston for September.

In August the diseases of the season were found mostly among teething children. In this month adults and older children have been much more frequently affected with disease, and infants somewhat less than in the last. Among adults by far the most prevalent disease has been typhus mitior;—this, though sometimes severe and tedious, has rarely been fatal. Typhus gravior rarely, and dysentery more frequently, have been met with. Cholera morbus

colic, and diarrhoea have also occurred in some instances. Among infants, cholera infantum and parvitis continue to prevail; the former has re-appeared in many cases, where it had been removed in the earlier part of the season, and in form has assumed the character of dysentery.

Notwithstanding the long bills of mortality, which have been presented to the publick, we feel authorised to remark, that the diseases of this season have very rarely proved fatal, where medical assistance has been obtained in their early stages.

Editors' Notes.

From the author of the "Science of Sanctity" we have received an "address" to the Reviewers, intended as a reply to the review of his book in our last number, and introduced by the following alarming epistle, which is enough to make stouter hearts than ours to tremble.

"Messieurs Editors,

"You are respectfully requested to publish in your Anthology for the month of September, the following address to the Gentlemen Reviewers, by the Author of the "Science of Sanctity," in defence of that original production which they have wantonly and unmercifully handled and mangled, in your August Anthology under the pretence and name of reviewing it. Your refusal or neglect, as soon as known, will necessitate him, in compliance with the first law of nature, self defence, immediately to publish the same, with proper additional Strictures, which may eventually, though by no means his design, operate to the discredit, and detriment of your excellent work, and to the obstruction of the future utility of the particular branch of reviewing, which answers a very good purpose when conducted with candour, and skill, by men of science and critical ability.

"I am, Gentlemen, with proper consideration
"Your well wisher,

"THOS. FESSENDEN.

"Walpole, Sept. 16, 1805."

Now we think that our readers, and Mr. Fessenden himself, will acquit us of unfairness in not inserting his reply, when we assure them that its length alone would justify us in the refusal. We should not be faithful to the Interests of our small publication, if we consented to fill eight pages with the clamours of an incensed author, and upon the subject of a work unknown to many and uninteresting to most of our readers. If Mr. S. should be so cruel as to publish his strictures in any form, which would bring them regularly under our cognizance, we shall be happy to pay them all proper attention; but if in any other form, we have only to

recommend it to those, who may chance to read the review, or the strictures, to open for their satisfaction, and read, if they can, the "Science of Sanctity."

We must apologise to our readers for the omission of the reviews of the histories of New England; which were promised in our last. They were prepared for insertion, and actually sent to the press, but the unforeseen length of the reviews of the Historical Collections and Story's Pleadings, together with the general pressure of materials, have compelled us to postpone them to the next number. It is one of our principles never without necessity to divide any article. If what we write is ever read with pleasure, and we have vanity enough to believe that the Anthology is not always read altogether without interest, the effect is diminished when it is divided.

To the writers of the Literary Wanderer we owe our thanks for the kindness and punctuality with which they have contributed their exertions to the support of the Anthology. The failure of every preceding attempt to support a miscellany in New England has been ascribed to the number of periodical Essays, with which they were filled. The observation seems judicious, and it only remains then for us to decide between the Literary Wanderer and the Remarker. With the usual partiality, and perhaps with the usual blindness of parents, we have decided in favour of our own offspring. They will allow us therefore very gratefully to bid them farewell.

In the number for October we hope to offer a life of Dr. Bentley, reviews of Adams's, and Morse and Parish's Histories, of the Salem Salust, of Linn's Powers of Genius, &c. &c.

It is not a new request of ours, that authors, who wish that their works should be reviewed, would send copies of them to our publishers. When this is done, we willingly engage either to review or return them; when it is not done, especially by authors who are near Boston, we shall be governed entirely by our own convenience in the choice of the books that we review.

We cannot take leave of the Author of the Poem, the publication of which we have now closed, without giving him our thanks, and expressing our hopes that his first offering to the Anthology will not be his last. All who read "Seduction" will join with us in thinking, that it is the offspring of a man of talents and taste, who has given his days and nights to the study of the most perfect masters of the English lyre.

ERRATA.—Page 448, first column, 12th line from bottom, for "Hippalla" read "Hippala." P. 450, 2d col. 11 l. from top, for "sublimed" r. "and sublimed."

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1805.

BOTANIST.

No. 12.

I HAVE always thought it possible to be a very great botanist, says the celebrated Rousseau, without knowing so much as one plant by name.* Yet he exhorts his pupil to pass from his closet to the gardens and fields, to study the sacred scriptures of nature, instead of books written by men. This famous Genevan had doubtless seen persons, who bestowed all their attention on the nomenclature and classification of vegetables, and thought themselves botanists. The celebrated *J. Hunter*† knew not the names of every individual in the armies of Britain, nor the discriminating marks of each company in each and every regiment; he nevertheless knew most accurately the anatomy and physiology of every individual.

One universal language should be adopted by botanists, and it is important that it should be well understood; but it is absurd to make this the primary object. If the study of plants do not lead to a knowledge of their uses in rural economy, and their medicinal virtues, the attention to the aspect

and names of plants is of very little importance to the publick. Before the Spanish Goths overran Mexico, *Montezuma* transplanted from the woods and fields into his royal garden; and it was the business of his physicians to study out and announce the medicinal virtues of his vast collection. Would it not be well, if the philosophers of the north should imitate the wise example of these more than half-civilized philosophers of the south?

The first step towards perfecting the science of Botany in New England is to transplant the vegetables from our woods, bogs, fields, and, if possible, marshes into one Garden; and then attempt the naturalization of tropical and other exoticks. We must not expect to have a garden, in which every plant of every country will prosper, or even grow. To effect this, a garden should be planted on a mountain, directly under the equator, and gradually sloping to the height of more than two miles above the level of the ocean. There every plant of every climate would grow.

While *Paris*, *Madrid*, *Upsal*, *Oxford*, *Leyden*, *Montpellier*, and *Padua* had flourishing botanical

* See *J. J. Rousseau's* "Letters on the Elements of Botany," translated by Martyn.
† Surgeon-General of the British army.

gardens, *London*, so celebrated in the annals of science, had within it no publick one to boast of, until about 1780 ; and even then it was began and conducted by a private individual, without any property to carry it on, *excepting* what arose from his daily practice in *physick and surgery*, and even this practice was finally sacrificed to his ruling passion, botany. The person of whom we speak is WILLIAM CURTIS, author of the *Flora Londinensis*, and *Botanick Magazine*. As the writer of these essays was, during several years, a witness of the unwearied exertions of his friend and teacher, he conceives it may be serviceable and agreeable at this period to give some account of the founder of the botanical garden near London, together with a description of it.

Soon after Mr. Curtis* became enamoured with botany, a large share of lucrative practice devolved upon him by the death of an old preceptor and partner. He then began to publish a description of all the plants in and about London, in large folio, elegantly designed, and coloured after nature. Not merely the expense of this great work, but the attention it demanded, alarmed the friends of Curtis. Even the sagacious and benevolent Fothergill, "the friend of mankind and of merit," checked the flowings of his accustomed bounty, lest he should be accessory to the ruin of his young friend, already too much disposed to quit the practice of physick to follow enchanting

FLORA. Fothergill had a great regard for Curtis, and, being of the same religious persuasion, would have left nothing undone for advancing, what he conceived, his true interest, which he believed to be, that of following with undivided attention the practice of physick. Often, on receiving the splendid numbers of the *Flora Londinensis*, has the BOTANIST heard the venerable Fothergill exclaim, "these plates I view with more pain than pleasure. They will ruin the author, by diverting him from his lucrative practice, and plunging him into expense, beyond what any but a man of independent fortune can sustain. The load is too heavy for this young man, and it will break his back." But Fothergill, though possessed of the "*perspicax oculus*" in a preeminent degree, did not then see, that the mild and silent Curtis was induced with the persevering spirit of Linnæus. He little thought, that this meek and quiet man would finally effect all that he meditated ; and that to the *Flora Londinensis* he would add the *Monthly Botanick Magazine*, and to both a botanical garden ! Deep enthusiasm is seldom accompanied with great ardour of expression. Under a mild and playful disposition William Curtis was animated with a persevering spirit, that, in a different walk of life, might have wearied out the patience of a Xenophon, and discouraged Hannibal himself. It has been said, that Curtis composed his *Botanical Magazine*, as Dr. Johnson did his *Ramblers* ; the one to support him under the arduous work of his *Dictionary*, and the other of his *Flora*.

* Mr. Curtis was a practitioner of physick and surgery, but never had a medical degree ; of course not the title of Doctor — a distinction tightly adhered to in London.

The King, Queen, and most of the Nobility were subscribers to the *Flora Londinensis*; it is however remarkable, that when Curtis began his *Botanick Garden*, altho' he was presented with many scarce and valuable plants from the royal gardens at Kew, as well as from those of the Earl of Bute at Sutton, the Dutchess of Portland at Bulstrade, from Dr. Fothergill's at Upton, and from Dr. Pitcairn's at Islington, yet he never received any pecuniary assistance towards carrying on his botanick garden. In 1783 the number of subscribers to this institution did not amount to more than forty. When Curtis died (in July, 1799) a general regret, it is said, was felt from the throne to the bookseller's shop, that the author of the *Flora Londinensis* and the founder of the *London Botanick Garden* had never experienced royal patronage, nor national bounty.

His first essay towards a botanick garden was at Lambeth Marsh, near the Magdalen Hospital, St. George's Fields; but he found the situation of the spot he had chosen inconvenient; for although from its position it appeared peculiarly favourable for the growth of aquatick and bog plants, yet this was accompanied by many disadvantages, for which this fortunate peculiarity did not present an adequate compensation. He therefore determined to move; and here follow the reasons as detailed by himself:

"I had long observed, with the most pointed regret, that I had an enemy to contend with in Lambeth Marsh, which neither time nor ingenuity, nor industry

could vanquish; and that was the smoke of London; which, except when the wind blew from the south, constantly enveloped my plants, and shedding its baneful influence over them, destroyed many; and, in a greater or less degree, proved injurious to most of them, especially the Alpine ones. In addition to this grand obstacle, I had to contend with many smaller ones, which became formidable when combined, such as the obscurity of the situation, the badness of the roads leading to it, with the effluvia of surrounding ditches, at times highly offensive.

"Nevertheless, when I reflected on the sums I had expended, when I surveyed the trees, the shrubs, and the hedges which I had planted, now become ornamental in themselves, and affording shelter to my plants, such of those inconveniences, as I could not have remedied I should have borne with patience, and continued my garden under all its inconveniences, had not my landlord exacted terms for the renewal of my lease, too extravagant to be complied with.

"Disappointed, but not disheartened, I resolved to attempt its re-establishment elsewhere: I looked over the list of those who had patronised my former attempts, and finding that the majority of my subscribers resided to the westward of the city, I fixed on a spot at Brompton, with the advantage at least of some experience in the cultivation of plants; and here I have witnessed a pleasure I had long wished for—that of seeing plants grow in perfect health and vigour.

"That I have good grounds also to expect that my labours will be crowned with success, the list of those persons, who have honoured my garden with their subscriptions the first year of its formation, affords me the most pleasing proof. Indeed, while vegetables shall constitute a part of our food, and there is a necessity to distinguish wholesome from poisonous ones—while medicines for the cure of our diseases shall be drawn from the vegetable kingdom—while agriculture, the grand source of the wealth and strength of all nations, shall be capable of being improved by a closer attention to our native plants—while botany shall be studied as an instructive science, or as an object of rational amusement; or, while the beauties of nature shall have power to charm, so long a garden, on the plan of the one I am endeavouring to establish, will, I humbly presume, meet with the support of the publick."

Nor was Mr. Curtis mistaken. His plants acquired fresh health and vigour from a more congenial position; the number of his subscribers increased every year, while his own reputation, which had been augmented by his lectures and his publications, extended not only to the remotest parts of his native island, but throughout many parts of Europe. In this enviable situation, with a fair prospect of wealth and fame opening before him, this excellent botanist was suddenly snatched from his family, his friends, and the publick, on the 11th of July, 1799. On this melancholy occasion, the establishment devolved solely

on Mr. William Salisbury, first his assistant, and afterwards his partner. Possessing youth, ardour, and activity, he has added to the bounds of the botanical garden, increased the library, multiplied the specimens of plants, built a house for his own residence on the spot, and seems anxious to adapt the establishment for the use and accommodation both of publick societies and private individuals.

The botanick garden is situate at Queen's Elm, in the road to Fulham, exactly one mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner, and about three quarters of a mile from Brompton. The site must be allowed to have been well chosen, for the grounds lie open to the south and west, except where the plantations are intended to exclude the sun, while the north east wind, by being impregnated with the *ignited* air of the capital, loses much of its sharpness, and becomes far less pernicious, than it would otherwise be to such plants as require a bland and genial climate. The extent is about three acres and a half, including the ground occupied by the hothouse, green-houses, and library; and seven acres more, immediately adjoining, and now in the occupation of the proprietor, can at any time be included.

The arrangement is strictly Linnæan; and every tree, shrub, and plant, is labelled so as to afford the advantage of an easy reference to the correspondent numbers in the catalogue.

On approaching, from the Fulham road, the stranger perceives a door, situate nearly in the middle of the plantation; and, on

singing a bell, will be immediately admitted. A broad walk, extending across the garden, presents a parterre, on each side, in which all the different varieties and beautiful hues of Flora are exhibited, in regular gradation, according to the season :

"Along these blushing borders, bright with
hues,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace."

No. 1. contains all those plants that are considered useful in agriculture. Persons skilled in this art, have an opportunity of seeing, distinctly arranged, with their proper names of species, every tree, grass, and shrub, that is cultivated as food for man, the horse, cow, and all other subordinate animals.—This is a most important branch of natural economy.

No. 2. is the medicinal quarter, in which the student will find the plants of the London and Edinburgh Dispensatories; and whether he himself is destined to prescribe, or to make up the prescriptions of others, will here have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the characters of those herbs, which form a part of the *Materia Medica*.*

Among the curious ones will be found the *Assafetida*; while the poisonous tribe,† only thirteen of which will thrive in the open air in Britain, are arranged so as to be hereafter detected by simple inspection alone.‡

3. The Foreign Grass quarter contains the *Lygeum*, *Spartum*,

the *Melica Ciliata*, the *Triticum aestivum*, the *Juncus niveus*, &c.

4. The British Grass quarter. Here the agriculturist will, at one view, behold and distinguish those *gramina*, which constitute the real wealth and fertility of a country. These include every species serving food for the horse, the cow, the ass, the sheep, and the goat.

In this interesting collection is to be found the Meadow Fox-tail (the *Alopecurus Pratensis* of Linnaeus), which is the most fattening of this tribe, and also the *Anthoxanthum Odoratum*, or the sweet-scented vernal meadow grass, that confers a fine aromatick flavour on our hay, together with a complete collection of all the British species of *gramina* may be seen in great perfection, in this quarter.

No. 5. contains the British plants of large growth.

No. 6. The British wood.

No. 7. Is dedicated to British rock plants, and aquatics.

No. 8. The Hot house and Green house. Here I found the *Dionaea Muscipula*, a fine specimen of which was lately presented to the President of the Linnæan Society, for the purpose of elucidating his lectures at the Royal Institute. I also saw the *Strelitzia Regina*, so called out of compliment to the Queen; the *Portlandia*, the *Plumieria*, the *Vanilla*, the *Catesbea Spinosa*, the *Ipomœa bona nox*, the *Amaryllis reticulata*, together with the *Crinum crubescens*, all in fine bloom.

In the Green-house is to be met with the double *Camellia Japonica*, the *Phorrmium tenax*, with a very excellent collection of plants from the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland.

* Who ought, as Dr. Gregory has so emphatically advised, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with these plants.

† The *Aconitum Napellus*, *Actæa spicata*, *Sicuta Virens*, &c.

‡ A class of plants, with which all ranks of society ought to be acquainted; for "On the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

No. 9, the Library. This is an oblong building, with a lattice work towards the south, through which it is intended that the ornithologist should be recreated with the view of British birds, and enabled to study their habits and manners while alive.

The collection consists of useful works, either on, or immediately connected with, the science of botany, such as Curtis's *Flora Londinensis*, and all the other productions of this celebrated naturalist; the *Flora Austriaca*, *Danica*, *Britannica*, &c.; Linnaeus's *Genera & Species Plantarum*, *Systema Naturae Opera Classii*; *Matthioli in Dioscoridem*; the *Hortus Eystettensis*; together with the English Herbals of Gerrard, Parkinson, Johnson, &c. in all about 500 volumes, including the most celebrated agricultural works of Young, Marshall, Dickson, &c.

No. 10, a Green-house, entirely dedicated to Heaths, chiefly from the coast of Africa, of which there are 150 different species.

No. 11. is appropriated to bulbs and flower-roots.

No. 12. Foreign annual plants.

No. 13. This quarter contains upwards of 1000 different species of foreign hardy herbaceous plants.

No. 14. Foreign Alpine plants.

No. 15. American plants, and foreign wood quarter.

No. 16. Is a double border of foreign trees and shrubs, extending all round the boundaries of the garden on each side of the walk.

The above is intended as a popular, rather than a scientific, description of a spot, where either the student or the adept may sa-

tisfy his curiosity, by means of an arrangement executed in strict conformity to the system of the great Swedish naturalist. Those also, who delight in the contemplation of nature, are recreated at a very trifling expence; and flowers, plants, and trees, at every season of the year, present an almost endless variety of interesting objects.

Mr. Salisbury is often honoured with the presence, not only of some of the first botanists of England and other countries, but also with many of the British nobility; and he has often beheld, with grateful satisfaction, different branches of the royal family, who have honoured it with their patronage, walking along the paths, appearing delighted with the arrangement.

Such is, at present, the Botanical Garden at Queen's Ekms; in the farther improving of which no pains or labour are spared to render it still more useful to the publick. It remains for a nation, not only fond of science, but ever considered as its munificent patron and generous protector, to enable the proprietor to complete his plans, extend his views in favour of genius; and finally, to form an establishment equally worthy of science, and of the noted liberality of Great Britain.*

* Europ. Mag.

* The Botanist has just received an account of a recently established botanical garden, in one of the richest and most flourishing towns in Great Britain, founded almost wholly by mercantile; which garden bids fair to become a grand emporium of exotics. With the history and description came a copy of an elegant edition, delivered by the celebrated William Roscoe, author of "the Life of Lorenzo de Medici." Extracts from this oration may be expected to appear in some future number.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No. 3.

We regret, that we cannot continue, at present, the easy and elegant letters of Smellungus. History and learned criticism on all the schools of painting, which are now assembled in the long gallery of the Louvre, and which we had intended to present to the publick in this No. of the Anthology, is not now to be found in our portfolio. We fear, that it is irretrievably lost; but should it be discovered, it shall certainly adorn our publication for November; and we can assure our readers, that we have yet in reserve one or two more letters from that favourite of Painting and Poetry. We hope now to indemnify by the insertion of a short but authentic sketch of the present state of the University of Cambridge, the mother of Newton and Gray, illustrious in the Parliament of England by her representative, Pitt, and equally renowned through Professor Porson in the republick of letters. The view is drawn by a young gentleman, whom we and others personally know, whose manners are agreeable, whose disposition is most friendly, and whose talents deserve no common honours. May he receive every reward, which the University can give; let him be Senior Wrangler, or chief among the Optimes.

Leeds, July 22d, 1805.

DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST now endeavour to comply with your request and answer some of your inquiries. Of the university of Cambridge I can first affirm certainly, that pre-eminent merit, in any line of study, is sure of academical reward. Mathematicks are the study of the place, and are the most general road to honours. Fellowships are by most of the foundations appropriated to particular counties, i. e. there can seldom be more than one or two men of the same county at the same time fellows of the same college—which is an excellent means of preventing cabal and favoritism. Our discipline is in most cases strict and well conferred. No degree can be taken without some pains, and no honour or rank in degree without serious application; the first men, or “wranglers,” are always deep reading

men.—Of Oxford I know but little, but believe that, as you were informed, discipline is very much revived. The strictures of Gibbon and Knox will no longer apply, but I doubt not have produced an excellent effect in making the universities more attentive and strict.—Porson's conversation is most entertaining and various. He quotes with equal ease from Lycophron or a street ballad—no one else can talk, but few desire whilst he is present; he must have full scope, and is not always nice in his language or ideas. With his abilities and application he might have been one of the greatest men living—he is only one of the most learned. Being an under-graduate, I have yet had no opportunity of being in his company.—Of our Literature there is nothing of importance going on at Cambridge. There is very generally in England a combined effort of

the Calvinists to diffuse their doctrines, and enforce their prevalence by securing to their party small livings, and educating young men of this persuasion for the Church. Much controversy has arisen and consequently much declamation. Herbert Marsh, whom you already admire as a politician, has opposed them most forcibly, in four sermons, preached before the university of Cambridge. He is acknowledged to be one of the most learned biblical scholars in the kingdom, and his sermons, which will shortly be published, are a body of true logical argument, and deep, learned quotations to prove the absurdity and danger of these doctrines. We think these great matters; you are free from all

church government and may disregard them.—The Stereotype printing goes on with great success. The new copy of the Bible will soon be out, and there is great talk of a complete edition of the Classics. It will be a happy thing if books could, by any means, be made cheaper. The evil increases past all endurance.—I have seen Roscoe's long expected Life of Leo 10th. 4 vols. Quarto. six guineas. I have not had opportunity to read them, but I see nearly one half of each volume is filled up with old Italian letters and Latin verses, for which nobody cares a farthing. It is said he got 5000*l.* for the copy-right, and the publication, in its present form, is a shameful booksellers' job. CANTAB.

SILVA.

No. 8.

Yacimus, querimus, irascimur, describimus aliquid, modo proximi, modo elatius, atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alio alio, quodam fortasse omnibus placeant.—PLINY.

MAN WITHOUT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SUPPOSE man to be deprived of the divine truths of revelation and abandoned to his reflections; he is surrounded by "darkness visible." He does not know what constitutes his dignity and preeminence, from whence he came, nor whither he shall go. He is unacquainted with the causes of the evils, which afflict him, and the principle of those astonishing contraries, which he experiences in himself....of that internal war of feelings against reason....of those emotions, which elevate him to heaven, and of those impulses and attractions, which bring him back to earth. The objects, which sur-

round him, seduce him....self love blinds him....pleasure corrupts him....strength renders him presumptuous....prosperity intoxicates....adversity discourages him. Does he rely on his own reflections and turn them within himself, he finds nothing but sources of weakness and trouble. In vain does he attempt to procure a situation fixed and tranquil. His projects, his desires, his opinions, like the billows of the perturbed ocean, constantly agitate and toss him. Does he attempt to seek from his fellow travellers a repose, which he has not found in his own bosom....does he give to his imagination wings and fly to the uttermost corners of the earth, like

Noah's dove, that was sent from the ark, he will be compelled to return without the peaceful olive.

—
OPINION AND EXAMPLE.

MAN is attracted by example, and he is controlled by his opinion. He sees, and he imitates ; he hears, and is persuaded. Do as other people do, cries aloud the voice of example. Think with the majority of the world, is the tyrannick exaction of opinion. Thus the power of opinion is in theory, that which example is in practice. In the former there is some rationality, the latter is more allied to instinct and is more mechanical. Example, in fine, makes men monkies, and opinion forms them images of monkies.

—
LOVE.

SHAKESPEARE, in the comedy of *As you like it*, puts into the mouth of his shepherd Sylvius the following delightful description of Love, of the sweetness and delicacy of which I should hold it little less than prophanity to attempt to express my admiration.

"It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
It is to be made all of faith and service,
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance ;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance."—

True love is indeed a passion tender and sublime, let the cold-blooded cynicks say what they please to the contrary. It is something very opposite to that which assumes the name in fashionable society, where you frequently hear those disgraceful, unnatural, venal connexions....formed not from any congeniality of mind, not from any ardent, sincere, vir-

Vol. II. No. 10. Sss

tuous affection, but originating in ambition, pride, or vanity, sometimes even in a dereliction of all modesty and all moral principle.... honoured with the appellation of Love ; but this is not the way Shakespeare instructs us to love. *True love* can only be excited and exist in a virtuous mind. It is always timid, modest, and respectful. It has its hopes and its fears ; but it conceals them. "It looks not with the eyes, but with the mind." It is even favourable to ideas, consoling and sublime, such as the existence of a supreme being, the spirituality of the soul...its immortality. A lover with his affections fixed, his heart pure, his feelings ardent, will believe her to be possessed of every charm and every grace, which can ennoble in his "*mind's eye*" the object of his love. In the heroick ages he would have regarded his mistress as the daughter of Jupiter....as uniting the perfections of Venus and Minerva. At this period he will wish to see her the most perfect work of her Creator....the image the most resembling, if I dared thus to express myself, the almighty Being, who unites all perfections. His love will be grounded on the graces of her mind, and in his firm belief that it is destined for immortality. If he could persuade himself for a moment, that she, who is now the delight of his eyes and the sweetener of his life, was but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or produced from necessity with as much indifference as the organization of a fly....that she must die and be forgotten....that she must lie in cold oblivion and moulder

away....from that moment, I say, he could feel nothing like love, and the ardour of his affections would be extinguished in the frightful idea of annihilation. An English author had some reason for the declaration, that, in a country of atheists, love would prove the existence of a God.

—
THE ABBE PRIVAT DES MO-
LIERES.

ARCHIMEDES, profoundly occupied in solving a geometrical problem, had no suspicion of the assault of the city of Syracuse, until a soldier approached him to demolish his house. This fact is well known. I wish to call the attention of my readers to one more recent, more authentick, and not less curious. About the middle of the last century the Abbe Privat des Molières, a great partizan for the system of Descartes, was one day sitting alone in a retired part of his house, so intensely occupied in mathematical calculations that he was not disturbed by a robber, who had forcibly broken into his house. When the robber entered his room, and, pointing a pistol at his breast, demanded of him his money, the learned Abbe, without being in the least disturbed, pointed the robber to the drawer, which he supposed contained the money ; but the *honest gentleman* that was robbing the house not finding any, and opening other drawers and discomposing the papers, "For God's sake," exclaimed the Abbe, "don't touch those papers, the derangement of which will cause me much trouble, without being the least useful to you. Seek in the drawer which is just

over it, and you will find the money." The robber, better instructed, seized the money and ran away, leaving the philosopher to finish his calculations.

—
GLOVER.

WE have another singular instance of mental abstraction in the life of Glover, the author of Leonidas, who was on a visit at Stowe when he wrote his celebrated ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost, perhaps the most spirited of all his productions. The idea occurred to him during the night ; he rose early and went into the garden to compose. In the heat of composition he got into the tulip bed ; unfortunately he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical frenzy thrashed down the tulips. Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen Glover beating them down, suspecting how his mind was occupied, asked him at breakfast how he could so heedlessly destroy Lady Temple's favourite flowers ? The poet, perfectly unconscious of what he had been doing, pleaded not guilty. There were however witnesses enough to convict him. He acknowledged that he had been composing in the garden, and excused himself by repeating the ballad.

—
CIVICK CROWN.

THE highest reward among the Romans was the *civick crown*, given to him, who had saved the life of a citizen. This political institution may suggest some reflections. It has been said, that the ancients believed that the first

men fed on the acorn. Was this the reason, which suggested to the Romans the idea of forming the civick crowns, the highest reward which could be conferred on a citizen, simply of the leaves of the oak? Did the legislator by these means wish to instruct his people, that a citizen who had preserved the life of another had most assimilated himself to nature? A golden crown was presented to him, who first mounted the rampart or entered the camp of the enemy, to him who first scaled a city in an assault or boarded the ship of an enemy, but to him who, by his exertions, had saved the life of a citizen was presented the *civick crown*, formed simply of the branches of the oak. The naval, mural, and triumphal crowns recompensed military merit, but the *civick crown* proved, that he who had deserved it was above all recompense. There was something sublime in the ceremony of presenting the civick crown. By the appointment of the general it was presented by the person whose life had been saved, who placed it on the head of his benefactor, whom he afterwards loved and respected as a parent.

THE PASTORAL POET.

PASTORAL poetry is the description of nature, in all her simplicity. In indicating its object we prove the antiquity of its origin. The first writers were poets....the first poets were shepherds....the first poems were idyls....and the first instrument of musick was the pipe. In those happy times, which have been denominated the age of gold, man's inclina-

tions were mild, his desires moderate, his soul

"Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface;"

pure as the dew-drop, which the sun kisses from the opening rosebud. His numerous flock constituted his highest pride, the birth of a lamb his greatest joy, the death of an ewe his keenest sorrow. If the first of all poems were a pastoral, we may imagine that the subject was love....its illusions, its pleasures, and its phantasies. In chanting the praises of his mistress the pastoral poet attempted to describe her attractions, and, as he abounded more in sentiment than in reflection, as he was more fruitful in images than in reasoning, he had recourse to comparisons to make himself comprehended, and he drew them from the objects the most agreeable to his eyes,... the dearest to his heart. The whiteness of the fleece....the freshness and fragrance of the blooming rose....the agility of the hind, which bounded over the rocks....the innocence and vivacity of the lamb, which skipped and played in the field....sometimes even the brilliancy of the morning, and the burning heat of the meridian sun, constituted so many objects of comparison to give some idea of the object which he adored.

SOLOMON'S SONGS.

THE ancients were fond of conveying their precepts in the pastoral language, thinking it to be the language of nature. Under this allegory Solomon gives us the purest instruction in the songs to his beloved, delighting us "by his lofty theme and by a strain of poetry, as sublime in it-

self as it is simple in its similitudes." There are indeed tender expressions in nature and art, that native sentiment exclusively enjoys. Some will contemplate a fly, as he is pruning his winglets and polishing his forehead in the sunside of the parlour window-seat, and an artist once told me, with an eye all suffusion, that the sleeping Cupid of Paul Veronese was a dreaming in its toes. Is this picking mites, as it were with the bill of a wren; or admiring the miracles of nature and her resemblances? The following beautiful version of a portion of the eighth chapter of Solomon's Songs, given to me by a friend, who I wish could be persuaded frequently to grace the pages of the Anthology with the delicate effusions of his own mind, unites

such harmony of verse with so much delicacy of sentiment, that I should accuse myself of selfishness in the extreme, if I withheld it from my readers, confident as I am, it will afford them high gratification.

Oh that thou wert like him who drew
Life from the same maternal breast,
No crimson should my cheek imbue,
When I thy lips in secret prest.

Home I'd persuade thee to return
With me domestick bliss to prove,
Where from my mother I would learn
To keep thee, all the lore of love.

Thy lip should rich delicious wine
My own pomgranate vintage taste;
On thy left hand my head recline,
And thy right arm enfold my waist.

When such a heaven of bliss we share
Should sleep exhausted nature seize,
Maids of Jerusalem, forbear
To wake my love until he please.

PROEM TO THOUGHTS ON TACITUS.

Magnam, inquit Secundus, et dignam tractatu questionem movisti: sed quis eam justius explicaverit, quam tu? Et Mensala, aperiam, inquit, cogitationes meas.

Tacit. dial. de orat. cap. 16.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN one of the pleasant evening parties of the last summer, when we were musing or talking upon the welfare of the Anthology, I remember that a sincere wish was expressed that a certain illustrious political writer would furnish our publication with Discourses on Tacitus. The idea was to me remarkably pleasant, as it brought to my recollection "years that are past," when I had the presumption to write an introductory essay on the same subject, and had prepared mottoes and matter for succeeding dissertations. But we all thought, that the states-

man was either too indolent for laborious political research, or too much occupied by the pressing duties or pleasant recreations of his farm to compose even short and easy disquisitions. We acknowledged his peculiar powers of fancy and investigation. Even the simple thought was delightful, that our collection might possibly be decorated with a monthly *ægis* from a man, who in the easy intercourse of social life can charm and enrapture all hearts with analysis, history, tropes, and reflection on the French revolution; or who, in the Congress of the representatives of his nation,

amid senators and counsellors, under the united pressure of sickness of body and anxiety for his country's honour, could in the debate on the British treaty pour forth such an ethereal efflux of rhetorical power, that some imagined themselves in St. Stephen's chapel, listening to the exaggerating fancy of Burke; and classical readers, like Priestley, were reminded of the practical wisdom of Demosthenes and the towering amplifications of Tully.

I wish it were possible to persuade that gentleman to write. Our Anthology would then glow with every variety of "colorifick radiance." Instead of the meagre essays of Gordon, politicians might be charmed with a new Machiavel; with dissertations on the Annals of Tacitus, not inferior to the discourses on the decade of Livy, by the secretary of the Florentine commonwealth. You may however recollect, that we soon abandoned with regret our conversation on the delightful illusion. Yet, though we talked with apparent spirit on other enterprises of greater facility, I believe that the former project had completely fascinated our minds, for the fruit, the claret, and the evening were gone, before we had brought the simplest scheme to maturity.

Since then I have often reflected on the occurrences of that night; and if you please I am now disposed, with feeble means and feeble hopes, to attempt the execution of another plan, not totally different from that of our former discussion. "*Pigliate adunque questo in quel modo che si pigliano tutte le cose degli amici, dove si*

considera più sempre l'intenzione di chi manda, che la qualità della cosa che è mandata." The idea, suggested by one of our literary circle, I cannot adopt. He wished for political discourses. I can furnish *Thoughts on Tacitus* only, for regular dissertations would demand the speculative knowledge and practical experience of a statesman; and would require more time, than I can allot from necessary duties, and a larger library for reference or quotation, than I at present possess. But for short political essays I shall be able to find leisure; I know not that I can find the talents. I can say, in the words of Machiavelli to Buondelmonti and Rucellai, "*in quello io ho espresso quanto io so,*" "I have here told all that I know;" but I am not grey headed, and therefore I cannot say with him, "*e quanto io ho imparato per una lunga pratica e continua lezione delle cose del mondo;*" "and all, that I have learnt by long practice and continued perusal of the affairs of the world." But the politicks shall never be local. Party allusions and party wranglings I utterly disclaim; and I hope that you will exercise the duty of a literary licenser, and burn every paper, which I may offer, where such names and topicks are introduced, as existing factions, follies, and cabals.

But, gentlemen, politicks and government are far from being the sole objects, to which I shall direct the "*Thoughts.*" Tacitus every where mixes moral remarks with his professed subject, which may furnish themes for moral discussion. His *Dialogus de Oratoribus* is full of literature,

which may supply an inexhaustible fund for correspondent reflection. The antiquarian, geographer, and historian resort to the *De situ moribus et populis Germaniæ libellus*, as the astronomer to the Principia of Newton, and the jurist to the Fœdera of Rymer. I intend to be perfectly at liberty as to my subjects and the modes of treating them. As I wish to impose no obligation upon readers, so I shall fasten no fetters on myself, but be entirely unrestrained as to matter and manner. The *thoughts on Tacitus* will therefore be a head under which, with a motto from that writer, I may range reflections or extracts, either critical, historical, literary, political, or moral; but I would not wish to be censured, if I begin with a syllogism and end with the praises of *sweet pennyroyal*.

Perhaps it is useless to number the papers, because they will be very irregular in their appearance. It seems indeed rather absurd to give by Nos. an air of order to a work, which it cannot assume, and expressly disclaims. Besides, I know not how long I may continue to write such disquisitions. A thousand evils may discourage me, or a thousand accidents may prevent my exertions. The mere business of composition, every author knows, is not mechanical; it is often entirely fortuitous; it depends on a variety of circumstances; it is influenced by an infinity of modifications, too minute to be noticed and too evanescent to be described. It resembles a class of inflammatory disorders. The fever fit is neither quotidian, nor every other day, nor tertian, nor quar-

tan; the disease is in its nature intermittent; the symptoms are fallacious, there is no diagnostick.

I have chosen Tacitus for reflections, because he abounds in them. On every page is stamped deep thought. He sparkles with mind; he corruscates with incessant shootings of intellect. In every age he has been honoured and admired by princes and politicians. The emperor Tacitus was proud to mark the historian in the line of his ancestors. Leo the 10th, the great and the illustrious, purchased a manuscript, containing part of his works, at a high price, and offered the finder dignities, rewards, and religious indulgences. Queen Christina of Sweden devoted days and nights to this profound writer. The reading of Greek literature was her amusement, but the study of Tacitus she called "*seu lectures serieuses*." Commentators have overwhelmed him with explanation, and discourses have enlarged his primal matter into bulky volumes of discordant opinions, little utility, and tedious elaboration, as the Armenian merchant increases his little box of musk by the frequent addition of apparently similar materials; or as the chemist, by the operation of calorick, volatilizes a few cubick inches of water into a wide atmosphere of artificial gases. They can offer no other apology, than that Tacitus deserved perpetual commentary and could easily furnish matter for discourse. This is unquestionably true. In his writings there is more terseness, more condensation, more vigour, than in Tully. In the former the reader is stopped by

the sense ; in the latter he is often detained by the beauty of the sentence. The first is brief, pointed, and profound ; the second is magnificent, elaborate, and learned. Tacitus is like an Ethiopian sun, which darts direct light and burning heat ; Tully sometimes resembles the sun of our latitude, where the rays and solar fire are mellowed by atmospheric reflection, and lessened by physical obliquity. The short and single sentences of Tacitus are like the meteorous irradiations of Aurora Borealis in Norway, shooting from the horizon to the zenith. The rhetorical combinations of Tully resemble wide-spread conflagrations of whole forests on the African coast, which redden the blackness of

night, and give radiance to the splendour of day.

It is time, Messrs. Editors, to relieve you. I have only to add, that I shall probably be greatly indebted to various writers in the progress of my work, as it will not be wholly original. Therefore to disarm that kind of criticism, which is no sister to candour, but is the distorted offspring of *mordax malignitas*, I now boldly and honestly confess, that I shall borrow from Brotier, Montesquieu, Johnson, Bayle, or other authorities, whatever materials I may find necessary for ornament or construction, without minutely noting *quantity, where, when,* or any other of the entertaining categories of the pleasant Aristotle.

QUINTILIAN.

THE REMARKER.

No. 2.

—et sibi quovis

Speret idem, silet multum frustraquo laborat
Aurus idem. HON.

THOUGH there is no subject, on which persons more confidently speak, or more widely differ, than on the merits of eminent writers, yet not every one, who censures, or admires, is always able to give a reason for his censure, or admiration. Numbers judge from prejudice and passion, and pass the most extravagant encomiums on one author, and declaim violently against another, who are utterly incapable of pointing out their excellencies and defects. They admire they know not why, and condemn they know not wherefore. They like *because* they like, not considering that the great point is, to know *how* to like, and to discover what is *worth*

liking. Till they attain to this, which distinguishes the man of discriminating taste from the idle declaimer, their admiration will be blind and senseless, and their censures, cavils, not criticisms.

We live in a country, which abounds in critics of this kind, who, by the mere force of natural genius, without the aid of learning, will decide peremptorily on the merits of authors, and often in direct opposition to the united suffrage of ages. With these gentlemen, correct elegance passes for dulness, and bombast for genius.

Some are exclusively attached to nervous writers, fascinated with the boldness of their senti-

ments, or the imposing splendour of their language. Dazzled with excellencies, real or imaginary, they are blind to their defects. Thus they can distinguish no stiffness and pedantry in Johnson, no gallicisms in Gibbon, no turgid obscurities in Burke. Among the poets, they can find no nonsense in Shakespeare, and no quaintness in Milton; and rank Juvenal, Dryden, and Churchill, far above Horace, Boileau, and Pope. Struck with the size and sinews of the Farnese Hercules, they have no taste for the finished elegance of the Belvidere Apollo.

Others again are great admirers of simplicity, and have no relish for dignified and ornamental writing. They are startled at a metaphor, and disgusted with an epithet. They would strip the best authors of their most admired decorations, and leave them as bare as the fashionable belles of the day.

Now the man of taste will not condemn or approve by wholesale, but will weigh in his critical balance the distinguishing beauties and defects of every author, and assign a satisfactory reason for his censure or his approbation. He will acknowledge, that Shakespeare exhibits beauties superiour to those of the best authors, and at the same time possesses faults, which would disgrace the worst, that he perpetually mixes farce with tragedy, that he is forever hunting after quibbles, which, when found, do not always repay the labour of search, that though many of his scenes are perfect, yet he has not perhaps a complete play.

In Johnson he will admire a stupendous reach of understanding, profoundness of thought, general justness of criticism, and magnificence of language. But he will be occasionally disgusted with the too artificial construction of his elaborate periods, with the repeated recurrence of his diads, triads, and quaternions, as they are styled by the author of *Lexiphanes*. He will give all due credit to the Rambler for its fine moral reflexions, and the deep knowledge it exhibits of the human heart; but he will not allow it, as a work of taste, an equal rank with the Spectator. He will not discover in it that lightness, that airiness, that gentlemanly ease and humour, that natural unaffected elegance, those inimitable unstudied graces, which charm us in the pages of Addison. He will observe the morbid melancholy of Johnson pervading almost every paper, nor will he think him happy in the adoption or invention of his proper names, such as Turgoro, Orgilio, Papilius, Tetrica, &c.

In his lives of the poets, he will acknowledge his great critical acumen, and the vast powers of his mighty mind employed in the investigation of poetical merit. But he will confine his admiration of him to his criticisms on *intellectual* poetry. Of that species of poetry, which depends on feeling and sensibility, he will not regard him as a decisive judge. Hence he will not unite with him in his censures of Gray, and will probably think, that his panegyrick of Dryden's ode on Mrs. Killigrew greatly exceeds its merits.

In Gibbon the man of taste will admire the extent of his learning, the strength of his imagination, and the brilliance of his style. But, whatever may be his religious opinions, he will consider the manner of the historian's attack on christianity unfair and disingenuous, his idiom often foreign, his sentences tedious from their uniformity, and sometimes obscure from their construction.

In Burke, he will be astonished at the richness and fertility of his imagination, the depth of his political knowledge, and the fire of his genius unquenched by age or misfortunes. But he will think him often obscure, and often extravagant. He will observe him ransacking art and nature for metaphors, and not very solicitous where he finds them; so that he will conclude on the whole, that his works resemble the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which, though it contained a considerable portion of silver and fine gold, yet was disgraced, at the same time, with the meaner materials of iron, brass, and clay.

The three great writers last mentioned possess various and original excellencies. But they are dangerous models, as an imitator would probably only attain their defects. Their style and manner are easily copied, as is also the imposing splendour of their language. But their beauties, wholly distinct from these mechanical peculiarities, are not within the grasp of ordinary

minds. To imitate the ease and freedom of Addison is a safer, though perhaps a still more arduous task. But though native elegancies cannot be attained, yet much may be acquired from the attempt. 'Whoever wishes (says Johnson) to attain an English style, familiar and not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

Such a style is, on the whole, the most useful, perhaps the most elegant, if it be true, as the critics assert, that a fine style does not consist in fine words, but in the most natural, which will always be the most expressive collocation of those used in genteel and literary conversation.

The man of taste will consider this style as the best and most classical, though at the same time he will give due praise to the excellencies of the more gorgeous writers. He will not confine his admiration to any one class of authors, but will discover and relish the distinguishing perfections of each. 'He will (in the language of Addison) be pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for entering into those internal principles of action, which arise from characters and manners of the person he describes, or with Tacitus for displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which gave birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.*' A.

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* Spectator No. 409.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 472.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A lawn before the cottage. The two damsels are discovered gathering flowers.*

ANUSUYA.

O MY Priyamvada, though our sweet friend has been happily married according to the rites of Gandharvas, to a bridegroom equal in rank and accomplishments, yet my affectionate heart is not wholly free from care ; and one doubt gives me particular uneasiness.

Pri. What doubt my Anusúyá ?

Anu. This morning the pious prince was dismissed with gratitude by our hermits, who had then completed their mystick rites : he is now gone to his capital, Hastinápura, where, surrounded by a hundred women in the recesses of his palace, it may be doubted whether he will remember his charming bride.

Pri. In that respect you may be quite easy. Men, so well informed and well educated as he, can never be utterly destitute of honour.—We have another thing to consider. When our father Canna shall return from his pilgrimage, and shall hear what has passed, I cannot tell how he may receive the intelligence.

Anu. If you ask my opinion, he will, I think, approve of the marriage.

Pri. Why do you think so ?

Anu. Because he could desire nothing better, than that a husband so accomplished and so exalted should take Sacontala by the hand. It was, you know, the declared object of his heart, that she might be suitably married ; and since heaven has done for him what he most wished to do, how can he be possibly dissatisfied ?

Pri. You reason well ; but—*[Looking at her basket]*—My friend, we have plucked a sufficient store of flowers to scatter over the place of sacrifice.

Anu. Let us gather more to decorate the temples of the goddesses who have procured for Sacontala so much good fortune *[They both gather more flowers.]*

Behind the scenes. It is I—Hola !

Anu. *[Listening.]* I hear the voice,

as it seems, of a guest arrived in the hermitage.

Pri. Let us hasten thither. Sacontala is now repoling ; but though we may, when she wakes, enjoy her presence, yet her mind will all day be absent with her departed lord.

Anu. Be it so ; but we have occasion, you know, for all these flowers.

[They advance.]

Again behind the scenes. How ? Dost thou show no attention to a guest ? Then hear my imprecations—“ He “ on whom thou art meditating, on “ whom alone thy heart is now fixed, “ while thou neglectest a pure gem of “ devotion who demands hospitality, “ shall forget thee, when thou seest him “ next, as a man restored to sobriety “ forgets the words which he uttered “ in a state of intoxication.”

[Both damsels look at each other with affliction.]

Pri. Wo is me ! Dreadful calamity ! Our beloved friend has, through mere absence of mind, provoked by her neglect, some holy man who expected reverence.

Anu. *[Looking]* It must be so ; for the choleric Durvása is going hastily back.

Pri. Who else has power to consume, like raging fire, whatever offends him ? Go, my Anusúyá ; fall at his feet, and persuade him, if possible, to return : in the mean time I will prepare water and refreshments for him.

Anu. I go with eagerness.

[She goes out.]

Pri. *[Advancing hastily her foot slips.]* Ah ! through my eager haste I have let the basket fall ; and my religious duties must not be postponed. *[She gathers fresh flowers.]*

Anusúyá re-enters.

Anu. His wrath, my beloved, passes all bounds.—Who living could now appease him by the humblest prostrations or intreaties ? yet at last he a little relented.

Pri. That little is a great deal for him.—But inform me how you soothed him in any degree.

Anu. When he positively refused to come back, I threw myself at his feet, and thus addressed him: "Holy sage, forgive, I intreat, the offence of an amiable girl, who has the highest veneration for you, but was ignorant, through distraction of mind, how exalted a personage was calling to her."

Pri. What then? What said he?

Anu. He answered thus: "My word must not be recalled; but the spell which it has raised shall be wholly removed when her lord shall see his ring." Saying this he disappeared.

Pri. We may now have confidence; for before the monarch departed, he fixed with his own hand on the finger of Sacontala the ring, on which we saw the name of Dushmanta engraved, and which we will instantly recognize. On him therefore alone, will depend the remedy for our misfortune.

Anu. Come, let us now proceed to the shrines of the goddesses, and implore their succour. [*Both advance.*]

Pri. [*Looking.*] See, my Anusuya, where our beloved friend sits, motionless as a picture, supporting her languid head with her left hand. With a mind so intent on one object, she can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

Anu. Let the horrid imprecation, Priyamvada, remain a secret between us two: we must spare the feelings of our beloved, who is naturally susceptible of quick emotions.

Pri. Who would pour boiling water on the blossom of a tender Mallicà?

[*Both go out.*]

A Pupil of Canna enters.

Pup. I am ordered by the venerable Canna, who is returned from the place of his pilgrimage to observe the time of the night, and am, therefore, come forth to see how much remains of it.—[*Walking round, and observing the heavens.*] On one side, the moon, who kindles the flowers of the Oshadhî, has nearly sunk in his western bed; and, on the other, the sun, seated behind his charioteer Arun, is beginning his course: the lustre of them both is conspicuous, when they rise and when they set; and by their example should men be equally firm in prosperous and in adverse fortune.—The moon has now disappeared, and the night flower pleases no

more: it leaves only a remembrance of its odour, and languishes like a tender bride whose pain is intolerable in the absence of her beloved.—The ruddy morn impurples the dew drops on the branches of yonder Vadari; the peacock, shaking off sleep, hastens from the cottages of hermits interwoven with holy grass; and yonder antelope, springing hastily from the place of sacrifice, which is marked, with his hoofs, raises himself on high, and stretches his graceful limbs.—How is the moon fallen from the sky with diminished beams! the moon who had set his foot on the head of Suëru, king of mountains, and had climbed, scattering the rear of darkness, even to the central palace of Vishnu!—Thus do the great men of this world ascend with extreme labour to the summit of ambition, but easily and quickly descend from it.

Anusuya enters meditating.

Anu. [*aside.*] Such has been the affliction of Sacontala, though she has been bred in austere devotion, averse from sensual enjoyments!—How unkind was the king to leave her!

Pup. [*aside.*] The proper time is come for performing the homa: I must apprise our preceptor of it. [*He goes out.*]

Anu. The shades of night are dispersed; and I am hardly awake; but were I ever so perfectly in my senses, what could I now do? My hands move not readily to the usual occupations of the morning.—Let the blame be cast on love, on love only, by whom our friend has been reduced to her present condition, through a monarch who has broken his word. Or does the imprecation of Durvâsas already prevail? How else could a virtuous king, who made so solemn an engagement, have suffered so long a time to elapse without sending even a message?—Shall we convey the fatal ring to him?—Or what expedient can be suggested for the relief of this incomparable girl, who mourns without ceasing?—Yet what fault has she committed?—With all my zeal for her happiness, I cannot summon courage enough to inform our father Canna that she is pregnant.—What then, oh! what step can I take to relieve her anxiety?

Priyamvada enters.

Pri. Come, Anusuya, come quickly.

They are making suitable preparations for conducting Sacontala to her husband's palace.

Anu. [*With surprise.*] What say you, my friend?

Pri. Hear me. I went just now to Sacontala, meaning only to ask if she had slept well.

Anu. What then? oh what then?

Pri. She was sitting with her head bent on her knee, when our father Canna, entering her apartment, embraced and congratulated her.—“My sweet child,” said he, “there has been a happy omen: the young Brahmen who officiated in our morning sacrifice, though his sight was impeded by clouds of smoke, dropped the clarified butter into the very centre of the adorable flame.—Now since the pious act of my pupil has prospered, my foster child must not be suffered any longer to languish in sorrow; and this day I am determined to send thee from the cottage of the old hermit who bred thee up, to the palace of the monarch who has taken thee by the hand!”

Anu. My friend, who told Canna what passed in his absence?

Pri. When he entered the place where the holy fire was blazing, he heard a voice from heaven pronouncing divine measures.—

Anu. [*Amazed.*] Ah! you astonish me.

Pri. Hear the celestial verse:—“Know that thy adopted daughter, O pious Brahmen, has received from Dushmanta a ray of glory destined to rule the world; as the wood Sami becomes pregnant with mysterious fire.”

Anu. [*Embracing Priyamvada.*] I am delighted, my beloved; I am transported with joy. But—since they mean to deprive us of our friend so soon as to day, I feel that my delight is at least equalled by my sorrow.

Pri. Oh! we must submit patiently to the anguish of parting. Our beloved friend will now be happy; and that should console us.

Anu. Let us now make haste to dress her in bridal array. I have already, for that purpose, filled the shell of a cocoa nut, which you see fixed on an Amra tree, with the fragrant dust of Nāgacélaras: take it down, and keep it in a fresh lotos leaf, whilst I collect some Góráchana from the forehead of

a sacred cow, some earth from consecrated ground, and some fresh Cusa grass, of which I will make a paste to ensure good fortune.

Pri. By all means. [*She takes down the perfume.—Anusuya goes out.*]

Behind the scenes. O Gautami bid the two Mifras, Sarngarava and Saradwata, make ready to accompany my child Sacontala.

Pri. [*Listening.*] Lose no time, Anusuya, lose no time. Our father Canna is giving orders for the intended journey to Hastinápura.

Anusuya re-enters with the ingredients of her Charm.

Anu. I am here: let us go, my Priyamvada. [*They both advance.*]

Pri. [*Looking.*] There stands our Sacontala, after her bath at sunrise, while many holy women, who are congratulating her, carry baskets of hallowed grain.—Let us hasten to greet her. *Enter Sacontala, Gautami, and female Hermits.*

Sac. I prostrate myself before the goddess.

Gaut. My child, thou canst not pronounce too often the word goddess: thus wilt thou procure great felicity for thy lord.

Herm. Mayst thou, O royal bride, be delivered of a hero! [*The Hermits go out.*]

Both Damsels. [*Approaching Sacontala.*] Beloved friend, was your bath pleasant?

Sac. O! my friends, you are welcome: let us sit a while together. [*They seat themselves.*]

Anu. Now you must be patient, whilst I bind on a charm to secure your happiness.

Sac. That is kind.—Much has been decided this day: and the pleasure of being thus attended by my sweet friends will not soon return. [*Wiping off her tears.*]

Pri. Beloved, it is unbecoming to weep at a time when you are going to be so happy.—[*Both damsels burst into tears as they dress her.*] Your elegant person deserves richer apparel: it is now decorated with such rude flowers as we could procure in this forest.

Canna's Pupil enters with rich clothes.

Pup. Here is a complete dress. Let the queen wear it auspiciously; and may her life be long! [*The women look with astonishment.*]

Gaut. My son, Harita whence came this apparel?

Pup. From the devotion of our father Canna.

Gaut. What dost thou mean?

Pup. Be attentive. The venerable sage gave this order. "Bring fresh flowers for Sacontala from the most beautiful trees;" and suddenly the wood-nymphs appeared, raising their hands, which rivalled new leaves in beauty and softness. Some of them wove a lower mantle bright as the moon, the preface of her felicity; another pressed the juice of Lácsná to stain her feet exquisitely red; the rest were busied in forming the gayest ornaments; and they eagerly showered their gifts on us.

Pri. [*Looking at Sacontala.*] Thus it is, that even the bee, whose nest is within the hollow trunk, does homage to the honey of the lotos flower.

Gaut. The nymphs must have been commissioned by the goddess of the king's fortune, to predict the accession of brighter ornaments in his palace. [*Sacontala looks modest.*]

Pup. I must hasten to Canna, who is gone to bathe in the Malina, and let him know the signal kindness of the wood-nymphs. [*He goes out.*]

Anu. My sweet friend, I little expected so splendid a dress:—how shall I adjust it properly?—[*Considering.*—] Oh! my skill in painting will supply me with some hints; and I will dispose the drapery according to art.

Sac. I well know your affection for him.

Canna enters meditating.

Can. [*Aside.*] This day must Sacontala depart: that is resolved; yet my soul is smitten with anguish.—My speech is interrupted by a torrent of tears, which my reason suppresses and turns inward: my very sight is dimmed.—Strange that the affliction of a forer, retired from the haunts of men, should be so excessive!—Oh! with what pangs must they who are fathers of families be afflicted on the departure of a daughter! [*He walks round musing.*]

Pri. Now, my Sacontala, you are becomingly decorated: put on this lower vest the gift of sylvan goddesses. [*Sacontala rises and puts on the mantle.*]

Gaut. My child, thy spiritual father, whose eyes overflow with tears of joy,

stands desiring to embrace thee. Hasten, therefore, to do him reverence.

[*Sacontala modestly bows to him.*]

Can. Mayst thou be cherished by thy husband, as Sarmistha was cherished by Yayati! Mayst thou bring forth a sovereign of the world, as she brought forth Puru!

Gaut. This, my child, is not a mere benediction; it is a boon actually conferred.

Can. My best beloved, come and walk with me round the sacrificial fire.—[*They all advance.*—] May these fires preserve thee! Fires which spring to their appointed stations on the holy hearth, and consume the consecrated wood, while the fresh blades of mysterious Cusa lie scattered around them!—Sacramental fires, which destroy sin with the rising fumes of clarified butter!—[*Sacontala walks with solemnity round the hearth.*—] Now set out, my darling, on thy auspicious journey.—[*Looking round.*] Where are the attendants, the two Mísras?

Enter Sárngarava and Sároduata.

Both. Holy sage, we are here.

Can. My son, Sárngarava, show thy sister her way.

Sarn. Come, damsel. [*They all advance.*]

Can. Hear, all ye trees of this hal- lowed forest; ye trees, in which the sylvan goddesses have their abode; hear, and proclaim, that Sacontala is going to the palace of her wedded lord; she who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she, who cropp- ed not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an orna- ment for her locks; the whose chief delight was in the season, when your branches are spangled with flowers!

CHORUS of invisible Woodnymphs.

May her way be attended with prof- perity! May propitious breezes spring- kle, for her delight, the odoriferous dust of rich blossoms! May pools of clear water, green with the leaves of the lotos, refresh her as she walks! and may shady branches be her defence from the scorching sun beams!

[*All listen with admiration.*]

Sarn. Was that the voice of the Cú- cila wishing a happy journey to Sacon- tala?—Or did the nymphs, who are allied to the pious inhabitants of these woods, repeat the warbling of the pu-

fical bird, and make its greeting their own?

Gout. Daughter, the sylvan goddesses, who love their kindred hermits, have wished you prosperity, and are entitled to humble thanks. [*Sacotala walks round, bowing to the Nymphs.*]

Sac. [*aside to Priyamvada.*] Delighted as I am, O Priyamvada, with the thought of seeing again the son of my lord, yet, on leaving this grove, my early asylum, I am scarce able to walk.

Pri. You lament not alone.—Mark the affliction of the forest itself when the time of your departure approaches!—The female antelope browses no more on the collected Cusa grass; and the peahen ceases to dance on the lawn: the very plants of the grove, whose pale leaves fall on the ground, lose their strength and their beauty.

Sac. Venerable father, suffer me to address this Madhavî creeper, whose red blossoms inflame the grove.

Can. My child, I know thy affection for it.

Sac. [*Embracing the plant.*] O most radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms: from this day, though removed to a fatal distance, I shall forever be thine.—O beloved father, consider this creeper as myself.

Can. My darling, thy amiable qualities have gained thee a husband equal to thyself: such an event has been long, for thy sake, the chief object of my heart; and now, since my solicitude for thy marriage is at an end, I will marry thy favourite plant to the bridegroom Amra, who sheds fragrance near her.—Proceed, my child, on thy journey.

Sac. [*Approaching the two dunsels.*] Sweet friends, let this Mâdhavî creeper be a precious deposit in your hands.

Anu. and Pri. Alas! in whose care shall we be left? [*They both weep.*]

Can. Tears are vain, Anusuya: our Sacotala ought rather to be supported by your firmness, than weakened by your weeping. [*All advance.*]

Sac. Father! when yon female antelope, who now moves slowly from the weight of the young ones with which she is pregnant, shall be delivered of them, send me, I beg, a kind message with tidings of her safety.—Do not forget,

Can. My beloved, I will not forget it.

Sac. [*Advancing, then stopping.*] Ah! what is it that clings to the skirts of my robe, and detains me.

[*She turns round and looks.*]

Can. It is thy adopted child, the little fawn, whose mouth, when the sharp points of Cusa grass had wounded it, has been so often smeared by thy hand with the healing oil of Ingudi; who has been so often fed by thee with an handful of Syamaka grains, and now will not leave the footsteps of his protectress.

Sac. Why dost thou weep, tender fawn, for me, who must leave our common dwelling place?—As thou wast reared by me when thou hadst lost thy mother, who died soon after thy birth, so will my foster-father attend thee, when we are separated, with anxious care.—Return, poor thing, return—we must part. [*She bursts into tears.*]

Can. Thy tears, my child, ill suit the occasion: we shall all meet again: be firm: see the direct road before thee, and follow it.—When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eye-lashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself.—In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom distinguished, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal; but virtue will press thee right onward.

Sarn. It is a sacred rule, holy sage, that a benevolent man should accompany a traveller till he meet with abundance of water; and that rule you have carefully observed: we are now near the brink of a large pool. Give us, therefore, your commands, and return.

Can. Let us rest awhile under the shade of this Vata tree—(*They all go to the shade.*)—What message can I send with propriety to the noble Dushmanta?

[*He meditates.*]

Anu. (*Aside to Sacotala.*) My beloved friend, every heart in our asylum is fixed on you alone, and all are afflicted by your departure.—Look; the bird Chacravâca, called by his mate, who is almost hidden by water lilies, gives her no answer; but having dropped from his bill the fibres of lotos stalks, which he had plucked, gazes at you with inexpressible tenderness.

Can. My son Sárngarava, remember, when thou shalt present Sacontala to the king, to address him thus, in my name : " Considering us hermits as virtuous, indeed, but rich only in devotion, and considering also thy own exalted birth, retain thy love for this girl, which arose in thy bosom without any interference of her kindred ; and look on her among thy wives with the same kindness which they experience : more than that cannot be demanded ; since particular affection must depend on the will of heaven."

Sarn. Your message, venerable man, is deeply rooted in my remembrance.

Can. (*Looking tenderly at Sacontala.*) Now, my darling, thou too must be gently admonished.—We, who are humble foresters, are yet acquainted with the world, which we have forsaken.

Sarn. Nothing can be unknown to the wife.

Can. Hear, my daughter—When thou art settled in the mansion of thy husband, show due reverence to him, and to those whom he reveres : though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them, than a rival.—Should he displease thee, let not thy resentment lead thee to disobedience.—In thy conduct to thy domesticks be rigidly just and impartial ; and seek not eagerly thy own gratifications.—By such behaviour young women become respectable ; but perverse wives are the bane of a family.—What thinks Gautamí of this lesson ?

Gaut. It is incomparable :—My child, be sure to remember it.

Can. Come, my beloved girl, give a parting embrace to me and to thy tender companions.

Sac. Must Anusuya and Priyamvada return to the hermitage ?

Can. They too, my child, must be suitably married ; and it would not be proper for them yet to visit the city ; but Gautamí will accompany thee.

Sac. (*Embracing him.*) Removed from the bosom of my father, like a young sandal tree, rent from the hills of Malaya, how shall I exist in a strange soil ?

Can. Be not so anxious. When thou shalt be mistress of a family, and consort of a king, thou mayst, indeed, be occasionally perplexed by the intricate affairs, which arise from the exuberance

of wealth, but wilt then think lightly of this transient affliction, especially when thou shalt have a son (and a son thou wilt have) bright as the rising day-star.—Know also with certainty, that the body must necessarily, at the appointed moment, be separated from the soul : who, then, can be immoderately afflicted, when the weaker bounds of extrinsic relations are loosened, or even broken ?

Sac. (*Falling at his feet.*) My father, I thus humbly declare my veneration for you.

Can. Excellent girl, may my effort for thy happiness prove successful.

Sac. (*Approaching her two companions.*) Come then, my beloved friends, embrace me together. [*They embrace her.*]

Anu. My friend, if the virtuous monarch should not at once recollect you, only show him the ring on which his own name is engraved.

Sac. (*Starting.*) My heart flutters at the bare apprehension which you have raised.

Pri. Fear not, sweet Sacontala : love always raises ideas of misery, which are seldom or never realized.

Sarn. Holy sage, the sun has risen to a considerable height : let the queen hasten her departure.

Sac. (*Again embracing Cana.*) When, my father, oh ! when again shall I behold this asylum of virtue ?

Can. Daughter, when thou shalt long have been wedded, like this fruitful earth, to the pious monarch, and shalt have borne him a son, whose car shall be matchless in battle, thy lord shall transfer to him the burden of empire, and thou, with thy Dushmanta, shall again seek tranquillity, before thy final departure, in this loved and consecrated grove.

Gaut. My child, the proper time for our journey passes away rapidly : suffer thy father to return.—Go, venerable man, go back to thy mansion, from which she is doomed to be so long absent.

Can. Sweet child, this delay interrupts my religious duties.

Sac. You, my father, will perform them long without sorrow ; but I, alas ! am destined to bear affliction.

Can. O ! my daughter compel me not to neglect my daily devotions.—(*Sighing.*)—No, my sorrow will not be diminished.—Can it cease, my beloved, when the plants which rise luxuriantly

from the hallowed grains which thy hand has strown before my cottage are continually in my sight?—Go, may thy journey prosper. (*Sacontala goes out with Gautami and the two Misras.*)

Both Damsels. (*Looking after Sacontala with anguish.*) Alas! alas! our beloved is hidden by the thick trees.

Can. My children, since your friend is at length departed, check your immoderate grief, and follow me.

(*They all turn back.*)

Babb. Holy father, the grove will be a perfect vacuity without Sacontala.

Can. Your affection will certainly give it that appearance.—(*He walks round, meditating.*)—Ah me!—yes; at last my weak mind has attained its due firmness after the departure of my Sacontala.—In truth a daughter must sooner or later be the property of another; and, having now sent her to her lord, I find my soul clear and undisturbed, like that of a man who has restored to its owner an inestimable deposit which he long had kept with solicitude.

(*They go out.*)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE GARDEN, MORALIZED.

“Resemblance is the foundation of figurative language. Yet resemblance must not be taken in too strict a sense for actual similitude, or likeness of appearance. Two objects may raise a train of concordant ideas in the mind, though they resemble each other, strictly speaking, in nothing.”—Dr. Blair.

THE Garden, fairest spot in nature's bed,
Delights no more since Eden's charms
are fled.

For here no flower expands with fade-
less bloom,

No tree, life-giving, sheds its rich per-
fume,

No living verdure decorates the sod,
Nor angels visit man's forlorn abode.

Since then the garden's spicy sweets
afford

No real pleasure to its wealthy lord;
Since all the countless tribes of flowers
that bloom,

But lure the traveller onward to his
tomb;

Come, let us moralize on all we can,
And for improvement call each flower
a man.

Arranged with taste, within the green
parterre
What various men in various dress ap-
pear;

The gay pert nymph, too conscious of
her charms,

The maid too modest, ever in alarms;
The self-taught sage, whose life is
squared by rule,

The ignorant witling, and the learned
fool;

The infant, dying on its mother's breast,

The aged, gently sinking down to rest;

Each different character in life, I ween,
May in the garden's motley group be
seen.

O'er heaven's high arch, when stormy
clouds fly fast,

And milder skies proclaim the winter
past,

Fair snowdrop rises from her chilly bed,
Opens her pale eyes, and lifts her lan-
guid head;

Too soft her frame to endure the rough-
ning air,

Too weak her nerves the heat of noon
to bear,

One short-lived day oppressive pain she
feels,

Till night's cold breath the fount of
life congeals.

Next, modest daffodil* attracts our
view,

Whose charms tho' oft beheld are ever
new,

....

* The Daffodil is a species of the *Narcissus*, of a yellowish colour, and blows much earlier than the real white *Narcissus*.

Some grace unseen, some worth unknown before,
At each attempt we happily explore,
Beneath her home-spun vest we're sure to find,
An honest, innocent, and generous mind.

With port majestick, raised above his peers
A high crown'd emperour^b his head uprears,
O'er all the wide extended realm his sway,
And distant nations listen and obey.
Three pendant bells, high o'er his palace gate
The heralds of their mighty sovereign wait.
So Tartar's Cham[†] with trumpet's piercing sound
Proclaim'd to all the neighbouring nations round,
When from repast he'd crown'd the sparkling wine,
That kings might know their proper hour to dine.

Next in the group stands Tulip,[‡] pert and gay,
The gaudy daughter of young, blooming May.
With nimble foot she trips it o'er the green,
And cares for nothing, if she's only seen.
Her beauteous dress, she thinks, may well suffice
To steal the admirer's heart, as well as eyes.
Perhaps she's right; but lay her dress aside,
And who on earth would take her for a bride.
'Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

....

* *The Crown Imperial has three bell-like flowers, hanging from the top of the stalk, where a kind of belfry is constructed of a thick mat of leaves.*

† See *Millet's History*.

‡ *The Tulip may justly be called a modern lady of fashion, tipped off with the gewgaws of vanity, and a corrupt taste; she dazzles without pleasing, and shines without being noticed, except by the pain she gives to the virtuous few, whose eyes are not quite strong enough to look upon her without offence.*

'Young without lovers, old without a friend;
'A sop her passion, and her prize a sot,
'Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.'

Fly, gentle zephyrs, haste on nimble wing,
And all Arabia's richest treasures bring;
Narcissa* comes in all the pride of youth,
The glow of beauty, and the charm of truth.
Subdued her passions, and her soul refined,
Pure, as her milk-white vesture, is her mind;
Her locks with richest odours all perfumed,
Her brow with virtue's brightest beams illumed;
No gorgeous robe her graceful form conceals,
Too much she hides not, nor too much reveals;
Worth, wealth, and honour to her strive repair,
And hail Narcissa, fairest of the fair.
Blest with reflection's temperate, cloudless ray,
'She makes to-morrow cheerful as to-day.'

The same obsequious, ever lovely wife,
Confers the rose, and plucks the thorns of life.

When the young hours their rosy children lead,
O'er the green mountain, and the lily mead,
His Honour comes in purple velvet spruce,
A 'quire of high renown, called Fleur de luce.
His looks, his acts, his modesty and zeal,
Bespeak a labourer for the publick weal;

....

* Fair to the sight, grateful to the smell, it is a beautiful and apt emblem of every thing graceful and delicate in the person, and excellent in the mind of an amiable woman! (Me judice.)

§ The resemblance here, it must be confessed, is almost altogether imaginary. There is a gravity in the colour, and dignity in the appearance of this flower, which may bear some resemblance of the character alluded to.

To him the fair discloses every plan;
For sure, says she, the 'squire's an honest man.

High from his seat next Snow-ball*
blithe appears,
A man of fashion in the vale of years,
New varnished daily with the ball and
puff,
He makes a graceful bow, and that's
enough!

Lo, from the west the soldier, Piony,
comes,
Loud roar the cannon, and quick beat
the drums;
In daffy red from head to foot he
burns,
And talks of war, and wounds, and love
by turns;
Till at the fatal gun's tremendous
sound,
He falls a breathless corps upon the
ground.

"Sophæd on silk" amid her velvet
bowers,
The lounging, Poppy, sleeps away her
hours.
No anxious fear disturbs her peaceful
breast,
No rival's charms her thoughtless hours
molest.
She loves to dwell in cavern's dull re-
treat,
Where Lethean dews her grateful senses
greet.
' Yet Chloe sure was formed without
a spot;
' Nature in her then erred not, but
forgot.'

Sweet, lovely Rose, the maid, whom
all admire,
The youth enamoured, and the doting
fire;
Thy texture fine, and violet-mingled
hues,
Thy looks so charming stoicks can't re-
fuse,
Thy countless charms, conceived, but
ne'er defined,
Bespeak thy imbecility of mind.

* This flower, it seems, was made only
to be seen.

Ill fated girl! thy tears this truth
confess,
More had thy days been, had thy charms
been left.

Thus youthful Anna 'mid her 'sociates
shone,
The fairest flower, and the earliest
blown;
And but for this, had long remain'd
the same
Unrivalled beauty with unsullied fame.
' But pale the lips, where soft caresses
hung,
' Wan the flush cheek, and mute the
tender tongue,
Cold rests the heart, to grief awhile a
prey,
And the loved eyes no more behold the
day.

Hail, sweet *Columbine*,* youth of mod-
est mien,
' Unknown to fortune, born to blush
unseen,'
We call thee, stranger, from thy murky
fen,
And bid thee welcome to the haunts of
men.
Thy smiles are pleasure, and thy words
impart
"The oil of gladness" to the sorrowing
heart.
Cease every joy; let earth-born com-
forts die;
Thy cornucopia, virtue, shall supply
The needy traveller on his home-ward
road,
Till welcome to his long-sought, last
abode.

(To be continued.)

* "The petals of this flower terminate in a long tube, called by botanists a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, at the end of which the honey is secreted. Many insects are provided with a long proboscis for the purpose of acquiring this grateful food. But this tube is so long, that little, if any of the honey can be extracted by them." The virtuous man has a treasure, which the insects of vice can never totally destroy. They may injure him by detraction, gore him by the stings of envy and malice, yea, they may kill the body; but have not power to kill the soul.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

On reading the following Idyl, in the "Esprit du Journaux," I was much delighted with its natural simplicity, and sometime ago gave it an English dress. It is now at your disposal.— Publish it, if you think its rural will give your readers pleasure; or if it meets your disapprobation, light your segars with it, an office to which it would have been assigned by myself, but for the recollection of your miscellany. Z.

ALOE : AN IDYL.

I no longer hear the sweet notes of the * Fauvette, which so lately lodged amid the foliage of the tufted chestnut tree. How do I regret her loss! In the absence of Mertil, her company was the charm of my heart. At the first smile of Aurora, she was wont to celebrate the mild benefit of the light, which banishes sleep and widely diffuses joy. She sang, and the birds with emulation raised the plausive strain to hail the nascent day. When her sweet melody was heard in the woods, she concealed herself, like Palemon when he has alleviated the miseries of our indigent villagers. Sometimes she called on the Nightingale and the summons was instantly obeyed. With what delight have I listened to their converse! They mingled their voices like the accents of Mertil and me, when love is our theme!

On approach of evening, when other birds had sought repose, she was still heard by turns to sigh, and coo, and warble. I love also to listen at the village festivals, while Mertil plays on his hautboy, after the concert of the shepherds has ceased.

What has become of my gentle Fauvette? why is thy warbling suspended? Is thy spouse tired of thee? If

* "Fauvette. A sort of small swallow bird, which sings sweetly."

Mertil were to abandon me, my pipe should sound no more. Has the unexpected cold, which yesterday saddened the face of nature, affected thy delicate bosom? Come, I will give thee the honey, which I reserve for Mertil. Or has some cruel hand despoiled thee of life or of liberty? Surely in this vicinity there dwells no such barbarian.

The Fauvette, at these words of Aloe, hopped from a projecting branch. She flies an instant, but soon flutters near a rich field of corn, stops short, and alights on a ripe ear,—it bends, she pecks and shakes it, the grains fall,—she takes them in her beak and flies away. Ere she has reached home her young ones express their joy at her return by their chirping and their movements. The shepherds perceive them as they raise their heads from the nest.

Thou art a mother, charming Fauvette? cried she, then thou art happy. Thy nestlings afford thee delight, they receive thy cares and thy love. Thou dost not yet sing to them, they are too young, but thou holdest sweet converse with them and thy spouse, who no longer wanders from thee. ~~Sweet~~ bird, who so oft hast soothed my soul in its languor, I have not forgotten the pleasures thou hast created for me. Afford me that also of aiding thee in the nourishment of thy tender offspring. I will pluck the caterpillars from the loveliest flowers, I will gather the ripe grains, and each morn will come, to deposit them at the foot of the chestnut tree. What, thou disdainest my proffered services? Ah, I comprehend the reason. Thy family would no longer be so dear to thee, if another had a share in protecting it. Aloe will perhaps be one day a mother, her children will then be every thing to her, she will be every thing to her children. Her pipe will resound only for their amusement, the fountains of her milk will flow for their nourishment, and should these sources ever be exhausted, how much will it cost her to receive the succour of a stranger. Adieu, tender and fortunate mother! Aloe has been taught by thy example, what is the will of nature: she knows how to fulfil it.

From the French of M. le Comte d'Albon.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ excidenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum augevi. Neque ulli pateticus reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 64.

The Powers of Genius, a poem, in three parts. By John Blair Linn, A. M. co-pastor of the first Presbyterian church in the city of Philadelphia. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. Philadelphia, Conrad & Co. 1803.

NATURE is beauty ; and her most peculiar feature, variety. The character of man is as various, as his species is numerous, and, since the creation of waters, the form of a wave was never repeated. Though we hourly discover parallels amongst our associates, there is an exquisite distinction in the very exactness of likeness ; a certain inexpressible something eminently our own ; a happiness derivative, as it were, from heaven. Colleges may impair, what learning cannot compensate !

Should the frequent failures of modern poesy, be attributed to the neglect of this peculiar characteristic of our nature, we beg not to be considered by the erudite as irretrievably gothick. It is difficult to conjecture wherefore, but it has latterly become the vogue to imitate any thing but nature ; to filter through the pericranium the fancies of other people, in preference to cultivating our own. If, now a days,

you take up a communication from a correspondent, you are either enveloped in the voluminous curl of the Johnsonian peruke, or pierced through the sensorium by the tart laconism of Lavater. " Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light : for the law of writ these are the only men." It is not our inclination to cavil at the singularities of established writers, but we wish it always recollected, that those, who follow, can necessarily never come up ; and that the peculiarities, which are interesting with their originator, may be preposterous in his imitator. The oaten stop of rural poesy is surely soothing ; but because Rogers, for instance, has written prettily on a ring-dove, is it indispensably necessary, that our masters and misses should be descriptively ridiculous for a century to come.

The superiority of the ancients in painting, architecture, and sculpture, might possibly persuade us to conjecture, with Milton, a degeneracy in human nature. But, beside the defender of so whimsical a position, the recent dates of Cowper and of Southey, leave us little to question the capability of the period. Inferiority to antiquity, that scarecrow of moderns, like others of the brotherhood of frightful de-

meanour, is a mere imposition of stubble and straw ; and it will be discovered, when children have courage for reflection, that it is rather erected to frighten praise from our neighbours, than facilitate by caution the advancement of mind. Yet nothing now, too, is admired by many, but the *hoary* ; and the mouldiness of manuscript, like the wall-flowers and mosses of ruins, affords sentiment by barrenness and material from decay. One is haggard, as it were,

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,

with nothing but the classicks, the classicks, the classicks ! A smooth gentleman, from Alma mater, tutors you, forsooth, that this performance is classical, and that is not classical ; that this metaphor is disjointed, or that metaphor articulates, and so on to the conclusion of the chapter : when, probably, the sphere of your acquirements is no otherwise expanded, than by the interesting disclosure, that to write classically, is to write accurately.

There's not a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Had the classicks squandered themselves on the manufacture of fac simile, the conclusion of their lives, like those of their copyists, had been the period of their fame : but nature was the fountain, from which they drank of immortality ; nature, pure and unadulterated by the frosty infusions of literary empiricks. Their bodies are with the Capulets, but genius is eternal. Numerous are the flowers that bloom on the slopes of Par-

nassus, various of complexion, and shifting in perfume, like the proffers of Ophelia. There are daisies, fennel, and columbines ; there are rosemaries, pansies, and rue. " There's some for you, and here's some for me." But our posies are all senseless ; forced exoticks nourished by foreign fire, painted leaves of tiffany wound on formal wire. When, oh when, shall the winter of criticism be passed and the spring-tide of passion return ! when shall the library be deserted for the fields, and poetry ruminate in the shades, she loves to depicture ! when, oh when, shall the idolatry of learning be superseded by the worship of truth ! We are surfeited with the repetition of repetitions, and want opportunity for reflection ; for thought is as necessary to the soul, as exercise to the body ; and the intellect incessantly in arms is rickety for life.

Furthermore ; in essaying to imitate the chastity of the ancients we have unaccountably neglected their vigour. Singularity of sentiment and audacity of figure, though sometimes perhaps more violent than fortunate, are the gifted characteristic of the bard. The listlessness of human nature is better gratified with even the eccentricity of hyperbole, than the frigidity of correctness. We must be awakened, before we are persuaded to feel. It is a hard portion for the delicate palate of connoisseurship, yet compounded by experience and observation, belles-lettres, to be interesting, must be popular. Poetry, and painting were not intended merely for the retirement of the student. They are universal ap-

pellants to the sentiments and passions of mankind, and you may calculate with tolerable accuracy upon their deserts by the extensiveness of their circulation. Yet, in our day of refinement, very little is directed to the fancy or heart ; for, from some cogency or other, it is unfashionable to be moved. Should an author, in the interest of his subject, unfortunately be animated to an ebullition of the moment, his introduction of the costume of his grand-sire's (square-toes, bag-sleeves, buckram, and so on) could not more completely expose him for the purposes of ridicule. Style must be equable and level, as water at rest (the only superficies in nature, mechanically straight) ; smooth & tonsored as the forehead of a friar ; no pleasing sallies of cadence, or thought, must occur, but members of sentences be intermarried with members, tediously constituting, like the links in a chain, a series of polished monotones. But, in so doing, our copyists of antiquity, as it generally happens with imitation, have not only departed from truth, but omitted the spirit of their original. Variety, that miracle of nature and genius, is endlessly exemplified in the father of epick, His verse, like some of the rivers of our country, accomplishes its journey over the abruptness of precipices, as well as through the tranquillity of vallies ; along the cultivated confines of population, or through the solitudes of the wilderness. We alternately climb with him to the sublime, or condescend to the simple ; struggle with the irregular, or relapse on the proportional ; the imagina-

tion is sometimes permitted to subside, that it may endure to be agitated ; entertained with the plaintive, to be contrasted by the tremendous.

But the times of inspiration are departed ; and nature, the only muse of the poet, is unfeelingly forgotten. We have substituted rhetorick in her room, and degenerated to a race of manufacturers. We have striven to be faultless, and neglected to be natural ; criticism is satisfied, but sensibility frozen. The passions, that hung on the lyres of old, are long since buried with their masters, or prostituted on the vulgar intercourses of a day. Establishment has crowded out sentiment ; luxury and refinement have enervated virility. But posterity will do justice to nature and genius ; and thousands will daily devour Skakespeare, for one that reads Pope ; thousands shall prefer playing with a dried leaf and a switch, in the simple retirements of Weston and Cowper, for one that sits primly with Addison and propriety, on a visit of ceremony, in the parlour of the muses. Truth to nature will be the test, by which poetry is tried ; and as she approaches or retires in her analogies, her merits to consideration or neglect will be eventually determined. The various character of her theme indulges a multiplicity of styles ; but style, without character appropriate, will perish with its mannerist. Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, that the perfection of his art originates at the point of its concealment ; or, in other words, when the painter and his tools are forgotten in the truth of effect. With

so high an authority to support our position, permit us farther to quote the pertinent assertion, "that deformity commences with the dancing-master." But little evidence is necessary where the fact is perspicuous. The superiority of nature over art, is the superiority of the works of heaven over those of man ; and he, who neglects the performances of the former, for the second hand imitations of the latter, does certainly little credit to his heart, and still less to his fancy. Nature is brimful of character ; and, to genuine taste and philosophy, the untutored gestures of children are more exquisite, than the accomplished ceremony of courts. In the adjustment of their little etiquettes of first meeting, there is sweeter food for contemplation than my lord Chesterfield or yourself would imagine. Nay, there is an interesting character about my great grandmother, smoking in the chimney corner, or even in the playfulness of kittens through the broken straw-bottoms of the old family furniture. We are environed with articles of delicacy and daintiness, yet murmur at the narrowness of materials ; we starve upon copying in the centre of originals !

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the glaze of art.

The foregoing observations are not enforced as expressly applicable to the performance in review. Mr. Linn, though innocent of the charges of originality, and considerably infected with the epidemick in question, is sufficiently respectable to escape the acrimony of stricture. The truth is, a counter-train has been form-

ing beneath the *miners of literature*, of which fraternity Mr. Linn was unfortunately a member ; what mischief he has sustained by their explosion may be particularly ascertained from the examination that follows.

The contents of the volume before us stand thus :

Powers of Genius, Part 1.

.....Part 2.

.....Part 3.

Appendix, containing illustrations of Genius.

Midnight Hymn to Deity.

Address to my Taper.

Address to Hope.

Picture of Morning.

Farewel Song of Ossian.

Epistle to a Friend, with the poem on the Powers of Genius.

The first of these performances is the principal ; the remainders are the little fashionable poetick expletives, usually tagged to the conclusion of lean manuscripts, to distend them to the *necessary dimensions* for publication. Mr. Linn, in his preface, appears sufficiently apprized of the requisites for didactick poesy ; and with that heroism indispensable to authorship, honestly intimates his impressions of adequateness. He mentions with familiarity the authors of didactick poetry, from Hesiod and Lucretius to Akenside and Armstrong ; and, after venturing to invoke the same muse who has rewarded their toils, requests to indulge the expectation, that the publick will hear him. The confessions of self-confidence are generally more honest, than politick, and the gentleman, on this occasion, is rather commendable for ingenuousness, than remarkable for prudence.

The ancients, we believe, esteemed it inauspicious to stumble on the threshold ; and, were the society equally superstitious with a late erudite doctor, the occurrence of the following blunder, at the commencement of this performance, might be considered, perhaps, as rather ominous of perplexities in sequel.

"Genius we know by *HER* impetuous force."

Though we usually acquiesce in every compliment to the females, we are very sorry that we cannot, in this particular, second the gallantry of Mr. Linn, by admitting Genius to be a lady. That every bard has been ransacked from Ferdusi to Bloomfield, to palliate the violence of the incongruity, the ladies and Mr. Linn will do us the justice to believe. But it is to no effect ! We do, indeed, discover that the Muses certainly were females, but, though it is very rude of the poets, they all persist, to a man, in representing Genius as a gentleman. There's Doctor Johnson too (who, though his rudeness to the softer portion of creation may make him a suspicious authority, is decidedly unanswerable), there's the Doctor himself too, unquestionably opposed, in this instance, to politeness and Mr. Linn. For the anecdotal Bozzi has recorded his unkindness to the dutchess of Devonshire, whom he would not permit a respectful bard to represent as the Genius of Britain. "Sir," said he, (rolling, we'll suppose, ladies, his uncouthness about, like an ice-island in a tempest) "Sir," said he to the gentleman of elogy, "here is an error, you have made Genius fem-

inine."—"Palpable, sir ; (cried the enthusiast) I know it. But (in a lower tone) it was to pay a compliment to the dutchess of Devonshire, with which her grace was pleased. She is walking across Coxheath, in the military uniform, and I suppose her the Genius of Britain." Johnson—"Sir, you are giving a reason for it, but that will not render it right. You may have a reason why two and two should make five ; they will still make but four."

The detection of plagiarism is a delicate branch of criticism ; for analagous passages are frequently original, and distant resemblances may be palpable thefts. Whether we have fancied analogies to brother bards, in Mr. Linn, or they do in reality exist, our readers shall determine for themselves.

"When knowledge first unrolls her endless page,
Rich with the records of preceding age."

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did never unroll.

GRAY.

"Moves like a giant just refresh'd with wine."

A line, parallel to a quotation almost distinct in our remembrance, though we are unable, at the moment, to decide on the author.

"Genius finds speech in trees ; the running brook
To *HER* speaks language, like a favourite book."

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Linn appears anxious to repay Poetry for the loan of her lines, by exemplifying the correctness of her sentiments ; for, after reaching fruit from the lofty branches of Shakespeare, he evinces the "good" that there is "in every thing," by plucking a

low weed of the earth, seemingly little worth the stooping for.

"Hush! every sound...let not a zephyr move."

"Hush! every breeze, let nothing move,
My Delia sings, and sings of love."

These are the effusions of some ballad-monger, or the packthreads of poesy, tacked together for a musick-book, and better fitted apparently, for sound than adapted to sense... "I am *ill* at these numbers."

"To weep, she cries, and grasps the quivering spear."

To arms! cries Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.
GARY.

Our author, too, professes to direct his course amidst regions hitherto unexplored; but, considering the approved assistants he employs, his undertaking is not so hazardous. Doctor Beattie's Minstrel evidently appears to direct him on numerous occasions, and the associates of young Edwin are the friends of "Genius." *She* sets out with "Memory," "Judgment," and "Sympathy," and very opportunely concludes with "Education." Of Edwin, it is related,

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure!
BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Genius, too,

"Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,
And breathes the spirit of the mountain head"—
"Among the rocks" *she* "leans to hear the roar
Of billows chafing on the sounding shore."

The defect of most poetry, profusion of epithet, is palpable in the "Powers of Genius." Meaning is too often extended by such means into feeble procerity, resembling a flaccid, overgrown stripling. Verse should be compact in structure like little, short, muscular men. Pope's compression of sense, which Swift ad-

Vol. II. No. 10. WWw

mired, is perhaps his strongest hold.

"When Pope can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."

Epithets, are the spice and seasoning of poetry, and when administered by a skilful hand, surprisingly delicious. But Mr. L. to condescend to a pun, may be considered *all spice*.

"Though Genius mostly loves some daring theme
Yet *she* can warble with the tinkling stream;
Tho' her bold hand strikes the hoarse thundering strings,
Yet not the nightingale more sweetly sings."

Now, to use a rustick phrase, a man may make lines like these "till the cows come home." Mr. Linn, too, is frequently adjectively vulgar.

"She leads bold Cesar o'er the rolling flood,"
"The heart that owns not Handel's ANGEL HY."

Though notes are as useful in didactic, as in any species of poetry, a little frugality is necessary in their application. They should certainly be german to the text; and as concise as the nature of explanation permits. But, on this subject, we are fearful, that we have been much oftener detained, than instructed. With Mr. Linn it is but to

"See Johnson seated on his critic throne."
"See copious Richardson's consummate art."
"See pensive Gray awake the Theban lyre."
"See Genlis come and wave in air her hand."
"See Bury move with her creative wand."
"See bolder Radcliffe take her boundless flight;"

or see any body, or any thing else, and then follows a long, boring, biographical note, as long (as Cowper would say) as "from here to Eartham." Mr. Linn, too, in his extraordinary faculty of vision, has very frequently reminded us of the apparition in "Tom Thumb," and, with regard to the length of a note, we were often induced to cry out with Polonius

in the play, "this is too long," and with Hamlet; "it shall to the barber's, with your beard." If there was any novelty in these marginal preachments, they might be tolerably supportable, but they are old, literary anecdotes, obsolete as the cakes of roses and musty seeds of Romeo's apothecary.

Lest we should be considered as contemplating separately the melancholy features of our performance, we are gratified by encountering the following opportunities for approbation. It is easier to criticise, than compose; and he who censures when the majority applaud, should be suspected as a friend and abandoned as a critick. Mr. Linn's descriptions of the lady of Prospective is neat, delicate, and sprightly.

"Bid Hope stand close with her torch on fire."

And the circumstance attending the production of Genius is strongly imagined and decidedly given.

*"Only an age can give a giant birth,
Then more than earthquakes shake the solid earth."*

There are unpremeditated lines that appear to be thrown off by an elasticity of intellect, "and these are of them," that remind us of the vigorous simplicity of antiquity and her prophets. The portraiture of the old bard of Greece has a considerable freedom and firmness of touch about it.

*"When Homer wrote, no critick's laws confin'd
The outretch'd genius of his soaring mind;
He look'd on Nature, Nature's voice obey'd,
And snatch'd that glory, which can never fade;
The subtle stagyrite then wear'd his rules,
And form'd a race of imitating fools."*

The last couplet is not, perhaps, surpassed by every page of the

most immediate of poets. Ferdusi, also, the Homer of the east, is feelingly and vividly delineated. Had Mr. Linn written always thus, the thankless business of censure had been obviated by praise. Mr. Linn looks to the future glory of America with the enthusiasm of a poet and the affection of a patriot. "Beneath our skies, fancy neither sickens nor dies. The fire of poetry is kindled by our storms. Amid our plains, on the banks of our waters, and on our mountains, dwells the spirit of inventive enthusiasm. These regions were not formed only to echo to the voice of Europe; but from them shall yet sound a lyre, which shall be the admiration of the world."

The arguments of the "Three Parts" of "The Powers of Genius" are as follows.

ARGUMENT. FIRST.

Genius described.—Invention, the criterion of Genius.—The alliance of Genius with Fancy.—Memory, Judgment, and Sympathy.—Progress of Genius.—The characteristics of the Mind.—Taste and Genius distinguished.—Shakespeare's effect, and his neglect of rules.—Alonso d'Ercilla.—Genius produced without cultivation.—Ossian.—Ariosto.—Burns.—The influence of climate and the face of nature on the mind.—Geographical illustrations.—Picture of the savage.—Invocation.

ARGUMENT. SECOND.

Education necessary to give Genius its full power and usefulness.—Beattie's Edwin described.—Milton.—Johnson.—Sir William Jones.—Subjects of Genius.—Satire.—Genius, though daring, excels also in subjects of the most soft and pleasing kind.—Virgil's Eclogues.—Petrarch.—Gray.—Cowper.—The force of Fiction.—Rousseau.—Richardson.—Fielding.—Genlis.—Burney.—Radcliffe.—Female Genius.—The varied directions of Genius.

ARGUMENT THIRD.

The execution of Genius.—Ferdus—
Bacon.—Newton.—Excitements of Ge-
nius.—Great political causes.—Emula-
tion.—The passion of Love, an exciting
cause of Genius.—The pleasures of Ge-
nius.—The pains of Genius.—The rise
of Genius in Egypt—Greece—Rome—
Gothick darkness.—The revival of lit-
erature in Florence.—Its cultivation in
England.—The descent of Genius.—
Her address to America.

To give a favourable specimen
of our author's manner, we sub-
join the following quotations from
the respective divisions of this
performance.

"Allied with Genius for bright Fancy move,
The queen alike of Terror and of Love;
She gives the wings on which invention soars
And untried regions of the world explores.
With ease she varies her enchanting forms,
Now roves thro' peaceful meads, now flies with storms."

"Thou murmuring breeze! O bear upon thy wing
That strain, which flows from Petrarch's mournful string.
O speak those charms which Petrarch's Laura wears!
O breathe that passion, which he mourn'd in tears!
Thou stream of Time! bear in thy course, along,
The early lustre of Italian song!
To lone Vaucluse let all the loves repair!
And tell their sorrows to her life-giving air;
There oft, when Cynthia threw her midnight beam
Along the banks, and o'er the silver stream,
Unhappy, Petrarch wandered through the vale,
Wept with the dew, and murmur'd with the gale!"

"What bard is that, whose beard all hoary white
Waves to the breeze which fans the brow of night?
What bard is that, who from his soul of fire
Rolls the loud thunder of his epick lyre?
Son of the East! what bard is that, declare,
Whose eye rolls wildly in the gloom of care?
—Ferdusi, hail! and hail thy wondrous strain
Which tells the history of thy native plain.
Hail to thy spirit, which through lengthening time
Preserv'd its vigour, and its song sublime,
Which rous'd and animated with its breath
Scenes which lay buried in the caves of death;
Which form'd, and finish'd its stupendous plan,
Fame says the greatest ever form'd by man."

This Poem is printed with a
pure type on a fine paper, and is
among the many neat specimens
of Philadelphia publication; the
only blemishes perceivable in the
impression are the *raised-work* of
the stamps, and the feebleness

and caricature of Mr. Barzale's
designs. A. Lawson's engraving
is respectable; but, C. Tiebout ex-
cepted, we flourish feebly on
copper.

The ideas principally excited
by the perusal of this poem are,
that its author has read much po-
etry; and that in belles-lettres,
as in morals, our character is de-
termined by the society we keep.
Whether it is preferable to draw
from the resources of nature, or
to study the performances of mas-
ters, is a question in literature at
present undetermined. To which
side of the controversy we are in-
clined, it is unnecessary, perhaps,
any further to declare. It is suf-
ficient for pronouncing on the de-
serts of Mr. Linn, that we have
decided in favour of nature. What
the gentleman might have effect-
ed, had his lucubrations been re-
versed, we have neither opportu-
nity nor inclination to inquire.
Though "The Powers of Ge-
nius" has done nothing in support,
it has done nothing in opposition
to our theory; and if we have
gathered trivial matter for tri-
umph, the advocates of imitation
and art are proportionately unfor-
tunate. Mr. Linn reposes at a-
bout mediocrity; and if he does
little to delight, he does little to
offend. If he takes you to few
elevations, he disturbs you by
few descents. His verses are
rather musical, than thoughtful,
and rather monotonous, than mu-
sical. They have less energy
than beauty; and less beauty,
than art. By the equability of
his lyre the passions are kept a-
loof. He never congeals you
with hate, or melts you with love;
he never kindles you with rage,

or moistens you with mercy. In fine, he might touch every fibre of the heart ; but they are mute to a vibration : " and there is much musick, excellent voice, in " that " little organ ; yet cannot " he " make it speak." On " The Powers of Genius " every passion should have leaned : with the didactick should have been mingled the sentimental. But this emporium, as it were, of poetry has been transformed to a school room. We now quit the presence of Mr. Linn, as we quit the presence of thousands. Farther than reviewers we have felt no interest in this interview. We feel that we retire with little that we are anxious to treasure, and with much, very much, that we are willing to forget. We feel that we have extracted nothing of those little delicacies of mind, that one loves to remember at evening, by the door-sill, in the musings of a cigar. " He cometh," not " with a tale ; forsooth, he cometh " not " with a tale, that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."

ART. 65.

An abridgement of the history of Newengland for the use of young persons. By Hannah Adams. Printed for the author, and for sale by B. & J. Homans, and J. West. Newell, print. Boston, July, 1805. 12mo. pp. 185.

It is probable, that individuals of all nations think favourably and even fondly of their native country. Certain it is, that as Americans, and especially as children of Newengland, we cherish a high reverence and a tender

partiality for this land of our fathers. We regard it as the theatre of scenes, which are extremely interesting, instructive, and honorary to human nature. We revert to the period, when our ancestors first touched its sands and rocks, with the feelings of enthusiasm and the pride of patriots. To meditate on the circumstances which drove them hither, on their toils, disasters, and miseries, on the designs they formed and the works they achieved, and on the glory and consequences of their emigration, even now inspires a lively concern. We participate in all the troubles and dangers of their enterprize. In imagination we go over with them the broad field of their labour ; we grieve for their misfortunes, triumph in their victories, and suffer a painful solicitude concerning their destiny.

So peculiar were the causes of the primitive settlement in this country, and so important a relation did it hold with the civil and religious liberties of mankind, that, until within a few years, a history of Newengland was much to be desired by the present generation. Purchas, Morton, Callender, and others had furnished many and rich materials for such a design ; but these materials were so complicated with facts and details, valuable indeed to the historiographer and chronologist, yet unentertaining to the generality of readers, that there was wanting a work on the subject, which should be at once correct, comprehensive, and popular.

Such a work, six years ago, was given to the publick, by Miss Adams, author of the abridgement before us, entitled " A Sum-

mary history of Newengland from the first settlement at Plymouth, to the acceptance of the federal constitution ; comprehending a general sketch of the American war." That history, divided into forty chapters, was published in an octave form, of about five hundred pages. As far as we have learned, it was well received both in Europe* and America. The work commenced very properly with an account of Columbus' discovery of America. It glanced at the political and ecclesiastical state of G. Britain immediately subsequent to the reformation ; at the persecution of nonconformists under the reigns of Elizabeth and James ; and at the motives which impelled Mr. Robinson and his band of adherents first to Leyden, and a part of them afterwards to Plymouth : It described the character of the Plymouth settlers, their sufferings, government, manners, and religion : It treated of the theological tenets in which the continually multiplying adventurers were, and in which they were not agreed ; of their ambition to be governed by biblical laws ; of their love of liberty in England,

and of their growing intolerance in America ; of their disputes among themselves, and with the quakers and baptists ; and of the pernicious effects of pertinacious endeavours to enforce uniformity of religious opinion : In due order and with due honours it celebrated the worth of men, who diligently wrought in the vineyard of Christ, and immortalized the names of Wilson, Cotton, Hooker, Stone, Moody, and Davenport : It gave a history of the origin, progress, and horrible termination of the supposed witchcrafts in Massachusetts : It gave outlines of the aborigines of our country, of their unaccommodating hardihood of character ; of their alternate alliances and ruptures with the Newengland planters, and of the labours of the pious Eliot for their conversion to christianity : It was conversant with the founding of churches, the convoking of synods, the incorporating of towns, the multiplying of schools, and the instituting of colleges : It sketched the rise and incorporation of the several states which compose Newengland ; touched upon the political questions, which occasionally exasperated parties, and convulsed the community ; upon the oppressions of unjust, and the salutary measures of righteous rulers ; upon wars waged and treaties concluded ; and upon the various successes of the English and American arms against the forces of France : In that book the germ of the American revolution, heretofore disclosed, was examined anew : notice was there taken of the various oppressive acts of the British govern-

* One of the most respectable of the English Journals thus speaks of this publication—"Miss Hannah Adams has published A summary History of Newengland, from the first settlement at Plymouth to the acceptance of the federal constitution. This work is professedly a mere summary, a compilation from other authors and from fugitive political publications, the contents of which might many of them be lost, but for so respectable a repository as the present. The author of the present work, in not arrogating to herself the honours of an original historian, has exonerated herself from a large share of responsibility, and at the same time has earned considerable merit by the judicious use which she has made of the labour of others, in expanding or abridging their accounts, as occasion demanded, and in mingling with them the sagacious and liberal reflections, which her own strong understanding suggested."—Month. Mag. Vol. 9. p. 644.

ment ; of the measures which Parliament adopted to tax the colonies, and of the necessity which obliged it to repeal them : justice was there done to the high and unconquerable love of liberty, which always glows, and sometimes blazes in the breasts of Americans : It contained a succinct account of the American war, recording instances of the wisdom, bravery, and patience of the glorious Washington, and his compatriot heroes : it brought to view the difficulties that happened soon after the peace ; the consequent rebellion in this commonwealth ; and the general inefficiency of the old confederation : Finally ; Miss A. closed her Summary History with surveying the condition and prospects of Newengland literature, and with reviewing the most important passages in the history of our country.

Such were the subjects and events discussed in Miss A.'s Summary History, and such is the character of that valuable work, of which the one under review is professedly and justly an abridgement. Whoever therefore has attentively read the first, has already a general view of the last. The most important parts of the summary she has retained. In twenty chapters she has comprised the substance of her first performance. Long accounts of polemick divinity, which are not read by the young, nor understood by the old, she has wholly omitted, and greatly abbreviated the story of the American war. She has indeed improved her work by means of later writers, and particularly by Marshall's life of Washington.

The paragraphs are numbered, and the form and size of the book are exactly suited to the use of schools.

We know no work of the kind deserving of equal praise. Miss A. in our opinion, possesses uncommon acuteness in discovering the repositories of knowledge adapted to her purpose, and a happy facility in using it. We cannot but wish that the good sense of the publick may induce a wide circulation of the work we recommend, and thus remunerate the labours of a woman, who is as remarkable for her piety, filial tenderness, and general benevolence, as she is for her judgment and fidelity as a historian.

As a specimen of her style, which is uniformly easy and perspicuous, we offer to our readers the conclusion of her work.

In reviewing the history of New-England, and the late American revolution, we find the wonders of divine providence rising conspicuous in every scene. At first we behold a small number of people, who, when oppressed by cruel persecution, preferred the sacred rights of conscience to all earthly enjoyments, and exchanged their native country for a dreary wilderness, inhabited by savages. After struggling with complicated hardships they obtained secure settlements, and the wilderness at length was made to blossom like a rose by the hand of persevering industry ; and though their prosperity was sometimes clouded, yet their misfortunes, and even their prejudices were overruled for good. Those who were driven from Massachusetts by the persecution of their brethren formed new settlements. The colonies increased, and rose in wealth, and the interposing hand of heaven protected them under every difficulty.

When the colonies were involved in the distressing war with Philip, they were enabled to subdue their savage

enemies; when they were deprived of their charters the sudden revolution in England, relieved them from the oppression of arbitrary power; when the united efforts of the French and their Indian allies were levelled against them, the conquering arms of Britain and her colonies frustrated their attempts.

When the important era, at length arrived, in which Britain exerted her utmost strength to deprive her colonies of their dearly purchased privileges; and a new country, under great disadvantages, was obliged to contend with that potent nation, which had recently conquered the united powers of France and Spain; inspired by the sacred flame of liberty, the colonies triumphed over the well disciplined forces of the parent state. The striking divine interpositions, in favour of America, during the contest, afford an interesting subject of contemplation to pious minds; while amidst the apparently uncertain chances of war, they perceive with grateful admiration the controlling hand of providence rendering every event subservient to the liberty and independence of the United States.

After independence was obtained by the sword, and acknowledged by the European nations, when a spirit of anarchy threatened the subversion of our recently acquired liberty, the interposition of providence was visible in causing these tumults to terminate in the establishment of the federal constitution, which placed the privileges of the United States on a permanent foundation.

Exalted from a feeble state to opulence and independence, the federal Americans are now recognized as a nation throughout the globe. This highly favoured people ought to raise their minds in fervent aspirations, that their fair prospects may never be reversed by a temper of disunion, or a spirit of anarchy prevailing among the people, but that genuine liberty, united with order and good government, may diffuse their blessings through the widely extended union.

The inhabitants of New-England, in particular, whose ancestors were eminent for industry, love of order, attention to the promotion of learning, and a supreme regard for religion, ought to

be assiduously careful to cultivate and improve those virtues, for which the first settlers of their country were so highly distinguished.

ART. 66.

A compendious history of New-England, designed for schools and private families. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. and Rev. Elijah Parish, A. M. Ornamented with a neat map. 12mo. 388 pp. Charlestown. Etheridge.

NEITHER of our reverend compilers, probably, ever attentively considered the following caution of sacred writ. "And further, my son, be admonished, of making many books there is no end." Happy had it been, if not for authors, yet certainly for the publick, if other parents, as well as Solomon, had given this advice with effect. Not that we think that the fields of science are fully reaped, or that there are no new tracts to explore in the empire of learning. But we are heartily weary of seeing the same paths perpetually trodden; of drinking from wells so far exhausted that the water is muddy; and of eating, not merely at the same table, and of the same dishes, but of the very same food, so frequently cooked, that our appetite nauseates its taste. A good story well told instructs, exhilarates, and refines the heart; but it may be repeated so often, as to give disgust. Because there is something peculiar in the history of Newengland, it is not necessary that every Newenglandman, who is capable of putting sentences and paragraphs together, should become the historian of his coun-

try. In the act therefore of opening the book before us, we adventure to pronounce, that it was not needed, and to predict that it will not be generally read.

Let us however listen to the reasons which our authors assign, for giving to the world their *Compendious History*. They say in their preface,

The materials for the history of this favoured portion of the world, though abundant, have hitherto been scattered in many volumes, too expensive and too disjointed, to be rendered useful to the rising generation. To reduce them to a form, order, and size adapted to the use of the higher classes in schools, and to families, has been our aim in compiling this small work.

When Miss Hannah Adams began her *Summary History*, she indeed found the materials of her work scattered in many large volumes, musty records, and almost illegible manuscripts. At that time Mather's *Magnalia*, and Neal's *History of Newengland*, which extended little beyond its first settlement, were the only histories of Newengland, which the country afforded. Then the *Summary History*, of which we have taken notice in the foregoing article, was a desideratum, and its appearance satisfied the general expectation. Do Messrs. Morse and Parish mean to include Miss A.'s *Summary History* among the volumes, "too expensive and too disjointed to be useful"? Ill arranged and deficient as they may deem her *History*, it is manifest that they have condescended to avail themselves of important information contained in that work, which they were unable, we believe, elsewhere

easily to obtain. We here particularly allude to their account of the settlement of Providence and Rhodeisland, which they have borrowed from Miss Adams, and which, we have understood, was procured from old newspapers and mouldering rolls, at the injurious expense of her eyesight and health. The authors call their *History* a "small work." Small it certainly is compared with many works, but not in point of bulk, considered simply as a *history of Newengland*, when compared with the abovementioned *Summary*. That book contained a sketch of the American war, occupying nearly half the number of its pages; this dispatches the subject in a single chapter. The "*Compendious*" is therefore larger than the "*Summary*" *History of Newengland*. These remarks cannot appear more trivial to some of our readers, than they are unpleasant to us. They should not escape us, did we not discern, unwillingly, a design to supplant Miss A. in abridging her *Summary*; and an inclination to withhold the tribute, which ought to be paid to her assiduity and merits. For instance: the following character of the fathers of Newengland was written by President Adams, and him they have acknowledged as the author; yet, if we mistake not, without giving a particle of credit to Miss A. they have extracted it entire from her *Summary History*, when perhaps, but for her labour, this literary scrap had forever slept in the neglected pages of the *Boston Gazette*.

Religious, to some degree of enthusiasm, it may be admitted they were,

but this can be no peculiar derogation from their character, because it was at that time almost the universal character, not only of England, but of Christendom; had this, however, been otherwise, their enthusiasm, considering the principles on which it was founded, and the ends to which it was directed, far from being a reproach, was greatly to their honour. For I believe it will be found universally true, *that no great enterprise for the honour or happiness of mankind was ever achieved, without a large mixture of that noble infirmity.* Whatever imperfections may be justly ascribed to them, which, however, are as few as any mortals have discovered, their judgment in forming their policy was founded on wise and benevolent principles; it was founded on revelation and reason too; it was consistent with the best, greatest, and wisest, legislators of antiquity.

Invidious and irksome is the employment of finding fault. We had much rather indicate the excellencies and beauties of a work, and recommend it to notice. But we must be blind not to observe in the compilation before our eyes an inequality of manner, a defective arrangement, want of uniformity in design, and sometimes dullness and sometimes carelessness in the mode of execution. One blemish is palpable. The book smells strongly of sect. Certainly there is obliquity of judgment in saying so much as is said about puritanism and orthodoxy, since the work is professedly intended for the use of schools and private families. In p. 165, for example, an account is begun of a theological dispute, notorious in the age in which it happened, and preserved with sufficient care in the historical archives of Massachusetts, in the following terms.

Vol. II. No. 10. Xxx

Unhappy religious dissensions still prevailed in Massachusetts; and from a zeal for the purity of the faith, governor Winthrop strove to exterminate the opinions which he disapproved. For this purpose, on the 30th of August, 1637, a synod was convened at Newtown (now Cambridge) to whom eighty erroneous opinions were presented; these were debated and unanimously condemned. At a court holden at the same place, the following October, Wheelwright, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Underhill, the leading characters who had embraced these errors, were banished, and several others were censured for seditious conduct.

What special benefit the knowledge of this controversial divinity will bring to the rising generation we cannot foretell. As though however what our authors had said upon this subject was insufficient for the purpose of edification, or because one of them distrusted the power of narration in the other, he begins to relate, one hundred pages forward, the same transaction.

The first synod of New England was held in Newtown, (now Cambridge) 1637. Never were any communities in more alarming danger, &c. &c.

The style, as might naturally be expected in a work composed by more than one person, is extremely various, sometimes hastily flowing from the pen of the geographer, but for the most part abrupt and stiff in the language of his more exact coadjutor, who, we presume, had the principal toil in this literary effort. Describing the sufferings of the Puritans about the time of their settlement in Holland, our history says,

But to return to the people on shore. The men escaped, excepting those who

voluntarily stayed to assist the women and children. Here was a moving scene of distress; husbands fled, husbands and fathers carried to a foreign country; children crying with fear and shivering with cold, what could sustain the mother's breaking heart? Charity and humanity would have cheered the weeping throng; but these heavenly spirits were not here. Persecution raised her voice terrible as death; she hurried them from one place to another, from one officer to another, till all were tired of their victory. To imprison so many innocent women and children would have excited publick odium; homes they had none, for they had disposed of them, they were glad to be rid of them on any terms. From these sufferings they received advantage. Their meekness and christian deportment made a favourable and deep impression on the hearts of many spectators, which produced considerable accessions to their number. But by courage and perseverance they all finally crossed the sea, and united with their friends, according to the desire of their hearts, in grateful praises to God.

This is a simpering sort of style, which derogates from the dignity of sober history, and is unfavourable to a manly and graceful elocution. It is rather suited to the tones of a canting fanatic, than to the voices which please us in the school and parlour.

But enough of censure. The work before us, with all its errors and saporiferous qualities, contains much interesting matter. It opens with a neat and pretty correct map of the country which it professes to describe, and has a table of contents, though no index, which last circumstance is a defect. It is divided into twenty-eight chapters, which are conversant with subjects, necessarily similar to those, which are mentioned in the preceding article,

and which ought to be found in a book of this nature. It comprizes many valuable descriptions of scenes, places, times, and characters, none of which are utterly new, some of which have found a better repository, and other of which, hitherto floating on the surface of tradition, are here rescued from the gulph of forgetfulness.

Were we to compare the Abridgement of Miss Adams with the History under review, we should say, that is the more proper for schools, this for the private student. This will be better liked by the polemick divine, that by the historian. This best reveals the treachery of the savage; that displays most fortunately the character and improvements of civilized man. Individual character is here developed; there the national. One is tinctured with the spirit of bigotry; the other is a clear and unbiassed narration of facts. The judicious and impartial author of the Abridgement conceals herself; in the Compendious History the men are visible in their work: a reader may generally satisfy himself concerning the question, Who speaks, on what occasion, and for what purpose? That work commands our respect; this is too considerable to be contemned.

The following lines in the character of the celebrated Standish are boldly though coarsely drawn, and he must be something more or less than man, who can view the contour without diverse and strong emotions.

In 1656, at a very advanced age, died Capt. Standish, the military commander, the WASHINGTON of Ply-

mouth colony. A man so conspicuous and celebrated in his life, ought not to be forgotten when dead. It is impossible to have any adequate view of the establishment and rise of Plymouth colony, without entering familiarly into the character of this hero of that little band of pilgrims. He descended from a family of distinction, and was heir apparent to a great estate; unjustly detained from him, which compelled him to depend on himself for support. He was small in stature, but of an active spirit, a sanguine temper, and strong constitution. These qualities led him to the profession of arms. Having been in the service of Queen Elizabeth, in aid of the Dutch, after the truce, he settled with Mr. Robinson's people in Leyden. He was in the first company, who came over in 1620; he commanded the first detachment for making discoveries after their arrival; he was chosen military commander on the first settlement of their military concerns. Generally, in the subsequent excursions and interviews with the natives, he was the first to meet them, accompanied by a small number of his own choosing. During the terrible sickness of the first winter, when two or three died in a day, and the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, captain Standish retained his health, and kindly nursed the sick. On the 29th of January he was called to see his beloved wife expire.

When *Corbitant*, one of the petty sachems of Massasoit, meditated a revolt, captain Standish, with 14 men, surrounded his house in Swanzy, but he being absent, they informed his people, they should destroy him, if he persisted in his rebellion. This so alarmed the chief, that he intreated the mediation of Massasoit, and accordingly was admitted, with eight other chiefs, to subscribe his submission to the English.

In 1622, when he had fortified Plymouth, he divided his men into four "squadrons," appointing every individual his post. In case of fire, a select company mounted guard with their backs to the fire, to watch for approaching enemies. Being sent on a trading voyage to Mataskeett, between Barnstable and Yarmouth, in February, 1623, a severe storm compelled him to leave his vessel, and sleep in a hut of the In-

dians; being impressed with an idea of their design to kill him, he made his people keep guard all night, by which he escaped the snare they had laid for him. In the morning it was found that goods had been stolen in the night from the shallop; he, with his party, surrounded the house of the sachem, and the things were restored.

Often was the providence of God conspicuous in his preservation. The next month, at Manomet, a creek in Sandwich, where he went for corn, he was not received with their usual cordiality; two Indians from Massachussetts were there, one had an iron dagger, and derided the Europeans because he had seen them, when dying, "cry and make four faces like children." An Indian of the place who had formerly been his friend, appearing now very friendly, invited the captain to sleep with him, because the weather was cold. Standish accepted his hospitality, and passed the night by his fire; but sleep had departed from his eyes; he was restless, and in motion all night, though his host seemed solicitous for his comfort, and "earnestly pressed him to take his rest." It was afterward discovered that this Indian intended to kill him if he had fallen asleep.

Weston's people, who settled at Wessagusset, lived without religion or law, or, in modern style, enjoyed liberty and equality. This rendered them contemptible in the view of savages, who soon began to insult and abuse them. The company pretended to satisfy the Indians for a theft, not by punishing the thief, but by hanging a decrepit old man, who had become burdensome to them. This settlement was composed of a set of needy adventurers. But before this company knew their own danger, the governor of Plymouth had learned from Massasoit, the plot of the natives for their destruction, and sent captain Standish to their relief. He had made choice of eight men, refusing to take more. Arriving at Wessagusset, now Weymouth, he found the people scattered, and in imminent danger, yet stupidly insensible to the destruction ready to burst upon them. Standish was careful not to excite the jealousy of the natives till he could assemble the people of the plantation. An Indian

brought him some furs, whom he treated "smoothly," yet the Indian reported that he "saw by the captain's eyes, that he was angry in his heart." This induced *Peckfuot*, a chief of courage, to tell *Hobbamock*, Standish's Indian guide and interpreter, that he "understood the captain was come to kill him, and the rest of the savages there; but tell him," said he, "we know it, but fear him not; neither will we shun him, let him begin when he dare, he shall not take us at unawares." Others whet their knives before him, using insulting gestures and speeches. Among the rest, *Wittuwamat*, a daring son of war, whose head the government had ordered Standish to bring to Plymouth, boasted of the excellence of his knife, on the handle of which was a woman's face. "But," said he, "I have another at home, with which I have killed both French and English; that has a man's face; by and by these two must be married." Further said he of his knife. "By and by it shall see, by and by it shall eat, but not speak."

Peckfuot, being a man of great stature, said to Standish, "though you are a great captain, yet you are but a little man, and though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage." The captain had formed his plan, and was therefore silent. The next day, seeing he could get no more of them together, *Peckfuot* and *Wittuwamat*, and his brother, a young man of eighteen, and one Indian more being together, and having about as many of his own men in the room; he gave the sword, the door was fast; he seized *Peckfuot*, snatched his knife from him, and killed him with it; the rest killed *Wittuwamat*, and the other Indian. The youth they took and hanged. Dreadful was the scene; incredible the number of wounds they bore; without any noise, catching at the weapons, struggling and striving till death. At another place he and his men killed one more. Captain Standish then returned to Plymouth, carrying the head of *Wittuwamat*, which was set up on the fort. The news of this exploit spread terror through the surrounding tribes; amazed and terrified, they fled to swamps and desert places, which brought on diseases and death to many. One of the

sachems said, "The God of the English was offended with them, and would destroy them in his anger."

Some reflected on captain Standish, as being more of a hero, than a christian in this affair; but if there were any fault, it certainly rested with the good magistrates of Plymouth; Standish only obeyed their orders; they deliberately and coolly sanctioned the most bloody part of his conduct, by setting up the head of *Wittuwamat* as a public spectacle. All military exploits are dreadful.

In 1625 he was sent an agent for the company to England. The plague was raging in London, and he met with difficulty in accomplishing his business; but the next year he returned with goods for the colony, bringing the melancholy news, that Mr. Cushman and Mr. Robinson were numbered with the dead.

A company of the baser sort had set down at Quincy; under one Morton, they had deposed their commander, sold arms to the natives, and invited fugitives from other places. Captain Endicott, from Salem, gave them a small check, and cut down their *liberty pole*. Captain Standish subdued them. Being sent for the purpose, and finding reasoning vain, he took them prisoners and carried them to Plymouth; thence they were sent to England. Previous to this, in 1624, the people of Plymouth had erected fishing flakes at Cape Ann. A company from the west of England, the next year, took possession of them. Captain Standish was sent to obtain justice. His threats were serious, and the people of Cape Ann assured the company they were dead men, unless they satisfied the captain, for he was always punctual to his word. The company then built another stage or flake, in a more advantageous situation, which the Plymouth people accepted: thus harmony was restored.

A tradition in the family says, that a friendly native once came and told the captain, that a particular Indian intended to kill him; that the next time he visited the wigwam, he would give him some water, and while he should be drinking, the Indian would kill him with his knife. The next time the captain had occasion to go to the place, he

remembered his trusty sword. He found a number of savages together, and soon had reason to believe the information, which had been given him. It was not long before the suspected Indian brought him some drink; the captain receiving it, kept his eye fixed on him while drinking. The Indian was taking his knife to make the deadly stab, when Standish instantly drew his sword and cut off his head at one stroke; amazed and terrified, the savages fled, and left our warrior alone.

After the year 1628, we hear no more of the military exploits of this valorous commander. Whether a constant series of vigorous exertions for so many years had impaired his health, and rendered him unfit for active service, as it is said he was afflicted with the stone and strangury in his advanced years; or whether he became tired of such dreary, dangerous excursions, it is perhaps impossible now to ascertain. Certain it is, he did not in the least degree lose the confidence of the people. During his whole life, which was prolonged almost thirty years after this, he was constantly elected one of the principal officers of the growing Commonwealth; he was one of the magistrates or judges of the superiour court of the colony as long as he lived. When, "in regard of many appearances of danger towards the country," a council of war was appointed in 1652, vested with full power "to issue warrants to press men, and to give commissions to chief officers," the venerable Standish was among "the first three." In 1653 we find him acting in this council; and once more we may see him clothed in his coat of mail. In 1654, Cromwell called on New-England for troops to subdue the Dutch of New-York. Massachusetts ordered 500 to be furnished. Capt. Standish received the command of those raised in Plymouth colony. A part of his commission probably his last, was in these words; "We having raised some forces over which we do constitute our well beloved friend, Captain Miles Standish, their leader and COMMANDER IN CHIEF; of whose approved fidelity and ability we have had long experience."

He was now probably 70 years of age. He had been engaged in the wars in the Netherlands, which ended about 1609.

It is not probable that he left his native country before he was 21; how long he continued in the army we know not, but probably he was 25 when he joined Mr. Robinson's congregation after the peace: it is not probable that a younger man would have been made military commander in 1620; this will make him just seventy. He lived two years after this, dying in 1656, at Duxbury, where he had a tract of land, which is now known by the name of the Captain's Hill. He had one son, Alexander, who died in Duxbury; a grandson of his, deacon Joseph Standish, settled in Norwich, Connecticut, a great grandson of whom, is the junior compiler of this volume. A house of deacon Standish was burned, in which was destroyed the sword of the captain, which fought the first battles of New England. Those are certainly deceived, who imagine they have it in possession. His name will be long venerated in New England. He was one who chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, who subdued kingdoms, and put to flight the armies of the aliens.

Before we dismiss this article, we ought to say that there is an appendix to the work, whose formation discloses much judgment of what is good, and a good knowledge of what will sell. It indeed consists of gems and pearls. Orations spoken and songs sung at periodical feasts, which are designed to celebrate the wonders of Providence and the honours of ancestry, are, to a majority of readers, the most captivating of all compositions. The orations, whence extracts are made, are Mr. Adams's, Mr. Kirkland's, and Mr. Davis's. The first has been given whole to the publick, who gave it their unqualified approbation. The second has been solicited, and, we are happy to learn, is soon to be transcribed for the press. As we are not permitted to hope for the same pleasure in regard to the last, we

will gratify our friends with a portion of its very elegant extracts, which enrich the Appendix of the 'Compendious History.'

"So disposed is the human mind to be exclusively occupied with passing scenes, and to bury in oblivion transactions obscured by the mantle of time, that every nation has practically acknowledged the utility of commemorative institutions. Thus among the multitude of Grecian games we find the Carpean pantomime, representing the early occupations and perils of their fathers. The husbandman, at the plough with his arms by his side, alternately prosecuting his rural labours, and repelling the attacks of lawless plunderers. Thus, at the joyful feast of tabernacles, did the children of Israel dwell in booths made of olive branches, palm branches, and willows of the brook, a striking memorial of the manner in which their fathers abode in the wilderness, when brought out of the land of Egypt. And thus is it your laudable practice, to celebrate this pleasing anniversary, devoted to contemplation and discourse on the lives and actions of your memorable ancestors; uniting in innocent festivals, and selecting from your abundance, as the most agreeable ornament of your tables, that food, on which they were compelled to subsist; not hiding from your children, what has been told you by your fathers, but by seasonable instruction and apt memorials leading them to the times that are past, and impressing on their tender minds salutary and indelible lessons of magnanimity and virtue. Let it be a day, devoted to the chaste pleasures of cheerfulness, tempered with reflection.

"We assemble in remembrance of men, whose lives were indeed laborious and marked with suffering, beyond the common lot of humanity. but we must not indulge the idea that they were miserable. They had joys to mere men of the world unknown. Theirs was the happiness of pure and upright hearts, of generous sympathy with the distressed, of a warm and undissembled affection for each other, being, as they express themselves, "knit together in a body in a most strict and sacred bond

and covenant in the Lord." Theirs was the satisfaction resulting from a firm and consoling belief, that they were destined by the Almighty to be instruments of great good to mankind. Theirs in fine was the happiness of pursuing the noblest ends by the most honourable means, like our departed WASHINGTON, constantly intent upon an important object, little moved by the vicissitudes and impediments in the way that led to it, and like him, beholding the blessed and complete accomplishment of their sublime purposes.

"Amidst the complaints of modern degeneracy, it is gratifying to observe an increasing attachment to the wise institutions of our ancestors among men of intelligence and reflection, and on this interesting day, in the metropolis of our state, a numerous and respectable association participate in your sentiments, and indulge in emotions congenial with those by which you are animated. May the salutary disposition prevail, until it matures into principle, and by recurring to the original maxims of our state, in *seeking and asking for the old paths*, may we find the *good way, and walk therein*.

"The bold and presumptuous devices of those who "speak swelling words of vanity," and while they "promise us liberty, are themselves the servants of corruption," shall thus be repelled, as the sands of the sea restrain the boisterous ocean; or, if they should be, for a time, predominant by those ancient and wholesome fountains, you will be preserved from the vile contagion; you will be animated with undaunted resolution in the cause of truth, of virtue, and of genuine liberty; you will contend valiantly on the ramparts erected by your fathers; and the fair inheritance which they have left, will never be surrendered. . .

"Favoured inhabitants of venerable ground, we visit your abodes with pleasure. We tread the turf, which your fathers have often trod, but we search for their tombs in vain. Perhaps it should not be regretted; they may be hidden from your view, lest reverence for your ancestors, should degenerate to useless or debasing superstition. Having few visible memorials of men, so illustrious, in the indulgence

of your grateful emotions, you are prompted to a study of their characters, and from that study you cannot fail of instruction; of strong and operative incitements to every manly pursuit, every generous and elevated purpose.

—“ Their ashes rest—
No marble tells us where.”

But they live in their writings; they live in their institutions and your affections; let them also live in your imitation.”

ART. 67.

C. Crispi Sallustii Belli Catilinarii & Jugurthini Historia.—*Editio emendatio juxta edd. opt. diligentissime inter se collatas; illustrata notis selectis: cum indice copioso.* Salem Massachusetts: Excudebat Josua Cushing, impensis T. C. Cushing & J. S. Appleton. 1805. 12mo. pp. 276.

Ecce monstrum! From an American press in the commercial town of Salem issues an “editio emendatio” of Sallust, “juxta editiones optimas diligentissime inter se collatas”! We record it as a memorable fact in the annals of our literature, that in the year of our Lord 1805 appeared the first* edition of an ancient classic ever published in the United States, which was not a professed reimpression of some former and foreign edition. We presume that Sallust was chosen for this hazardous experiment, not only on account of its moderate size, but because the sale of the impression would probably be

....

* We have taken some pains to ascertain this fact. If we are wrong we should be glad to be corrected. Who can tell how much time, ink and paper may be saved by this notice to some future Fabricius, Harwood, or Maillaire?

secured by a late regulation of the University, requiring a knowledge of this author previously to admission. With similar modesty and prudence, though with more splendid auspices, the earliest of the editions in usum Delphini was the Quarto Sallust, 1674, and the first classic published in the Russian empire was Nepos, at Moscow, 1762.

The scholar will no doubt be solicitous to know what is promised and what is performed by the present editor. We shall quote the preface and subjoin a few remarks.

Lectori S. Quod in hac Sallustii editione præstitimus, benevole lector, nunc breviter exponendum est.

Textus, quem, ni fallimur, emendatissimum habes, ex tribus illis editionibus, *Havercampianâ*, *Hunterianâ*, et *Purpisanâ stereotypâ* (ut loquuntur) constitutus est; non omisâ autem *Maillariane* ceterarumque editionum meliorum frequentissimâ et diligentissimâ collatione.

Here Hunter's and the stereotype editions are mentioned as if they contained different texts, and were independent sources of various readings; but in truth they both follow Cortius with scarcely a literal variation. Far be it from us to discourage that rare species of industry, which is employed in the comparison of editions and the selection of readings; but we are by no means certain that the text of this Sallust would not have been upon the whole more correct, if, as in the immaculate Edinburgh edition, and the later ones of Henry Homer, Hunter, and Didot, the text of Cortius had been scrupulously copied. The peculiar character of his text is a careful conciseness, which brings

it nearer than any other to the style of Sallust, that *subtilissimus brevitatis artifex*. On this subject however we feel ourselves scarcely competent to decide; yet while we acknowledge the judgment with which the text of the Delphini edition is here often corrected, we must express our regret that so many valuable readings, supported by sufficient authority, are mentioned only in the notes.

Notæ, maximâ ex parte, ex editione in usum Delphini descriptæ; pars autem non parva istius molis præcisa, ut doctissimorum virorum, Gruteri, Gronovii, Sanctii, Perizonii, aliorumque multorum annotationes locum haberent. In hac parte, quæ fortè copiosior quàm quod doctis placeat, juvenum utilitati consulere præcipuè voluimus. Sallustii "brevitas & abruptum sermonis genus," locutionum etiam antiquarum frequentia, pueris nostris, qui in Ciceronis scriptis maxime versantur, insolentiora (ita saltem putavimus) hoc postulârunt. Nec fructus ex Grammaticorum veterum scriptis nos effugit: Igitur ex Prisciani, Probi cæterorumque libris (apud nostrates pro pudor! rarissimis) hinc inde sententiam aliquam parvulam decerpimus ut apud juvenes linguæ Romanæ studiosos incitamentum esset ad eorum scripta perlegenda; quæ, ut diligentissimè pervolvant, hortamur, rogamus. Ut apud doctiores hæc nostra editio aliquantum pretii haberet, VARIAS LECTIONES maxime notabiles inter Notas hinc inde sparsimus; non equidem è Codicibus MSS. (quorum apud nos non extat aliquis) sed ex editione Sallustii splendidâ Havercampianâ excerptas.

The notes taken from the Dauphin edition are sufficiently numerous, and the additional ones from Havercamp and the ancient grammarians are always valuable. Sallust, though upon the whole an easy author, has many peculiarities of phrase, of which boys readily comprehend the meaning,

while they are heedless of the singularity. To a learner, versed only in the writings of Cicero or Virgil, he will in many instances appear ungrammatical; and even the critick will acknowledge that he abounds in unusual figures of speech, of which it is often doubtful whether they are to be called blemishes or beauties. If instead of many of the superfluous explanations of Crispin the Dauphin editor, whose notes on Ovid Gibbon said were below criticism, we had been presented with a greater number of grammatical and critical remarks, the utility, we think, of this edition would have been considerably enhanced. Minellius, we observe, has furnished several notes of this description for some of the first chapters. He might have been quoted oftener with advantage. We do not however insist much on these defects, for they will appear greater or less according to the previous proficiency of the reader. In a work intended like this both for the learners and the learned, it is impossible to please the taste and accommodate the wants of each. Where a Heyne or a Havercamp would feast and fatten, a boy of the fifth form would starve and be flogged.

Quod ad orthographiam attinet, non constans invenietur: Nam inutile non videbatur pueros, vel suo Marte, vel præceptore duce, in hac varietate versari; *optimus* igitur aquè, ac *optumus*, quod magis ad antiquum, dicimus. Tamen *omnis* in casu quarto, et similia, (ita autem voluimus) constanter legimus. Et, maxime ex parte, antiquæ recentiorum orthographiam posthaberi curavimus.

We do not understand the advantage of this inconstancy. It

is impossible perhaps to determine to what extent the ancient orthography should be adopted in an edition of Sallust; but in those words, where it is once admitted, we think it should be invariably preserved. Thus we see no reason why the accusative plurals of certain nouns should be carefully written in *is*, and at the same time the uniformity of the orthography be violated by the indiscriminate use of *optimus* and *optumus*, *adversus* and *advorsus*, *faciendi* and *faciundi*, *die* and *diei* in the genitive.

Denique exemplorum prelo subjectorum castigatione multum sudavimus. ob hæc omnes causas editio nostra, ni fallimur, multo emendatior, multo magis æstimanda prodit.

To the correctness with which the text is printed we bear our willing testimony; and we know not how to give a surer proof of our good will than by collecting in a note* the few errata which have occurred to us in a rapid perusal. This edition we doubt not will reach a second impression, as it is in every respect preferable to the Dauphin Sallust, which is now in use. We have only to recommend what we before hinted that the text should be improved by a few omissions and admissions, which are now mentioned only in the notes; and

* Page 2, for *mortali* read *mortalis*. P. 11, read *urbis*. acc. pl. P. 12, f. *quarum* r. *quorum*. P. 13, *artis*, acc. pl. P. 25, f. *vestra* r. *vestra*. P. 84. *fortis*, acc. pl. P. 175, *hostis fugientis*, and so perhaps in other instances which we have not observed. The punctuation has been carefully attended to, and is at least as judicious as that of any edition we have seen. Perhaps there is too free use of colons and semicolons. P. 140, full stop after *deserant*.

since the trouble of writing more grammatical and critical observations may perhaps be thought too great, that there should be annexed an Index Sallustianæ Latinitatis, which might be easily collected from the Indices subjoined to Cortius and Havercamp, and which would add much to the value of a work, already not unworthy of the classical learning of the reputed editor.

ART. 69.

"The union of all honest men."
An oration, delivered at Rowley, west parish, July 4, 1805. By Isaac Braman, A. M.
United we stand, divided we fall. WASH.
Newburyport. Allen. pp. 19.

THE performance of this reverend author is in no wise remarkable, except for the frequent, irreverent use of Scripture language. This is an offence against good taste and propriety. The sublime style of inspiration should be reserved for solemn periods. Its introduction on common occasions, tends to weaken in our mind that veneration, which we should by every sacred art cultivate, both for its sentiments and for its Author.

ART. 65.

An Oration pronounced July 4th, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Bridgewater, in commemoration of the anniversary of American independence. By Asa Meech.

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

Boston. Manning & Loring.
pp. 16.

THE style of this oration is plain and free from impurities.

In the first part, the author pays a respectful tribute to the virtues of our ancestors. We wish however that he had inherited so much of their spirit, as to have avowed his political creed. We praise no political writer, whose

opinions are not clearly exhibited, and who does not breathe the sentiments of those sages, who formed the federal compact, and to whom we are indebted for every existing relick of national glory.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR OCTOBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

¶ We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksetters in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.

NEW WORKS.

One God in one person only: and Jesus Christ a being distinct from God, dependent upon him for his existence and his various powers; maintained and defended. By John Sherman, pastor of the first church in Mansfield, Connecticut. Worcester. L. Thomas, jun. 1805. 8vo. pp. 198.

American Annals; or a chronological history of America from its discovery in 1492 to 1806, in two volumes. By Abiel Holmes, D.D. A. A. S. minister of the first church in Cambridge. Vol. I. comprising a period of two hundred years. Cambridge. Hilliard. 8vo.

Bonaparte and Moreau. A comparison of their political and military lives. To which is added Moreau's speech on the day of his trial at Paris; with some curious particulars relating to that event. Philadelphia, printed at the Polyglott Office for the author.

An examination of the representations and reasonings contained in seven sermons lately published by Rev. Daniel Merrill, on the modes and subjects of baptism; in several letters addressed to the

author; in which it is attempted to shew that those representations and reasonings were not founded in truth. By Samuel Austin, A.M.

Journal of the last session of the legislature of Georgia. Savannah.

The complete Fifer's Museum; or a collection of Marches, of all kinds, now in use in the military line. Also a number of occasional tunes, for the actual service and the militia: with rudiments and lessons complete for the work. By James Hulbert, jun. Philo Musico. Northampton, Mass. Andrew Wright. Price 25 cents.

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Christianity the friend of man. Philadelphia. W. P. Farrand & Co. Price 62½ cents.

A dialogue in verse, between a living christian and one who has left his first love; written by a friend to new testament religion. Published for the benefit of the friends and enemies of the new testament religion, by Elias Smith. Portsmouth, N. H.

The Care of the Soul; or an answer to the great question, What shall I do to be saved? By Andrew Fuller. Boston. Manning & Loring.

The Medical Repository, and Review of American publications on Medicine and Surgery, and the auxiliary branches of Science; conducted by Drs. Mitchell and Miller of New York. No. 33, for May, June, and July, 1805.

An oration delivered at Savannah on the 4th of July, 1805, by T. U. P. Carlton, Esq. Savannah, Georgia.

Interesting detail of the operations in the Mediterranean. Communicated in a letter from W. E. Esq. to his friend in the county of Hampshire. Springfield, Mass. Bliss & Brewer. 8vo. pp. 23.

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The Edinburgh New Dispensatory, containing 1. The Elements of Pharmaceutical Chemistry. 2. The Materia Medica; or the natural pharmaceutical and medical history of the differ-

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connected in a chronological order the most remarkable events of profane history; interspersed with answers to objections, illustrations of difficulties, and practical reflections. The first American from the 14th European edition. Price to subscribers bound 87½ cents. Hallowell (Maine.) Ezekiel Goodale.

Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord, one of Bonaparte's principal secretaries of state, his grand chamberlain, and grand officer of the legion of honour, ex-bishop of Autun, ex-abbé of Celles and St. Dennis, &c. Containing the particulars of his private and public life, of his intrigues in Boudoirs as well as cabinets. By the author of the Revolutionary Plutarch. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. between 3 and 400. Price to subscribers 1,50 in boards. Boston, David Carlisle.

IN THE PRESS.

The Elements of Chess; a treatise, combining Theory with Practice, and comprising the whole of Philidor's Games, and explanatory notes, new modelled and arranged upon an original plan. Boston. W. Pelham. 8vo. Fine wove paper.

Mrs. Warren's History of the rise, progress, and termination of the American Revolutionary War. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Complete Letter Writer. Charlestown. Etheridge. 12mo.

INTELLIGENCE.

Thinking that the following notice of Southey's "Madoc" will be gratifying to our readers, we hasten to select it from the last appendix to the Monthly Magazine, without pledging ourselves in the least for the correctness of the remarks, not having had any opportunity of reading the poem.

"*Madoc.*" A Poem, by Robert Southey.

The heroick epopea justly passes for the most difficult achievement of poetick art: the classical works of this kind are still rare, not in our language only, but

even in the collective mass of literary production.

The fable of Madoc has much peculiarity. It is the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, antedated. It has two parts. In the former, Madoc narrates to his brother, the Welsh King, both the motives and consequences of his voyage of discovery, and collects a fresh supply of colonists to settle the country he had found. His departure from Wales terminates this division of the poem, which has eighteen books. The finest of them are entitled Cadwallon, Llewellyn, Llaian, Rodri. The story of the blind Cynetha, the interview with the

rightful heir of Wales, the discovery of Hoel's child, and the farewell of Rodri, are among the most pathetick scenes in the whole compass of epick poetry. The fault of this part consists in its dwelling too little on the voyage, which is the proper business of the poem; and too much on the internal feuds of Wales, the result of which are not to occupy the reader's attention. There is also an improbable resemblance between the several female characters introduced.

In the second part, Madoc and his new associates arrive in Aztlan, but find the natives no longer in a friendly and hospitable temper. Their superstitious prejudices have been alarmed, and they are confederating to expel the christian intruders. A war begins. Madoc is taken prisoner, and on the point of being sacrificed to idols. The courage and skill of the few Welsh at length triumph over the savage hordes, who agree to evacuate a province in favour of Madoc and his companions. This division of the poem has twenty-seven books; those might have been much condensed, which are subsequent to the rescue of Madoc; for the event is from that time decided, and the interest decays. The Snake-God, the Battle, the Victory, are good cantos; and the episode of Coatel and Lincoya is affecting. The characters of the savages are well drawn; they are more discriminate and various than those of the Europeans.

The total absence of mythology, the consonance with chronicle and tradition, and the antiquarian fidelity of costume, with which the manners both of the Welsh and of the Indian nations are depicted, give to this poem an impression of reality attained in no other similar work. The degree of illusion approaches that produced by the historick plays of Shakespeare: it bears to those epick poems, in which supernatural machinery is employed, the relation which a tragedy bears to an opera. Aristotle defines the epos to be tragedy in recital; this definition applies closely to Madoc.

With the exception of marvellous interposition, this poem has many resemblances with the *Odyssey*, the *Aeneid*, and the *Lusiad*; and will, we think, eventually be ranked by criticism be-

tween the first and last of these poems. It has the advantage over them all in the character and majesty of the chief personage. With Gama one hardly becomes acquainted; he is no more of a hero than the name of his ship. *Aeneas* never interests but on his way to hell: his civility to *Palinurus* (except the *ipse subibo humeris*;) is the only trait of heart in his character. The rapacity, the selfish unfeeling, the low cunning of *Odysseus* degrade him from that moral rank, which is essential to sympathy. *Sophocles* felt this deficiency of *Homer*; and in a fine scene of his *Philoctetes*, has contrasted the sincere and generous *Neoptolemos* with the insidious and crafty *Odysseus*. Madoc is such a *Neoptolemos* in middle age: he interests at once and all alone, by his affections, his resources, his difficulties, and his virtues.

The style is equal, as in *Leonidas*; not various, as in *Thalaba*: it is correct, not daring: it is most successful in the descriptive passages, which are every where vivid and picturesque: the metaphors are few; the epithets are inlaid with novel aptness. The language is rather trailing like that of *Spenser*, than condensed like that of *Milton*: it is somewhat deficient in rapidity, vigour, and splendour, and would gain by the insertion of more imitations, similes, and bursts of diction. The oratory too should be fuller of thought, argument, and maxim. The poet has pursued to excess the praise of invention and originality; he has disdained transplantations from the works of his predecessors, though *Tasso* wrought so beautiful a patch-work with shreds. It is in literature as in the world, he ranks highest who spends most; no matter whether he borrows, or owns, what he bestows. Plagiarism is even a source of reputation; for the well read critics have in all ages taken pleasure to indicate the *rubens* of stolen passages, and therefor edit and annotate most willingly the purloiner.

Had Mr. Southey got this poem done into Welsh by Mr. Owen, or some other zealot of *Myvyrian* Archaeology; had he so published it with a Latin interpretation, and then given us the original as a mere version from some old bard; envy would have been cheated and curiosity aroused, and Madoc would soon

have surpassed in Europeanity of reputation the pretended works of Ossian. In its present sincere form it will win a less easy way of fame; but it will not have to make a returning step.

It is easier to blame than to praise; canker like to nibble at the laurel-leaf, than to water its varnish into higher lustre: but our limits forbid the detailing of those scattered passages in which we wished for abbreviation. As a whole, the censure of Madoc is difficult; one must make a grievance of the levelness of manner, of the extent of narration, and of the absence of the wonderful, in order to provide the hostile converser with topics of invective. Against such cavils, the philosophick criticism of Hobbes has suggested an appropriate reply. "There are some (says he) who are not pleased with fiction unless it be bold; not only to exceed the work, but also the possibility of nature. They would have impenetrable armours, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. I dissent from those who think that the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty. In old time, among the heathens, such strange fictions and metamorphoses were not so remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and were therefore not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of nature never."

To all the other epopeas constructed on this principle, such as the Henriad, the Araucana, the Pharsalia, Mr. Southey's is far superiour. Since the appearance of Milton's Paradise Lost, no poem has quitted the English press equal in merit to Madoc. It is a great and a durable accession to our literature, a fit object of national pride, and of European gratulation.

Mr. Palmer, of Hackney, who has a large collection of the late Mr. Job Orton's Letters, in his original short hand, is preparing a select number of them for the press, under the title of "Letters to Dissenting Min-

isters and Students for the Ministry," which will be printed in a manner uniform with his Letters to a Young Clergyman, published by Mr. Stedman. A very valuable addition will be made to the collection by a series of Letters written to the late Mr. Clark, of Birmingham, from the year 1752 to 1762, which have been communicated by a friend into whose hands they fell upon Mr. Clark's decease. Memoirs of Mr. Orton will be prefixed by Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Salmon, author of *Stemmata Latinitatis*, proposes to publish Investigations on the Origin of French Particles, similar in plan to the Divisions of Purley.

Mr. P. Homer has circulated a Letter on the subject of some editions of the Latin Classics that were published by his late brother Henry, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. In his life-time he had edited several, and at his decease he left several others unfinished. The most expensive and voluminous of these were an edition of Livy in 8 volumes large octavo, and one of Tacitus in four. His brother had printed off a small portion of the text of Livy, and the whole of that of Tacitus, and had just begun a new Index to the latter, when he died of a decline, which was certainly hastened, if not occasioned, by too close an attention to his literary pursuits. His father, who survived him but a few weeks, continued the works, which were then in the press, as long as he lived; and at his decease, his brother Dr. Homer, himself, and some others of the family, completed the editions that were left unfinished. "They have (says Mr. Homer) now been published for more than twelve years, and the sale of them has been so unequal to our expectations, that we have hitherto lost by them more than three thousand pounds. From respect to his memory, and from the natural wish to prevent the total loss of what he had

already done, we were induced to finish the plan which he had laid out; and with great fatigue to ourselves we composed a thick octavo volume of Index to the Works of Tacitus, and completed an edition of Livy, which he had but just begun."

Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, have announced to the publick, that they are preparing for the press *The History of Great Britain from the Revolution in 1668 to the Treaty of Amiens in 1800*, by W. Belsham, Esq. The prospectus with conditions will shortly be published.

Lexington, August 20.

AS I am about passing into Louisiana, and will probably be absent from this state some time, I think it necessary to inform that portion of the publick which has kindly expressed a solicitude for the appearance of my *HISTORY of the INDIAN WARS*, that the work is far from being relinquished. It composes a part of the *AMERICAN HISTORY*, too important to remain unwritten, at a period when it may be completed with advantage to the community, and when time has left untouched the principal sources of correct information. The work will be suspended till the author's return to this state. But the country to which he is about to travel, will constitute a point, from whence the most valuable observations, on the present social condition of the savage tribes can be made. As soon as the object of his mission is accomplished, he will contemplate in person, the genius of a people, with whose actions we have become acquainted by feeling their barbarous effects, but of whose national character, we have very little satisfactory intelligence. By this means, the most lively impressions will be made upon the mind of the historian, and he will be better enabled to give to his narrative the stamp of original observation, than if it was simply compiled from the cold details of ancient or contemporary authors.

As it is the intention of the author to pass from the Apalufas country, by the route of St. Louis, through the North-western tribes, he will have some opportunity of acquiring the *Indian account* of many of those events, with

which the first settlers here were familiar. These accounts will of course be rendered more authentick, by obtaining the separate details of the parties engaged in hostilities.

The documents already procured, for the work in question, are numerous, of the first authority, and highly elucidative of many important events, which were rapidly passing away from the notice of the present generation. Many remain yet to be acquired, both in the philosophical and military departments of the history. Those already in the possession of the author, embrace a great variety of matter appropriate to the subject in view. They relate to the genius, manners, and social condition of the Indians in different parts of the continent of America, and in the Islands of the Southern and Pacific Oceans. They explain the general principles of that policy, which from time to time was adopted by the Cabinets of France and England, in relation to Indian affairs in America. They detail a considerable part of those early events which gave rise to the connections between the French and Indians of Canada, to render more formidable their opposition to the British Colonies; an opposition which generally grew out of trans-atlantic politics. They describe the means and the motives from which the French extended their settlements along the Northern Lakes, and on the shores of the Mississippi. Many of those documents also, give very curious and particular details of the Cherokee and Muskogee operations, against the colonies to the south, of the wars to the northward, from the year 1750, to the American revolution; and of those bloody hostilities which ensued during the efforts of the Americans to settle the Western country.

With the materials now on hand, and with some others, which a little diligence will enable him to procure, the author presumes, that he will possess the means of ultimately presenting to the world a subject, in some measure, worthy the contemplation of those statesmen, who are in the habit of calculating the future destiny of nations through the medium of events that have passed away.

ALLAN B. MACGRUDER.

William P. Farrand & Co. of Philadelphia, in connexion with the Rev. E. Williams, Rotherham, and E. Parsons, Leeds, England, are publishing by subscription, in ten volumes, royal octavo, the whole works of Philip Doddridge, D.D. with Orton's life and elegant portrait of the author. Several of the first volumes of this work are now ready to be delivered to subscribers, and those remaining will probably be received in the course of the season. They are executed in a style highly elegant, on new type, and paper of a superiour quality. The price in boards is three dollars a volume on fine paper; and two dollars and fifty cents a volume, for those copies which are not hot-pressed.

Deaths in Boston, from Sept. 26 to Oct. 24, as reported to the Board of Health.

	Male.	Fem.	Chil.
Anacarse		1	
Cauker		1	3
Cholera infantum			29
Colic, bilious	1		
Consumption	5	18	7
Cramp	1		
Diarrhœ			2
Drowned	1		
Dropsy	1	2	1
Dysentery			6
Fever, bilious	2	7	
—nervous		2	
—pulmonick	1		
—slow		1	1
—typhus	4	2	
Gout	1		
Hooping cough			2
Infantile complaints			12
Lues venerea		1	
Marasmus			1
Old age	1	2	
Peripruriony			1
Pneumonia	1		
Quinsy			1
Spina bifida			1
Scurvy and obstr.	1		
Suicide	1		
Typhus icterodes		1	
Worms			1
Wound	1		
	22	38	68
Total			128

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases in Boston for October.

The diseases of children have generally given place to those of adults. Little is now seen of cholera, dysentery, or hooping cough; but during the month there have been some fatal terminations of protracted cases of these disorders.

Typhus mitior has been exceedingly prevalent among adults, and it has been often marked by an uncommon regularity in the accession of the paroxysms; rarely has it proved fatal. Typhus gravior continues to show itself. Some cases of slight pneumonick affections have been remarked near the end of the month.

On the whole, the season has become much more healthy, than in the preceding months.

Editors' Notes.

After some thought we have concluded not to publish the communication signed "A Christian," although it is entitled to respect, both because its principles are just and because we presume it was written by one to whom we are already highly indebted. But we confess we are fatigued with our contest. There are some men who are formidable from their perseverance, though their strength may not alarm us, men whose power consists not in the vigour of their muscles, but in the pertinacity of their grasp; who are never conquered, because they are never wearied.

The political speculation with which we have been honoured came too late for the present number; we need not say how readily it will be inserted in the next.

We have likewise very gratefully received a letter from Sicily, which, with the observations of Historicus, are necessarily postponed till the number for November.

In the notes to the last Anthology we mentioned, that we had in our possession a life of Bentley. We are induced to defer it for the present, because our files are so rich in more original matter. We shall not be displeased to have our designs often interrupted in this way.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ARTHUR BROWNE,

*of Newport, Rhodeisland, late senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin,
Doctor of Laws, King's Professor of Greek, Prime Sergeant at
Law, Vicar General of the diocese of Kildare, and Member of Par-
liament for the University of Dublin, &c.*

DR. ARTHUR BROWNE, who died a few months since in Ireland, was the son of the Reverend Marmaduke Browne, rector of Trinity Church, Newport, Rhodeisland, and grandson of the episcopal clergyman of the same name at Portsmouth, Newhampshire. Arthur Browne distinguished himself while at school* by his talents, industry, and strong desire of improving his education

in some European university. To gratify this laudable ambition his father obtained leave of his church to go over to Ireland, the country of his ancestors, in order to make some provision for entering his son at Trinity College, Dublin. This he completely effected; and then embarked in a small vessel to return to his anxious flock and family. Mr. Browne, not being so well acquainted with men in the sordid walks of life, as with characters in higher stations, allowed the skipper of the vessel to put in the needful stores, without ever examining their quantity. This man laid in scarcely half enough for a short passage. Unfortunately the barque was more than three months on the ocean; and the mariners, with their passenger, reduced for several weeks to a short allowance of their only remaining articles of sustenance, salt-beef and water; so that, when this worthy clergyman arrived at Rhodeisland, his nearest connexions hardly knew him. The distressing voyage

....
* This was an excellent grammar school, founded by Dean Berkeley, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, but not wholly confined to children of Episcopallians; it was kept, for a series of years, by a German gentleman, learned and severe, named Knotchel. Arthur Browne, Gilbert Stewart, the painter, F— B—, and the author of this sketch, were of the same standing, and all of them inspired with the same ardent desire of visiting Europe; three of them attained their wishes; and two of them, Browne and Stewart, acquired celebrity.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame's proud temple stands
afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star!
And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote have pined alone," &c.
Beattie's Minstrel.

Vol. II. No. 11. Zzz

had reduced an athletic, ruddy man, to very little more than skin and bones. He was so nearly starved, and so overcome by fatigue and anxiety that he died a short time after he reached home. There is a handsome marble monument erected to his memory in Trinity Church, Newport, by his son, with a truly classical inscription ; it closes with these lines :

Heu
Quanto minus est,
Cum aliis versari
Quam tui meminisse !

This melancholy event frustrated the high hopes of young Browne, who despairing of the advantage of an European education, entered Harvard College in 1771. The author of this imperfect sketch has lately been told by a learned divine, who entered the same class, that Browne astonished his examiners by his acquirements.

He remained but a short time at Cambridge ; for some influential gentlemen at Trinity College, hearing the sad fate of the father, joined with others at Rhodeisl- and in patronising the son ; while *the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts*, granted young Browne fifty pounds sterling. With these bounties he embarked for Ireland ; and entered Trinity College, Dublin, with great applause.

Lest the partiality of a townsman, a friend, and a school-mate should be suspected, we here subjoin an account of Dr. Browne, as it appeared in a Dublin newspaper, and reprinted in the London Morning Chronicle :—

‘ DR. BROWNE, OF DUBLIN COLLEGE. We are sorry to announce the death of this once celebrated

political character. He expired at an early hour on Saturday morning, of a severe, tho’ not a tedious illness. His complaint is said to have been of a dropsical nature, and the tone of the solids became so very laxative, that no remedy could be found to restore a naturally delicate constitution, to the portion of vigour which it originally possessed.

‘ Dr. Browne was gifted with powerful mental talents, which he improved by almost incessant study, and an intercourse with the most virtuous and most able patriot scholars and patriot politicians of his day ; from every field, where information or improvement might be had, he reaped a noble portion ; and as he reaped as much for the advantage of others as himself, a number of the Irish youths are this moment in possession of a considerable share of his vast industry. For many years no person in the University was more beloved than Dr. Browne—he was the idol of the students—they loved him with the affection of fond children, for he strove to retain their affections by a suavity of temper peculiarly his own. They gave him in return, their best and most honourable gift—they appointed him their representative in the national legislature, and the Irish house of commons for many years listened with surprise and admiration to his virtuous and adorned language. *Virtutis amor* seemed to be his leading star, and at one period of his life, whoever denied this would appear absurd and heretical in the eyes of his applauding constituents.

‘ On questions of great national importance, Dr. Browne could

‘speak with surprising effect; with little subjects he seldom interfered. When attachments were “the order of the day,” he brought all his talents into action, and used the most vigorous intellectual efforts to protect the liberty of the subjects against the encroachments of power and oppression. We shall not readily forget the zeal with which he protected the freedom of the press, that grand bulwark to our liberties—his mind appeared bent on accomplishing every thing that might tend to support that essential privilege, and his efforts were not always unsuccessful. On the place and pension bills, catholic emancipation, and the suspension of the habeas corpus, he exerted himself to the astonishment of all who heard him.

‘With the opposition it was either the desire or chance of Dr. Browne to associate—he supported their leading measure—he shared his advocacy with theirs in behalf of parliamentary reform, and in the whig club, those sentiments he proclaimed as a legislator, he repeated as a freeman. He was a professed enemy to the abuse of power, and always stood forward, the champion of the people, when measures were proposed in the house of commons which he conceived injurious to their rights or prejudicial to their interests. He detested bigotry—it was a monster incompatible with civil or religious liberty, and he despised all who worshipped it.

‘Shortly after the Union, Dr. Browne was appointed Prime Sergeant, and is supposed, had he survived much longer, he would have obtained a situation on the Bench.

‘He was one of the Senior Fellows and Senior Proctor of Trinity College, a Doctor of Civil Laws, King’s Professor of Greek, &c. &c. For a length of time he held the Vicar Generalship of the diocese of Kildare, and also practised in the Courts as an eminent, though not a leading Barrister.

‘He was unanimously elected to the command of the College corps when it was formed in 1797, and appeared about a month ago on parade, for the last time.

‘Dr. Browne was a native of America, which country he left at an early age, and it is reasonable to imagine, from his situations in the College, and his exertions as a lawyer, that he died possessed of considerable property.’

Of the works of Dr. Browne that have come to our knowledge, we may enumerate, 1st. *A compendious view of the Civil Law, being the substance of a course of lectures, read in the University of Dublin, by Arthur Browne, Esq. Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Civil Law in that University, and Representative in Parliament for the same; together with a sketch of the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts, with some cases determined therein in Ireland, and some useful directions for the Clergy.*

2d. *Hussen O’Dil, or Beauty and the Heart; an allegorical poem, translated from the Persian language.* This appears to have been an exercise in the hours of relaxation from severer studies. From Dr. Browne’s remarks on Sir Wm. Jones’s Persian grammar, he appears to have paid no small attention to this oriental language.

3d. *Miscellaneous Sketches, in*

2 volumes, 8vo. These are written after the manner of Montaigne, and are modestly called *Hints for Essays*. Of these we shall hereaf-

ter select one for the gratification of the readers of the *Anthology*, without any apology for the solemnity of the subject. W.

— — —

To the Editors of the Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

MAY the dust from an antiquarian's study be mingled with your gold dust? If so, I would suggest the following things, hoping to gain information from your stores of knowledge.

1st. Josselyn arrived in Boston July 1638. He says he presented to Governour Winthrop and Mr. Cotton, from the poet Quarles, the version of psalm 16.

25. 51. 88. 113. 137. Query. Are these to be found? Have the manuscripts been preserved in any branches of these families? Are these psalms in the collection of Quarles' poems? There was a new edition some years ago. In his works are some strokes of genius, though the world thought him a dunce, because Pope said he was, who was a good judge, but had his prejudices, and hated all who offended him.

2d. Mr. Cotton, in a *written copy of the Keys*, maintained that, in the government of the church, *authority* is peculiar to the Elders only; and he answers all the arguments of the Brownists to the contrary.—*Vid. Keys and Way of the Churches.*

He was called a Pelagian, because he supposed, that God had not absolutely decreed from eternity, that certain of the human race should be damned, without any kind of reference to what they can do.

3d. There were some of the *First Church*, who were against

synods, wisely considering, that liberty of conscience was infringed. Had they not reason? They took not power from the civil magistrate, like the papists; but they gave power, as *having the keys* to judge of *heresies*, and their advice to punish them. Heresies, meaning by these, opinions, ought not to be punished by the civil magistrate.

4th. It has been common with English writers to call the fathers of Newengland by the name of *Brownists*. In Marshal's *Life of Washington* the author thus speaks.... 'An obscure sect, which had acquired the appellation of Brownists from the name of its founder, and which had rendered itself peculiarly obnoxious by the democracy of its tenets respecting church government, had been driven by persecution to take refuge in Leyden, where its members formed a distinct society under the care of their pastor, Mr. John Robinson,' &c.

This is not correct. And though excuseable in such a writer as Oldmixon in *A general view of the British empire in America*, or in the authors of *The modern part of the Universal History*, where they give a superficial view of events from *hearsay*, rather than from *written documents*; yet ought not to be seriously mentioned in a book, which a child of this country takes up with an ex-

pectation of receiving the most accurate information.

The fact is this, that so far from being *Brownists*, they were in opposition to that sect ; and as Governor Winthrop says, who must know and would relate the truth, the *Brownists* at Amsterdam, where there were many, would hardly hold communion with this church at Leyden. The separatists from the Church of England were of two sects....the rigid Separatists, or Brownists, and the Semi-Separatists, or Independents, or Robinsonians, as they were sometimes called. The Independents allowed the lawfulness of communicating with the Church of England in word and prayer, though not in discipline. This was contrary to the *Brownists* ; and therefore Mr. Robinson was said to do them more injury, than they could receive from the members of the Episcopal Church. —*Vid. Hornius de Historica Eccl. & Political. Winslow's Journal. Prince's Annals.*

A writer of this country, in the 7th volume of the Historical Collections, printed in 1800, says expressly... It is very wrong to class the Congregational churches with

the *Brownists*. Though individuals had been connected with Brown, and, supposing him honest and zealous in the cause of truth, had not been sensible enough of the consequences, where there is such a latitude of opinion and imprudence of conduct ; yet the churches in general disclaimed that church anarchy, which it was his design to introduce, nor were they guilty of the like extravagances.'

When Judge Marshal may print another edition of his work, it is hoped he will attend to this mistake in his introductory volume and speak more favourably of the fathers of Newengland.

It is also hoped, that all who give the character of Mr. Robinson, and represent that he was, in the former part of his life, too favourable to the *democracy of churches*, will also mention, that he himself was sensible of this error ; and that, in the latter part of his life, he was firm in opposition to bigots, fanaticks, and separatists, *those lay exhorters* who have met with success in some places, from being mere *cymbals* of the *mob*, and enemies to all human learning and rational religion.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY,

IT has been said that every man may be flattered. A fine understanding may make its possessor shrewd to detect the flatterer's art, and great experience in the world may place suspicion as a sentinel at one's door. All this may increase the difficulty of finding access to a man's vanity, but still it is not inaccessible. There are opinions, which every

man wishes every other man to entertain of his merit, temper, or capacity, and he is sure to be pleased when he discovers, or thinks he discovers, that his skillful flatterer really entertains them. He indulges a complacency and kindness towards him, who puts him at peace and in good humour with himself. But to flatter the ignorant and inex-

perienched requires no skill, it scarcely requires any thing more than a disposition to flatter ; for with that class of people the very disposition is accepted as an evidence of kindness. It is still easier to make flattery grateful to a multitude, and especially an assembled multitude of such men. No arts are too gross, no topicks of praise disgusting. Popular vanity comes hungry to an election ground, and claims flattery as its proper food. In democracies the people are the depositaries of political power. It is impossible they should exercise it themselves. In such states therefore it is a thing inevitable, that the people should be beset by unworthy flatterers and intoxicated with their philtres. Sudden, blind, and violent in all their impulses, they cannot heap power enough on their favourites, nor make their vengeance as prompt and terrible as their wrath against those, whom genius and virtue have qualified to be their friends and unfitted to be their flatterers. The most skilful sort of flattery is that, which exalts a man in his own estimation by ascribing to his character those qualities, which he is most solicitous to be thought to possess. He mellows into complacency when he finds that his pretensions are rightly understood and cheerfully admitted. As nothing so conspicuously lifts one man above every other man in society as power, of course it is of all topicks of praise the most fascinating and irresistible. When therefore a demagogue invites the ignorant multitude to dwell on the contemplation of their sovereignty, to consider princes as their equals, their own magis-

trates as their servants and their flatterers, however otherwise distinguished in the world as their slaves, is it to be supposed that aristocratick good sense will be permitted to disturb their feast or to dishonour their triumph ? Accordingly we know from history, and we might know if we would from a scrutiny into the human heart, that every democracy, in the very infancy of its vicious and troubled life, is delivered bound hand and foot into the keeping of ambitious demagogues. Their ambition will soon make them rivals, and their bloody discords will surely make one of them a tyrant.

But the fate of democracies, which every man of sense will deem irreversibly fixed, is not so much the object of these remarks as the complexion of popular opinions while they last.

They will all be such as the multitude have an interest, or which is the same thing a pleasure, in believing: Of these, one of the dearest and most delusive is, that the power of the people is their liberty. Yet they can have no liberty without many strong and obnoxious restraints upon their power.

To break down these restraints, to remove these courts and judges, these senates and constitutions, which are insolently as well as artfully raised above the people's heads to keep them out of their reach, will always be the interested counsel of demagogues and the welcome labour of the multitude. The actual state of popular opinion will be ever hostile to the real and efficient securities of the publick liberty. The spirit of '76 is yet invoked by the demo-

crats, because they, erroneously enough, understand it as a spirit to subvert an old government, and not to preserve old rights. Of all flattery, the grossest (gross indeed to blasphemy) is, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; that the opinion of a majority like that of the Pope, is infallible. Hence it is, that the publick tranquillity has, and the democrats say ought to have, no more stable basis than popular caprice; hence compacts and constitutions are deemed binding only so long as they are liked by a majority. The temple of the publick liberty has no better foundation, than the shifting sands of the desert. It is apparent then that pleasing delusions must become popular creeds. After habit has made praise one of the wants of vanity, it cannot be expected that reproof will be sought or endured, a stomach spoiled by sweets will loathe its medicines. Prudence and duty will be silent.

An individual rarely passes unpunished, who forms and prosecutes his plan of life under a great mistake of his own qualifications and character. And shall a democracy, which is sure to overstretch its rights, to despise its duties, to entrust its traitors and persecute its patriots, to demolish its own bulwarks and invite the host of its assailants to come in, shall such a system last long, or enjoy any degree of tranquillity while it lasts? It is impossible.

Nevertheless, it is assumed as a position of uncontested authority, that the discontents of the people never ripen into resistance and revolution, unless from the oppression and vices of their

government. The people are alleged to be always innocent when they refuse evidence, the government is almost always culpable when it exacts it. It may be admitted that no ordinary pressure of grievances would impel a people to rise against government, when that government is possessed of great strength, and is administered with vigour. It cannot be supposed that men conscious of their weakness will attack a superiour power. Yet oppression may at length make a whole nation mad, and when it is perceived that the physical strength is all on one side the political authority will inspire no terror.

But surely there is no analogy between such a government and a democracy. As the force of this latter depends on opinion, and that opinion shifts with every current of caprice, it will not be pretended that the propensity to change is produced only by the vices of the magistrates or the rigour of the laws, that the people can do no wrong when they respect no right, and that the authority of their doings, whether they act for good cause or no cause at all but their own arbitrary pleasure, is a new foundation of right, the more sacred for being new.

To guard against this experienced and always fatal propensity of republicks to change and destroy, our sages in the great Convention devised the best distribution of power into separate departments, that circumstances permitted them to select. They intended our government should be a *republick*, which differs more widely from a democracy than a

democracy from a despotism. The rigours of a despotism often, perhaps most frequently, oppress only a few, but it is of the very essence and nature of a democracy, for a faction claiming to be a majority to oppress a minority, and that minority the chief owners of the property and the truest lovers of their country. Already the views of the framers of the Constitution are disappointed. The Judiciary is prostrate. A-

mendments are familiarly resorted to for the purpose of an election, or to wreak the vengeance of an angry demagogue upon the senate. We are sliding down into the mire of a democracy, which pollutes the morals of the citizens before it swallows up their liberties. Our vanity is the parent of our errors, and these, now grown vices, will be the artificers of our fate.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

No. 2.

THE three months past have been the season of disease, and if during that time the family physician has been wanting to the publick, he has a sufficient apology in his private engagements. In such seasons he and his brethren are impelled, both by their own interest and by motives generally esteemed much more honourable, to be watchful in their business, and not to be looking after vain things. Many observations and many reflections, which I have had occasion to make during this season, I should be happy to offer to the publick, could I render them as interesting to others, as they have been to myself.

The physician is not only admitted into the private chamber; the inmost recesses of the heart are laid open to him; and he has many opportunities to see the workings of the human mind, when under the influence of its most powerful feelings. Thus he sometimes sees exposed the deformity of human nature, and is disgusted by exhibitions of cruelty and ingratitude. For my

own part, however, it gives me pleasure to say, that the exhibition of friendly and kind feelings is much more common, than the reverse; and this even where no connexion leads to them, but that which the Samaritan recognized. It is just to add that these Christian feelings are most frequently discovered by females. The victims of disease, who have had no means of support, and who have been relieved by female charity and attentions, will bear witness that I am not guilty of flattery.

Great assistance and relief to the first does the physician see afforded by those, who are blessed with the good things of this world, and with the feelings which fit them for another. Perhaps in no city are private charities more readily bestowed on deserving objects, than in this metropolis. But notwithstanding such charities, it happens here as in other large towns, that many industrious, labouring people, oftentimes in their very entrance into life, are embarrassed and rendered dependent by the expenses of sickness. They sometimes lose their lives

apparently in consequence of this despondency ; but what is worse, they sometimes lose their good habits. Unwilling to yield, they continue to labour during sickness, until disease has fastened upon them ; and they then fall victims to an honest zeal, or are subjected to the most cruel apprehensions during a slow convalescence.

There is another class of people, among whom we frequently see distress and want of sufficient comforts in sickness, and that too where this would not be expected. This class is that of domestic servants. The causes of their suffering may not be obvious, but will readily be conceived when stated. Servants who devote to us their whole time are entitled to a full support, and when sick, they have unquestionably a claim to care from their masters or employers. They receive their food and lodging, and certain pecuniary compensation to supply themselves with cloathing, &c. Although this compensation is at the present day somewhat extravagant when compared with former times, yet it is not sufficient to support them in sickness. It ought therefore to be understood as a general law, that they are entitled to support from their masters when casually sick. Exactly how far their claim may extend will depend on circumstances.

But although masters should acknowledge the obligations, which this law imposes, yet it is oftentimes impossible to fulfil them. There are some persons of small property, who are obliged to employ assistants in their fam-

ilies, but who are unable to support the expenses of these when sick. Such is our prosperity, however, that this may not be a common case at present. But when a master has sufficient property, and sufficient benevolence, he is often unable to provide in a proper manner for his servant labouring under disease. The derangement of his family, from the very circumstance of the servant's sickness, renders him thus impotent without extra assistance, and this is very difficult to procure in season on a sudden emergency. How many housekeepers will remember that such has been their situation. How often is the physician prevented, under such circumstances, from advising a proper mode of treatment because he sees that it cannot be pursued.

Is not the charity of the town, if properly directed, equal to the relief of the sufferers of both classes, which have been described ? I presume that it is abundantly sufficient, and that no new tax need be imposed on the publick for this purpose. It would probably require that so much only, as is now bestowed in private, should be collected and systematically appropriated, to answer this purpose. Certainly the additional tax would bear no proportion to the additional benefit, which might be obtained.

The plan, which it would be necessary to adopt, is simply this : to collect those who are sick, and who cannot have proper care and assistance elsewhere, into one house, where they should be supplied with every thing necessary to their comfort, and be

attended by proper physicians, surgeons, and nurses. It would be necessary to give a name to such a house, which would not render it obnoxious to the poor and proud. It might very properly be called an Infirmary or Hospital. But if prejudices are entertained against these names, its purposes would not be defeated, though it should be called a hotel or boarding-house for the sick.

Let it suffice for the present that I have suggested the establishment of such a house. It is not a new scheme in my own

mind, but it is one which I ~~did~~ not think of proposing to the public, when I commenced this series of papers. The events of the last three months, events of the same kind as occur every year, have excited my attention more than usual, and have induced me to come forward on this subject. If a plan of this sort is agreeable to others, I shall be happy to receive communications respecting it. They may be left in the Anthology box, from which I will attend to procure them.

November, 1805.

LETTER FROM SICILY.

Messrs. Editors,

If it is your wish to preserve in your excellent miscellany original letters, you will not, I am sure, reject the following epistle, with which I was lately honoured by a literary friend, because it describes one of the most beautiful spots in the terraqueous globe. Yours, &c.
Sept. 8, 1805. E.W.

Palermo, May 17, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I WITH pleasure avail myself of this first opportunity to comply with your very flattering request.

Next to the pleasures of Palermo was our passage to it. During the thirty-five days which it formed we were so fortunate as to have but one head wind, which left us in twenty-four hours. We passed through a quantity of ice, floating off the Banks of Newfoundland, but with no injury to our vessel.

How shall I speak to you of Sicily! there is no bay more delightful, than that in which we are at anchor; and I never before inhaled an atmosphere so serene.

—“*Neque Medorum sylvæ ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Gangæ atque auro turbidus Hermus
Laudibus Siciliæ certant.*”——

You would much admire the harmonious semi-circle, which

this bay forms; the splendour of the city and its lofty towers; the busy Corso thronged with carriages, and the distant mountains diversified with vegetation. Villas, gardens, and vineyards, are every where scattered in gay profusion. There is no part of this scenery poor enough to be described with pen and ink; there is no spot to which the eye can turn, which does not excite admiration by its charms, or which has not been immortalised by ancient history.

The city, which is built upon a cape which unites the western mountain with the promontory of Pellignino, and which extending itself easterly to that of Zaffara forming the bay, you have been already introduced to by Mr. Brydone. Pellignino is the highest land near Palermo. From its head in clear weather you can observe the distant coasts of Si-

olly, the Lipari Isles, the hills of Syracuse, the birth place of Archimedes and Theocritus, and above all the towering smoke of Mount *Ætna*. I could no more describe the prospect from this situation, than I could increase its fame. You must see it or you never can know it.

The houses and palaces here are worthy of the place. The solemn grandeur of ancient architecture is however much obscured by modern adventitious incumbrances. There is an excellent custom throughout the city of having balconies before the

windows ; by these means those who are not disposed to take the evening air upon the Corso may enjoy it by a walk in this place.

I would say much to you respecting Sicily and the pleasure it has afforded me ; but, should I begin, where should I end ? I will then reserve it till I shall again have the pleasure of meeting you ; and only add, that I have derived much health and more satisfaction from this favourable voyage.

With respect and affection,
I am, &c.

THE REMARKER.

No. 3.

*Multa diu variisque labor mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius.*—

VIRG.

THERE once lived in my neighbourhood a merry old toper, who was in the habit of singing a song, of which this was the chorus,

Let's love God and mankind,
And take a good drink.

Though I feel no inclination to defend the practice or the poetry of this adherent to Bacchus, yet I have sometimes preferred his philosophy to certain Heracliti of the age, who uniformly decry what is new and extol what is old ; who see no evil in the past and no good in the future ; and who are everlastingly whining and weeping over the existing ignorance, follies, and infelicities of mankind. I take this indiscriminate railing against the depravity of the times to be the language of weakness and petulance. It may sometimes proceed from a heart steeped in the sorrows of life, but, I suspect, is oftener the offspring of a fee-

ble judgment, little knowledge, and much timidity. Whatever may have caused the general complaint, it ever has been fashionable to magnify present evils, and bewail the inferiority of modern to ancient privileges. Homer, the father of poetry, lamented, in his time, the degeneracy of men, and ascribed to one of his characters, who had lived in a preceding age, the power of performing as much as ten ordinary men of his own generation. Virgil, a thousand years posterior to the Grecian bard, going on the same supposition of the continual deterioration of our species, however inconsistent with the sentiment of my motto, gives to the king of the Rutuli the strength of twelve such men, as the earth in his days produced ; and from the time of this prince of the poets to the present hour, the increasing depravity of th

e

world has been the mournful theme of every muse, and the subject of satire with every moralist.

The fact seems to be this. It is natural for man more bitterly to deplore his present than his past sufferings. The iron tooth of time, which devours every thing, wears away the sense of calamities which are no longer oppressive. The physical and moral ills which afflicted our ancestors are indeed the record of history, but few of us only have the power, the will, and the leisure to consult its pages; whereas all have eyes to see and passions to feel the inconveniences and disasters, the crimes and miseries which now surround them. In the elder ages of the world our race must have been terrified and afflicted by the same cold blasts, the same scorching heats, the same convulsions and ravages of the elements, as are the terror and affliction of us; but our means of mitigating the severity of these natural evils were not in their possession. What we deem the necessary arts were then scarcely and clumsily practised, and the elegant accommodations of life were wholly unknown. In consequence of the limited knowledge and commerce of the early ages, people of every country were exposed often to scarcity, and at times to famine; for the herbs, fruits, and animals of one region were rarely exchanged for the superfluities of another. It is therefore credible, that the selfishness, cruelties, and distress attending on want, were experienced after a sort, of which modern times can furnish no example.

The last eighteen hundred years of the world's existence forms an era, on which we look, to be sure, with mixed emotions of horror and delight; yet no anterior period of equal length can be reviewed with equal satisfaction. The introduction of christianity on the earth gradually meliorated the condition of its inhabitants. Compare the discoveries of science and the improvements of art, which have been made by christians, with the discoveries and improvements of the eighteen centuries immediately preceding the birth of Jesus, and what is the result? In morals compare the doctrines of Socrates, of Plato, of Epictetus, of Epicurus, and of Seneca with those of the gospel, and look at the comparison! Generally speaking, in proportion as christianity has been disseminated, a spirit of inquiry and enterprize, of humanity, toleration, and refinement has succeeded to the glooms of ignorance, rudeness, and superstition. It has softened the rigour of arbitrary governments; mitigated the ferociousness of war; bettered the condition of slaves; has instituted, and is continually instituting, methods of abolishing slavery itself; and promises a general extension of rational freedom.

In forming this conclusion in favour of modern times, I mean to offer no incense to modern vanity. Hundreds and thousands of our age are polluted by sensuality, disgraced by affectation, poisoned by ill principles, deformed by pride, and destroyed by ambition. In our day we have seen the prostitution of the finest talents, and the perversion of the

best things to the worst purposes. We often observe the publick taste corrupted through the medium of skeptical and libidinous books. Profane wits have indeed been the mushroom growth of every age; but never perhaps to that degree, as within the last half century, were mankind insulted from the press with irreligion, ribaldry, and nonsense.

Nevertheless, the state of society, on the whole, is, probably, improving. Whilst we mourn the misfortunes of our merchants, the mistakes of our politicians, and the atheism of our philosophers, let us not forget to honour the myriads of our fellowmen now associated, or associating, for the

diffusion of useful knowledge, and the diminution of human wo. In all parts of the civilized world we annually observe charity schools of various orders established, hospitals founded and endowed, the grandest inventions disclosed for controlling the force of diverse diseases, and plans projected for rendering these inventions generally efficacious. So that notwithstanding the eye of posterity will behold a stigma on the age, on account of several foolish and baneful innovations, it will yet forever be distinguished by many real and valuable accessions to commerce, science, liberty, and religion.

N.

DESCRIPTION OF BONAPARTE.

The following letter from a friend in London was written soon after his return from a visit to Paris. It contains a few lively touches of all that can be seen of Bonaparte; and though what was seen is set down with all the ease and pleasantness of table-talk, it will be acknowledged by every traveller to be a faithful sketch of that "man who is now become a god."

London, Aug. 16, 1805.

SINCE I wrote so plentifully by the Anacreon you need not expect much more very soon, though while the subject is fresh, why should I not tell you about the wonder of the age, le grand Napoleon.....ou Napoleon le grand? I will set down just what trifles I observed,

The first time I saw him was at a review, which is usually on Sunday. I was stationed in a balcony, and with my opera glass determined to watch the movement of every muscle. The troops, all cavalry without the yard of the palace, were drawn up in several lines in the Place Carrousel. Within the iron railing, or court, were the consular, now imperial

foot guards. I could not help observing that the cavalry was much better mounted and equipped than I expected. They were in all about 5000. They kept no order in the lines till the trumpets announced that his little majesty, that was to be in a few days, was mounted on his white Arabian. At that instant, I looked towards the court, and saw a little fellow galloping in full speed through the lines, attended by a Mameluke and half a dozen officers covered with lace and plumes, who with much difficulty kept pace with him. He now sallied forth into the square, and was soon stopped by a crowd of women and men who were waiting to present their petitions. I

was a little surprized to see him so willing to expose himself. He was within a few paces of me. He immediately dropped his reins, and took the petitions, which were thrust upon him with very little ceremony. Some he instantly handed over to his officers, and others he read with much apparent interest, frequently conversing with the petitioners, and looking with an eye which is not easily described, nor to be observed indeed without some dread. He sat on his horse in the posture of a man who was absorbed in a thousand reflections, and with a *hollow stomach*, as children call it, as if he had not eaten for a month. He was dressed in a blue coat with broad white facing and little buttons, and buttoned close up to his chin without showing any linen; a pair of white breeches, and black boots; and above all, a small cocked hat, no trimmings, but with a little sneaking cockade (the last fragment of the revolution) on the top edge. He has a face rather handsome, that is, the features are so; the lower jaw and chin somewhat large and full. His teeth are fine. His complexion is neither sallow nor unhealthy, as has been said: it is of that fairness which Mr. ***** has. His hair is black, and cut all away from the ears, without whiskers. His eyes shew much of the white; the pupil being large, and the iris very small, they have a very bright, darting, and fierce look. All around they are literally black and blue, as if he had not slept, but thought and studied night and day. There is on the whole, a look of great energy, and none of any amiable

quality: less of the sun-burnt warrior, than of the student of "genie." After resting an hour in reading petitions, he suddenly snatched up his reins, regardless of what was about or before him, and dashed on in full gallop. He rides very badly, with short stirrups, which throw him continually on the back of his saddle. Every motion is so quick, so *militaire*, that there is neither grace nor dignity in his deportment; nothing but his face is imperial, and that will rank very well with the Cæsars; there is much of the Roman in it.

Now you shall have him in another light, at the theatre, where he is always much exposed, though, as he sits low in the box, if he were a little taller he would be much more so. When he enters, he is so quick that he is always seated before any one is aware of his august presence. A faint applause is attempted, and he half rises which puts an end to it. During the performance he looks continually towards the stage, now and then catching a glance at his chained tigers in the pit, turning his eyes in a sly way without moving his head. He continually picks his nose like an irritable man...takes snuff, and then, Frenchman like, blows his trumpet. He has a fine high forehead, that is, it is rather narrow, but the distance is great between his eye brows and the hair, which grows far from the face. His hair is totally neglected, cut rather short. I have frequently been at the theatre, when in the old plays of Racine and Corneille there have been very severe

lusions to his situation, to his usurpation, &c. which probably the audience applauded, in *old times* ; but they are sure now to receive them with instantaneous and loud applause. He however only runs his *forefinger under the end of his nose* : "kick if you will, but I have ye fast enough." A new play, however, called *Henri VIII.* came out, which he attended, as he often does a first representation ; it contained a continual invective against him, and he instantly ordered the piece suppressed. You may ask, how they dared bring it forth ? Why he might with more safety imprison every man in Paris, than encroach upon the liberty of the stage ; it is a Frenchman's birth right, I may say. It is the school in which they receive all their principles ; and where TWENTY-EIGHT are opened every night, you may imagine it to be the substitute both for school and church.

To continue my subject : when Bonaparte rises to quit the theatre, he turns to the audience, shows a fine row of teeth, (what a tiger's grin !) makes several quick bows and disappears. A few voices immediately, as ordered, sound forth the "*vive l'Empereur !*" and a few clap their hands ; but I never yet have witnessed any thing but a cold indifference in any audience. The French are very quick and unanimous ; and could he once excite them to applaud him, it would pervade the whole audience, and there would be no end to their enthusiasm.

As to the empress, she looks, from knowing a little of the old court, somewhat as becomes imperial majesty. There is an ap-

pearance of great anxiety, of that kind of disturbed feelings, which a person has who is mounted on a high place, or in danger of being overturned in a carriage ; a look which all her guards and splendour cannot banish from her countenance. She is generally very well painted, well dressed, & seems to be about fifty. She is or pretends to be very religious. I saw on her toilette at St. Cloud, several religious works and a splendid bible ! It is said she is much troubled by the predictions of a fortune-teller when young. She was told that she would marry a nobleman, Count Beauharnois ; that he would die an unnatural death ; that afterwards she would pass a miserable and perilous life ; would finally be a queen, and greater than a queen, but "*gar-la chute !*" was the sentence : "*Beware of the fall !*" All this would naturally be invented, but I was told it by Frenchmen who were in the habit of meeting her during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt.

She seldom is seen in publick, which I can account for only from her aversion to meet the eyes of some former gallants, who would proudly proclaim their intimacy.

I should like to describe to you the wonderful magnificence of the apartments of St. Cloud, to which I had access in company with madame Lauriston. Among other things, I could not help observing in the hall of the throne, fitted up or begun *before* he was proclaimed emperor ; that the cornice was ornamented by a Cock (France) on the back of a crouching Lion ! (England.) The gentlemen pointed at it very significantly. In four compartments

of the ceiling were the imperial arms, executed *before* the people willed so kindly that he should be urged to do them the favour to accept the empire !

The apartments of the Empress are the most beautiful. The window curtains are principally of the first muslin and silk, thrown over a rod or arrow, and drawn aside ; silk on one and muslin the other side of the window.

Her bathing room is a curiosity. It is about eight feet square, and composed entirely of mirrors. On two opposite sides are narrow pilasters, which are so regularly and so many times reflected, that one is obliged to feel of the walls not to believe that it is a gallery 300 feet long. The trough for the Imperial Venus to wallow in is of white marble.

I could not avoid observing at Malmaison, that in Bonaparte's library every thing relates to Egypt ; books, maps, and models. And at the annual exhibition, the painting which was crowned with laurel, represented him in the famous hospital at Jaffa, among the pestiferous soldiers, touching the virulent sore of one. I could mention other things showing not only his penchant to Egypt, but that he is proud and flattered by his bloody and abominable achieve-

ments there. Frenchmen are kept ignorant of, and many will not believe what Sir R. Wilson wrote.

I often asked at Paris, whether *he* governed, or Talleyrand, or some others, and was always assured that he originates and conducts every thing. Talleyrand may be ordered to draw up such a document ; Cambaceres such a law ; Marbois or Lebrun such a scheme of finance : but he is prime mover.

Upon the whole, instead of despising and detesting Bonaparte, I was compelled rather to applaud and admire him *as the Chief of a nation*. Who would prefer being governed by an ignorant, wilful, wicked mob, or democratick people, to being subject to the skilful, deliberate, and protecting will of an individual ? I want no mercy in justice, nor a regard to popular feelings in a government.

Bonaparte governs with an energy truly admirable ; and although we hear of " *déeds of darkness*" and all that, much exaggerated, the people of Paris, from the excellency of the police, enjoy all the benefits which result from perfect order ; benefits, which I wish were to be enjoyed as surely in Boston ; or even in this city of free thinking and too free acting !

SILVA.

No. 9.

" *Sparget agrestes tibi silva frondes.*"

DR. JOHNSON. EDMUND BURKE.

THE characteristick power of the mind of Dr. Johnson seems to have been that of viewing every object to which it was directed steadily, clearly, and in all its relations. Before his mental eye

the colouring spread by imagination, and the glare circumfused by passion faded away, and the elements of things lay naked and bare to his inspection. It is hence that he always explains fully and decides distinctly. Too wise

as well as too honest, he never perplexes with sophistry, nor ever confuses with what is general and undefined. We are instructed, and convinced, and trust ourselves confidently to his guidance. From the rectitude of his reason and from the rectitude of his moral principles he may claim, perhaps in an higher degree than any other man, the praise, to which he aspired, the praise (I quote language beautiful enough to be once more repeated) of having "given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

The talents of Edmund Burke were of a different order. He saw indeed much, but always rapidly and often indistinctly. Yet from the wonderful variety of ideas spread before his imagination (the prevailing power of his mind) if he could not always explain, he could always illustrate; to every object he could produce parallels and on every subject, analogies. As an author therefore he seldom leads us directly forward with an eye steadily fixed on the object of research; his path winds among blossoms and fruits and flowers,

by nature boon
Foir'd forth profuse,

through luxuriant and wild vegetation, where to us bewildered amid variety of beauty, our leader sometimes seems forgetful of his purpose and direction. Obscure it is true, he sometimes is, "*luxuriâ foliorum exuberat umbra.*" But it seems to be his general character, that where he does not instruct he delights, that where he does not convince he persuades; and if our reason be sometimes reluctant to join him,

Vol. II. No. 11. 3B

all our better feelings desert at once in his favour.

Edmund Burke has been compared to Cicero. For myself I can trace little resemblance between them, except that each was an orator of the highest rank, and except too that the author of the "Reflections on the French Revolution" may claim, perhaps with as much justice as the Roman Consul, the title of "saviour of his country." The language of Cicero is far less coloured and metaphorical, than that of Burke. As an orator he keeps his subject steadily in view, and every idea introduced joins the general current and contributes to increase its force. Even his "egotism" is made subsidiary to his eloquence. As an orator therefore he is superior to Burke, in imagination perhaps not his equal. More resemblance it seems to me may be traced between the philosopher of Tusculum and the author of the Rambler; and I do not discern either in ancient or modern times any other parallel, I had almost said any other equal, of Dr. Johnson.

O MAISON D'ARISTIPPE ! O JARDIN D'EPICURE !

THE art of pleasure, (that of happiness is a different thing) is perhaps little more, than the art of laughing at vexation and trifling with life; the art to forget what has happened, and to be careless what may. The present moment is jealous of her power,

* For examples of this among many others, see his Oration for M. Marcellus, his Oration de accusatione in C. Verrem constituendo, the exordium of the 4th Oration against Cataline, and more particularly the exordium of the 2d Philippiæ; *Quoniam nunc esto, &c.*

and will seldom suffer us to be at ease, if we presume to recal the past or anticipate the future.

CANDIDE....RASSELAS.

Voltaire in his "Candide" with merry mischief destroys the fragile hopes of life and gives us nothing better to supply their place.

"Travaillons sans raisonner," dit Martin, "c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable."

It is not thus with the author of *Rasselas*.

"To me," said the princess, "the choice of life has become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity."

I am afraid, that he, who labours without reflection and consequently without hope, will find life not very tolerable. But he whose labours are influenced by a regard to the choice of eternity may enjoy even here something of cheerfulness. With much to suffer he will have much to expect; for that religion, of which Johnson was the disciple and Voltaire the foe, will afford him an humble assurance, that after toiling through this night of dreams, he shall waken in the light of the morning.

CATULLUS.

THOUGH to the poems of Catullus no modest man will give general praise, yet not a few of them appear 'bright through the rubbish,' by which they are surrounded. The original of the following lines (his address *ad Sirmionem peninsulam*) has by some been considered exquisitely beautiful. The home of the Latin poet seems to have been one of those "retreats from

care," which Goldsmith with plaintive hopelessness delighted in describing.

TRANSLATION.

(From the *Sirmio* of Catullus.)

Sweet Sirmio; little isle most dear
Of all, which mid our lakes appear,
Or in the ocean's boundless waves;
Of all, that either Neptune laves,
Full gladly I return to thee;
Scarce yet believing I am free
From Thynia and the Euxine shore,
And safely see my home once more:
How heavenly to be loosed from care,
To drop the load so hard to bear,
And tired with all our wanderings past,
To come to our own house at last,
And every foreign trouble fled
To rest on our accustomed bed.
'Tis this succeeding calm alone,
Which for such labours can atone;
All hail, my Sirmio! lovely isle
Receive thy master with a smile;
Ye waters of the Lydian lake
Of all our common joy partake;
Wild laughter, too, that lov'st the place,
Now welcome me with merry face.

TRANSLATION FROM THE CLASSICS.

OF all the arguments against the study of the classical languages the weakest seems to be (if one may venture to settle such a doubtful point of precedency) "that we may procure translations." It discovers taste and knowledge, and comprehension not unlike those of the celebrated conqueror of Corinth, who, when the finished labours of Grecian art were to be transported from that city to Rome, declared (as every body knows) that it should be at the peril of the persons, who conveyed them; and that if any of the articles were damaged or lost, they must take care to provide similar ones equally valuable.

RICHARDSON.

I AM not much pleased with the character of Sir Charles Gran-

dison, as delineated by Richardson. It is drawn, as Queen Elizabeth would have her portrait, without shades ; I do not mean without defects, but without the retreating and softer virtues, the virtues not of action, but of suffering. Some I know have supposed it unnatural, because too nearly approaching perfection. Unnatural indeed it is, but not for this reason, but because all his endeavours are successful and all his virtues triumphant ; and it is thus uninteresting too, because we can feel no concern for a man, who we are sure is always to come off as an hero. It does not seem to me, that the effect produced in a character by the contrast of dissimilar virtues is sufficiently attended to by those, who have the forming of fictitious models of excellence. There is nothing with which I am more pleased in the Brutus of Shakespeare, the stoical philosopher, the man patient of suffering and careless of life, than a little incident of kindness to his boy, who is sleeping.

I will not do thee so much harm to wake thee.
If thou dost nod thou'lt break thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee.

The Emily of Mrs. Ratcliffe is perhaps not very distant from a perfect character ; for to no common strength and rectitude of principle she unites all the delicacy, tenderness, and generosity, and all the lighter graces of a woman. But to return for a moment to Richardson, from whom in talking of Mrs. Ratcliffe, we have wandered not a little way ; some of his scenes of passion seem to be calculated to produce an effect as ludicrous or rather as

disgusting, as those designs in painting, which are sometimes met with, where whatever violent emotions it is intended to express, all the figures introduced are placed in attitudes, the most genteel imaginable.

SANNIZARIUS.

THE following description of night is from the poem of Sannizarius, de partu Virginis. One might easily mistake it for an extract from Virgil.

Tempus erat, quo nox tardis invecta quadrigis
Nondum stelliferi mediam pervenit Olympi
Ad metam, et tacit scintillant sydera motu.
Cum sylvae, urbesque silent, cum fœda labore
Accipiunt placidos mortalia pectora somnos ;
Non fera, non volucris, non picto corpore
serpens
Dat sonitum. Jamque in cineres consererat
Igns ultimus. —

There is another short description of night in one of his piscatory eclogues, which may please from its consonance to the marine character of these poems.

Aspice, cuncta silent, Orcas et maxima cete
Somnus habet, tacitos recubant per litora
phocæ,
Non Zephyri strepit aura, sopor suus humida
mulcet
Æquora, sopito connivent sydera coelo.

In the third eclogue, there is a simile too, which is prettily appropriate.

Qualis tranquillo quæ labitur sequore cymba,
Cum Zephyris summæ crispantur leniter undæ,
Tuta volat, luditque hilaris per transtra juven-
ventus,
Talis vita mihi dum me Chloris amat.

There is a line of Lord Strangford,

"His course was pleasure's placid wave,"

in which the simile of Sannizarius is exhibited in miniature.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING,

Continued from p. 526.

ACT V.

SCENE—*The Palace. An old Chamberlain fighting.*

Chamberlain. ALAS ! what a decrepit old age have I attained !—This wand, which I first held for the discharge of my customary duties in the secret apartments of my prince, is now my support, whilst I walk feebly through the multitude of years which I have passed.—I must now mention to the king, as he goes through the palace, an event which concerns himself : it must not be delayed.—[*Advancing slowly.*—What is it ?—Oh ! I recollect : the devout pupils of Canna desire an audience.—How strange a thing is human life !—The intellects of an old man seem at one time luminous, and then on a sudden are involved in darkness, like the flame of a lamp at the point of extinction.—[*He walks round and looks.*—There is Dushmanta : he has been attending to his people, as to his own family ; and now with a tranquil heart seeks a solitary chamber ; as an elephant the chief of his herd, having grazed the whole morning, and being heated by the meridian sun, repairs to a cool station during the oppressive heats.—Since the king is just risen from his tribunal, and must be fatigued, I am almost afraid to inform him at present that Canna's pupils are arrived : yet how should they who support nations enjoy rest ?—The sun yokes his bright steeds for the labour of many hours ; the gale breathes by night and by day ; the prince of serpents continually sustains the weight of this earth ; and equally incessant is the toil of that man, whose revenue arises from a sixth part of his people's income. [*He walks about.*

Enter Dushmanta, Madhavya, and Attendants.

Dushm. Every petitioner having attained justice, is departed happy ; but kings who perform their duties conscientiously are afflicted without end.—The anxiety of acquiring dominion gives extreme pain ; and, when it is firmly established, the cares of supporting the nation incessantly harass the sovereign ;

as a large umbrella, of which a man carries the staff in his own hand, fatigues while it shades him.

Behind the scenes. May the king be victorious !

Two Bards repeat stanzas.

First Bard. Thou seekest not thy own pleasure : no ; it is for the people that thou art harassed from day to day. Such, when thou wast created, was the disposition implanted in thy soul ! Thus a branchy tree bears on his head the scorching sunbeams, while his broad shade allays the fever of those who seek shelter under him.

Second Bard. When thou wieldest the rod of justice, thou bringest to order all those who have deviated from the path of virtue : thou biddest contention cease : thou wast formed for the preferment of thy people : thy kindred possess, indeed, considerable wealth ; but so boundless is thy affection, that all thy subjects are considered by thee as thy kinsmen.

Dushm. [*Lifening.*] That sweet poetry refreshes me after the toil of giving judgments and public orders.

Madh. Yes ; as a tired bull is refreshed when the people say, " There goes the lord of cattle."

Dushm. [*Smiling.*] Oh ! art thou here, my friend : let us take our seats together. [*The king and Madhavya sit down.—Music behind the scenes.*

Madh. Listen, my royal friend. I hear a well-tuned Vina sounding, as if it were in concert with the lutes of the gods, from yonder apartment.—The queen Handamati is preparing, I imagine, to greet you with a new song.

Dushm. Be silent, that I may listen.

Cham. [*Aside.*] The king's mind seems intent upon some other business. I must wait his leisure. [*Retiring on one side.*

Song [behind the scenes.]

" Sweet bee, who, desirous of extracting fresh honey, wast wont to kiss the soft border of the new-blown Amra flower, how canst thou now be satisfied with the water lily, and forget the first object of thy love ?"

Dufm. The ditty breathes a tender passion.

Madb. Does the king know its meaning? It is too deep for me.

Dufm. [Smiling.] I was once in love with Hanlamati, and am now reproved for continuing so long absent from her.—Friend Madbhavya, inform the queen in my name, that I feel the reproof.

Madb. As the king commands; but—[Rising slowly]—My friend, you are going to seize a sharp lance with another man's hand. I cannot relish your commission to an enraged woman.—A hermit cannot be happy till he has taken leave of all passions whatever.

Dufm. Go, my kind friend, the urbanity of thy discourse will appease her.

Madb. What an errand! [He goes out.]

Dufm. [Aside.] Ah! what makes me so melancholy on hearing a mere song on absence, when I am not in fact separated from no real object of my affection?—Perhaps the sadness of men, otherwise happy, on seeing beautiful forms and listening to sweet melody, arises from some faint remembrance of past joys, and the traces of connections in a former state of existence.

Cham. [Advancing humbly.] May our sovereign be victorious!—Two religious men, with some women, are come from their abode in a forest near the Snowy Mountains, and bring a message from Cana.—The king will command.

Dufm. [Surprised.] What! are pious hermits arrived in the company of women?

Cham. It is even so.

Dufm. Order the priest Sômaratâ, in my name, to shew them due reverence in the form appointed by the Vêda; and bid him attend me. I shall wait for my holy guests in a place fit for their reception.

Cham. I obey. [He goes out.]

Dufm. Wardour, point the way to the hearth of the consecrated fire.

Cham. This, O king, this is the way,—[He walks before]—Here is the entrance of the hallowed enclosure; and there stands the venerable cow to be milked for the sacrifice, looking bright from the recent sprinkling of mystick water.—Let the king ascend. [Dufmanta is raised to the place of sacrifice on the shoulders of his wardours.]

Dufm. What message can the pious

Cana have sent me?—Has the devotion of his pupils been impeded by evil spirits—or by what other calamity?—Or has any harm, alas! befallen the poor herds who graze in the hallowed forest?—Or have the fens of the king tainted the flowers and fruits of the creepers planted by female hermits?—My mind is entangled in a labyrinth of confused apprehensions.

Ward. What our sovereign imagines, cannot possibly have happened; since the hermitage has been rendered secure from evil by the mere sound of his bowstring. The pious men, whom the king's benevolence has made happy, are come, I presume, to do him homage.

Enter Sangarava, Saradwata, and Gautami, leading Sacontala by the hand; and before them the old Chamberlain, and the Priest.

Cham. This way, respectable strangers; come this way.

Sarn. My friend Saradwata, there fits the king of men, who has felicity at command, yet shows equal respect to all: here no subject, even of the lowest class, is received with contempt. Nevertheless, my soul having ever been free from attachment to worldly things, I consider this hearth, although a crowd now surround it, as the station merely of consecrated fire.

Sarad. I was not less confounded than yourself on entering the populous city; but now I look on it, as a man just bathed in pure water, on a man smeared with oil and dust, as the pure on the impure, as the waking on the sleeping, as the freeman on the captive, as the independent on the slave.

Priest. Thence it is, that men, like you two, are so elevated above other mortals.

Sac. [Perceiving a bad omen.] Venerable mother, I feel my right eye throb! What means this involuntary motion?

Gaut. Heaven avert the omen, my sweet child! May every delight attend thee!

[They all advance.]

Priest. [Shewing the king to them.] There, holy men, is the protector of the people; who has taken his seat, and expects you.

Sarn. This is what we wished; yet we have no private interest in the business. It is ever thus: trees are bent

by the abundance of their fruit; clouds are brought low when they team with salubrious rain; and the real benefactors of mankind are not elated by riches.

Ward. O king, the holy guests appear before you with placid looks, indicating their affection.

Dufm. [*Gazing at Sacontala.*] Ah! what damsel is that whose mantle conceals the far greater part of her beautiful form?—She looks, among the hermits, like a fresh green bud among faded and yellow leaves.

Ward. This at least, O king, is apparent; that she has a form which deserves to be seen more distinctly.

Dufm. Let her still be covered; she seems pregnant, and the wife of another must not be seen even by me.

Sac. [*Aside with her hand to her bosom.*] O my heart, why dost thou palpitate?—Remember the beginning of thy lord's affection, and be tranquil.

Priest. May the king prosper! The respectable guests have been honoured as the law ordains; and they have now a message to deliver from their spiritual guide: let the king deign to hear it.

Dufm. [*With reverence.*] I am attentive.

Bob Misras. [*Extending their hands.*] Victory attend thy banners!

Dufm. I respectfully greet you both.

Bob. Blessings on our sovereign!

Dufm. Has your devotion been uninterrupted?

Sarn. How should our rights be disturbed, when thou art the preserver of all creatures? How, when the bright sun blazes, should darkness cover the world?

Dufm. [*Aside.*] The name of royalty produces, I suppose, all worldly advantages!—[*Aloud.*]—Does the holy Canna then prosper?

Sarn. O king, they who gather the fruits of devotion may command prosperity. He first inquires affectionately whether thy arms are successful, and then addresses thee in these words:—

Dufm. What are his orders?

Sarn. "The contract of marriage, reciprocally made between thee and this girl, my daughter, I confirm with tender regard; since thou art celebrated as the most honourable of men, and my Sacontala is Virtue herself in a human form, no blasphemous complaint

will henceforth be made against Brahma for suffering discordant matches: he has now united a bride and bridegroom with qualities equally transcendent.—Since therefore, she is pregnant by thee, receive her in thy palace, that she may perform, in conjunction with thee, the duties prescribed by religion.

Gaut. Great king, thou hast a mild aspect; and I wish to address thee in few words.

Dufm. [*Smiling.*] Speak venerable matron.

Gaut. She waited not the return of her spiritual father; nor were thy kindred consulted by thee. You two only were present, when your nuptials were solemnized: now therefore converse freely together in the absence of all others.

Sac. [*Aside.*] What will my lord say?

Dufm. [*Aside, perplexed.*] How strange an adventure!

Sac. [*Aside.*] Ah me! how disdainfully he seems to receive the message!

Sarn. [*Aside.*] What means that phrase which I overheard, "How strange an adventure?"—[*Aloud.*]—Monarch, thou knowest the hearts of men. Let a wife behave ever so discreetly, the world will think ill of her, if she live only with her paternal kinsman; and a lawful wife now requests, as her kindred also humbly entreat, that whether she be loved or not, she may pass her days in the mansion of her husband.

Dufm. What sayest thou!—Am I the lady's husband?

Sac. [*Aside, with anguish.*] O my heart, thy fears have proved just.

Sarn. Does it become a magnificent prince to depart from the rules of religion and honour, merely because he repents of his engagements?

Dufm. With what hope of success could this groundless fable have been invented?

Sarn. [*Angrily.*] The minds of those whom power intoxicates are perpetually changing.

Dufm. I am reproved with too great severity.

Gaut. [*To Sacontala.*] Be not ashamed, my sweet child: let me take off thy mantle, that the king may recollect thee.

(*She unveils her,*

Dufm. [*Aside, looking at Sacontala.*] While I am doubtful whether this was

blemished beauty which is displayed before me has not been possessed by another, I resemble a bee fluttering at the close of night over a blossom filled with dew : and in this state of mind, I neither can enjoy nor forsake her.

Ward. (Aside to Dushmanta.) The king best knows his rights and his duties : but who would hesitate when a woman, bright as a gem, brings lustre to the apartments of his palace ?

Sarn. What, O king, does thy strange silence import ?

Dushm. Holy man, I have been meditating again and again, but have no recollection of my marriage with this lady. How then can I lay aside all consideration of my military tribe, and admit into my palace a young woman who is pregnant by another husband ?

Sac. (Aside.) Ah ! wo is me.—Can there be a doubt even of our nuptials ? —The tree of my hope, which had risen so luxuriantly, is at once broken down.

Sarn. Beware, lest the godlike sage, who would have bestowed on thee, as a free gift, his inestimable treasure, which thou hadst taken, like a base robber, should now cease to think of thee, who art lawfully married to his daughter, and should confine all his thoughts to her whom thy perfidy disgraces.

Sarad. Rest a while, my Sarngarava ; and thou, Scontala, take thy turn to speak ; since thy lord has declared his forgetfulness.

Sac. (Aside.) If his affection has ceased, of what use will it be to recal his remembrance of me ?—Yet, if my soul must endure torment, be it so : I will speak to him.—*(Aloud to Dushmanta.)*—O my husband !—*(Pausing.)*—Or (if the just application of that sacred word be still doubted by thee) O son of Puru, is it becoming, that having been once enamoured of me in the consecrated forest, and having shown the excess of thy passion, thou shouldst this day deny me with bitter expressions ?

Dushm. (Covering his ears.) Be the crime removed from my soul !—Thou hast been instructed for some base purpose to vilify me, and make me fall from the dignity which I have hitherto supported ; as a river which has burst

its banks and altered its placid current, overthrows the trees that had risen aloft on them.

Sac. If thou sayst this merely from want of recollection, I will restore thy memory by producing thy own ring, with thy name engraved on it !

Dushm. A capital invention !

Sac. (Looking at her finger.) Ah me ! I have no ring.

(She fixes her eyes with anguish on Gautami.)

Gaut. The fatal ring must have dropped, my child, from thy hand, when thou tookest up water to pour on thy head in the pool of Sathitirtha, near the station of Sacravatara.

Dushm. (Smiling.) So skilful are women in finding ready excuses !

Sac. The power of Brama must prevail : I will yet mention one circumstance.

Dushm. I must submit to hear the tale.

Sac. One day, in a grove of Vetasas, thou tookest water in thy hand from its natural vase of lotos leaves——

Dushm. What followed ?

Sac. At that instant a little fawn, which I had reared as my own child, approached thee ; and thou saidst with benevolence : “ Drink thou first, gentle fawn.” He would not drink from the hand of a stranger, but received water eagerly from mine ; when thou saidst, with increasing affection : “ Thus every creature loves its companions ; you are both foresters alike, and both alike amiable.”

Dushm. By such interested and honied falsehoods are the souls of voluptuaries ensnared !

Gaut. Forbear, illustrious prince, to speak harshly. She was bred in a sacred grove where she learned no guile.

Dushm. Pious matron, the dexterity of females, even when they are untaught, appears in those of a species different from our own.—What would it be if they were duly instructed !—The female Cocilas, before they fly towards the firmament, leave their eggs to be hatched, and their young fed, by birds who have no relation to them.

Sac. (With anger.) Oh ! void of honour, thou measurest all the world by thy own bad heart. What prince ever resembled, or ever will resemble, thee, who wearest the garb of religion and virtue, but in truth art a base deceiver ;

like a deep well whose mouth is covered with smiling plants !

Dushm. (*Aside.*) The rusticity of her education makes her speak thus angrily and inconsistently with female decorum.—She looks indignant; her eye glows; and her speech, formed of harsh terms, falters as she utters them. Her lip, ruddy as the Bimba fruit, quivers as if it were nipped with frost; and her eyebrows, naturally smooth and equal, are at once irregularly contracted.—Thus having failed in circumventing me by the apparent lustre of simplicity, she has recourse to wrath, and snaps in two the bow of Cama, which, if she had not belonged to another, might have wounded me.—(*Aloud.*)—The heart of Dushmanta, young woman, is known to all; and thine is betrayed by thy present demeanour.

Sac. (*Ironically.*) You kings are in all cases to be credited implicitly: you perfectly know the respect which is due to virtue and to mankind; while females, however modest, however virtuous, know nothing, and speak nothing truly.—In a happy hour I came hither to seek the object of my affection: in a happy moment I received the hand of a prince descended from Puru; a prince who had won my confidence by the honey of his words, whilst his heart concealed the weapon that was to pierce mine.

(*She hides her face and weeps.*)

Sarn. This insufferable mutability of the king's temper kindles my wrath. Henceforth let all be circumspect before they form secret connections: a friendship hastily contracted, when both hearts are not perfectly known, must ere long become enmity.

Dushm. Wouldst thou force me then to commit an enormous crime, relying solely on her smooth speeches ?

Sarn. (*Scornfully.*) Thou hast heard an answer.—The words of an incomparable girl, who never learned what iniquity was, are here to receive no credit; while they, whose learning consists in accusing others, and inquiring into crimes, are the only persons who speak truth !

Dushm. O man of unimpeached veracity, I certainly am what thou describest; but what would be gained by accusing thy female associate ?

Sarn. Eternal misery.

Dushm. No; misery will never be the portion of Puru's descendants.

Sarn. What avails our altercation ?—O king, we have obeyed the commands of our preceptor, and now return. Sacontala is by law thy wife, whether thou desert or acknowledge her; and the dominion of a husband is absolute.—Go before us, Gautami. [*The two Misfraz and Gautami returning.*]

Sac. I have been deceived by this perfidious man; but will you, my friends, will you also forsake me ? (*Following them.*)

Gaut. My son, Sacontala follows us with affectionate supplications. What can she do here with a faithless husband: she who is all tenderness ?

Sarn. (*Angrily to Sacontala.*) O wife, who seest the faults of thy lord, dost thou desire independence ?

Sarnad. Let the queen hear. If thou beest what the king proclaims thee, what right hast thou to complain ? But if thou knowest the parity of thy own soul, it will become thee to wait as a handmaid in the mansion of thy lord. Stay, then, where thou art: we must return to Canna.

Dushm. Deceive her not, holy men, with vain expectations. The moon opens the night flower; and the sun makes the water lily blossom: each is confined to its own object: and thus a virtuous man abstains from any connection with the wife of another.

Sarn. Yet thou, O king, who fearest to offend religion and virtue, art not afraid to desert thy wedded wife; pretending that the variety of thy publick affairs has made thee forget thy private contract.

Dushm. (*To his Priest.*) I really have no remembrance of any such engagement; and I ask thee, my spiritual counsellor, whether of the two offences be the greater, to forsake my own wife, or to have an intercourse with the wife of another ?

Priest. (*After some deliberation.*) We may adopt an expedient between both.

Dushm. Let my venerable guide command.

Priest. The young woman may dwell till her delivery in my house.

Dushm. For what purpose ?

Priest. Wise astrologers have assured the king, that he will be the father of an illustrious prince, whose dominions

will be bounded by the western and eastern seas: now, if the holy man's daughter shall bring forth a son whose hands and feet bear the marks of extensive sovereignty, I will do homage to her as my queen, and conduct her to the royal apartments; if not, she shall return in due time to her father.

Dufm. Be it as you judge proper.

Priest. [To *Sacantala*.] This way, my daughter, follow me.

Sac. O earth! mild goddess, give me a place within thy bosom!

[*She goes out weeping with the Priest; while the two Misras go out by different way with Gautami.*—

Dufmanta stands meditating on the beauty of *Sacantala*; but the imprecation still clouds his memory.

Behind the scenes. Oh! miraculous event!

Dufm. [*Listening.*] What can have happened!

The Priest re-enters.

Priest. Hear, O king, the stupendous event. When Canna's pupils had departed, *Sacantala*, bewailing her adverse

fortune, extended her arms and wept; when—

Dufm. What then?

Priest. A body of light, in a female shape, descended near *Apsarasir'ha*, where the nymphs of heaven are worshipped; and having caught her hastily in her bosom, disappeared.

[*All express astonishment.*]

Dufm. I suspected from the beginning some work of sorcery.—The business is over; and it is needless to reason more on it.—Let thy mind, *Somaratara*, be at rest.

Priest. May the king be victorious.

[*He goes out.*]

Dufm. Chamberlain, I have been greatly harassed; and thou, *Wardour*, go before me to a place of repose.

Ward. This way; let the king come this way.

Dufm. [*Advancing, aside.*] I cannot with all my efforts recollect my nuptials with the daughter of the hermit; yet so agitated is my heart, that it almost induces me to believe her story.

[*All go out.*]

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE GARDEN, MORALIZED.

(Concluded from page 518.)

"ERE the bright star, which leads the morning sky,
Hangs o'er the blackning east his diamond eye,
The chaste Nasterion* leaves her secret bed,
And faintlike glory trembles round her head."

....

* "Mrs E. C. Linnaeus first observed the *Tropaeolum*, or garden *Nasterion*, to emit sparks, or flashes, in the mornings before sunrise, during the month of June, or July, and in the twilight of the evening. These singular scintillations were shown to her father and other philosophers. Mr. Wilcke, a celebrated electrician, believed them to be electric. This may be owing to a phosphorescent quality.

So from her couch, yet Aurora glows,
The industrious housewife quits her sweet repose;
Soft, pleasing cares her early thoughts employ,
The infant pledges of domestick joy;
Content and peace to her abode repair,
And virtue finds a sweet asylum there;
Taste, order, neatness all her worth display,
And gladder seems life's evening, than its day,

....

ty. In this plant perhaps it may be a mode of defence, by which it harasses and destroys the night-flying insects, which infest it. Probably it may emit the same sparks during the day-time; if it does, they are then invisible." It is generally acknowledged, I believe, that the virtues of women shine with the most alluring lustre in the adverse scenes of domestick life.

For love's phosphorick with a lambent
light
Shines ever brightest in the darkast
night;
As glow-flies lend the stars their glim-
mering hues,
But to the sun their feeble aid refuse.

With accents soft, as sighing zephyrs
breathe,
And love's kind looks, as mild as sum-
mer's eve,
White Lily's coyly woos her lover's
arms,
And all the mother brightens into
charms,
From night's dark fends and epidemick
air
She keeps her tender charge with anx-
ious care;
"Soft plays affection round her bosom's
throne,
And guards his life, forgetful of her
own."

So sad Louisa,† torn by barbarous
hand
From home and husband, friends and
native land,
Forced with the tender pledges of her
love
Among the natives of the wood to rove,
Denied herself the *moriel* heaven had
lent,
Till nature failing, with toil and grief
o'erlaid;
Pursued her pathless way through de-
serts wild,
And clasped with fond embrace her
starving child,
With bread his mouth, his heart with
transport fill'd,
And joy extatick in her bosom thrill'd.

"With vain desires the monstrous
Alceus ‡ burns,"
The *rake* and *bonest man* assumes by turns;

....

‡ According to the Linnæan system of betan-
ny the pistil gently inclines toward the stamen,
which, in a moral sense, may signify, that an
affectionate wife will go out of her way to
oblige her husband, and spare no pains to secure
his affections.

† See the history of Mrs. Howe's captivity,
1755.

‡ "The double Hollyheck is called by botanists
a vegetable monster. In some the petals are mul-

Well stored with fashion's *sphrased*, *larned*
ed by rote,
Just as the parrot sings her mimick note;
So sweet an air, such pretty tales he
tells,

That every female heart with rapture
swells.

This *truth's* *confess*, tho' *moralists* may gaze,
That *fashion*, more than *merit*, woman
sways;

For trust me, ladies, would you look
within,

You'd find a *monkey* in a *leopard's* skin!

Again should we compare an *ancouth*
thing

To any daughter of accomplished
spring,

The Marigold † alone in liveliest shade
Would represent a snuff-dyed, odd old
maid,

Who, though *all charms*, when in
youthful prime,

Still courts *admirers*, e'en in *life's* *decline*;
"Ashamed to own she gave delight be-
fore,

Reduced to sign it, now she gives no
more."

But time would fail us, in each flower
to find,

Each nice resemblance to some human
mind;

The thin-faced miser, eaten up with
care,

Whose looks are madness, and whose
words despair,

The dull *monoptole*, whose misanthropic
life

With cats and dogs is led without a
wife;

The murderer, lion-like, for prey who
creeps,

Wakes in the night, and in the day time
sleeps,

....

tripled three or four times, without excluding
the stamina, in others they are entirely exclu-
ded." Dr. Young has called all "men of
pleasure" Centaurs, or monsters; and this ap-
pellation will peculiarly apply to the 'fashionable
young men' of the present day.

‡ The particular resemblances I leave to the
reader's imagination to form; observing only,
that the Marigold retains her "tawny charms"
the latest in the fall of any flower, and even till
"dread winter comes, and shuts the scene."

These and a thousand others well demand
Darwin's bold pencil, and botanick hand.

This bud of time, reared on an earthly
fod;
Shall bloom immortal, as its Parent God.

The roses fade, the garden's pride is
fled,
And Flora's children sleep among the
dead;
The Muses, sick'ning, long the scene to
change,
Wide ope the garden gate, and let them
range.
Delightful scenes, which late I wrapt
surveyed,
As robin sised, and patridge drummer
played;
Farewel! When glad some spring re-
turns to cheer
The sad survivors of the mournful year,
Then will I meet you at the early dawn,
And print with lighter steps your dewy
lawn.
Lo, winter comes in dread, terrific form,
Her steeds the winds, her chariot the
storm,
A cloud her vesture, icicle her crown,
Her hair in snowy curls hangs loosely
down;
Perched on her forehead, raven-like, sets
night,
Frag in her left hand, hail-stones in her
right,
With shoe of ice she treads out life and
heat,
And smiles at dying nature's last defeat.
So death will soon this bounded prospect
close,
And hush life's turmoils to a calm re-
pose,
Unveil new scenes; in truth's clear mir-
rour show
The moral portrait, that each drew be-
low;
Which, fix'd in fadeless tints, shall ever
stand,
Approved, or censured, by the Master's
hand.
For earth's frail flowers, let earth-born
spirits sigh;
But man, the noblest flower, shall never
die.
Though earth and stars their lessening
course shall run,
And in dread ruin mingle with the sun;
The sun himself behind his clouds shall
keep,
Nor wake with tuneful voice the morn-
ing's sleep,

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE TO
CATO'S TRAGEDY.

*Written for an exhibition at Michilimackinac
on the 22d February, 1805;—being
the anniversary of the birth of WASH-
INGTON.*

WHILE, in the east, fierce discord sounds
alarms,
And mad Bellona wakes the world to
arms;
While Asia mourns, amid her ravag'd
plains,
And morning lowers on Africk's dark
domains;
While Europe, mid her scantier region
vies
In wealth and power, in arts and arms
to rise;
Here through our realms, from want
and slav'ry driven,
Columbia smiles, the favourite child of
heaven!

Let Gallia groan, beneath Napoleon's
chain,
And mourn expiring liberty in vain;
Or, meanly cringing, kiss the tyrant's
rod,
Adore her despot, and disown her God;
Let fair Britannia long her dread be seen,
The nurse of wisdom, and of arts the
queen;
Let patriot hosts long thunder on her
strand,
And Neptune's trident grace a Nelson's
hand;
But let Columbia's boast forever be,
A people virtuous and a nation free;
A clime where plenty, peace, and wealth
are given,
And all the blessings of indulgent hea-
ven.

Freedom! bright goddess of celestial
truth,
Long sought, in vain, a residence on
earth,

Till Rome's wide walls a kind asylum
gave,
Where all were patriots, and where all
were brave:
There stood her temples, there her
blest abode,
There God-like fires in human bosoms
glow'd;
There BRUTUS rose, the lustful tyrant's
dread,
And Tarquin trembled, though Lucretia
bled:
There Scipio triumph'd, once his coun-
try's pride,
And there the "*self-devoted Desi dy'd*;"
There long her brilliant banners wav'd
unfurled,
Till Rome's proud sceptre sway'd the
vanquish'd world!—
But when *self-love* o'er publick virtue
rul'd,
When Roman fires in Roman bosoms
cool'd;
When wealth and avarice spread their
syren charms,
And "*Rome became a prey to Roman arms*;"
Then curst ambition mounted freedom's
throne,
And claim'd unbounded empire, as her
own;
Then Caesar's triumph quench'd the
patriot's pride,
And freedom slumber'd, when great
CATO dy'd!

When our forefathers dar'd th' At-
lantick wave
In quest of rights, which God and na-
ture gave;
Though long by vexing storms and tem-
pests toils'd,
Though long by fate, and foes, and for-
tune cross'd,
At length the pilgrims found the pro-
mis'd land,
And freedom's altars blaz'd along the
strand;
The grateful incense Heaven's high fa-
vour won,
And CATO liv'd again—in WASH-
INGTON.
Thou hero, once Columbia's proudest
boast,
In peace our counsel, and in war our
host!
As erst when Pharoah 'neath his tyrant
hand,

Relentless crush'd the chosen patriots
band,
Mosses with pious care the people led,
And pour'd destruction on the guilty
head;
Guided them dauntless thro' the wat'ry
waste,
And the bold path through trackless des-
erts trac'd,
Reviv'd desponding hopes, and calm'd
their fears,
While all Mount Sinai thunder'd in
their ears,
Till the poor pilgrim Tribes, each danger
past,
Saw the bright land of promise rise at
last:
So STOODST THOU ONCE, our *self-rising*
cloud by day,
Our *fiery pillar* in the midnight way;
Ledst through oppression's pathless wilds
along
Thy fainting bands, and sooth'd the
murmuring throng;
Cheer'd with thy smiles, and with thy
bounty fed,
Turn'd rocks to water and the dew to
bread,
The hopeless pilgrim cheer'd with pro-
spect sweet,
And crush'd the serpent lurking at thy
feet;
Till freedom rose, with beams of splen-
dour bright,
And ALL CANAAN GLADDEN'D ON THE
SIGHT!

Long may our breasts enkindle at thy
name,
With grateful ardour and a patriot
flame;
No sordid passions e'er possess the soul,
But *publick spirit* animate the whole:—
Then shall Columbia see no tyrant rise,
No Caesar triumph—tho' our Cato dies!

This night, kind friends, accept a tri-
bute due,
To virtue, freedom, WASHINGTON,
and you—
We boast no knowledge of the *scenic art*,
Yet hope to rouse and warm the patriot
heart;
'Tis nobly done but to endeavour
well.....
We'll try our best, though hopeless to
excel.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Fliny.

ARTICLE 71.

Nature displayed, in her mode of teaching language to man; or a new and infallible method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently suited to every capacity. Adapted to the French. By N. G. Dufief, of Philadelphia. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 900. Philadelphia, T. L. Plowman and T. S. Manning.

WE owe an apology to our readers perhaps for having so long delayed our remarks upon this work; and we hope to find a sufficient excuse in the abstruseness of the subject, as well as in the bulk of the volumes. The careful perusal of a grammar of such an extent, is no small task; it requires a degree of attention, which we have rarely been obliged to bestow upon the original publications that have come under our notice: And as the work before us appeared as a *new system*, we felt bound to give it the most deliberate consideration. We now proceed with our review of it; presenting our readers, in the first place, with an outline of the author's plan, and then with such remarks as the examination of it has suggested.

The work is announced as a treatise on *universal grammar*;

but the general principles investigated by the author are applied only to the *French* language; so that it may properly be considered as a grammar of that language alone. Without further remarks we lay before our readers the following account of it, from the author's *preliminary discourse*, which is written with great correctness, and, if entirely of Mr. Dufief's composition, is one of the best proofs he could have given us of the efficacy of *his* method of learning languages.

The work is comprised in *two volumes*: the *first*, which is practical, is by far the more important to the learner, as it will enable him to acquire a competent knowledge of the French language.

It contains three *vocabularies*, and a collection of *familiar and idiomatical phrases*. The *first* vocabulary is that of the names of objects, which occur most frequently in conversation; the gender is carefully affixed to each of them: to every word is adapted a *familiar phrase*, such as I could remember to have been often used with the word. This familiar phrase renders the fundamental words in each vocabulary more striking, in the same manner as an elegant frame renders the picture it contains more conspicuous. Some verbs, with appropriate phrases following particular nouns, are designed to describe the actions which those nouns might naturally bring to the mind, on being pronounced, and, on that account, they become a valuable addition to the vocabulary. In the distribution of this

vocabulary, we have not classed the terms in an arbitrary manner; we have, on the contrary followed, as near as possible, the order pointed out by the scale of our wants, as the members of a civilized nation.——The advantages arising from such a classification, must be obvious to every one, as the most useful words are, the first offered to the memory; and the learner, judging of the utility of the *French* words by that of the corresponding *English*, and impelled by the voice of interest and a conviction that we are leading him aright, will insensibly have his attention more and more fixed on the object of his pursuit. If I may be permitted to speak in favour of this vocabulary, which has cost me no inconsiderable labour and attention, I will venture to assert that it contains no *useless, improper, or obsolete words*, while it is thought but few necessary terms have been omitted.

The *second* vocabulary comprises the various kinds of numbers, the principal adjectives, and a sufficient collection of abstract nouns. The numbers are placed at the head of this vocabulary.—The adjectives have been so disposed as to enable the scholar easily and promptly to acquire as perfect a knowledge of the feminine gender of French adjectives as a *Frenchman himself can possess*.—The abstract nouns have been ranged in alphabetical order.

The *third* vocabulary is a series of very important words, which are called words forming the link, or completion of sense, between the other parts of speech, and are known in grammar by the denomination of *pronouns, prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, and interjections*.

“The collection of familiar and idiomatical phrases, already mentioned, will close the first part;” and to obtain this collection, the author informs us, he has “perused above *five hundred* different plays;” and in addition to that, “had recourse afterwards to every publication of note on the subject of French idioms.”

In order that our readers may be fully possessed of the design of this volume, we here insert a

few examples from the vocabularies described above.

I. Vocabulary, relating to food, clothing, habitation of man, &c. the town, country, and the universe.

Loaf.	Buy me a three pound loaf.
Pain. m.	Achetez-moi un pain de trois livres.
Coat.	Your coat is too short.
Habit. m.	Votre habit est trop court.
Houfe.	Is this house to be let?
Maison. f.	Cette maison est elle à louer?
Town.	He lives in the heart of the town.
Ville. f.	Il demeure au cœur de la ville.
Country.	The country is very pleasant at this season.
Campagne. f.	La campagne est très agréable dans cette saison.
American.	I thought he was an American.
Americain. m.	Je croyais qu'il étoit Américain.
(e) f.	

II. Vocabulary—numbers, adjectives, and abstract nouns.

Seventy four.	It is a ship of seventy four guns.
Soixante-quatorze.	C'est un vaisseau de soixante-quatorze canons.
Fickle.	The French are said to be fickle.
Volage.	On accuse les Français d'être volages.
Atheism.	Atheism is a monstrous error of the human mind.
Athéisme. m.	L'athéisme est une erreur monstrueuse de l'esprit humain.

Beauty.	Beauty soon fades.
Beauté. f.	La beauté passe bien vite.

III. Vocabulary—pronouns, articles, &c.

I alone.	I alone have done it.
Moi seul.	Moi seul je l'ai fait. &c. &c.

The second volume is divided into two sections. The first exclusively comes under our consideration: It contains a philosophical, though not a learned history of the formation of language, in an analysis of the various kinds of words of which it is composed. The subject is intro-

duced in the familiar form of conversation, which renders it more lively and intelligible, and relieves the scholar from a continual series of long and prolix reasoning.

Though the main scope of this section be rather to establish the *fundamental principles of language*, than those of any particular one; yet I have by no means, neglected to inform the pupil on many points essential and peculiar to the French language.—The conjugation of French verbs will, I trust, be found sufficiently exemplified. I shall not here attempt to expatiate on the system of the celebrated Beauzée and Sicard concerning the tenses of verbs: *I have adopted the same*, and have, I hope, in treating on the verb, fully demonstrated its truth and simplicity; but that, which will recommend it more than all the arguments that can be advanced in its favour, is the facility of retaining it, and its easy application not only to the *mother tongue* but to every other language which the learner may wish to acquire.

The author next proceeds to give an account of *the method of using his work*:

The first volume and first section of the second, are to be blended in such a manner, that the scholar must direct his application to both at the same time. He is invited strictly to adhere to the following mode of study, which is here earnestly recommended to his attention. He will become master of the *first volume* of this work by learning every day a certain portion of the words and phrases of each vocabulary, and a few of the familiar and idiomatical phrases towards the end of it. In the *second volume* he should also daily get a new lesson, committing to memory that which is indispensably necessary for him to be acquainted with; such as the definitions of the parts of speech; but chiefly the conjugations of verbs.

The author concludes this part of his preliminary discourse

with assuring us, in pretty strong terms, that “no longer able to resist the powerful voice of reason and experience, he ventures to say, this is the most simple, expeditious, philosophical, and infallible method that can possibly be made use of.” He also informs us, that by the like method he acquired “a tolerable knowledge of the English language as it is written and expressed, *without the assistance of a teacher* in the short space of four months.” He observes too, that the method used by the Abbé Condillac in teaching the languages to his royal pupil, the Duke of Parma, resembled this; and he thinks “this work, in a great degree precludes the necessity of going to France to acquire the [French] language.”

For pronunciation, the author recommends the only method which we believe will ever be found effectual—that is, to learn it from a living instructor, “or any person who has a good French pronunciation.”

We subjoin one more extract, to exhibit a specimen of the second volume of the work.

CONVERSATION VIII.

Of the Verb.

Scholar. What is a verb?

Master. It is an essential and indispensable word which expresses the co-existence of an attribute (that is to say, of a quality, colour, form, &c.) with any subject or object whatever.

Scholar. How many kinds of verbs are there?

Master. From this definition of a verb, you may readily conclude that we acknowledge but one; for existence being *simple* and *indivisible*, one verb alone is sufficient to define it.

Scholar. What is that verb?

Master. In all languages, the verb is, which is called the *abstract verb*, as it is

separated from all quality, and thus considered in itself as a substance ; it is sometimes termed the *substantive verb*.

Scholar. What then is meant by an *adjective verb* ; a mode of expression often used in grammars ?

Master. They generally understand thereby such words as, *to love*, *aimer* ; *to speak*, *parler*, &c. which are denominated *verbs* because the verb *to be* is interwoven with their very existence, and intimately connected with the word denoting the *quality*, from which they take the appellation of *adjective verbs* : We cannot always by the eye perceive the connection, but analysis, and sometimes etymology will evince that in all languages such expressions as, *to love*, *to speak*, &c. are, by an ellipsis, equivalent to the phrases, *to be loving*, *to be speaking*, &c.

Such are the outlines of the "new and infallible method" of teaching language.

The reader will perceive from this view of the work, that even "the shortest time possible," which the acquisition of a language demands, is no very inconsiderable portion ; or rather, that a good deal of labour must be bestowed upon a language, whatever method we follow, in order to attain to perfection. And this is an opinion we have ever entertained, not only in respect to languages, but all departments of knowledge. We have no faith in the quackish expedients of *Abridgments*, *Dictionaries*, &c. &c. which have been one of the distinguishing characteristic of modern literature : solid knowledge must be obtained now, as it was in former times, by long and hard study. But we return to our subject.

Mr. Dufief's system appears to have for its basis the leading principle of modern science.... that the knowledge of *facts* pre-

cedes the knowledge of *rules*, or, as they are called in some of the sciences, *laws*. He considers, if we rightly apprehend him, the words of a language and their relations, as so many individual *facts*, which, like facts in any science, must be known and well fixed in the memory, before a thorough knowledge of *rules* can be obtained. We have no disposition to question the soundness of this doctrine ; but we must be allowed to remark, that Mr. Dufief seems to carry the principle farther than practical utility would warrant. To speak in general terms : Although an acquaintance with every individual fact would undoubtedly be the most complete kind of knowledge, yet it is sufficient (and indeed all that is practicable) for the purposes of science, to be acquainted with the classifications of those facts, which have been made with great labour by the masters of the sciences ; and, to apply the general remark to our subject, the laws or rules of grammar, which have been the result of the investigation of ages, like the laws of natural philosophy or any other science, do unquestionably facilitate the study of language. We therefore think the author's zeal for a favourite system has carried him a little too far, or that there is danger of his leaving a wrong impression, when he says "that as *rules* do not impart the knowledge of a language (that thing which one is aiming at) they are *absolutely useless* to be learned for that purpose." And we find some difficulty in wholly reconciling his doctrine with his practice ; for a considerable part of his work consists of *the rules* of

grammar. But from Mr. D's general correctness, we fear, in this case, we may have misapprehended him.

We should now, according to our original intention, go into a particular examination of some of the principles of grammar, which Mr. Duffet discusses, and in which we do not fully agree with him ; but this article is already extended to such a length, and the subject is of so little interest to most readers, that we shall close with a few general remarks.

As a speculation on language, the work discovers considerable ingenuity ; but the author, with that pardonable degree of vanity and ardour so natural to a young man, lays greater claim to originality, than we think he would be able to support, and exercises more of a reformer's severity towards old methods, than is warranted by the pre-eminence of his own. He has evidently studied with attention the works of the most eminent writers on this subject : among whom the Abbé Siccard, the instructor of the deaf and dumb at Paris, has been almost literally copied by him.

As a *practical* work, we think the *design* excellent : but we cannot help wishing that the *rules* had been less abstract, and metaphysical : Few pupils (of the age at which French is usually learned) would comprehend many of them.

In respect to the distribution of the matter, the author has followed the fashionable method of placing the more important notes just where the reader would not think of looking for them : they are put at the end of each chapter, or "*conversation*" : We

think they would have been better at the bottom of the page, or (to allow the utmost indulgence) at the end of the volume.

On the whole, we consider this work, not only as a valuable acquisition to the student of the French language, but as a performance, which reflects credit on the literature of our country.

ART. 72.

Journal of a Tour into the territory northwest of the Alleghany mountains ; made in the spring of the year 1803, with a Geographical and Historical account of the State of Ohio, illustrated with original maps and views—by Thaddeus Mason Harris, A. M. &c. Boston. Manning & Loring. pp. 271.

THE United States have been singularly distinguished by that class of travellers, who publish, for the benefit of those who remain at home, what they have discovered wonderful abroad. Sometimes the curiosity of the world has been gravely excited by the dignity of descriptions in quarto ; at others, slyly enticed by the bewitching prettiness of sketches in duodecimo. One traveller has told us, that such a lady has bad teeth, that such a selectman disliked French cooking, but knew how to make most excellent punch ; another has discovered Solons and Lycurguses amid obscure democrats—"born to blush unseen ;" a third, after visiting our metropolis, found the only thing remarkable were some of the houses in State-Street that had railings on the roofs for the purpose of drying clothes, which

gave them "a curious appearance." Talleyrand told the institute, as the result of his inquiries, that avarice was our only passion. Volney has endeavoured to correct our orthography in a manner too barbarous for transcription ; and that nothing might be wanting, our countryman, *Doctor Graham*, has told the world who owns the best house in every village in Vermont. Yet, after so many foreign and domestick efforts, we must consider a faithful description of our country, physical and moral, among the desiderata in this branch of literature.

Mr. Harris's work is dedicated with propriety to General Rufus Putnam ; and the dedication is followed by an introduction, terminated by a sort of monumental inscription ; we regret the author had not retrenched it, because, though it undoubtedly resulted from good feelings, it wears the appearance of a puerile vanity, and quackery of sentiment, which can only be relished by the admirers of the German school. The work itself is divided into two parts ; the first a daily journal, and the second a geographical account of the State of Ohio ; to which is added, an appendix of sixty pages, containing the constitution of the State, various acts of Congress, Indian treaties, &c. The journal commences with his arrival at Strasburgh, at the base of the Alleghany mountains. On the sixth day he passed the *Lau-rel Hill*, and thus closes the remarks on that day's ride, "as the woods were on fire all around us, and the smoke filled the air, we seemed to have ridden all day in a chimney, and to sleep all night in an oven"—p. 22. On the next

day his remarks on the destruction of the forests in the mountains, ought to excite the attention of the government.

Our road, which at best must be rugged and dreary, was now much obstructed by the trees which had fallen across it ; and our journey rendered hazardous by those on each side which trembled to their fall. We remarked, with regret and indignation, the wanton destruction of these noble forests. For more than fifty miles, to the west and north, the mountains were burning. This is done by the hunters, who set fire to the dry leaves and decayed fallen-timber in the vallies, in order to thin the under growth, that they may traverse the woods with more ease in pursuit of game. But they defeat their own object ; for the fires drive the moose, deer, and wild animals into the more northerly and westerly parts, and destroy the turkies, partridges, and quails, at this season on their nests, or just leading out their broods. An incalculable injury, too, is done to the woods, by preventing entirely the growth of the trees, many of which being on the acclivities and rocky sides of the mountains, leave only the most dreary and irrecoverable barrenness in their place.

This destruction of the mountain forests will hereafter be felt when the country on either side shall be cleared of its trees, and brought into cultivation, not only from the want of timber ; but in the want of moisture for the plains. These forests will serve to condense the clouds, and overshadow the sources of water on the mountains that nourish the vegetation on the plains below. Should the mountains ever become bare, the rivers that now flow from them, will at a future day be destructive torrents, overwhelming their banks in the spring, and presenting only beds, rocks, and sand the rest of the year. By

many able reports to the French government, it has been proved that the great destruction of the forests, since the revolution, and the increasing nakedness of the mountains, more particularly in the south of France, were gradually destroying the fertility of the soil, by depriving it of the necessary moisture; and would eventually reduce those fruitful provinces to arid deserts.

We select, as specimens of the author's talent in description, the following paragraphs:—

Now that we have crossed all the mountains, the gradual and easy slope of the ground indicates to us that we are approaching those vast savannas through which flow "the Western waters." The plain expands on all sides. The country assumes a different aspect; and even its decorations are changed. The woods are thick, lofty, and extremely beautiful, and prove a rich soil. A refreshing verdure clothes the open meadows. The banks of the brooks and river are enamelled with flowers of various forms and hues. The air, which before was cold and raw, is now mild and warm. Every breeze wafts a thousand perfumes, and swells with the gay warblings of feathered choristers.

— "Varie, circumque supraque,
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucroque volabant."

The painted birds that haunt the golden tide,
And utter round the banks on every side,
Along the groves in pleasing triumph play,
And with soft music hail the vernal day.

The passage down the river (the Ohio) was extremely entertaining, exhibiting at every bend a change of scenery. Sometimes we were in the vicinity of dark forests, which threw a solemn shade over us as we glided by; sometimes we passed along overhanging banks, decorated with blooming shrubs, which timidly bent their light boughs to sweep the passing stream; and sometimes around the shore of an island, which tinged the water with a reflected

landscape. The lively carols of the birds, which "sung among the branches," entertained us exceedingly, and gave life and pleasure to the woodland scene. The flocks of wild geese and ducks, which swam upon the stream, the vast number of turkeys, partridges, and quails we saw upon the shore, and the herds of deer or some other animals of the forest darting through the thickets, afforded us constant amusement.

We rose early in the morning, and pursued our journey. For several miles we had an excellent road on the top of Dry Ridge. The sky was clear. The stars shone brightly. All was solemn and still, as if "nature felt a pause." For some time we but dimly discerned our way; but, as the twilight became brighter, the prospect opened before us. The increasing light of dawning day extended the stretch of picturesque scenery. The horizon assumed a hue of tawny red, which gradually heightened into ruddy tints, and formed a glowing tiara to encircle the splendours of the rising sun. The orb of day rose with uncommon grandeur among clouds of purple, red, and gold, which mingling with the serene azure of the upper sky, composed a richness and harmony of colouring, which we never saw surpassed. The vapours of the night rested in the vallies below, and seemed to the view one vast ocean, through which the projecting peaks and summits of mountains looked like clusters of islands. The whole scene was novel and interesting in the highest degree. But we soon had to descend, and were immersed in fog and vapour, and shut out from the pleasant light of the sun for nearly half the day. The next mountain, however, raised us above these low clouds, and presented us with a view of the clear and unveiled sky.

The author observed near Pittsburgh, several people afflicted with tumours in the throats, which they attributed to the neighbourhood of the mountains. The people of a particular district in the Alps, are subject to the same evil, which has been attributed to drinking snow water; but as the

effect is not produced in all mountains, it is probably owing to some local cause not yet discovered.

The future destiny of those immense regions beyond the Alleghany mountains, will depend on the wisdom of those who legislate for the infant settlements. Two pictures are presented to their view. Kentucky on the east side of the river, a colony of Virginia; Ohio on the west side of the river, a colony of Newengland.

The industrious habits and neat improvements of the people on the west side of the river, are strikingly contrasted with those on the east. *Here*, in Ohio, they are intelligent, industrious, and thriving; *there*, on the back skirts of Virginia, ignorant, lazy, and poor. *Here* the buildings are neat, though small, and furnished in many instances with brick chimnies and glass windows; *there* the habitations are miserable cabins. *Here* the grounds are laid out in a regular manner, and inclosed by strong posts and rails; *there* the fields are surrounded by a rough zigzag log fence. *Here* are thrifty young apple orchards; *there* the only fruit that is raised is the peach, from which a good brandy is distilled!

I had often heard a degrading character of the back settlers; and had now an opportunity of seeing it exhibited. The abundance of wild game allures them to be huntsmen. They not only find sport in this pursuit, but supply of provisions, together with considerable profit from the peltry. They neglect, of course, the cultivation of the land. They acquire rough and savage manners. Sloth and independence are prominent traits in their character; to indulge the former is their principal enjoyment, and to protect the latter their chief ambition.

Another cause of the difference may be that, in the back counties of Virginia, every planter depends upon his negroes for the cultivation of his lands; but in the state of Ohio, *where slavery is not allowed*, every farmer tills his ground himself. To all this may be added, that

most of the "Back-wood's men," as they are called, are emigrants from foreign countries, but the state of Ohio was settled by people from New-England, the region of industry, economy, and steady habits.

In the author's account of the state of Ohio, under the head of "Antiquities," he gives a description of some of the numerous mounds and ramparts of earth, which are scattered over the country. These have excited much curiosity, and have been attributed by different writers to very different nations. Mr. Noah Webster, in his letter to Dr. Stiles, published in the American Museum, attributes them to Ferdinand de Soto, who made a voyage into Florida, in 1539, and passed three or four years in that province, and in various excursions from it, which he made in search of gold. Various reasons might be opposed to this opinion, but one fact completely destroys it, the trees now growing on these works are one or two centuries older than the expedition of de Soto. His conjecture that they might have been the work of Madoc, the Welch prince, and his followers, is still less admissible. Bishop Madison, of Virginia, in a letter to Dr. Barton, inserted in the 6th volume of the American philosophical transactions, denies that they were intended for works of defence, but were only meant as deposits for the dead. He produces no new facts in support of his opinion, and the inferences he draws from those already known, are frequently unfounded.

Mr. Harris advances the opinion that they were the works of wandering hordes from Asia; who, after remaining here awhile,

were driven away by northern savages, the descendants of emigrants from the north of Europe, to the shores of Labrador. Several circumstances are adduced in favour of this opinion, that makes it more probable than any other, which has been offered. If they were driven away it is natural they should follow the currents of the river, and travel southwardly. But there are several difficulties to be obviated. If these numerous works were constructed by Asiatick wanderers, why should they have abandoned a fine country, which must have produced, in great abundance, every thing they wanted? The hordes must have been numerous, and not wholly destitute of skill; from the vast quantity of bones contained in the tumuli they were probably masters of the country for a long period; can it be supposed, that the wretched wanderers from the coasts of Labrador were sufficiently powerful to drive them from their possessions? The subject is a very interesting one; and will no doubt, when thoroughly investigated, prove that the aboriginal inhabitants of America, originated like the rest of mankind, from Asia. We have neither the room nor the materials to examine the question. We think it extraordinary that these venerable works have not been more thoroughly explored. If trenches were dug in several directions, and the different mounds fully examined, pieces of armour, utensils, or remnants of either domestick or warlike instruments might be found that would decide by what race of people they were constructed. Till some remains of this kind are

discovered, the most learned disquisitions can be at best only ingenious conjectures.

"*Buffaloe beats, saltlicks, pigeon roosts, and prairies,*" are among the curiosities of this territory; and are certainly worthy of admiration. The vast quantity of feathers, which the author found in the hollow trunk of a prostrate sycamore, he is probably right in supposing to have belonged to swallows, since these birds have been frequently found, to have taken their winter quarters in hollow trees.

In the Appendix is an account of the destruction of the Moravian Indians, by the English and Americans. It forms another instance that innocence is no protection against the injustice of belligerent nations.

The maps and plans at the end of the volume are decently executed; but the plate called *A bird's eye view of the ancient works on the banks of the Muskingum*, is the most execrable production of the graphic art we have yet seen, and had it been published without an inscription, we should have presumed it a representation of an "ark floating down the Ohio."

ART. 73.

Odes of Anacreon, translated into English verse, with notes. By Thomas Moore, Esq. of the Middle Temple. Philadelphia. H. Maxwell. 8vo. pp. 304.

THE want of a publick library in this town, has been often lamented, and never more severely felt by us, than on the present occasion. We were desirous of comparing the version of Moore

with former translations, that we might ascertain, how far he had improved on the labours of his predecessors. But we have been unsuccessful in our researches, with the single exception of Fawkes's Anacreon, which contrary to our expectation, we found in that contemptible book-case in Franklin-Place, ridiculously dignified with the title of the BOSTON LIBRARY; a repository of literature well adapted to the improvement of boarding-school misses, chamber-maids, and apprentices.

Fawkes was a translator by trade, and if he rendered the sense of his original with tolerable accuracy, he was not solicitous for the transfusion and display of its beauties. Mr. Moore therefore would not be flattered by a comparison with Fawkes.

In this dilemma, we had only the original Greek to resort to, as it appears in the correct text of Fischer, and the splendid type of Forster. We were surprised to find Mr. Moore ignorant of Fischer, the second edition of whose Anacreon was published at Leipzig in 1776, and which contains, besides his own remarks, the best notes of Baxter, Barnes, Henry Stephens, and Tanaquil Taber.

After a careful comparison of this translation with the original, we are compelled to affirm, that whatever other merits it may possess, it is not distinguished by its fidelity, nor can the English reader conceive the fire, simplicity, and natural grace of Anacreon from the paraphrastical though refined version of Moore.

In Ode 2d he has dilated the original, which consists of eight lines, into twenty, concluding

with the two commencing couplets, in which he is not authorized by the Greek. The 6th Ode Mr. Moore begins in the following manner.

As late I sought the spangled bowers
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

Anacreon merely says,

Στίφος πλέκων ποδὶ νεφέων
Ἐν ταῖς ῥόδαις ἦν Ἐρως.

which, literally translated is, *when I was weaving a chaplet, I found Cupid among the roses.*

In the 8th Ode is this line,

Be mine the odours, richly sighing.

Quere, what are *sighing odours*? This is one of those affectations, into which modern poets are prone to degenerate, in their intemperate pursuit of originality. Mr. Moore, however, is in general remarkably free from this fault, and uses the language, in which he writes, with great purity and elegance.

In the 15th Ode are the following weak and prosaick lines, to which the translator can find no parallel in the original.

Ah! that eye has maddened many,
But the poet more than any.

This is downright doggrel, and to which there was no temptation, as the Greek contains not any sentiment of a similar nature.

Far away, my soul, thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.

These lines in the 16th Ode are also the exclusive property of Mr. Moore.

And give them all that liquid fire,
That Venus' languid eyes respire.

The translator seems here to employ the epithet *languid* in the sense of languishing, in which we believe he is wholly unauthorized by eminent writers. The purity of a language depends on the appropriate use of words and phrases, when we employ the former in the sense established by standard authorities, and use the latter, as already received, avoiding new and foreign combinations, ill suited to the genius of our tongue. Barbarisms are continually creeping into a language, which it is the province of criticism to detect and expose, and none but dunces will deride the verbal critick, when employed in his legitimate office. It is the correct use of language, which distinguishes a fine writer from one of an ordinary class, and has raised the Augustan authors of Rome, France, and England above their predecessors, or successors, more perhaps than any superiority of genius, which they might possess. Thus Terence, though a mere translator, ranks far higher than Plautus or Seneca; Virgil and Horace are preferred to Lucretius and Claudian, * Racine and Boileau have no equals in France, and Pope and Addison are the distinguished favourites of Great Britain.

Ode 17.

Let his hair in *lapses* bright
Fall like streaming rays of light.

Lapse of hair is an awkward phrase, into which the translator

....

* Perhaps Voltaire may be an exception, though we believe, that Racine is still considered by literary Frenchmen, as their most polished dramatist.

was doubtless betrayed by an affectation of novelty. We say lapse of time, and Milton has *liquid lapse of murmuring streams*, but we never say, lapse of hair. If this expression raises any image in the mind, it is that of the *friseur* with his formidable steel disencumbering the head of its superfluous honours. Superior poets to Mr. Moore would not disdained to have written

Let his hair in ringlets bright, &c.

Ode 21.

Τι μὴ μάλιστα ἵταται
Καὺν βίοντι πῶν ;

why, my friends, do you remonstrate against my attachment to the bottle? Mr. Moore translates these lines in the following manner.

Then, hence with all your sober thinking!

Since nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

These are good lines, and we must acknowledge, much in the spirit of Anacreon, but they are no translation.

Ode 23 we shall quote at large, and then give a literal translation, preserving the metre of Anacreon, by which the English Reader will be enabled to judge, how little Mr. Moore is entitled to the praise of fidelity and resemblance to his original.

Ode 23.

I OFTEN with this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,

And whisper with dissolving tone,
 'Our sighs are given to love alone.'
 Indignant at the feeble lay,
 I tore the panting chords away,
 Attuned them to a nobler swell,
 And struck again the breathing shell.
 In all the glow of epick fire,
 To Hercules I wake the lyre !
 But still its fainting sighs repeat,
 'The tale of love alone is sweet.'
 Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
 That mad'st me follow glory's theme ;
 For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
 Shall never more in spirit part,
 And thou the flame shall feel as well
 As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell.

Literal translation of the same
 ode, in the exact metre of An-
 acreon.

I wish to sing the Atrides,
 I wish to sing of Cadmus,
 But lo ! my harp the praises
 Refounds alone of Cupid:
 The strings I changed but lately,
 And the whole lyre I altered,
 And then to sing attempted
 The labours of Alcides.
 But yet my lyre refounded
 Still Venus fair and Cupid.
 Farewel, for me, ye heroes,
 My lyre sounds nought but Venus.

Anacreon employs but two
 kinds of metre, the iambick and
 trochian : the former consisting
 of three iambicks with a remain-
 ing syllable, the latter of four tro-
 chees. The trochaick measure is
 admirably adapted to English po-
 etry, and we are surprised that
 Mr. Moore did not employ it,
 both from the above consideration,
 and as we have some popular
 ballads written in this very metre.
 For example,

Near to Porto Bello lying.
 Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer.

The manner of Anacreon would
 at least be better preserved by
 adopting this metre, which seems

were suited to amatory and
 Bacchanalian subjects. Though
 we are no poets, were we to im-
 itate the Teian bard, it should
 be somewhat in this style.

Bumpers bumpers quick pursuing,
 Lo ! I court the jocund muses,
 Jolly Bacchus ! thee still wooing,
 For thy bowl new bliss infuses.
 See my temples crowned with roses,
 Fragrant children of the season,
 Age on me no weight imposes,
 To laugh and quaff alone is reason.

On the whole, we consider
 Mr. Moore as a gentleman of
 good taste, who writes pretty
 verses on trifling subjects, but
 we cannot allow him much ability
 as a translator. If a version of
 Anacreon, in opposition to the se-
 verer laws of morality, should be
 deemed necessary, it will still re-
 main a desideratum of literature,
 notwithstanding the exertions of
 Mr. Moore. We shall subjoin
 the 15th Ode as the best specimen
 of the translator's talents, together
 with Dr. Johnson's version of the
 same, that the reader may com-
 pare them.

15th Ode of Moore.

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
 Thus your humid pinions move,
 Shedding through the air in showers
 Essence of the balmyest flowers ?
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove.
 Curious stranger ! I belong
 To the bard of Teian song ;
 With his mandate now I fly
 To the nymph of azure eye ;
 Ah ! that eye has madden'd many,
 And the poet more than any !
 Venus, for a hymn of love,
 Warbled in her votive grove,
 ('Twas in sooth a gentle lay.)
 Gave me to the bard away.
 See me now his faithful minion,
 Thus with softly-gliding pinions,

To his lovely girl I bear
 Songs of passion through the air.
 Oft he blandly whispers me,
 "Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
 But in vain he'll bid me fly,
 I shall serve him till I die.
 Never could my plumes sustain
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,
 On the mountain's savage swell;
 Seeking in the desert wood
 Gloomy shelter, rustick food.
 Now I lead a life of ease,
 Far from such retreats as these;
 From Anacreon's hand I eat
 Food delicious, viands sweet;
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
 Sip the foamy wine with him.
 Then I dance and wanton round
 To the lyre's beguiling sound;
 Or with gently-fanning wings
 Shade the minstrel while he sings:
 On his harp then sink in slumbers,
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
 This is all—away—away—
 You have made me waste the day.
 How I've chatter'd! prating crow
 Never yet did chatter so.

Johnson's translation.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly?
 Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way:
 Is it business? is it love?
 Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
 Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
 Vows to Myrtale the fair;
 Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
 Blushing nature, smiling art.
 Venus, courted by an ode,
 On the bard her dove bestow'd:
 Vested with a master's right,
 Now Anacreon rules my flight;
 His the letters that you see,
 Weighty charge consign'd to me:
 Think not yet my service hard,
 Joyless task without reward;
 Smiling at my master's gates,
 Freedom my return awaits;
 But the liberal grant in vain
 Tempts me to be wild again.
 Can a prudent dove decline
 Blissful bondage such as mine?
 Over hills and fields to roam,
 Fortune's guest without a home;

Under leaves to hide one's head,
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:
 Now my better lot bestows
 Sweet repast and soft repose;
 Now the generous bowl I sip
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
 Void of care, and free from dread,
 From his fingers snatch his bread;
 Then with luscious plenty gay,
 Round his chamber dance and play:
 Or from wine as courage springs,
 O'er his face extend my wings;
 And when feast and frolic tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all, be quick and go,
 More than all thou canst not know;
 Let me now my pinions ply,
 I have chatter'd like a pye.

The volume is handsomely printed, and little inferior to the London edition, ornamented with two engravings, the one of the translator, the other of Anacreon.

ART. 74.

A sermon, delivered August 7, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Perez Lincoln to the charge of the first church of Christ in Gloucester. By Peter Whitney, A. M. pastor of the Congregational society in Quincy. Boston, E. Lincoln.

ORDINATION sermons are more numerous and cheap, than any other pamphlets emitted from the presses of New England. Some are very good; some very bad; and concerning many we may say, as one of the authors of Cato's Letters observes, when he speaks of Bishop Blacklock's sermons, "I have read more than three hundred of them, and can find nothing exceptionable, nor a single thing worthy remembrance or remark." Mr. Whitney's discourse, however, is the com-

position of a good writer. It is such a discourse, as will afford entertainment to others beside the people of Gloucester; and contains instruction for those in the ministry, as well as such as are candidates. The text is, *Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life*. In the language of scripture a crown of life comprises every thing to which the most laudable ambition can aspire.

The method of the discourse is this. Fidelity in a minister of Christ *implies* vigilant endeavours to acquire just conceptions of religion. Secondly—Firmness and perseverance in preaching the gospel. Thirdly—Such acquaintance with the evidences of the truth and origin of the gospel as shall enable him to defend it with success against the attacks of the sceptical. Fourthly—An exhibition of christian purity and excellence in the life, a conversation corresponding to the sacred office. The usual addresses upon these occasions close the discourse.

ART. 75.

A complete treatise on the measurement of timber, containing, besides all the rules usually given on the subject, some new and interesting improvements; particularly the new, expeditious, and very accurate method of calculating the contents of square and round timber: with the description of the sliding rule and Gunter's scale, so far as they relate to this art. The whole being illustrated with examples at full length, and is well adapted to the practical timber-measurer. By James Thompson. Troy,

(N. Y.) Wright, Goodenow, & Stockwell, 1805. pp. 87.

THIS work is exclusively designed for the use of those artists, who are concerned in the measurement of timber. It is founded on mathematical principles, but, to be understood, it does not require much mathematical science. The author, to use his own language, "commences by treating 1stly, of board measure; 2dly, of reducing scantling to board measure; 3dly, of square timber; 4thly and lastly, of round timber. In all the cases in each problem, there is at least one example wrought according to all the approved and common rules; and the operations are inserted at full length, in order that it may conspicuously appear, which is the shortest, plainest, and most accurate. The customary, or false method, is particularly pointed out; and on comparing it with the true method, it will be found to give the contents above the truth on rectangular square timber, whose breadth is greater than its thickness; and under the truth on tapering square timber; and above one fourth under the truth on round timber. There are also other examples, with their answers according to the true and false methods." On an examination, we find this work founded on true principles, and well calculated for use, and therefore we recommend it to the attention of artists, and to merchants who deal in the article of timber.

The author has incorporated into his work two miserable versifications of the rules for extracting the square and cube root.

In justice to this author, we would observe, that should the publick estimate his treatise by the merit of its poetical contents, they would do great injustice to its mathematical worth.

ART. 76.

A Sermon, delivered at Hingham, Lord's-day, May 5, 1805. By Henry Ware, A.M. Occasioned by the dissolution of his pastoral relation to the first church of Christ in Hingham, and removal to the office of Professor of divinity in the university at Cambridge. Together with an address from the church on the occasion, and his answer. Published at the request of the society. Boston, E. Lincoln.

Mr. Ware is well known, as a divine of high literary character, an excellent preacher, and a man very amiable in private life. No wonder therefore that a moving scene presented, when he took his leave of a people, who knew his worth, and with whom he had been connected more than twenty years. The sermon is exactly suited to the occasion, on which it was delivered. There is no attempt at an exhibition of shining talents, and nothing very interesting to persons, who do not put themselves in the situation of those, who at the delivery were affected with tender emotions, whose hearts vibrated in unison with the preacher's, or were tuned to the soft strains which then flowed from his lips. We conceive, therefore, that it was printed for the satisfaction of the religious society at Hingham, and that it is calculated not only to soothe their minds, when they

recollect the friendship, virtues, and gifts of their beloved pastor, but to strengthen them with good advice and fresh instruction, as often as they give it a perusal.

The following extract proves our observation to be well founded :—

When a minister is removed to a distance from a flock, with which he has been long connected in a pastoral relation, to which he feels a strong attachment, and in whose welfare he has a lively interest, what can be more grateful or satisfactory to him than to hear, that they adhere firmly to those doctrines and principles he has been employed in inculcating among them; that they continue to attend, and to profit by those institutions, in which he has it no longer in his power to join them; that a spirit of piety and zeal for pure christianity prevails among them, and that numbers are frequently added to those, who are not ashamed of the gospel, who name the name of Christ, and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called.

Whether he has it in his power to visit them occasionally in person, or else is absent from them, it will not fail to be one of the grateful circumstances of his life to hear of their affairs; that they stand fast in one spirit and with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel; and to know that "their conversation is in all these respects as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

At the end of the sermon are the letters, which passed from the committee, in behalf of the church, and Mr. Ware; which are expressive of cordial esteem and mutual affection—and highly honourable to the people who, tho' unwilling to part with their minister, yet sacrificed their inclinations to the publick good, and consented that Mr. W. should accept the office, to which he was introduced by the wishes of the judicious and wise, and in which we

trust he will be eminently useful to future generations.

ART. 77.

"The value of life and charitable institutions." A discourse, delivered before the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at their semi-annual meeting, June 11th, 1805.

God did send me before you to preserve life.
Genesis.

By Thomas Gray, minister of the church of Christ, on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. Boston. H. Sprague, 8vo. pp. 46.

WE have delayed, much too long, to notice this very respectable tract; which, escaping the proverbial dulness of charitable discourses, selects with judgment, and enforces with animation and pathos, topics which are well suited to the occasion. We consider the Humane Society as one of the most useful institutions in the state, and recommend the arguments in its favour, which are contained in this discourse, to the attention of our readers. An extract will give a favourable exhibition of the style and manner of the advocate.

Whilst thus we commend the spirit of all these institutions, our encomiums, surely, are not less due to a society, which, for the benevolence of its designs, and the respectability of its members, for the usefulness of its operation, and the extent of its objects, must hold the first rank among all charitable association. To preserve that life, so dear to all, to open again the eyes that were about to close forever on this beautiful world, and this cheering sun, and to unlock the lips, that were almost sealed up in everlasting silence, to unstop the ears, that were deaf to the voice of friendship, or to the cries of grief, to cause the blood to flow again through

the heart, that had now ceased to beat, to strengthen the bonds of nature, which death had almost broken, and to change the house of mourning into an house of joy and rapture; these—these are the objects, at which this institution aims. "The value of life, then, is the criterion of its importance;" and what makes its continuation desirable for its own sake, for our friends, for our country, or religion, "is the triumphant boast of the resuscitative art." To behold these objects realized, and by our personal aid to assist in the benevolent work; to restore to society a useful member, to a family an indulgent parent, and to humanity a friend; or by charitable contribution, to minister to the comfort of the shipwrecked mariner, when the storms have arisen and dashed his vessel on the shore; there to furnish shelter and protection in retreats erected by the hand of humanity, and to have the blessing of him, who was ready to perish, thus coming upon you, must furnish a luxury more exquisite, than the epicure can boast, more refined, than language can express, more divine, than imagination can conceive. It is a joy, which the heart alone can feel, and which the stranger to humanity intermeddles not with.

Go on, then, in your Godlike design, nor be weary in well doing. You are following the footsteps of him, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; not to be ministered unto, but to minister to others, and to give his life a ransom for many. You are ensuring to yourselves the reciprocation of those kind offices, which you, in your turn, may possibly one day require. You are offering unto God an acceptable acknowledgment of his mercies towards you. You are obeying the command of our blessed Saviour while here upon earth, and putting on the badge, which he himself hath instituted of your relationship to him. You are honouring his gospel, to whose influence alone we are indebted for the first, and for every other charitable establishment, that has ever been formed; for till his appearance upon earth, not one solitary association of this kind had ever existed. And though you seek no earthly recompense, yet he who remembers a cup of cold water given in his name,

will not forget this labour of love. How faded will one day appear the garlands of the conqueror, when compared with those, which shall then be placed upon his brow, who hath conquered misery! How dim will grow the monarch's diadem, when beheld in competition with that, which applauding angels shall, one day, fix upon the head of benevolence! But you come not here to receive the applause of mortals. You enter not this sacred temple for the purpose of ostentation. Pure in its origin, your benevolence courts no compliment in its progress; and no selfishness mixes along with it. But you assembled, to day, to stimulate others to those tender charities, which your hearts already feel; and, pointing to your motto, you say to them: go and do likewise.

Suitable notice is taken of the death, during the last year, of several of the most eminent members of the society, viz. President Willard, Drs. Howard and Parker, Messrs. Coffin, Brimmer, and Davis, and an appendix is given, containing the directions of the society for the recovery of drowned persons, and some very interesting narratives of resuscitation.

ART. 78.

An Address to the members of the Merrimack Humane Society, at their anniversary meeting in Newburyport, Sept. 3, 1805. By Daniel Appleton White, Third edition. Newburyport, E. M. Blunt. 1805. pp. 29.

THIS address is substantial. It is full of truth, and abstract remark, and excellent sentiment, yet without grace, ornament, and airiness. It is an entertainment of the solid kind, which is unquestionably good; but such a feast too much resembles what a Frenchman calls an English din-

ner, roast beef and plum pudding, and plum pudding and roast beef. Now a little of each is best, and then finish with raisins, wine, crack'd walnuts, and golden pippins.

ART. 79.

The advantages of association to promote useful purposes, illustrated in a discourse, delivered in the second congregational church, Newport, aug. 1, 1805, at the request of the Female Benevolent Society. By William Patten, A. M. minister in said church. Published by request, and for the benefit, of the Society. Newport, R. I. Printed at the office of the Newport Mercury. 1805.

WE have noticed with pleasure the late political reformation of this most apostate town of Newengland; and it is with similar emotion that we become acquainted with a society, so respectable as that, before whom this discourse was delivered. All charities serve to meliorate the intercourse of mankind, and to throw into circulation the better qualities of the mind; but those whose purpose is the protection of the children of indigence and misfortune, are too elevated for our elogy, and too disinterested to desire it. With good morals, good patrons, and good politicks, we have nothing to apprehend! Mr. Patten's discourse may be classed under the head of *tidy*. It is neither languid nor animated, neither frigid nor affectionate, neither copious nor contracted, neither laboured nor inelegant: it impresses you...if the term be not too positive...as the unaffected

ed performance of a christian and a scholar. Recommending the aggregate importance of contributions individually trivial, and their liberal approbation to the assistance of the unfortunate, he artlessly observes—"The bank, which is a barrier against the waves of the sea, is composed of sands: the shower, which waters the fields, the stream, at

which the flock drinks, are composed of drops of water." "Let us, by giving, render more wide and deep the stream, at which the lambs drink. Let us enlarge, and render warmer the shelter, by which they are defended from the storm. Let us, by giving, express our gratitude to that Being, on whose goodness and mercy all depend."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE U. STATES FOR NOVEMBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.

NEW WORKS.

Reports of Cases, argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from Sept. 1804, to June 1805, both inclusive. Vol. I. By Ephraim Williams, Esq. Northampton, S. & E. Butler. 8vo. pp. 572. Fine vellum paper. Pomroy, printer. Price 5 dols.

Constitution and Laws of the State of New Hampshire; together with the Constitution of the United States. Published pursuant to a resolution of the Legislature passed the 3d December, 1804. 8vo. pp. 552. Bover, Samuel Bragg. Price 2.50.

Digest of the Laws of Kentucky. By Judge Tolman. Lexington, Kentucky. Price 5 dols.

A Geographical Dictionary of the United States of North America: containing a general description of each state; and of the population, number of acres, soil, productions, natural

curiosities, various climates, &c. Also, a description of the rivers, lakes, mineral springs, mountains, manufactures, trade and commerce. With a succinct account of Indiana, and Upper and Lower Louisiana Territories. Likewise, the population of each county, township, and those towns in the union, the population of which has been ascertained by the census of eighteen hundred. To which is added, a description of more than one thousand places, not noticed in any former geographical work. Embellished with a handsome map of the United States. By Joseph Scott, author of the United States Gazetteer, the Modern Geographical Dictionary, in 4 volumes, 8vo. &c. &c. The whole containing six hundred pages 8vo. Price neatly bound, two dollars twenty-five cents. Wilmington, Del.

The history of North and South America, from its discovery to the death of General Washington, by Richard

Snowden, Esq. in two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia, Jacob Johnson. 1805. 1st vol. 196 pp. 2d vol. 166.

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The Monthly Register, and Review of the United States, No. 3, for March, 1805. Charleston, S. C. Carpenter.

The Literary Miscellany for August, September, and October. Cambridge, Hilliard.

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commerce in the principal cities of the world, as well as of the chief commercial houses in Bourdeaux, Nantz, La Rochelle, and other cities of the continent, with an account of the particular species of trade in which they are engaged; the names of the principal magistrates and officers of the United States of America, and of the consuls of the different nations residing therein; the course of exchange in all countries; the names of the principal ship owners, and of the vessels belonging to them; together with other particulars relative to commerce. 12mo. Fine medium paper. pp. 108. Philadelphia. Price 1 dol.

INTELLIGENCE.

The University and Royal Academy of Sciences of Gottingen.

(Translated from a late number of the *Spectateur du Nord* for the Monthly Anthology.)

THE university of Gottingen has been known for a long time in the learned world, as a literary institution having the highest claims to celebrity and general attention, uniting among its professors the most rare talents in all the branches of science, and ornamented with many magnificent establishments. It possesses an observatory, provided with a telescope of Herschel; a fine botanick garden; a lying-in hospital, which seems rather like a palace; a museum, enriched with every thing most curious from all quarters of the globe; an immense library rich in the most valuable books (except perhaps in old editions and manuscripts, the latter of which are generally superfluities) superior even to the much boasted ancient library of Alexandria, and inferior perhaps only to the imperial library of Paris. This library is also established on the most liberal principles, since every one, who is in the least known, may on his simple signature transport any of the books to the place most commodious for their perusal. Every day, at the hours when this superb collection is opened, we may see at the portico two uninterrupted lines of those who enter and of those who come out, either to return or to bring

away books, or to make researches. This interesting picture does not badly resemble a swarm of bees, who throng the mouth of a hive. In the interior every thing is executed with a propriety, politeness, and assiduity, highly honourable to the learned gentlemen, who fill the offices of librarian and secretary. The catalogue of this library fills four hundred volumes in folio. Professor Reufs, who seems to have been made for the direction of such an establishment, retains in his memory almost the whole substance of these four hundred volumes.

The object of an university is to cultivate the sciences in the state of advancement, to which they have arrived; to teach and diffuse them:—That of an academy, and of every learned society, is to enrich the world with new discoveries; to extend their influence; and to perfect the cultivation of them. In capital cities, where a union of learned men may be easily formed, the establishment of such societies is almost a matter of course. Gottingen early availed itself of the number of learned professors, whose official duties in instructing the youth left them much leisure for the advancement of the sciences. A Mr. Bünau first suggested the establishment of the royal academy of Gottingen. The Hanoverian minister of Munichausen, founder of the university, seconded his exertions. The king of England, George II. patronised it,

and the society was established the 23d February, 1751. The celebrated Haller, who drew up the regulations of the society, was the first president.

It would be sufficient only to mention the names of the gentlemen, who have been members of this literary society, to judge of its importance. Princes and nobles, who have honoured themselves by being members, do not constitute the principal ornament;—the names of Michaelis, Roederer, Lacaille, Franklin, Forster, Pallas, Bonnet, Euler, have rendered themselves otherwise illustrious, they having extended the empire of human knowledge. Among the actual members we distinguish the names of Kæstner, Heyne (perpetual secretary), Beckman, Lichtenberg, Meiners, Gmelin, Blumenback, Heeren;—among its foreign or corresponding members Schröter, Lalande, Niebuhr, Dionis, Banks, Herschel, Monti, Boffuet, Spallanzani, Villoison, Fontana, Sommering, Bruce. It would be difficult to collect in all Europe a more illustrious catalogue, without naming an infinite number of other distinguished learned men, whom for the sake of brevity I shall decline mentioning.

The royal society is divided into three classes; first, into that of the physical sciences, which comprehends besides physics properly so called, anatomy, chemistry, botany, and natural history; secondly, that of the mathematics, including mechanicks and astronomy; thirdly, into that of history and philology. Their public meetings are holden on the first Saturday of every month, at which time communications are read from the members present, and those, which are transmitted from the members absent. These memoirs are collected and published under the title of *Commentationes Societatis Regiæ Scientiarum Goettingensis*, to which are added a preliminary notice of the labours of the society, eulogies on deceased members, &c.

Three prizes are annually distributed by the Royal Society. The first of fifty ducats alternately among the three classes, on the first year appropriated to the solution of a physical, on the second of a mathematical, and on the third of a historical, disquisition. The two,

other prizes, of twelve ducats each, are always reserved for economical inquiries.

...

Mr. James Hardie of New-York, compiler of the new universal Biographical Dictionary and American Remembrancer, has announced to the publick that he has in his possession a large number of manuscripts, which he contemplates publishing in a short time, of Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugeres, a lady of distinguished literary accomplishments, daughter of John L. Bleecker, Esq. of New-York, and the celebrated Ann Eliza Bleecker, who also was an authoress, and a part of whose writings were collected and published in the year 1793, by Messrs T. & J. Swords of New-York, under the title of the "posthumous works of Ann Eliza Bleecker, in prose and verse," to which is prefixed memoirs of her life written by her daughter above mentioned.

...

Smyth's Map of Upper Canada.

American geography has received another addition from the map of Upper Canada, compiled by David William Smyth, Esq. the Surveyor-General of that province. This performance was executed at the request of Major-General John G. Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governour, and published at London by Faden in 1800. Its size is thirty-four inches by twenty-two: it includes the country as far as known between 41 and 48 deg. N. and between 71 and 85 deg. W. and its price is half a guinea. It is handsomely engraved, and embraces all the new settlements, townships, and discoveries in Canada, with the countries adjacent, especially the State of New-York, from Quebec to lake Huron. This instructive map is accompanied with a topographical description. On this sheet the Ottawa river, from its sources in the wilderness north of lake Huron to its junction with the St. Lawrence at Montreal, is delineated; as is also the water-course by rivers and lakes between the bay of Quintè on lake Ontario, and Gloucester-bay in lake Huron, along Trent, Talbot, and Severn rivers, and through Rice, Shallow, and Simcoe lakes; and the Thames, which, running from N.E. to S.W. empties into lake St. Clair. The

situation and names of the numerous towns lying on the north-west, north, and west side of the St. Lawrence, Ontario, and Erie, are particularly marked, from their commencement below, near the lake St. Francis, up to the neighbourhood of Detroit and lake St. Clair. These extensive British settlements are contiguous to New-York, or are only separated by the intervening waters, the whole extent from the 45th degree of latitude to lake Erie. The remaining part of the distance they border on the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the territory of Michigan. The reservation of the six nations of Indians is on the river Ouse, which runs from the N. W. into lake Erie. The townships are comprehended in three districts, called the *Home*, *Midland*, and *Eastern* districts; and these are divided into counties. In no part do the settlements extend very far from the lakes; but their number and population rendered it necessary for Congress to establish collection districts, to gather duties, and prevent smuggling on this whole northern frontier. Much information of the progress of the British settlements, and their contiguity to the dominions of the United States, is contained in this map of Upper Canada. To the northward of these settlements and of lake Huron, and all around lake Nipissing, lie the vast tracts of wilderness forming the hunting country of the Chippewas.—*Med. Rep.*

♦

Vanderlyn's Prints of the Falls of Niagara.

Two fine large prints of this cataract in the river, which separates the State of New-York from the Province of Upper Canada, have been published in London. They are executed from original drawings of them done by Mr. Vanderlyn, a native of Kingston, in Ulster county, and one of the most excellent artists, which his country has produced. The promising genius of this young painter manifested itself in several fine productions of his pencil, and besides gaining him a good share of celebrity, procured him the active friendship of Aaron Burr, Esq. Mr. Vanderlyn was afterwards encouraged to visit the schools of Europe, under the auspices of the Academy of the Fine

Arts, established in the city of New-York: and in remembrance of this he has inscribed to that body this pair of engravings. One of them is executed by Merigot, and the other by Lewis.

The first represents a distant prospect of the river Niagara, as it falls over the precipice on both sides of the intermediate island, from a point considerably below, called "the Indian Ladder." It is a sublime view, embracing the picturesque scenery of the adjacent shores. The second presents to the eye the appearance of the western division of the river, or that branch which descends on the Canada side of the island. This is depicted, as it is beheld from "the Table Rock," and is a superb piece. It looks up the river over the rapids. Mr. V. has sketched the double rainbow, which the rays of the sun form in the spray driven up by the dashing water. The size of the prints is thirty inches by twenty-three; and when properly framed and glazed, they display, in an impressive manner, the power of this able artist to copy one of the grandest natural scenes, which this world contains.—*Id.*

♦

Botanick Garden at Norfolk.

The undersigned, late founder and proprietor of the *Cabinet of Natural History* of New-York, presuming on the favourable disposition of the ladies and gentlemen of Norfolk to promote useful institutions, and confident that they agree, with all intelligent persons, in their opinion of Natural History, which freed from the obscurity, in which it was heretofore involved, has acquired a high degree of importance, in the scale of estimation, and consequently that an establishment, having for its object to promote the study thereof might be acceptable to them, makes bold to invite them to form a society, for the purpose of providing their town with an *Elementary Institution*, connected with a *Botanical Garden* and a *Museum Naturæ*, which might serve at once as an useful school for the instruction of their youth, in a valuable branch of science, and as an ornament to their place of residence.

To the learned and to the true friends of science, it is needless to state how much Commerce, Agriculture, Medicine and Arts, are aided and promoted

by Natural History, and how nearly they are connected with all the concerns of human life; but as these preponderant considerations may decide in favour of the proposed plan many of those, whose contributions are solicited, it has been thought expedient, to make this mention thereof. The spirit of liberality and the improved taste which characterise the inhabitants of the populous and wealthy State of Virginia, will, it is trusted, not be wanting at Norfolk, on an occasion, where an object, both useful and honourable to the same is proposed.

The sum necessary for the formation of a Botanical Garden, and of a Museum Naturæ, and for defraying the expenses attending the same, may be obtained, if four hundred friends to science, of Norfolk and its vicinity, are willing to subscribe 25 dollars each, towards the fund to be raised; for the only disbursement of some import would be the erecting of the necessary buildings, and the providing of the first collection: since it may be reasonably expected that the gratuities, which the lecturer would obtain from those who should attend his lectures would be sufficient for his annual maintenance, and that the perquisites to be paid by the publick, for their admittance at the Garden and Museum, would not only be sufficient for defraying the expenses attending the same, but even leave an overplus, which might serve to augment, and successively to complete the collections.

Animated by the sanguine expectation that his proposition will meet with the approbation of the publick, the undersigned takes the liberty of submitting to them the following plan, and of offering his services for the execution thereof.

A subscription to be opened by shares of 25 dollars each. The shares to be saleable and transferable without restriction. The fund to consist of, at least, eight thousand dollars, and of as many more, over and above that sum, as may be obtained. The inhabitants of the State of Virginia, in general, to be invited to contribute to the success of the undertaking. The subscribers to the fund to be convened in a general meeting, as soon as the said sum of eight thousand dollars shall be subscribed;

for the purpose of constituting themselves in a regular society; of framing rules and regulations for its government, and of appointing a committee charged with the general administration. The subscribers to use their influence with the Corporation of the town, to obtain the grant, or, at least the use, for a length of time, of a suitable lot of ground, on which a competent building might be erected, connected with a garden, furnished with green houses. The undersigned to lay before the Committee, as soon as it will be appointed, a plan for procuring, with all possible economy, the subjects, which are to compose the collections, and to be bound to deliver Elementary Lectures on Zoology, Botany and Mineralogy, as soon as the collections will be extensive enough to illustrate the same with specimens of each class, order, genus, and species.

DELACOSTE.

New edition of Adam's Latin Grammar.

A new edition of this valuable school book will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. Penniman & Co. of Troy, N. York. By omitting all the English part, the long catalogues of words which are better learned from a dictionary, the use of which they are never expected to supply, and some other unimportant clauses, it is intended to render it cheaper, more lucid in arrangement, and more convenient and useful to the student. We are decidedly against the too prevalent practice of abridging elementary treatises; but the adopted, and we humbly think judicious, method of education in this country making it the scholar's duty to learn English grammar, before he enters upon the study of the Latin language, the benefit, which may arise from interlarding his Latin grammar with English elements, cannot possibly compensate for the additional expense and the confusion and hindrance such a mixture sometimes occasions.

As this edition is edited by the Rev. Doctor Fitch, President of Williams's College, we feel confident that nothing will be expunged, which would be of any material use to the Latin tyro, nor any thing retained to swell the size of the book, which can be deemed superfluous. It is abridged from the *third Edinburgh edition*, and is recommended

by the confirmed authority of Williams's College to be used in the classical exercises of all who may repair to that flourishing seminary for instruction.

It is greatly to be wished that our academies and schools would adhere to uniformity in the books used in any one science or language; and as this work in its original form had justly acquired the preference before all Latin grammars, we cannot but anticipate, for an edition which will be every way competent to its object, a general and flattering reception. Among those acquainted with its editor's character, and among the lovers of classical improvement, we are sure of its success.—*Troy Gazette.*

Dictionary of Merchandise.

Among the valuable publications which ingenuity and industry are furnishing to the world, we have seldom met with one of more real practical use, than that above mentioned, which Mr. James Humphreys has lately issued from his press. The author professes that the object of his dictionary is to give an account of the origin, places of growth, culture, use, and the marks, by which the goodness and value of the principal articles of commerce may be ascertained; as well as the names, by which they are known in the different languages of Europe; and it is due to him to say, that as far as we can judge, he has well executed his undertaking. If so, there are few men, who will not be benefited by this book. To all who buy and sell it must be valuable. Every such man is interested that what he buys should be good, and as the opportunities of few men have given them a perfect knowledge of every article in the line of their business, it is wise to remedy the want by the experience of others, especially when obtained at so small expense. To those persons, who trade in the productions of the West-Indies, and places beyond the Cape of Good Hope, the information it contains is particularly suited, and to retail grocers, and those who are in the practice of buying at auction it is a most valuable manual. We are also informed, by persons better able to judge than we are, that it contains much useful instruction to druggists, apothecaries, and others who deal in

chymical preparations; and we have the warrant of an eminent physician in recommending it highly to medical students and young practitioners of medicine, particularly those who reside in the country.

I. Riley & Co. of New-York, have in the press Powell on Devices; the third edition of Democracy Unveiled, with large additions by the author, in two volumes duodecimo; Buller's Nisi Prius, printed page for page from the last London copy; Part III. Volume 3d of the New-York Term Reports; and Plowden's History of Ireland.

The increase of printing in the United States has been considered with astonishment. American editions of valuable English works are no longer considered as of inferior execution. Much work at the press is well done, and the best work may be expected upon far less encouragement, than such works usually receive in Europe. Among the last notices of works for the press, are those of Dalcho's Botanical Outlines, with nine plates, at the request of the Botanical Committee at Charleston, S.C.—*Sal. Reg.*

A new periodical work will shortly be published in this town, entitled the Polyanthos. Each number will be embellished with the portrait of some distinguished character; and is intended to contain biographical sketches (particularly of those who have distinguished themselves in America); moral and literary essays, history, theatrical notices, poetry, &c. The editor requests those literary gentlemen, who write on any of these subjects, for their own relaxation, or the amusement of others, to send a portion of their productions to the bookstore No. 45, Newbury street. The first number will be ornamented with an elegant portrait of Commodore Preble, from an original likeness taken at Naples.

A new periodical publication is promised in Philadelphia to be entitled, The Theatrical Censor, at the commencement of the opening of the Philadelphia theatre. A number, consisting of 8 pages 8vo. will appear every Saturday during the performances. This work will be conducted by a society of gentlemen, who, by an unprejudiced review of the performers and performance

ces, hope to contribute to the much desired reform of the American stage, and produce a change, which the lovers of

the drama have long called for in vain, and to which American liberality fully entitles them.

BIOGRAPHY
OF
GOVERNOUR POWNALL.

DIED, at Bath, (England) on the 25th of February, 1805, in the 85th year of his age, Governour Pownall, universally lamented, because universally respected by all who knew him. He met his death with fortitude, being well prepared for the event, having long familiarised his mind to the contemplation of it. The excellent writings he hath left behind him give an ample evidence of his uncommon abilities. He retained his faculties, in perfect vigour, to the latest period of his life, as many scientifick men can witness, who attended him almost to the end of it. In his early days he filled a situation in the Board of Trade, and was much esteemed by Lord Halifax, who was first lord of that board. In those times, this board of office was the best school for young gentlemen to obtain a rudimental knowledge of the commerce, the politicks, and the interests of their country. Mr. Burke, however, by his bill of reform, in the year 1782, abolished this office. Mr. Thomas Pownall, (the subject of this sketch) constantly paid a particular and sedulous attention to the affairs of the colonies. At the beginning of the seven years' war with France, which commenced in America in 1754, (two years before it broke out in Europe) a number of persons, who were styled commissioners, being deputed from each colony, assembled at Albany, to consider of the best method they could devise to defend themselves against the French, who were making great and alarming encroachments on their back settlements. This assembly was called the Albany Congress, and was the first congress

held in America. The precedent of this congress gave rise to the subsequent plan of a Congress Government, established at the revolution in 1775. As soon as the intention of the colonies to hold a Congress at Albany was known in England, Mr. Pownall immediately foresaw the danger to the mother country that this project of a general union would draw after it, if once permitted; and he presented a strong and impressive memorial to Lord Halifax on the subject. This was in the year 1754. The plan, which the Congress had in view, was to form a great council of deputies from all the colonies; with a governour-general to be appointed by the crown, and empowered to take measures for the common safety; and to raise money for the execution of their designs. The ministry did not approve of this plan; but, seeing that they could not prevent the commissioners meeting, they resolved to take advantage of this distress of the colonies to turn the subject of deliberation to their own account. For this purpose they sent over a proposal, that the Congress should be assisted in their considerations by two of the King's council from each colony, be empowered to erect forts, to levy troops, and to draw on the treasury in London for the monies wanted; and the treasury to be reimbursed by a tax on the colonies, to be laid by the British Parliament. This proposal was peremptorily rejected, because it gave to the British Parliament a power to tax the colonies.

This was the first idea of taxing the colonies by the authority of Parliament. These facts are but

little known. Although Mr. Pownall did not agree with the Ministry in the whole extent of their proposal, yet they thought him a gentleman so well acquainted with the affairs of the colonies that, in the year 1757, they appointed him governor of Massachusetts Bay, in the room of Mr. Shirley removed. He did not give his confidence to Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Oliver, nor to any of their party; which they resented, by propagating a variety of slanders against him amongst the people, particularly amongst the clergy, with a view of making his situation uncomfortable to him. He was a friend to liberty, and to the constitution; and therefore he countenanced no plots against either. Being exceedingly averse to disputation, after two years residence, he solicited to be recalled. In the year 1759 Mr. Bernard (afterwards Sir Francis) was removed from New-Jersey to Massachusetts Bay, and Governor Pownall went to New-Jersey in his room. He staid in New-Jersey but a very short time, being almost immediately appointed governor, captain-general, and vice-admiral of South-Carolina, in the room of Mr. Lyttleton, now lord Lyttleton. He staid in Carolina until the year of 1761, when, at his own desire he was recalled. Upon his arrival in London, he was appointed director-general of the office of Controul, with the rank of colonel in the army, under the command of Prince Ferdinand in Germany. While in this situation, having permitted some oats to pass from Bremen for the use of the army, Mr. John Guest, who had been appointed inspector of the magazines in Germany, declared them damaged, and unfit for use; and he sent a memorial to the lords of the treasury in London, charging Governor Pownall with misconduct in this matter. After some examination the charge appeared to be unfounded, and in consequence Mr. Guest was dismissed from his employment.

Guest came to London, and, in the spirit of revenge, sent a copy of his memorial to Mr. Wilkes, who caused it to be printed in the fortieth number of the North Briton. At the end of the war, Governor Pownall returned to England. His accounts were examined, and passed with honour. At the general election in 1768, he was chosen a representative in Parliament, for Trerigon, in Cornwall. At this time the hostile designs of the British cabinet against America were become perfectly obvious. All America saw them, and every colony was seized with a general alarm. These designs, and the measures which were founded upon them, Governor Pownall strenuously and uniformly opposed in Parliament. His first essay was against the bill for suspending the legislature of New-York. In the debate on that bill he declared with a warm and strong emphasis, that "it was a fact, which the House ought to be apprised of in all its extent, that the people of America, universally, unitedly, and unalterably, are resolved not to submit to any internal tax imposed upon them by any legislature, in which they have not a share by representatives of their own election." At this time very few people in England believed that America would make any serious resistance; but in a few years Gov. Pownall's words were found to be strictly true. His other speeches in Parliament, which are many in number and very interesting, were all printed by Mr. Almon, in his Parliamentary Register, from Gov. Pownall's own manuscripts. The governor also assisted Mr. Almon very considerably in his American Remembrancer, in twenty volumes; a work that has now become extremely scarce. At the general election in 1775, Gov. Pownall was elected representative in Parliament for Minehead, in Somersetshire. Throughout this Parliament, he continued to oppose every measure

that was inimical to America. He approved of Mr. Grenville as a minister, but not of his American measures, which he said were suggested and recommended by those persons in America, to whom he had refused to give his confidence; and who, he said, were the enemies of both countries. He highly esteemed the late lords Chatham and Temple, whom he always considered to be the truly disinterested friends of their country. With Dr. Franklin he was also upon terms of sincere friendship. And he was with equal ardour the opponent of that system of government, which Mr. Burke so happily denominated "a double cabinet." At the general election in 1780 he retired from Parliament; but he preserved his connection and friendship with Mr. Almon. Some time afterwards he quitted Richmond, and retired to Bedfordshire: but frequently visited London and Bath.—*Month. Mag.*

Deaths in Boston, from October 25 to November 21, as reported to the Board of Health.

	M.	F.	Ch.
Accident			1
Cholera infantum			18
Colic, bilious	1		
Consumption	6	8	2
Debility	2		
Dropsy	1	1	
Drowned	1		
Dysentery		1	2
Fever, bilious	2	1	1
— nervous	3	3	
— typhus	2		
Fits			2
Hooping cough			7
Infantile complaints			5
Jaundice	1		
Mortification		1	
Of a burn			1
Old age	3	4	
Quincy			3
Unknown	2	1	
Total	24	20	42
			86

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases for November.

Fewers of the typhoid class have, as usual in this country, been the prevailing diseases of this month; their number not so considerable as in October. Some of the graver cases have terminated fatally; and these often marked by delirium and the appearance of affection of the brain, with less arterial action than common. Pneumonic inflammation has been seen complicated with certain of these cases. Coughs and catarrhal affections have been very general; but not severe.

Scarcely any thing remains of the autumnal diseases of children, except a few chronic diarrhoeas. A number of instances, some of them fatal, have occurred of the peripneumony of children. Those who have passed through the hooping cough, or are still labouring under it, seem to have been particularly exposed to this disease.

Vaccination is scarcely heard of.

Corrigendum.—In the note at the end of *The Botanist*, in our last, a sentence was omitted in transcribing. It should read thus:—With the history and the description (of the recently established botanical garden) came a copy of an elegant oration, delivered by the celebrated Roscoe, at the opening of the botanical garden in Liverpool.

Editors' Notes.

WE have received a communication from Dr. Morfe and Rev. Mr. Farish in answer to our review of their work. We have recently refused to admit a letter from another author, who has many claims on our respect, and we were therefore justified in hesitating to comply with the wishes of our reverend correspondents. But as their letter contains charges of so serious an aspect, that we should be compelled to meet them in some other form, we shall insert their letter in our next number and submit to the easy task of our own vindication.

The account of a visit to the falls of Niagara is written by a gentleman of talents, and shall appear in our next.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1805.

Translated from the French for the Anthology.

MANUSCRIPTS OF M. NECKER, PUBLISHED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Ours is a singular family ! says Mr. Necker ; and this opinion, which I should not have presumed to announce in this way, but which I have a right to repeat after him, appears to me strikingly just and true. Was it not in reality a singular sight to see this family together ; Mr. Necker in unceasing admiration with Madame Necker ; Madame Necker in adoration with Mr. Necker ; Mr. Necker ravished with Madame de Stael ; Madame de Stael in ecstasy with Mr. Necker, and each of them occupied without intermission in making others partake of their transports and enthusiasm ? Hitherto they have not succeeded ; so many praiseworthy efforts have been without success, or rather they have had such an unfortunate success, that, from politeness, I should not dare to describe it. But here Madame de Stael has again advanced into the arena to break a strong lance in favour of the memory of her father, and in a long disquisition upon the character and private life of Mr. Necker exhausts all that a rich and brilliant imagination can furnish of ideas and colouring ; all the tender movements, the plaintive accents, mild

recollections, and sad regrets of melancholy and sensibility ; all that is most exalted in tenderness and love ; every thing which rhetoric offers of expressions, figures, and oratorical movements ; all that could be inspired by the most flattering eulogy ; every thing which could be permitted in the most exaggerated panegyrick, and from so many faculties, sentiments, and resources she composes for the object of her adoration a shining crown of glory.

Mr. Necker is no more, and his death is yet too recent for us to hold towards him the severe tone of posterity. He is placed in the most fortunate position to be judged ; in the position which commands the most caution in a writer. Living, he would provoke just reproaches, and hatred perhaps too merited ; had he been longer deceased, he would be given to the judgment of a generation that would have a right to be more inflexible than his contemporaries. But, at present, as he is not here to make apologies, to answer, to defend himself, to attack, or even to propose new constitutions which would recall too strongly that which he has shaken, we are

in a manner disarmed ; and if we still think of his demi-ambition, his demi-movements, his demi-talents, his demi-virtues, which produced misfortunes so entire and so deep, we know at least that so many calamities were not in his intention, and the crimes of so many others have made us forget his faults.

If any thing however were capable of recalling them, it would be the indiscreet and excessive praises of Madame de Stael. Without doubt it is allowable in a daughter, without doubt it is even praiseworthy in her, to swell a little the measure of the virtues and talents of her father ; but I do not believe this permission extends itself to make it a duty to offer him to us as the greatest, the most virtuous, the most amiable, the most admirable, the most sublime of mankind ; one to whom so many recollections, so many facts, so many events, so many proofs assign a very different rank among men. Without doubt much consideration is owed to a woman ; but this consideration cannot carry me so far, as to applaud such an absurd want of truth and propriety, such foolish and ridiculous exaggeration.

This consideration will engage me at least not to derive from this ridiculous work an advantage which I might, but to treat seriously, what it would be much more easy and inviting to combat with the weapons of pleasantry. Madame de Stael appears to expect this mode of attack, and seems even to dread it a little. She places the wits notwithstanding at their ease ; for she declares to them that, *sad, though faithful depository* of the constant

practice of her family, she will not exert her talent against them ; she chooses rather to oppose to them her virtues, *a firm sentiment of pride and elevation of mind*. But it may be truly said of Madame de Stael in particular, as of men in general, that the arms of her virtue are less formidable, than those of her talents ; but I will not take advantage of all that this declaration may have of consoling, and, faithful historian, or rather simple copyist, I will only transcribe the praises of Madame de Stael, without endeavouring to make them appear ridiculous.

It will not then be my fault, but that of the panegyrist, if a smile is excited, when we learn, that while in expectation of a detailed and political life of Mr. Necker, which is promised us, his abridged and private life is merely filled with phrases, repeated without ceasing, and varied in a thousand ways : "justice," "simplicity," "elevation of mind," "virtues," "genius," "perfection," "sublime soul," "ethereal soul," "celestial soul," "noble sentiments," "admirable sentiments," "sublime sentiments." "We see in Mr. Necker a simple man," "a sublime man," "a just man," "a powerful man," "a good man," "a man of genius," "a susceptible man," "an illustrious man," "the image of that Providence, who presides over the starry heavens, and who disdains not in his goodness to watch over the life of sparrows," "a man, like that god of fable, who reigned alternately in the heavens and served on the earth," "a man, who had a right to sacrifice so many present advantages to the suffrage of ages, and who could

patiently await that suffrage, because he would be eternal," and that, "like the divinity, he was patient because he was eternal.... *patiens quia aternus.*"

If Madame de Stael has not made a god of her father, she has at least prepared for it in presenting him to us as "a man altogether aerial, altogether celestial, entirely ethereal; loving only glory, because there is something aerial in glory, which places it between heaven and earth: his soul was celestial, his look was celestial; he had a justness in his voice, which supposes I know not what of celestial in the soul, which accords with the speech;" "but he was more celestial still in his last moments, because heaven had already descended into his heart; he has left a memory, which will make, in this last age, a luminous ethereal path, a path, which goes from the earth and is continued to heaven." "He was a man, who only possessed all his powers when he was struggling against difficulties worthy of those powers; he increased with circumstances, he was proud against the strong; he had the most noble pride and the truest modesty; he had in his soul treasures, which are forever lost, and something vast in the *coup-d'œil*, which will perhaps never be found again." "He could have done every thing which he should have willed firmly; the means of attaining it would have easily presented themselves to his genius." "He had qualities made to serve an ambition without bounds, but restrained by a scrupulous conscience; his generosity was only circumscribed by his duties;" "his faculties had no other bounds, than

his virtues;" "a double virtue diminished doubly its force," &c. &c. &c.

That Mr. Necker was the most amiable man, the most tender father, the most desirable husband, that he had even a noble countenance, I agree. That he ought to be regarded as one of the best writers, from the brilliancy and magnificence of his imagination; that he was at the same time a poet and a calculator; that he has made excellent comedies; that he was unequalled from the universality of his faculties, as Voltaire by the diversity of his talents; that he was more continually beautiful than Boissuet, I am content not to deny. That he was celestial and divine, let that pass also; but I cannot recognise in him a man superior to events, and who could master them at his will. I do not see in him that *power*, which developed itself with so much advantage, *when it found obstacles worthy of that power*. Did not the revolution appear to him an obstacle worthy of that power? Why did he not grow great with that event? Why did he not then become proud against the strong? Here his genius was not circumscribed by his duty. His duty was to save a monarchy, which he had been called to sustain; his duty was to save a king, who had honoured him with his confidence, and who to raise him had exceeded the laws of the state. Why did he abandon this unfortunate king, and, the only one among all the ministers, why did he refuse to accompany him on an occasion that might have been decisive? Was it not to designate himself to the factious as a partizan? Ac

cordingly they did not fail to accord him every honour. They made him for some days a hero, soon after a conspirator, when he became of no use, or perhaps even dangerous by his virtues ; for I wish to believe that he had some, at least by comparison.

But the colossal glory of Mr. Necker was the work of faction, as well as his proscription ; and this is what Madame de Stael does not sufficiently distinguish, when she paints all France mad with joy at the return of Mr. Necker, *whose name, elevated to the sky, seemed to return to the heart of his daughter, after having passed the homage of the earth.* And what had Mr. Necker done, to merit that women should throw themselves on their knees on the ground, and that the most distinguished men should serve him as postillions, or unharness his horses to drag his carriage themselves ? These extravagant demonstrations, which could hardly be justified by the most eminent services, attest the madness of the times, the power of factions, and are more disgraceful, than honourable to the memory of Mr. Necker.

I am obliged to refer to a second article the examination of the *thoughts, and the novel, with which Mr. Necker terminated his literary career ;* but I cannot finish this without speaking of a singularity, which has struck all those, who have read this account of his *character and private life.* I had been told before, that Madame de Stael had complained twice, that she had not been the wife of her father. I have found this regret expressed four times. Page 5.

"He retraced that part of his life, the recollection of which affected me so profoundly ; that time, when I represented him to myself so amiable, so young, *so alone !* that period, when our destinies might have been united forever, if fate had created us contemporaries." P. 111. "There was in the heart of Mr. Necker a love, pure like what is divine, agitated like what is terrestrial....Ah ! what years my mother has enjoyed !" P. 126. "I should have lost in this defence my father, my brother, my friend, *he whom I should have chosen for the only object of the affection of my life, if heaven had not cast me in another generation.*" P. 139. "If I had been told, you shall be reduced to the most complete poverty, but you shall have your father, *in his youth,* for the companion of your life, the most delicious futurity would have offered itself to my imagination." From whence it may be concluded, as *another singularity in the family,* that if Madame de Stael was jealous of her mother, the Baron de Stael ought to have been jealous of Mr. Necker.

"Men, says Madame Necker somewhere, (for every body speaks in this family) men love glory; women shew the way and decide the success ; they are the white doves that conduct *Aeneas* to the golden branch." It will not be the fault of Madame de Stael, if her father does not arrive at glory, and it may be said in her praise, that she has exerted herself to be one of the white doves, that will conduct him to the golden branch.

Manuscripts of Mr. Necker, published by his daughter.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

I SHOULD like to see a life of Madame de Stael, written by Mr. Necker. I am persuaded that it would not be less curious, than that of Mr. Necker, written by Madame de Stael, and that the father would return to the daughter all her praises. I should subscribe for it at least more willingly. The greater part would be justly merited; the rest would belong to that language of gallantry, which is not commonly found in the mouth of a father, but which, even when misplaced, imposes upon every other man an obligation to applaud them. Whatever might have been, *fate*, having thrown these two illustrious personages in a different generation, has deprived us of this pleasure. We can nevertheless form an idea of the style and manner, in which Mr. Necker would have written such a work, by some opinions, which Madame de Stael has collected; and which she has been kind enough to transmit to us. We find, for instance, in the posthumous works of Mr. Necker a chapter *On the language of Madame de Stael*, and here is the chapter entire. "The style of Madame de Stael has the *je ne sais quoi*, which belongs to beauty." At least this chapter will not be considered tedious. In another Mr. Necker is embarrassed to define *grace*; but he gets out of the difficulty by saying: "See Madame de Stael." It is unfortunate that this definition should not be adopted by all the world. This tender and gallant father does not conceal however certain faults of his daughter;

but he describes them so agreeably, he surrounds them with so many fine qualities, that one may, without being less gallant than him, point out these slight shades in so charming a picture. "I have seen my daughter attacked with this madness, (the madness of indecision) although no one can be less susceptible than her of being led away by want of reflection; but in calm situations, in details, she does not know how to resolve, and it is a curious thing to see a person, whose imagination elevates her above common ideas, seek for a rule for employment, a motive of preference for a day of departure! In fine, it is a curious thing, when she writes, when her looks full of fire express enthusiasm, to see her not the less environed with every thing which may serve to decide her uncertainty; to have upon her toilette a watch as well as an almanack. What a mystery is our mind!"

I have quoted these thoughts in preference, because at least they interest from their object. The others, deprived of this interest, are for the most part vague and common, expressed with pretension, and often with bad taste; they are not remarkable by that pointed turn, that lively trait, or that depth, which distinguishes and imprints in the memory the thoughts of Pascal, of La Bruyère, of La Rochefoucauld, of Duclos and some others. There is hardly a person among us, who has any education and any habit of observation and reflection, who, if he would write down and edit

with some ostentation what passes in his mind, and call it *thoughts*, but could make a collection full as agreeable and full as interesting. The reader will learn at least, that Mr. Necker was very fond of curtesies, and that he regrets very much, that the women have lost the custom of them. It was without doubt an enjoyment for him, when he was minister and entered into a saloon, to see all the ladies rise up and receive him with "that slow bending, their eyes cast down, their persons erect, and a manner of rising up and then regarding the person modestly, and throwing back the body with grace. All this was more delicate than words, but very expressive as a mark of respect."

But if such are the *thoughts* of Mr. Necker, what must be his *sketches of thoughts*? To give to the publick even hints of thoughts is being very scrupulous towards it, and to render a very faithful account of what it has a right to expect from the succession of a great man. I believe however, that the nearest heirs might in conscience have sequestered, for their own profit, such sketches as these:—*On old men*. "They ought not to make use of the word delicious, it does not belong to their time of life." So that a poor old man, who may have drank with delight a glass of Clos-Vougeot, cannot say it is *delicious*; this is hard!—*On women*. "Women must not allow themselves any false movement. There is a primitive reason for every thing which is done habitually." Women will do right not to make any false movement; but I cannot see what connection there can be be-

tween the first and second part.—*The revolution*. "The revolution has augmented in France the amount of understanding: a greater number of people have a little." This is very bad reasoning for a calculator; for if a small number of people have a great deal less, his addition might fail him.—*On a custom at Geneva*. "What a charming custom at Geneva! a man takes the name of his wife; what an admirable invention, that of a woman!" I have often heard this jest, but I should never have imagined that it had been written seriously, and above all printed.

If the thoughts or the sketches of thoughts of Mr. Necker sometimes pass the commonplace circle of puerility and silliness, they rarely distinguish themselves by any elevation of manner, truth, or profundity; nor by the graces of wit and refinement, the only characters which can make such a work exist. I shall say nothing of the chapter *On commerce and the legislation of grains*, a piece which by its extent and its object passes the class of *thoughts*, and is more particularly connected with the meditations and customary studies of Mr. Necker. I have said nothing about an ingenious piece of pleasantry entitled, *the happiness of fools*, because it has been long known. M. de Talleyrand, who if he were happy could not believe in the system of Mr. Necker, gave an answer, which was read with pleasure, but which I believe was never printed. This delicate passage in it was remarked. "Mr. Necker is the first innovator who is not of his sect."

An Englishwoman with a beautiful face, and an Englishman

with a superb face, become man and wife ; they are ruined by a speculator, and they kill themselves. Such is the novel of Mr. Necker : in all, three personages, the married couple and the scoundrel who dupes them ; and three events, a marriage, the ruin of a family, and two discharges of a pistol, which finishes the affair and the novel. The rest is filled up with long amorous conversations of the husband and wife, and, when they find they are not worth a farthing, by long desperate conversations, followed by the still more desperate project of shooting themselves. This is not very gay, as one may see ; and what is worse, it has very little attraction. The happiness of two people might be interesting, without doubt ; but this happiness should be put in action. Nothing can be more fatiguing, nothing more soporific, than to describe these eternal conversations, where the husband and wife assault us with insipidity, converse mutually of their charms, of their beauty, their eyes, their hair, their heart, their soul, their love, *of that thee, which is me, of that thine, which is mine, of that universe which is gone* when they are no longer together, &c.

What could be more ridiculous, than the part played by the Chevalier Sommers, when he had a party in his house, and when he

"entered every moment into the apartment of my Lady Sommers to know if she was ready to appear ; and when she was, he preceded her with precipitation, and placed himself in a manner to judge of the effect, which would be caused among the circle by the dress and beauty of Eliza. Then he approached the persons, who had shewn the most surprise !—Well !.....said he to each one of them in particular." Let every one figure to themselves how excessive silly is that *well !* in the mouth of the husband. As to Lady Sommers, she talks much to her husband of his *noble beauty, of his superb countenance, of his beautiful eyes, of his beautiful hair, of his curls which become him so well, which she will roll herself on her fingers, and think she is making a love-knot.* She even tells him some sweet things in dreaming.

I shall say nothing of the catastrophe, it is still more monstrous, than affecting. Is the loss of fortune then a sufficient motive for suicide ? Ought the gentle soul of a woman to partake the ferocious madness of her husband ? Madame de Stael has defended suicide in theory ; Mr. Necker puts it in practice : Such are the conservatory ideas, that the father and daughter bequeath to their cotemporaries and posterity.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

No. 3.

IN every place there are individuals, who can barely supply themselves with the necessaries of life, when in health, and who, when sick, require the assistance of charitable neighbours. In cit-

ies and large towns the number of such persons is more than proportionably great, and some general provision for their relief becomes indispensable. Among us, those who have not the means

of procuring their own subsistence, whether this be from any natural infirmity, from old age, or from occasional sickness, are entitled to claim assistance from the town to which they belong. At first view it might seem, that this arrangement would be sufficient for every purpose, for which a hospital could be wanted. So it has appeared to a correspondent, whose letter I subjoin.

To the Family Physician.

SIR,

In your paper inserted in the last number of the *Anthology* I observed a proposal, or something like a proposal, for the erection of a hospital. If it is agreeable to your plan to answer objections as well as to start projects, I beg leave to ask, whether the town is not already provided with a place for the sick? Is there not a spacious and magnificent almshouse, accommodated to receive all descriptions of diseased persons who present themselves? Does not that building include all necessities and conveniences for such persons? Are there not nurses to attend the sick, and the best physicians to direct the treatment of them? I confess myself not fully informed in these matters, but I always have thought that this elegant new edifice was designed to afford every assistance which the poor could require. If this be the case, I cannot see the use of a hospital. I am, sir,

your's, &c. A CITIZEN.

Dec. 12, 1805.

Let us look into this matter, and perhaps some of my correspondent's objections will be an-

swered. If I neglect to notice any one specifically, it will be because this would lead me into a detail, which circumstances do not now require.

We have an almshouse, a large and handsome building, where every pauper obtains easy admission. What prevents those who are sick, and who are destitute of property, from resorting to this asylum? I answer, because it is disreputable. This house receives all who cannot or will not provide for themselves. It therefore necessarily contains the victims of intemperance, the idle, and the profligate; and these give a character to the inhabitants of the house generally. It also incloses some of those wretches, who are too vicious to be suffered to range abroad, yet too contemptible to receive public punishment. In short, this building serves at once for a poor house, a hospital, and a bridewell; and whilst its purposes are thus complicated, it answers neither of them perfectly. Suspicious of some vicious habits, or of peculiar incapacity will and do attach to any person, who has been in this house; and accordingly the most desperate necessity alone will induce those of good character to resort to it. With such persons the fear of death is sometimes less dreadful, than a removal to the almshouse.

As the economy of that house is chiefly accommodated to those, who permanently reside there, it is ill adapted to those who want only to be carried through a fit of sickness. The arrangements are such, as to maintain the profligate and worthless at the least possible expense, without an ab-

absolute breach of the laws of humanity. Accordingly the industrious man, suffering under an acute disease, cannot receive that constant and careful attention, which are necessary either to preserve his life, or to return him in the shortest time possible to the labours of his calling.

These difficulties may be inevitable in such an establishment, and I presume they are so, or some one would have attempted ere this to remedy them. However that may be, they do in fact exist; and the first mentioned in particular constantly deters women, who more frequently than men need the aids of charity, from seeking assistance, which must be at the risk of a good name. Such persons now rely on the aid of well-disposed neighbours. But the hand of private charity is sometimes cold and cramped; often slow. A large number of the sick poor have not the means of becoming known to those, who would listen to their tale of sorrow and relieve their distresses. They may indeed find a neighbour, who at a moment of leisure will perform for them the most necessary services; but these, while acting as benefactors, are unwilling to become beggars, and refuse to execute the unpleasant task of soliciting aid from others. Could I take by the hand some of our wealthy and benevolent citizens and persuade them to accompany me to the abodes of sickness and misery, I should exhibit scenes which would inspire them with ardour for the plan proposed. I would show them a feeble daughter at the bedside of a parent, consecrating with her health the

remains of a little property to relieve his sufferings and to protract his life. I would point out to them an aged father overstraining his rigid limbs to procure the means of restoring health to his only child. They should melt at the sight of a wretched wife, scarcely risen from the bed of parturition, exerting herself in the service of a dying husband, and disposing of the last of her furniture to provide comforts for him and food for her children. These scenes are not the pictures of imagination. Too many victims of poverty and disease have been real actors in them.

Shall another correspondent ask me, what is the object of the Dispensary, and why that does not afford relief to the most fastidious among the poor, since its assistance is in secret?—Of that institution I would say nothing but good. It furnishes to the sick physicians and medicines, and leaves them to derive the benefit of such assistance in their own dwellings. To many among the children of misfortune this relief is of all others the most desirable. But the doctor and his medicine are not all that the sick require. What avails it to a poor man if he be attended in his own house, if that house be cold and friendless; if he have not those indispensable comforts about him, and that care and attention from others, which the rich enjoy so constantly, as almost to forget that they are blessings. The Samaritan not only poured oil and wine into the wounds of the man, who lay mangled by the wayside; but put him on his own horse and conveyed him to a comfortable lodging and there watched over

him; and when he could no longer give him his personal care, he provided by his bounty for his future comfort and welfare.

In European cities hospitals have been founded either by royal munificence, or by the charity of wealthy individuals. Among us there are few or no citizens, who can

alone accomplish so great a work. But there is sufficient wealth among us, and I trust there is sufficient charity. In order to the attainment of this desirable object it only seems necessary for some man of influence, zealous in the cause, to give it his patronage. C.

OUR PLEASURES AND DUTIES IN WINTER.

Animi autem celsiores etiam versari inter medias voluptates possunt, si delecti constantia se muniant; quin et per hoc, virtutis suae experimentum magis exquisitum capere gaudent; etiam voluptatum inopia et insidias perdunt, potius contemplantes, quam obsequentes.
LORD VERULAM.

IN this frosty season of the year, a serious politician or moralist could hardly gain a single admirer among the beautiful, the gay, and the fashionable. The weather is too severe for reading long orations, and the universal desire is to keep off the cold, and seek for contentment or mirth. The study up stairs and the summer recess are deserted for the easy arm-chair by the blazing fire-side, where ennui may indolently loiter, and fancy may indulge in luxurious reverie. Books of sober and systematick learning are left to slumber in the chamber cabinet till spring; and we willingly lounge among pleasant company below; or else, relaxing on the sofa, we carelessly read and easily forget an elegant extract or the adventures of an African traveller. Thus pass the hours of a gloomy day in winter, only interrupted by the necessary duties of life, and by those avocations, which demand unconditional obedience. This mode of existence is general among the wealthy and luxurious. It is so common, that with some it is an object of fashion; it is so natural,

that perhaps it is pardonable. Imagination is asleep in common minds, when immediate beauty does not excite it. The generality of beings feel no expansion of sentiment or thought, while the storm is howling around; and perhaps from the frame of our constitution, a change of the animal feelings may originate in feeble natures analogous alterations of the powers of the intellect.

The fashionable day glides along in conversation or petty literature, and the evening rolls on with a train of diversions, which may gild the course of every moment, and fill the vacancy of every mind. Little circles of friends, private balls, card parties, public dances, thronged concerts, and crowded companies of strangers, acquaintances, and others, occupy every hour of almost every evening. Amid such gaiety, splendour, and entertainment all are pleased, all are charmed. The dance and the laugh, the joke and the scandal, pleasant talk and rapid wit, compliment and scorn, open friendship and private hate are mingled together; the hours roll rapidly

stray in the intoxication of mirth and the delirium of enjoyment ; at midnight, the fop has expended his twenty times repeated song of foolish questions and answers ; the old maid has lost another day without exciting admiration ; the sweet girl of love retires to the pleasantness of her dreams ; and before morning the tired company has dispersed, the town is quiet from the rattling of carriages, and all is buried in profound repose.

Such is the general condition of elegant society in populous cities, where there is any severity of winter. This state is however modified by circumstances of civilization, government, opulence, and religion. In republican countries, where there is little inequality of rank, it does not assume these diversified forms, in which it appears under monarchical institutions. In one country, it luxuriates into imperial magnificence of pomp ; while in another, it shrinks into the contracted boundaries of miserly expensiveness and awkward imitations of elegance. During the dreary winter nights of Russia, favourites, feudal princes, and lords paramount give to society every form of exhibition, which the wantonness of fancy, operating on inexhaustible opulence, can create. In England elegance of taste, refinement of luxury, and splendour of appearance, riot in the polished circles of the metropolis during the winter residence of a gracious sovereign, the continuance of a brilliant court, and the session of the imperial parliament. In our country the trading citizen and the wealthy gentleman, often spend

their riches and exert their taste, in frequent dinners, parties, balls, routs, and crowds ; where the company is large, the profusion great, and the entertainment universal.

With this condition of high society in winter, in this part of the world, I am little disposed to quarrel. I am not gloomy, and therefore I will not moralize severely. I am not cynical, and therefore I will not complain. I might indeed say with the author of " *Les saisons*,"

*Mais quel ! pour triompher de l'hennel des hivers,
Faut il donc tous les arts, les bals, et les concerts,*
but the elegant amusements of polished society will always find an advocate. Many of them are innocent, and may therefore be pursued without present anxiety, or future sorrow. All are esteemed fashionable, and are practised by the ladies and gentlemen, who every month and season direct the proper changes of dress and the regulations of intercourse and etiquette, as the fabled monsters of the zodiac were supposed to govern the entrance and exit of times. Prudence therefore will dictate, that a censor without the ivory staff should not offend knights of the equestrian order ; and reason perhaps might suggest, that establishments of polished life are not to be rudely attacked. I have sometimes thought them absurd, rather than wicked, and ridiculous, rather than contemptible. They are considered as evidences of civilization, and if so, they ought to be honoured. But Tacitus declares them to be testimonials of servitude, and therefore they ought not to be increased, if Tacitus and truth are accordant. The curious reader

will remark, that Agricola employed the winter season for thus enslaving the Britons, just as the leaders of high life here use that time for polishing the barbarians in manners, fashions, luxury, and taste. "Sequens hiems saluberrimis consiliis absumpta; namque ut homines dispersi et rudes, quieti et otio per voluptates adstrescerent. Inde habitus nostri honor et frequens toga; paulatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus, et balnea, et conviviolorum elegantiam; idque apud imperitos "humanitas" vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset."

As I am not so polite to the ladies, as a member of parliament to the country gentlemen, when he translates Latin for their use, I shall here introduce to their acquaintance part of L'hiver, a beautiful *Canzate* by J. B. Rousseau. As it extols and merrily displays the pleasures of winter, and as I know, that the French language is fashionable, (I wish it were more so) and that it will be read and admired, I hope that the ladies will be grateful, and no longer be angry with Tacitus or me.

Vous dont le pinceau téméraire
Représente l'hiver sous l'image vulgaire
D'un vieillard foible et languissant
Peintres injurieux, redoutez la colère.
De ce dieu terrible et puissant.

Mais si sa force est redoutable,
Sa joie est encore plus aimable;
C'est le père des doux loisirs;
Il réunit les cœurs, il bannit les soupire,
Il invite aux festins, il anime la scène;
Les plus belles saisons sont des saisons
de peine

La sienne est celle des plaisirs.
Flore peut se vanter des fleurs, qu'elle
nous donne,
Cérès des biens qu'elle produit,

Bacchus peut s'approprier des transports
l'automne;
Mais l'hiver, l'hiver seul en recueille le
fruit.

Les dieux du ciel et de l'onde,
Le soleil, la terre, et l'air,
Tout travaille dans le monde
Au triomphe de l'hiver.

C'est son pouvoir qui rassemble
Bacchus, l'Amour et les Jeux;
Ces dieux ne régnoient ensemble
Que quand il règne avec eux.

Les dieux du ciel et de l'onde,
Le soleil, la terre, et l'air,
Tout travaille dans le monde
Au triomphe de l'hiver.

Winter is generally the season of social delight. Its pleasures are not confined to the inhabitants of a large metropolis, but they are communicated abundantly, tho' in different forms, to the distant village folk. The poor and labouring people have also their merry meetings, where they experience genuine mirth. This season certainly does not bring exclusive delight to the fair, the wealthy, and the great. Their pleasures are often artificial, and almost always transitory. The winter life of a man of letters is full of deep and durable satisfaction. In the long nights he devotes himself to study, with an ardour, which perhaps increases, as the storm arises, and with a steadiness, that resists the enchantment of distant musick and the dance.

— sous un toit modeste, aux muses con-
sacré,
Et de chœurs divins, de sages entouré,
Il poursuit en paix des charmes de
l'étude.
Heureux l'ami des arts, qui dans la soli-
tude
Sait goûter tour à tour l'Arioste et
Milton,
Et revient s'éclairer entre Locke et
Newton!

St. Lambert is strengthened by Thomson. They are unquestionably right. The whole description of the former is full of morals and genuine poetry ; and the passage in the latter my feeble pen shall not eulogize. I know not, that I can persuade the lovers of feasting and late revelry to stay at home, and relish the mighty masters of French and English literature. I fear that the women love cotillions and Pleyel, more than their own thoughts and Cowper's Task, and therefore my advice will be as "the idle wind"; but to my friend, who, I know, seeks for renown among generations to come, I will give this strong and sober counsel, to gain materials of work in spring and summer, and fashion them into form and proportion and adjustment, during the long hours of his evenings in winter. Far from the folly of ceremonial intercourse, or the bustling of a crowded drawing room, in his own snug chamber, by a pleasant fire he may consult books for authority, and his own mind for reflection. Thus, confirmed by the knowledge of others, and full of raciness from the deep, strong soil of his own powers, perhaps he may feel the solemn inspirations of Stewart, which breathe a consciousness, that his great secret work will be immortal ; and perhaps he may revel in the strange raptures and holy meditations of Milton, and hereafter "produce something, which may be of use and honour to his country, and which it should not willingly let die."

To all, whether high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, this month of winter must bring

one awful consideration, that they have been spared by a merciful Providence another year, and are the favoured monuments of his divine clemency. But while they have been thus protected, what homage have they made ? Have they honoured the sanctuary of the Most High ? Have they encouraged the wants, and alleviated the sorrows of his creatures in the past summer, the season of sickness and disease ? Have they, according to their ability, relieved the necessities of the destitute widow and stranger in these cold months of dreariness and dismal existence ? If they have done these and similar good acts of piety and charity, they may enter on the new year with joy and great rejoicing, making merry in their habitations, with lively dances and pleasant minstrelsy, with the oldest of choice wines and the best fruits of the earth. But for the great blessings of the Antient of days, the bulk of mankind can make testimonials of gratitude only by soberness of devotion and cheerfulness of praise. Their situation excludes them from exerting the beneficence of wealth, the radiancy of power, and the benignity of condescension. Their sincere prayers and humble songs will however be graciously accepted by the Divine Majesty. Before him, excellence of intention, simple goodness, and devout humility are available to propitiate his mercy and receive his smile ; and these offerings he will take in lieu of that splendour of all-cheering charity, which opulence only can diffuse, and of that magnificence of good, which power alone can command into existence and exertion.

But, notwithstanding the humble praises of poverty and the bright deeds of beneficence, we are all wanting in that deep gratitude, that solemn thankfulness of the heart, which is due for innumerable and unmerited mercies. *This* reflection is affecting to a religious being. It should awaken our resolutions of piety, and our devout utterance to the Holy Spirit. Instead of courting the illusions of sense in musick, merriment, and dancing, we should employ much of our time in thinking on the love and mercies of our Maker. Let the new year be better, than the last. Let the devotee to dissipation break off in the midst of her career, for her evil days will come, and the evenings of cheerless reflection are hastening along. For the debauchee and the gamester

there is time for repentance, and there is yet mercy in heaven. May she, who has led the round of pleasure for unremembered years, think of her age and her Maker; and let the lovely being of retirement, who is consecrated to purity, as the willing nun to devotion, fortify well her mind before she commences the course, which leads to a life of pleasure, folly, and dissipation. For myself, I pray that my foes may forget their enmity, that my friends may continue their love and I finish in the language of Petrarch and piety,

Padre del Ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,
Dopo le notti vaneggiando spese.
Con quel fero desio, ch'al cor s'accese
Mirando gli atti per mio mal si adorni;
Piaciati omai, tol tuo lume ch'io torni
Ad altra vita, ed a più belle imprese.

QUINTILIAN.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

Giving an Account of the Earthquake, which took place at Naples, July 26th, 1805.

...ON the day previous to this event the heat was intense, though the atmosphere remained perfectly clear. Greater columns of smoke however had been observed to rise from the crater of Vesuvius for several days; but as the mountain had not been in a state perfectly quiet since the last eruption, this circumstance excited little or no apprehensions. Beside this there was no other indication of the approaching earthquake. But on the evening of the 26th the first shock, which was by far the most severe and the longest in duration,

was felt at about twenty minutes after ten o'clock throughout the city. It lasted one minute and thirty-five seconds by the watch. The sensations on this occasion, exclusive of those arising from the violence of the motion itself, were distressing in the extreme; for the screeches and exclamations of the women and lazaroni, which instantly ensued, struck us with the greatest terror. The agitation at first, and the rumbling sound which accompanied it, was like that of heavily laded carriages passing along the streets, and we immediately ran

into the balcony to observe them. But before we had entered it the Neapolitans, who have so often experienced the dreadful effects of these convulsions of nature, and whose fears are ever excited by any symptom of their return, had mostly left their houses, filling the air with cries, crossing themselves, and calling on St. Genuario for protection. We now made all haste to get into the court yard, and if possible to secure a place in some of the publick squares to avoid being buried in the ruins of the houses. Before we had reached the yard the motion became more violent; and augmented cries of the women and children, together with the crashing of the walls and windows not a little contributed to increase our fears. When we had got into the street the crowd was immense, and although many voices were heard, some crying, "to the *publick squares*," and others "to the *country*," the people seemed confounded, not knowing which way to run. It was with the greatest difficulty we reached the *Largo di Castello*, an open square, and when we had arrived, there was so great a concourse of the inhabitants that there was scarcely room enough for us to stand. We would even have endeavoured to reach some of the boats at the Mole and got on board a vessel in the harbour; but these we were informed were already filled with women and children. We were therefore under the necessity of remaining here through the night. Nothing was now heard but the murmuring of prayers to St. Genuario, and every one was occasionally kneeling before little pictures, or

images of him, round which they had placed small wax tapers.

At thirty-five minutes after eleven another shock was felt, which lasted nearly a minute. This was by no means so violent as the first, and the motion, which was altogether horizontal, was more regular. By this shock many of the houses, which before had been only disjointed, were now thrown down. The cries and shrieks of the populace at this moment were redoubled; they had been hitherto anxiously looking toward Vesuvius in expectation of an eruption, which in such times is always considered a favourable omen, and which they suppose terminates the earthquake. But nothing was seen there but volumes of thick smoke, at intervals illuminated by flashes from within the mountain.

At two o'clock the third shock was sustained; this though very considerable lasted only twenty-eight seconds, after which nothing more was felt of it within the city. After the second shock I perceived the atmosphere to be tainted with a sulphurick smell, a circumstance which I did not remark at the first shock.

This earthquake, although it was by no means so violent as that which took place in the year 1538, which produced Monte Nuovo; or other earthquakes which Naples has sustained, has effected much damage in the buildings of the city and its vicinity. Many of the walls of the houses have been opened from three to four inches; the roofs have fallen in, and some few monuments thrown down. Portici, which is in the neighbour-

hood of the mountain, has suffered most. The loss of property has been estimated from 12 to 15,000,000 dollars. The loss of lives is comparatively small; thirty-one people only were killed within the city. The first and second shocks of this earthquake were felt at Sienna and at Rome; but neither of these places have experienced any ill effects from it. It is now six days since this happened, and the inhabitants still continue to sleep in the streets and public squares. The *Toledo* is every day crowded with processions of monks, friars, women and children, &c. who walk barefooted, with wreaths of pine and olive on their heads, to offer thanks to St. Genuario. The king and royal family, who were at Caserta during the earthquake, returned early the next morning to thank the saint for the safety of his kingdom.

The poor superstitious Neapolitans, who are as easily thrown into despair at the approach of calamity, as their spirits are exhilarated by any prosperous o-

men, have never patience to endure affliction. At every turn of ill fortune they seem to lose all confidence in that innumerable train of saints, whose names lengthen out their calendar; and the possession of the mildest climate, the most fertile soil, a haven as commodious for the purposes of commerce as it is elegant in appearance, and a country luxurious and delightful, where spring seems to overtake the harvest; are in a moment forgotten, and all is melancholy and despair.

I saw an Italian gazette, printed at Naples, of the 30th July, in which they say, "Il corriere venuto da Roma jiri sere, assicurava che fino a Cisterna non udi parlare di terremoto; lo che conferma nostre supposizioni. Iddio abbia misericordia di noi, sospenda i suoi flagelli, accetti le nostre lacrime, e il nostro pentimento; funesti minaccie, ci accordi il perdono de' nostri falli, e la grazia di amarle, e di servirle costantemente; rinunziando alle mendace follie e ritornando nel cammino del vero e del giusto."

THE REMARKER.

No. 4.

E celsa descendit, yvohi ovescen.—JUVENAL.

Heaven sent us, KNOW THYSELF.—GIFFORD.

WERE we to judge of the state of American literature from the conversation of certain enlightened critics, whom we occasionally fall in with, we might reasonably conclude, that we had already attained the point of perfection, and that the new world rivals, if it does not surpass the old. The literary adventurers of the day are the theme of every

tongue, and their productions, whether in poetry or prose, receive such lavish encomiums from the editors of our public prints, that, were we to adopt the opinions of these gentlemen, we might proudly proclaim, that we can write better verses than Pope, and more elegant essays than Addison.

But when foreigners, excited

by our typographical puffers, interrogate us respecting the literary state of our country, and demand the names of our celebrated authors; we are unable to comply as satisfactorily as our vanity would wish. For notwithstanding the laudable partiality, which we feel for our native land, we should hesitate in preferring the Muses of New-England to those of the Thames or Seine, and justice would hardly allow us to exalt the *Gleaner* above the *Spectator* or *Rambler*.

I am sensible of the danger, that I incur, of censure, for advancing so bold an opinion, since the profoundest critics of our metropolis have considered the *Gleaner* as *la chef-d'œuvre* in essay-writing. But though I reluctantly dissent from these great authorities on this subject, yet I most willingly retract an erroneous assertion, into which I was inadvertently betrayed. I asserted that the *Gleaner* had departed this life. But as the author has corrected this misstatement in the newspapers, by assuring the publick, that she is still living, I think it unfair to insist on the point, though I might plead the authority of Swift in my favour in the memorable case of Partridge. Be it known then, however extraordinary and incredible the intelligence may appear, that the *Gleaner* is still living, though, till lately, she had not been heard of for many years.

If we review our progress in science and literature, we shall have no reason, I fear, to be greatly elated with our success. Dr. Franklin, by his lucky discovery of the electric fluid, has

Vol. II. No. 12. 31

done honour to his country, and probably immortalized himself. But the literary character of the doctor has no claim to admiration. He writes on useful topics, with good sense, in a style simple and perspicuous, and, though he may have few faults, he displays no striking beauties.

Mr. Rittenhouse has acquired considerable reputation, which we believe however is chiefly confined to his own country; nor can I indeed discover that it has any other foundation than the execution of an ingenious piece of mechanism.

In poets, however, such as they are, we abound. But where can we find a single poet of distinguished excellence, or one which will be read fifty years hence? *McFingal* is a happy imitation of Butler, but the original is now little read, and fast hastening to oblivion. Novelty constitutes the chief merit of hudiabastick verse, which consequently must be confined to the inventor. Any imitator, then, can expect only temporary fame, which may arise from the wit and personal satire, with which his performance may abound, and which will terminate with the interest and memory of the fleeting occurrences it celebrates.

Connecticut has proved the fruitful nurse of epick poets, and Barlow and Dwight started nearly at the same time for the prize in the Olympick contest. But what original beauties can be pointed out in either? What passages can be discovered eminently distinguished by justness of thoughts, liveliness of description, or elegance of language? But the greatest defect in these

poems is an entire want of interest. We doze over the Vision of Columbus, and if we are kept awake in perusing the Conquest of Canaan, we are indebted to the thunder and lightning, that roars and flashes in every page, and which, like another JURIMAN TOMANS, the poet discharges in perpetual rumble and corruscations; so that as a wit once observed, it is scarcely safe to read this poem without a conductor.

Humphreys will be considered a great poet, when the merit of a work shall be determined by its dimensions. But if we can say little in favour of his poetry, and still less of his prose, we may justly praise the type and paper with which they are ornamented; and the striking likeness of the author, which forms the frontispiece of the volume, must be peculiarly interesting to his friends and admirers. We doubt not that his generosity will amply compensate Messrs. Gilbert & Dean for the loss they have sustained by their goodnature in undertaking the disposal of so unsaleable an article.

Other poets amongst us, who have not yet risen to the dignity of a volume, have displayed, in some instances, no inconsiderable genius. But they seem to have forgotten, or never known, that genius without judgment is useless or ridiculous, and that there can be no good poetry where there is not good sense. Broken

metaphors, gorgeous epithets, and forced thoughts are the artificial flowers that adorn their gaudy parterres, and are substituted for the simplicity of nature and the justness of truth.

Nor are our prose writers entirely free from these defects. From want of true taste, and a misconception of real elegance, they are forever torturing their faculties for novel expressions; and newly-invented combinations; so that the dictionary of Webster will be absolutely necessary for the understanding of our own productions. We shall derive however this advantage from these copperies that our literary goods will be in no danger of exportation in foreign bottoms, and, by debasing our currency, we shall be sure of retaining it in our own country.

Let us, then, follow the advice in the motto of this paper, and endeavour to know ourselves. In the aggregate we are better informed, perhaps, than any nation on earth, and unquestionably possess men, in the sciences of government, and in the transaction of political affairs, not inferior to the great statesmen of Europe. But in literature we are yet in our infancy; and to compare our authors, whether in prose or poetry, to those of the old world, can proceed only from the grossest ignorance, or the most insufferable vanity.

A

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No. 4.

Sienna, Jan. 8, 1808.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter from Holland, and should have answered it in Paris, had I any thing material to say, or had I not feared that you would have sailed for America before it could have reached you. Agreeably to our arrangement, we left Paris on the 21st of September. Little of consequence occurred until we arrived at a small village near the Pont du Rhone, where our carriage broke down. We lodged that night at what they called an inn; but we were convinced before morning it was nothing better than a stable. The next day we arrived at Geneva, where we remained a week; during which we visited Ferney, and went to see the house in which Rousseau was born. Voltaire's place is beautifully situated, and commands a fine view of Geneva. We were shewn his bed-room and study, where every thing remains in state he left them. We also saw his cook, who told us, that during the latter part of his life he usually composed in bed, and dictated to an amanuensis. Rousseau's house is still occupied by a shoemaker, and is not remarkable, except as being an excellent nursery for one of his gloomy and suspicious temper.

The country about Geneva is highly picturesque, and must certainly be interesting to all who are unaccustomed to similar scenes. But it has one disadvantage, which would render a long residence there wearisome; the

being so entirely surrounded by hills. I would sooner be limited in the exercise of any other sense than that of vision, but the eye here can never enjoy the horizon without straining over mountains that bound it on every quarter; it will never be relieved by the grateful contemplation of successive objects, or the mysterious pleasure of journeying in imagination over distant countries, and tracing their boundaries from shade to shade until they vanish into space.

The lake of Geneva has been greatly admired. But I have known many, who admired a hill, only because it was a *hill*, and a piece of water, because it was a *fiette of water*. Now I am of opinion that a lake may be very large, and a mountain very high, and yet they neither shall excite an emotion in the most ardent admirer of nature. They may be common-place, they may be without peculiarity, or so uniform as even to produce weariness. There is a certain expression among inanimate objects, which is analogous to that of the human countenance, and which, however produced, is always sure to captivate the beholder. But whether this expression arise from a certain disposition of the lines of the face, or from the particular combination of objects in a valley or a mountain, it is very certain that it is not a quality which is possessed in common by all of the same species. I have been led to this observation in consequence of my disappointment on seeing

this celebrated lake. It by no means deserves the commendations bestowed on it by travellers. The scenery on its shores is common and monotonous; and the lake itself, except at certain periods, has the comfortless appearance of a winter's sky reversed.

Not so is the lake of the Four Cantons. As it opened upon us from Lauerne, we seemed to have emerged from darkness, and to have entered into the sanctuary of nature; bounded on all sides by lofty mountains, sometimes gradually sloping to its margin, or abruptly precipitated into its waters, it exhibited the appearance of an extensive liquid plain, surrounded by gigantic pyramids, successively rising one above the other, until they were either enveloped in clouds, or only to be distinguished in the mist of distance by the partial illumination of their snowy summits. Surely no scene was ever so calculated to possess the imagination of the poet, or to purify the mind for the sublimest feelings of devotion.

Our next stage was at the town of Altorf, an insignificant village, which is, however, the capital of Uri. On the third day we proceeded towards St. Gothard. The valley of Schoellonan, which lies between them, is generally considered as the most romantick spot in Switzerland. It is finely varied with rocks, woods, and cataracts, and every way deserving of all its eulogies. The same day we crossed the Devil's bridge and arrived at Urseren. This village is situated on a small plain, which is called the foot of St. Gothard; but I know not why, as the whole country from Altorf ap-

peared to be only a continuation of the same mountain.

Here, alas, we found that we were travellers. Overcome with fatigue, we sought relief in our beds; but neither our clothes, which we prudently suffered to remain on us, nor the careful addition of our gloves and night-caps, could secure us from the sensation of the numbing cold, or the dreadful apprehension of an *Alpine itch*. We were fortunate however, not to have realised the latter.

It is impossible to describe my sensations as we ascended St. Gothard. Cox considers it as the highest of all the Swiss Alps; but a later computation has discovered it to be considerably inferior both to St. Bernard and Mont Blanc: It is nevertheless an object of admiration, and presents to the traveller an idea of terrore, solitude, and grandeur, which could not be extended by any scene in nature. We met with snow soon after we began to ascend, and arrived at the summit about noon. The day was unusually serene; not a cloud was to be seen, except those at our feet; the air was dry and the sky blue, but of a depth so profound that, without the sun, we might have mistaken it for moonlight. A palpable silence seemed to envelope our senses; not a breeze was to be felt; all motion was suspended. The sun alone seemed to animate this region; but his power was perceptible only to the ear, as it could now and then distinguish the broken murmurs of rivulets, which, half-congealed, scantily trickled from the snow. Never was the sublime more awfully exemplified; the

objects were few, simple, and vast. I felt the sensations attributed to the ancient Pythia. All nature seemed to be absorbed in but one idea, and that idea in the scene before me. My heart swelled; my frame underwent an imaginary distension. But it was momentary; for the sublime is exhausting. I again descended to terrestrial objects, and devoted my thoughts to the memory of my friends. I was not unmindful of you; for I would not descend until I had offered a segar to the spirit of our friendship.

In three days we arrived at a small town called Bellinzona, which terminates the base of St. Gothard on the Italian side. Here we waited until the arrival of our carriage, which was obliged to be transported part of the way by men; the road being so steep in many places, that we ourselves were forced to dismount and follow our mules on foot. If there were any satisfaction in raking up past evils, I might easily fill a page in descanting on the horrors of Bellinzona. It is the den of spleen, and, to use the quaint phrase of Spenser, appeared to be the native receptacle of "naughtiness and spight." We staid there only two days; but they were like two years. From this place we proceeded to Magadina, where we embarked, and crossing the lake Maggiore, landed the next morning at Sesto. The day after we arrived at Milan.

I shall say nothing of Milan, as it must be well known to you. From Milan we went to Piacenza; thence to Parma, Modena, and Bologna. We stopt, however, to

visit Lodi, and saw the bridge which has been rendered so famous by the passage of Bonaparte. At Bologna we remained some time, indeed much longer than we intended; but I did not regret it, as it still possesses many things well worthy the attention of an artist. There is a statue here, by John of Bologna, that would not have disgraced Michael Angelo. The public buildings also have many pictures that are worth seeing; particularly the Institute, and the Palazzo Sampieri. In the former is an admirable ceiling by Pellegini Tibaldi; it is painted in fresco, and represents the stories of Polyphemus and Eolus. The figure of Polyphemus is most poetically beastly; his one-eye looks like a lamp gleaming through the ragged jaws of a sepulchre. But nothing can exceed the conception of Eolus. His attitude is that of a being unused to the tread of earth; he seems to have always been in motion, or, if ever he rested, to have rested only on the top of Hecla, while he overlooked the winds that swept the regions of the pole.

By the date of this, you perceive that I have passed Florence. I staid there a month; but shall reserve what I have to say on it for my next. You may be surprised that I have proceeded no farther; but your surprise cannot be equal to my disappointment. *The fact is*, we have been detained in Tuscany nearly two months, in consequence of a *cordoa* which the Romans have drawn, to prevent any communication between their state and this, which they affect to believe

infected with the yellow fever. There was a fever, supposed to be contagious, in Leghorn; but that has disappeared, and the city is at present perfectly restored.

The cordon, however, is not yet removed, and until it is, I cannot get to Rome.

SMAEFUNGUS.

SILVA.

No. 10.

Silva rerum et sententiarum comparanda est.....Cic.

I know not who in these disjointed paragraphs, I please or displease; but I certainly try to please myself. That is to say, I consult my own fancy. I sometimes record an anecdote, and sometimes a bon mot. Sometimes an extract from a sensible author, and sometimes an historical fact; sometimes I stay a floating thought, which was hurrying down the stream of forgetfulness, and sometimes give colouring to a trait of political character, which the wasteful hand of time was blurring forever. But in all these fugitive efforts of my leaping hours I confess myself more anxious to please than instruct, more desirous of being read than remembered. I reserve this task for those moments of sauntering, when I read as well as write nothing which does not please me. It is then that I banish from my sight those crispy writers, whose sentences; abrupt as broken pipes, grate as you pronounce them harshly on your teeth. It is then I seek the author, who can feel and describe the honours of chivalry; who, though a worshipper of truth, is yet not insensible to the graces of fiction; who can persuade me to believe, that Pætolus once rolled his golden sands along the shores of Sardis, and that on all

sides of Parnassus one might pluck a thousand little beauteous flowers. It is then I love geography, but it is that of a country every where fertile and florid, every where embellished with trees of a luxuriant growth and fine foliage and affluent in means of subsistence for millions of happy inhabitants; or it is that which abounds in terrible description, which paints such falls as are the boast of Niagara, or reports the tremendous roarings of Catophasi and Vesuvius. It is then I love to read of battles, but it is of those, in which Joan of Arc was an actress; and of characters, but it is those, whose eloquence like Chatham's, whose benevolence like Howard's, and whose conduct like Washington's has made an impression on the age, and given a bias to the customs of the world.

VIRGIL.

Mr. Burton has remarked, that the faults of Virgil are like the blemishes of a fixed star: if they exist, they are beyond the reach of human observation.

POETA NASCITUR, ORATOR FIT.

Poetry is the frolick of invention, the dame of words; and the harmony of sounds. Oratory consists in a judicious disposition

of arguments : a happy selection of terms, and in a pleasing elocution. The object of poetry is to delight, that of oratory to persuade. Poetry is truth, but it is truth in her gayest and loveliest robes, and wit, flattery, hyperbole, and fable are marshalled in her train. Oratory has a graver and more majestick port, and gains by slow advances and perseverance what the poet takes by the suddenness of inspiration and by surprise. Poetry requires genius ; eloquence is within the reach of talent. Seriousness becomes one, sprightliness the other. The wittiest poets have been the shortest writers ; but he is often the best orator, who has the strongest lungs, and the firmest legs. The poet sings for the approbation of the wise, and the pleasure of the ingenious : the orator addresses the multitude, and the larger the number of ears, the better for his purpose ; and he who can get the most votes, most thoroughly understands his art. Bad verses are always abominable ; but he is a good speaker, who gains his cause. Bards are commonly remarkable for generosity of nature ; orators are as often notorious for their ambition. These enjoy most influence whilst alive : those live longest, after death. Poets are not necessarily poor ; for Theocritus and Anacreon, Horace and Lucian, Racine and Boileau, Pope and Addison rolled in their carriages and slept in palaces ; yet it must be confessed, that most of the poetical tribe have rather feared the tap of the sheriff than the damnation of critics. The poverty of a poet takes

nothing from the richness and sweetness of his lines ; whilst an orator's success is not infrequently promoted by his wealth. Nevertheless, were I poor I would study eloquence, that I might be rich : had I riches, I would study poetry, that I might give a portion of immortality to both. Could I write no better than Blackmore, I would sometimes versify ; but were I privileged to soar upon the daring wing of Dryden's muse, I would not keep my pinions continually spread.

MAXIMS

are esteemed too much by the little, and too little by the great. The weak need, but the strong can do without them. They tempt the inexperienced youth with the hope of finding some by-path to the seat of the muses, or some hidden key to the temple of fame. But the knowledge of manhood despises such deceitful promises, and trusts to its vigour and perseverance in climbing the difficult passes to science, virtue, and renown. If a man however will read reflections, let him avoid Zimmerman's, which are wearisome beyond measure. Rochefoucault's are full of wit and also of severity. I like better Lavater, who is so just, so benevolent, so desirous of improving both the individual and the species.

CHARACTACUS,

carried a prisoner to Rome in A. D. 53, expressed surprize, that his conquerors, who dwelt in marble at home, should covet the miserable cabins of the barbarous Britons.

ACADEMIES.

To render these institutions useful to the community, there must be male academies, and female academies. There is not in Newengland an instance of a flourishing academy, in which both sexes have been taught. Notwithstanding they are instructed in separate apartments, their hearts will often be in the same. After this suggestion I need say nothing of the different studies and employments of boys and girls.

AUGUSTUS AND TIBERIUS.

The favour of Augustus and the tranquillity of his reign, it has been said, were as a gentle dew from heaven in a happy season, which caused the arts and learning to bud and flourish; whilst the sour reign of Tiberius, like a sudden frost, checked their growth, and at last destroyed their beauties.

CHEERFULNESS.

I pity the man who can live gloomily in this rich, variegated, and beautiful world; who can walk abroad and not admire the canopy of heaven; who in lifting up his eyes is not enraptured with the vast lights which illumine and glorify the celestial expanse; who in roaming the fields is not charmed with the verdure and blossoms of spring, with the scenery and fruits of summer, with the business, the abundance, and the joys of autumn; and who,

amidst the blasts and terrors of this dreary, aspen, cannot cheerfully participate in the sweets of retirement. As the operations of nature continually call upon man to be diligent, so her varieties invite him to be cheerful. Because perpetual sunshine would dazzle and fatigue us, the face of the sky is regularly darkened by the shades of night, and occasionally veiled by angry storms. Because an uninterrupted series of prosperity would make us vain, arrogant, and luxurious, we are sometimes visited with affliction. Still it is the design of heaven to make us happy; and ours alone is the fault if we are otherwise. What though then, amid unnumbered blessings, we may recollect designs, which have failed, and hopes which have withered; what if we could find friends in sackcloth and enemies in triumph; what though the thunders of war are heard among distant nations, and black clouds begin to gather in our own hemisphere, yet sorrow and sadness were not made for man. Come hither cheerfulness, for thou art the health and sunshine of the soul. Thine are the tranquil spirits, the even temper, and the serene brow. Under thy smiling reign we will seldom be transported with mirth, and seldom despond under trouble; we will receive with gratitude, and suffer with constancy; we will be moderate in affluence, and in want contented; and will meet the turbulent and fleeting vicissitudes of life with a manly fortitude and a christian composure.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 623.

ACT VI.

SCENE—a Street. Enter a Superintendent of Police with two Officers, leading a man with his hands bound.

First Officer. Striking the prisoner.

TAK! that, Cumbhila, if Cumbhila be thy name; and tell us now where thou gottest this ring, bright with a large gem, on which the king's name is engraved.

Cumbh. [Trembling.] Spare me, I entreat your honours to spare me: I am not guilty of so great a crime as you suspect.

First Off. O distinguished Bráhmén, didst thou then receive it from the king as a reward of some important service?

Cumbh. Only hear me: I am a poor fisherman dwelling at Sacrávatará—

Second Off. Did we ask, thou thief, about thy tribe or thy dwelling-place.

Sup. O Súcacha, let the fellow tell his own story.—Now conceal nothing, sirrah.

First Off. Dost thou hear? Do as our master commands.

Cumbh. I am a man who support my family by catching fish in nets, or with hooks, and by various other contrivances.

Sup. [Laughing.] A virtuous way of gaining a livelihood!

Cumbh. Blame me not, master. The occupation of our forefathers, how low soever, must not be forsaken; and a man who kills animals for sale may have a tender heart though his act be cruel.

Sup. Go on, go on.

Cumbh. One day having caught a large Róhita fish, I cut it open, and saw this bright ring in its stomach; but when I offered to sell it, I was apprehended by your honours. So far only am I guilty of taking the

ring. Will you now continue beating and bruising me to death?

Sup. [Smelling the ring.] It is certain, Jáluca, that this gem has been in the body of a fish. The case requires consideration; and I will mention it to some of the king's household.

Both Off. Come on, outpurse.

[They advance.]

Sup. Stand here, Súcacha, at the great gate of the city, and wait for me, while I speak to some of the officers in the palace.

Both Off. Go, Rájayucta. May the king favour thee. [The Superintendent goes out.]

Second Off. Our master will stay, I fear, a long while.

First Off. Yes; access to kings can only be had at their leisure.

Second Off. The tips of my fingers itch, my friend Jáluca, to kill this outpurse.

Cumbh. You would put to death an innocent man.

First Off. [Looking.] Here comes our master.—The king has decided quickly. Now, Cumbhila, you will either see your companions again, or be the food of shakals and vultures.

The Superintendent re-enters.

Sup. Let the fisherman immediately—

Cumbh. [In an agony.] Oh! I am a dead man.

Sup. —be discharged.—Hóla! set him at liberty. The king says he knows his innocence; and his story is true.

Second Off. As our master commands.—The fellow is brought back from the mansion of Yama, to which he was hastening. [Unbinding the fisherman.]

Cumbh. [Bowing.] My lord, I owe my life to your kindness.

Sup. Rise, friend; and hear with delight that the king gives thee a sum of money equal to the full value of the ring: it is a fortune to a man in thy station. [*Giving him the money.*]

Cumbh. [*With rapture.*]. I am transported with joy.

First Off. This vagabond seems to be taken down from the stake, and set on the back of a state elephant.

Second Off. The king, I suppose, has a great affection for his gem.

Sup. Not for its intrinsic value; but I guessed the cause of his ecstasy when he saw it.

Both Off. What could occasion it?

Sup. I suspect that it called to his memory some person who has a place in his heart; for though his mind be naturally firm, yet, from the moment when he beheld the ring, he was for some minutes excessively agitated.

Second Off. Our master has given the king extreme pleasure.

First Off. Yes; and by the means of this fish-catcher. [*Looking fiercely at him.*]

Cumbh. Be not angry—Half the money shall be divided between you to purchase wine.

First Off. Oh! now thou art our beloved friend.—Good wine is the first object of our affection.—Let us go together to the vintners. [*They all go out.*]

SCENE—*The Garden of the Palace.*
The Nymph Mitracésí appears in the air.

Mitr. My first task was duly performed when I went to bathe in the Nymphs' pool; and I now must see with my own eyes how the virtuous king is afflicted.—Sacontalá is dear to this heart, because she is the daughter of my beloved Ménaca, from whom I received both commissions.—[*She looks round.*].—Ah! on a day full of delights the monarch's family seem oppressed with some new sorrow.—By exerting my supernatural power I could know what has passed; but respect

must be shown to the desire of Ménaca. I will retire, therefore, among those plants, and observe what is done without being visible. [*She descends, and takes her station.*]

Enter two Damsels, attendants on the God of Love.

First Dams. [*Looking at an Amra flower.*]. The blossoms of you Amra, waving on the green stalk, are fresh and light as the breath of this vernal month. I must present the goddess Reti with a basket of them.

Second Dams. Why, my Parahritica, dost thou mean to present it alone?

First Dams. O my friend Madhucarica, when a female Cócila, which my name implies, sees a blooming Amra, she becomes entranced, and loses her recollection.

Second Dams. [*With transport.*]. What! is the season of sweets actually returned?

First Dams. Yes; the season in which we must sing of nothing but wine and love.

Second Dams. Support me, then, while I climb up this tree, and strip it of its fragrant gems, which we will carry as an offering to Cama.

First Dams. If I assist, I must have a moiety of the reward which the god will bestow.

Second Dams. To be sure, and without any previous bargain. We are only one soul, you know, though Brahmá has given it two bodies.—[*She climbs up and gathers the flowers.*].—Ah! the buds are hardly opened.—Here is one a little expanded, which diffuses a charming odour.—[*Taking a handful of buds.*].—This flower is sacred to the god who bears a fish on his banner.—O sweet blossom, which I consecrate, thou well deservest to point the sixth arrow of Camadéva, who now takes his bow to pierce myriads of youthful hearts. [*She throws down a blossom.*]

The old Chamberlain enters.

Cham. [*Angrily.*]. Desist from breaking off those half-opened buds? there will be no jubilee this year; our king has forbidden it.

Both Dams. Oh! pardon us. We really knew not the prohibition.

Cham. You knew it not!—Even the trees which the spring was deck-
ing, and the birds who perch on
them, sympathize with our mon-
arch. Thence it is, that yon buds,
which have long appeared, shed not
yet their prolific dust; and the
flower of the Curuvaca, tho' perfect-
ly formed, remains veiled in a closed
chalice; while the voice of the Cō-
cila, though the cold dews fall no
more, is fixed within his throat;
and even Satara, the god of desire,
replaces the abett half-drawn from
his quiver.

Misr. [*Aside.*] The king, no
doubt, is constant and tender-hearted.

First Dams. A few days ago,
Mitravasu, the governour of our
province, dispatched us to kiss the
feet of the king, and we come to
decorate his groves and gardens
with various emblems: thence it is,
that we heard nothing of his interdict.

Cham. Beware then of reiterat-
ing your offence.

Second Dams. To obey our lord
will certainly be our delight; but,
if we are permitted to hear the sto-
ry, tell us, we pray, what has induc-
ed our sovereign to forbid the usual
festivity.

Misr. [*Aside.*] Kings are generally
fond of gay entertainments; and
there must be some weighty reason
for the prohibition.

Cham. [*Aside.*] The affair is pub-
lick: why should I not satisfy them?
—[*Aloud.*]—Has not the calamit-
ious desertion of Sacontalā reach-
ed your ears?

First Dams. We heard her tale
from the governour, as far as the
sight of the fatal ring.

Cham. Then I have little to add.
—When the king's memory was
restored, by the sight of his gem,
he instantly exclaimed: "Yes, the
incomparable Sacontalā is my lawful
wife; and when I rejected her, I
had lost my reason."—He showed
strong marks of extreme affliction
and penitence; and from that mo-

ment he has abhorred the pleasures
of life. No longer does he exert
his respectable talents from day to
day for the good of his people: he
prolongs his nights without closing
his eyes, perpetually rolling on the
edge of his couch; and when he
rises, he pronounces not one sen-
tence aptly; mistaking the names
of the women in his apartments,
and through distraction, calling each
of them Sacontalā: then he sits a-
bashed, with his head long bent on
his knees.

Misr. [*Aside.*] This is pleasing to
me, very pleasing.

Cham. By reason of the deep
sorrow which now prevails in his
heart, the vernal jubilee has been in-
terdicted.

Both Dams. The prohibition is
highly proper.

Behind the Scenes. Make way!
The king is passing.

Cham. [*Listening.*] Here comes
the monarch: depart therefore,
damsels, to your own province.

[*The two Damsels go out.*]

*Dushmanta enters in penitential
wreaths, preceded by a Warder,
and attended by Mādhavya.*

Cham. [*Looking at the King.*]
Ah! how majestic are noble forms
in every habilliment!—Our prince,
even in the garb of affliction, is a
venerable object.—Though he has
abandoned pleasure, ornaments,
and business; though he is become
so thin, that his golden bracelet falls
loosened even down to his wrist;
though his lips are parched with the
heat of his sighs, and his eyes are
fixed open by long sorrow and want
of sleep, yet am I dazzled by the
blaze of virtue, which beams in his
countenance like a diamond exqui-
sutely polished.

Misr. [*Aside, gazing on Dush-
manta.*] With good reason is my
beloved Sacontalā, though disgraced
and rejected, heavily oppressed with
grief thro' the absence of this youth.

Dushm. [*Advancing slowly, in
deep meditation.*] When my darling

with an antelope's eyes would have reminded me of *burning love*, I was actually *stumbling*; but excess of misery has awakened me.

Misr. [Aside.] The charming girl will at last be happy.

Mādh. [Aside.] This monarch of ours is caught again in the gale of affection; and I hardly know a remedy for his illness.

Cham. May the king be victorious!—Let him survey yon fine woodland, these cool walks, and this blooming garden; where he may repose with pleasure on banks of delight.

Dushm. [Not attending to him.] Warder, inform the chief minister in my name, that having resolved on a long absence from the city, I do not mean to sit for some time in the tribunal; but let him write and dispatch to me all the cases that may arise among my subjects.

Ward. As the king commands.

[He goes out.]
Dushm. [To the Chamberlain.] And thou, Pārvatāyana, neglect not thy stated business.

Cham. By no means. *[He goes out.]*

Mādh. You have not left a fly in the garden:—Amuse yourself now in this retreat, which seems pleased with the departure of the dewy season.

Dushm. O Mādhavya, when persons accused of great offences prove wholly innocent, see how their accusers are punished!—A phrensy obstructed my remembrance of any former love for the daughter of the sage; and now the heart-born god, who delights in giving pain, has fixed in his bow-string a new shaft pointed with the blossom of an Amra.—The fatal ring having restored my memory, see me deplore with tears of repentance the loss of my best beloved, whom I rejected without cause; see me overwhelmed with sorrow, even while the return of spring fills the hearts of all others with pleasure.

Mādh. Be still, my friend, whilst I break love's arrows with my staff.

[He strikes off some flowers from an Amra tree.]

Dushm. [Meditating.] Yes, I acknowledge the supreme power of Brahmā.—*[To Mādhavya.]* Where now, my friend, shall I sit and recreate my sight with the slender shrubs which bear a faint resemblance to the shape of Saeontalā?

Mādh. You will soon see the damsel skilled in painting, whom you informed that you would spend the forenoon in your bower of Mādhavi creepers; and she will bring the queen's picture which you commanded her to draw.

Dushm. My soul will be delighted even by her picture.—Show the way to the bower.

Mādh. This way, my friend.—*[They both advance, Mistracel following them.]*—The arbour of twining Mādhavis, embellished with fragments of stone like bright gems, appears by its pleasantness, though without a voice, to bid thee welcome.—Let us enter it, and be seated. *[They both sit down in the bower.]*

Misr. [Aside.] From behind these branchy shrubs I shall behold the picture of my Saeontalā.—I will afterwards hasten to report the sincere affection of her husband.

[She conceals herself.]

Dushm. [Sighing.] O my approved friend, the whole adventure of the hermitage is now fresh in my memory.—I informed you how deeply I was affected by the first sight of the damsel; but when she was rejected by me you were not present.—Her name was often repeated by me (how, indeed, should it not?) in our conversations.—What, hast thou forgotten, as I had, the whole story?

Misr. [Aside.] The sovereigns of the world must not, I find, be left an instant without the objects of their love.

Mādh. Oh; no: I have not forgotten it; but at the end of our discourse you assured me that your love-tale was invented solely for your diversion; and this, in the simplicity of my heart, I believed.—Some

great event seems in all this affair to be predestined in heaven.

Misr. [Ass.] Nothing is more true.

Dushm. [Having meditated.] O! my friend, suggest some relief for my torment.

Mādā. What new pain torments you? Virtuous men should never be thus afflicted; the most violent wind shakes not mountains.

Dushm. When I reflect on the situation of your friend Sacontalā, who must now be greatly affected by my desertion of her, I am without comfort.—She made an attempt to follow the Brāhmens and the matron: Stay, said the sage's pupil, who was revered as the sage himself; Stay, said he, with a loud voice. Then once more she fixed on me, who had betrayed her, that celestial face, then bedewed with gushing tears; and the bare idea of her pain burns me like an envenomed javelin.

Misr. [Aside.] How he afflicts himself! I really sympathize with him.

Mādā. Barely some inhabitant of the heavens must have wafted her to his mansion.

Dushm. No; what male divinity would have taken the pains to carry off a wife so firmly attached to her lord? Menacā, the nymph of Swerga, gave her birth; and some of her attendant nymphs have, I imagine, concealed her at the desire of her mother.

Misr. [Aside.] To reject Sacontalā was, no doubt, the effect of a delirium, not the act of a waking man.

Mādā. If it be thus, you will soon meet her again.

Dushm. Alas! why do you think so?

Mādā. Because no father and mother can long endure to see their daughter deprived of her husband.

Dushm. Was it sleep that impaired my memory? Was it delusion? Was it an error of my judgment? Or was it the destined reward of my bad actions? Whatever it was, I am sensible that, until Sacontalā returns to these arms, I shall

be plunged in the abyss of affliction.

Mādā. Do not despair: the fatal ring is itself an example that the lost may be found.—Events which were foredoomed by Heaven must not be lamented.

Dushm. [Looking at his ring.] The fate of this ring, now fallen from a station which it will not easily regain, I may at least deplore.—O gem, thou art removed from the soft finger, beautiful with ruddy tips, on which a place had been assigned thee; and, minute as thou art, thy bad qualities appear from the similitude of thy punishment to mine.

Misr. [Aside.] Had it found a way to any other hand its lot would have been truly deplorable.—O Menacā, how wouldst thou be delighted with the conversation which gratifies my ears!

Mādā. Let me know, I pray, by what means the ring obtained a place on the finger of Sacontalā.

Dushm. You shall know, my friend.—When I was coming from the holy forest to my capital, my beloved, with tears in her eyes, thus addressed me: "How long will the son of my lord keep me in his remembrance?"

Mādā. Well; what then?

Dushm. Then, fixing this ring on her lovely finger, I thus answered: "Repeat each day one of the three syllables engraved on this gem; and before thou hast spelled the word Dushmanta, one of my noblest officers shall attend thee, and conduct my darling to her palace."—Yet I forgot, I deserted her in my phrensy.

Misr. [Aside.] A charming interval of three days was fixed between their separation and their meeting, which the will of Brabma rendered unhappy.

Mādā. But how came the ring to enter, like a hook, into the mouth of a carp?

Dushm. When my beloved was lifting water to her head in the pool of Sachitū'ha, the ring must have dropped unseen,

Mádh. It is very probable.

Misr. [Aside.] Oh! it was thence that the king, who fears nothing but injustice, doubted the reality of his marriage; but how, I wonder, could his memory be connected with a ring?

Dushm. I am really angry with this gem.

Mádh. [Laughing.] So am I with this staff.

Dushm. Why so, Mádhavya?

Mádh. Because it presumes to be so straight when I am so crooked.—Impertinent stick!

Dushm. [Not attending to him.] How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water lilies?—The answer is obvious: thou art irrational.—But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misr. [Aside.] He anticipates my remark.

Mádh. [Aside.] So; I must wait here during his meditations, and perish with hunger.

Dushm. O my darling, whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?

A Damsel enters with a picture.

Dams. Great king, the picture is finished. *[Holding it before him.]*

Dushm. [Gazing on it.] Yes; that is her face; those are her beautiful eyes; those her lips embellished with smiles, and surpassing the red lustre of the Carcandhu fruit: her mouth seems, though painted, to speak, and her countenance darts beams of affection blended with a variety of melting tints.

Mádh. Truly, my friend, it is a picture sweet as love itself: my eye glides up and down to feast on every particle of it; and it gives me as much delight as if I were actually conversing with the living Sacontala.

Misr. [Aside.] An exquisite piece of painting!—My beloved

friend seems to stand before my eyes.

Dushm. Yet the picture is infinitely below the original; and my warm fancy, by supplying its imperfections, represents, in some degree, the loveliness of my darling.

Misr. [Aside.] His ideas are suitable to his excessive love and severe penitence.

Dushm. [Sighing.] Alas! I rejected her when she lately approached me, and now I do homage to her picture; like a traveller who negligently passes by a clear and full rivulet, and soon ardently thirsts for a false appearance of water on the sandy desert.

Mádh. There are so many female figures on this canvas, that I cannot well distinguish the lady Sacontala.

Misr. [Aside.] The old man is ignorant of her transcendent beauty; her eyes, which fascinated the soul of his prince, never sparkled, I suppose, on Mádhavya.

Dushm. Which of the figures do you conceive intended for the queen?

Mádh. [Examining the picture.] It is she, I imagine, who looks a little fatigued; with the string of her vest rather loose; the slender stalks of her arms falling languidly; a few bright drops on her face, and some flowers dropping from her untied locks. That must be the queen; and the rest, I suppose, are her damsels.

Dushm. You judge well; but my affection requires something more in the piece. Besides, through some defect in the colouring, a tear seems trickling down her cheek, which ill suits the state in which I desired to see her painted.—*[To the Damsel.]*—The picture, O Charitricá, is unfinished.—Go back to the painting room and bring the implements of thy art.

Dams. Kind Mádhavya, hold the picture while I obey the king.

Dush. No; I will hold it. *[He takes the picture, and the Damsel goes out.]*

Mád. What élle is to be painted ?

Misr. [*Aside.*] He desires, I presume, to add all those circumstances which became the situation of his beloved in the hermitage.

Dushm. In this landscape, my friend, I wish to see represented the river Málini, with some amorous Flamingos on its green margin ; farther back must appear some hills near the mountain Himálaya, surrounded with herds of Chamaras ; and in the foreground, a dark spreading tree, with some mantles of woven bark suspended on its branches to be dried by the sun-beams ; while a pair of black antelopes couch in its shade, and the female gently rubs her beautiful forehead on the horn of the male.

Mádb. Add what you please ; but, in my judgment, the vacant places should be filled with old hermits, bent, like me, towards the ground.

Dushm. [*Not attending to him.*] Oh ! I had forgotten that my beloved herself must have some new ornaments.

Mádb. What, I pray ?

Misr. [*Aside.*] Such, no doubt, as become a damsel bred in a forest.

Dushm. The artist had omitted a Sirísha flower with its peduncle fixed behind her soft ear, and its filaments waving over part of her cheek ; and between her breasts must be placed a knot of delicate fibres, from the stalks of water lilies, like the rays of an autumnal moon.

Mádb. Why does the queen cover part of her face, as if she was afraid of something, with the tips of her fingers, that glow like the flowers of the Cuvalaya ?—Oh ! I now perceive an impudent bee, that thief of odours, who seems eager to sip honey from the lotos of her mouth.

Dushm. A bee ! drive off the importunate insect.

Mádb. The king has supreme power over all offenders.

Dushm. O male bee, who approachest the lovely inhabitants of a flowery grove, why dost thou expose thyself to the pain of being re-

jected ?—See where thy female sits on a blossom, and, though thirsty, waits for thy return : without thee she will not taste its nectar.

Misr. [*Aside.*] A wild, but apt address !

Mádb. The perfidy of male bees is proverbial.

Dushm. [*Angrily.*] Shouldst thou touch, O bee, the lip of my darling, ruddy as a fresh leaf on which no wind has yet breathed, a lip from which I drank sweetness in the banquet of love, thou shalt, by my order, be imprisoned in the center of a lotos.—Dost thou still disobey me ?

Mádb. How can he fail to obey, since you denounce so severe a punishment ?—[*Aside, laughing.*]—He is stark mad with love and affliction ; whilst I, by keeping him company, shall be as mad as he without either.

Dushm. After my positive injunction, art thou still unmoved ?

Misr. [*Aside.*] How does excess of passion alter even the wise !

Mádb. Why, my friend, it is only a painted bee.

Misr. [*Aside.*] Oh ! I perceive his mistake : it shows the perfection of the art. But why does he continue musing ?

Dushm. What ill-natured remark was that ?—Whilst I am enjoying the rapture of beholding her to whom my soul is attached, thou, cruel remembrancer, tellest me that it is only a picture.—[*Weeping.*]

Misr. [*Aside.*] Such are the woes of a separated lover ! He is on all sides entangled in sorrow.

Dushm. Why do I thus indulge unremitted grief ? That intercourse with my darling which dreams would give, is prevented by my continued inability to repose ; and my tears will not suffer me to view her distinctly even in this picture.

Misr. [*Aside.*] His misery acquits him entirely of having deserted her in his perfect senses.

The Damsel re-enters.

Dams. As I was advancing, O king, with my box of pencils and colours,—

Dushm. [Hastily.] What happened?

Dams. It was forcibly seized by the queen Vasumati, whom her maid Pingalika had apprised of my errand; and she said: "I will myself deliver this casket to the son of my lord."

Médh. How came you to be released?

Dams. While the queen's maid was disengaging the skirt of her mantle, which had been caught by the branch of a thorny shrub, I stole away.

Dushm. Friend Médhavya, my great attention to Vasumati has made her arrogant; and she will soon be here; be it your care to conceal the picture.

Médh. [Aside.] I wish you would conceal it yourself.—[He takes the picture, and rises.]—[Aloud.]—If, indeed, you will disentangle me from the net of your secret apartments, to which I am confined, and suffer me to dwell on the wall Méghach'bands which encircle them, I will hide the picture in a place where none shall see it but pigeons. [He goes out.]

Mirr. [Aside.] How honourably he keeps his former engagements, though his heart be now fixed on another object!

A Warder enters with a leaf.

Ward. May the king prosper!

Dushm. Warder, hast thou lately seen the queen Vasumati?

Ward. I met her, O king; but when she perceived the leaf in my hand, she retired.

Dushm. The queen distinguishes time: she would not impede my publick business.

Ward. The chief minister sends this message: "I have carefully stated a case which has arisen in the city, and accurately committed it to writing: let the king deign to consider it."

Dushm. Give me the leaf.—[Receiving it, and reading.]—"Be it presented at the foot of the king, that a merchant named Dhanavridhi, who had extensive commerce at

sea, was lost in a late shipwreck: he had no child born, and has left a fortune of many millions, which belong, if the king commands, to the royal treasury."—[With sorrow.]—O! how great a misfortune it is to die childless! Yet with his affluence, he must have had many wives.—Let an inquiry be made whether any one of them is pregnant.

Ward. I have heard that his wife, the daughter of an excellent man, named Séotaca, has already performed the ceremonies usual on pregnancy.

Dushm. The child, though unborn has a title to his father's property.—Go: bid the minister make my judgment publick.

Ward. I obey.

[Going.]

Dushm. Stay awhile.—

Ward. [Returning.] I am here.

Dushm. Whether he had or had not left offspring, the estate should not have been forfeited.—Let it be proclaimed that whatever kinsman any one of my subjects may lose, Dushmanta (excepting always the case of forfeiture for crimes) will supply, in tender affection, the place of kinsman.

Ward. The proclamation shall be made. [He goes out. Dushmanta continues meditating.]

Re-enter Warder.

O king! the royal decree, which proves that your virtues are awake after a long slumber, was heard with bursts of applause.

Dushm. [Sighing deeply.] When an illustrious man dies, alas, without an heir, his estate goes to a stranger; and such will be the fate of all the wealth accumulated by the sons of Peril.

Ward. Heaven avert the calamity!

[Goes out.]

Dushm. Wo is me! I am stripped of all the felicity which I once enjoyed.

Mirr. [An.] How his heart dwells on the idea of his beloved!

Dushm. My lawful wife, whom I basely deserted, remains fixed in my soul: she would have been the glory of my family, and might have produced a son brilliant as the richest fruit of the teeming earth.

Dams. [*Aside.*] What a change has the minister made in the king by sending him that mischievous leaf! Behold, he is deluged with tears.

Dushm. Ah me! the departed souls of my ancestors, who claim a share in the funeral cake, which I have no son to offer, are apprehensive of losing their due honour, when Dushmanta shall be no more on earth—who then, alas, will perform in our family those obsequies which the Vêda prescribes?—My forefathers must drink, instead of a pure libation, this flood of tears, the only offering which a man who dies childless can make them. [*Weeping.*]

Misr. [*Aside.*] Such a veil obscures the king's eyes, that he thinks it total darkness, though a lamp be now shining brightly.

Dams. Afflict not yourself immoderately: our lord is young, and when sons illustrious as himself shall be born of other queens, his ancestors will be redeemed from their offences committed here below.

Dushm. [*With agony.*] The race of Puru, which has hitherto been fruitful and unblemished, ends in me; as the river Sereewati disappears in a region unworthy of her divine stream.

[*He faints.*]

Dams. Let the king resume confidence.— [*She supports him.*]

Misr. [*Aside.*] Shall I restore him? No; he will speedily be roused—I heard the nymph Devajanani consoling Sacontalâ in these words: "As the gods delight in their portion of sacrifices, thus wilt thou soon be delighted by the love of thy husband." I go, therefore, to raise her spirits, and please my friend Ménacâ with an account of his virtues and his affection.

[*She rises aloft and disappears.*]

Behind the scenes. A Brâhmen must not be slain: save the life of a Brâhmen.

Dushm. [*Reviuing and listening.*] Hah! was not that the plaintive voice of Mâdhavya?

Dams. He has probably been caught with the picture in his hand by Pingalîcâ and the other maids.

Dushm. Go, Chatariçâ, and reprove the queen in my name for not restraining her servants.

Dams. As the king commands.

[*She goes out.*]

Again behind the scenes. I am a Brâhmen, and must not be put to death.

Dushm. It is manifestly some Brâhmen in great danger.—Holla! who is there?

The old Chamberlain enters.

Cba. What is the king's pleasure?

Dushm. Inquire why the faint-hearted Mâdhavya cries out so piteously.

Cba. I will know in an instant. [*He goes out, and returns trembling.*]

Dushm. What causes thy tremour?—Thus do men tremble through age: fear shakes the old man's body, as the breeze agitates the leaves of the Pippala.

Cbam. Oh! deliver thy friend.

Dushm. Deliver him! from what?

Cbam. From distress and danger.

Dushm. Speak more plainly.

Cbam. The wall which looks to all quarters of the heavens, and is named, from the clouds which cover it, Méghach'handâ—

Dushm. What of that?

Cbam. From the summit of that wall, the pinnacle of which is hardly attainable even by the blue-necked pigeons, an evil being, inviable to human eyes, has violently carried away the friend of your childhood.

Dushm. [*Starting up hastily.*] What! are even my secret apartments infested by supernatural agents?—Royalty is ever subjected to molestation.—A king knows not even the mischiefs which his own negligence daily and hourly occasions:—how then should he know what path his people are treading; and how should he correct their manners, when his own are uncorrected.

Behind the scenes. Oh, help! Oh, release me.

Dushm. [*Listening and advancing.*] Fear not, my friend, fear nothing—

Behind the scenes. Not fear, when a monster has caught me by the nape of my neck, and means to snap my

backbone as he would snap a sugar-cane !

Dushm. [*Darting his eyes around.*]
Hola ! my bow—

A Warder enters with the king's bow and quiver.

Ward. Here are our great hero's arms. [*Dushmanta takes his bow and an arrow.*]

Behind the scenes. Here I stand ; and thirsting for thy fresh blood, will slay thee struggling as a tiger slays a calf.—Where now is thy protector, Dushmanta, who grasps his bow to defend the oppressed ?

Dushm. [*Wrathfully.*] The demon names me with defiance.—Stay, thou basest of monsters.—Here am I, and thou shalt not long exist.—[*Raising his bow.*—] Show the way, Párvatáyana, to the stairs of the terrace.

Cham. This way, great king !—
[*All go out hastily.*]

The SCENE changes to a broad terrace.

Enter Dushmanta.

Dushm. Ah ! the place is deserted.

Behind the scenes. Save me, oh ! save me.—I see thee, my friend, but thou canst not discern me, who, like a mouse in the claws of a cat, have no hopes of life.

Dushm. But this arrow shall distinguish thee from thy foe, in spite of the magick which renders thee invisible.—Mádhavya, stand firm ; and thou, blood-thirsty fiend, think not of destroying him whom I love, and will protect.—See, I thus fix a shaft which shall pierce thee, who deservest death, and shall save a Bráhmen who deserves long life ; as the celestial bird sips the milk, and leaves the water which has been mingled with it.

[*He draws the bowstring.*]

Enter Mátali and Mádhavya.

Mát. The god Indra has destined evil demons to fall by thy shafts : against them let thy bow be drawn, and cast on thy friends eyes bright with affection.

Dushm. [*Astonished, giving back*

his arms.] Oh ! Mátali, welcome ; I greet the driver of Indra's car.

Mádh. What ! this cutthroat was putting me to death, and thou greetest him with a kind welcome !

Mát. O king, live long and conquer ! Hear on what errand I am dispatched by the ruler of the firmament.

Dushm. I am humbly attentive.

Mát. There is a race of Dánavas, the children of Cálacémi, whom it is found hard to subdue—

Dushm. This I have heard already from Náred.

Mát. The god with an hundred sacrifices, unable to quell that gigantic race, commissions thee, his approved friend, to assail them in the front of battle ; as the sun with seven steeds despatches of overcoming the dark legions of night, and gives way to the moon, who easily scatters them. Mount, therefore, with me, the car of Indra, and, grasping thy bow, advance to assured victory.

Dush. Such a mark of distinction from the prince of good genii honours me highly ; but say why you treated so roughly my poor friend Mádhavya.

Mát. Perceiving that, for some reason or another, you were grievously afflicted, I was desirous to rouse your spirits by provoking you to wrath.—The fire blazes when wood is thrown on it ; the serpent, when provoked, darts his head against the assailant ; and a man capable of acquiring glory, exerts himself when his courage is excited.

Dush. [*To Mádhavya.*] My friend, the command of Divespétir must instantly be obeyed : go, therefore, and carry the intelligence to my chief minister ; saying to him in my name : “ Let thy wisdom secure my people from danger, while this braced bow has a different employment.”

Mádh. I obey ; but wish it could have been employed without assistance from my terror. [*He goes out.*]

Mát. Ascend great king. [*Dushmanta ascends, and Mátali drives off the car.*]

ACT VII.

Dushmanta with Mátali in the car of Indra, supposed to be above the clouds.

Dushmanta.

I AM sensible, O Mátali, that, for having executed the commission which Indra gave me, I deserved not such a profusion of honours.

Mát. Neither of you is satisfied. You, who have conferred so great a benefit on the god of thunder, consider it as a trifling act of devotion; whilst he reckons not all his kindness equal to the benefit conferred.

Dushm. There is no comparison between the service and the reward. He surpassed my warmest expectation, when, before he dismissed me, he made me sit on half of his throne, thus exalting me before all the inhabitants of the Empyreum; and smiling to see his son Jayanta, who stood near him, ambitious of the same honour, perfumed my bosom with essence of heavenly sandal wood, throwing over my neck a garland of flowers blown in paradise.

Mát. O king, you deserve all imaginable rewards from the sovereign of good genii; whose empyreal seats have twice been disentangled from the thorns of Danu's race; formerly by the claws of the man-lion, and lately by thy unerring shafts.

Dushm. My victory proceeded wholly from the auspices of the god; as on earth, when servants prosper in great enterprises, they owe their success to the magnificence of their lords.—Could Arun dispel the shades of night if the deity with a thousand beams had not placed him before the car of day?

Mát. That case, indeed, is parallel.—See, O king, the full exaltation of thy glory, which now rides on the back of heaven! The delighted genii have been collecting, among the trees of life, those crimson and azure dyes, with which the celestial damsels tinge their beautiful feet; and they are now writing thy actions in verses worthy of divine melody.

Dushm. Modestly.] In my trans-

port, O Mátali, after the rent of the giants, this wonderful place had escaped my notice.—In what path of the winds are we now journeying?

Mát. This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven's brightest ornament, and causes you luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams: it is the course of a gentle breeze which supports the floating forms of the gods; and this path was the second step of Vishnu, when he confounded the proud Vali.

Dushm. My internal soul, which acts by exterior organs, is filled by the sight with a charming complacency.—We are now passing, I guess, through the region of clouds.

Mát. Whence do you form that conjecture?

Dush. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers; for the circumference of its wheels disperses pellucid water; the horses of Indra sparkle with lightning; and I now see the warbling Chátacas descend from their nests on the summit of mountains.

Mát. It is even so, and in another moment you will be in the country which you govern.

Dushm. [Looking down.] Through the rapid, yet imperceptible, descent of the heavenly steeds, I now perceive the allotted station of men.—Astonishing prospect! It is yet so distant from us, that the low lands appear confounded with the high mountain tops; the trees erect their branchy shoulders, but seem leafless; the rivers look like bright lines, but their waters vanish; and, at this instant, the globe of earth seems thrown upwards by some stupendous power.

Mát. [Looking with reverence on the earth.] How delightful is the abode of mankind!—O king, you saw distinctly.

Dushm. Say, Mátali, what mountain is that which, like an evening cloud, pours exhilarating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas?

Mát. That, O king, is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Iléma

cūta : the universe contains not a more excellent place for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Marichi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides with his consort Aditi, blessed in holy retirement.

Dusb. [*Devoutly.*] This occasion of attaining good fortune must not be neglected : may I approach the divine pair, and do them complete homage ?

Māt. By all means.—It is an excellent idea !—We are now descended on earth.

Dusbm. [*With wonder.*] These chariot wheels yield no sound ; no dust arises from them ; and the descent of the car gave me no shock.

Māt. Such is the difference, O king, between thy car and that of Indra !

Dusbm. Where is the holy retreat of Marichi ?

Māt. [*Pointing.*] A little beyond that grove, where you see a pious Yogi, motionless as a pollard, holding his thick bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb.—Mark ; his body is half covered with a white ant's edifice made of raised clay ; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and part of it girds his loins ; a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck ; and surrounding birds' nests almost conceal his shoulders.

Dusbm. I bow to a man of his austere devotion.

Māt. [*Checking the reins.*] Thus far, and enough.—We now enter the sanctuary of him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial sources :

Dusbm. This asylum is more delightful than paradise itself : I could fancy myself bathing in a pool of nectar.

Māt. [*Stopping the car.*] Let the king descend.

Dusb. [*Joyfully descending.*] How canst thou leave the car ?

Māt. On such an occasion it will remain fixed : we may both leave it.—This way, victorious hero, this way. Behold the retreat of the truly pious.

Dusbm. I see with equal amaze-

ment both the pious and their awful retreat.—It becomes, indeed, pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life ; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotos, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath ; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems ; and to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolic around them : in this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire.

Māt. In exalted minds the desire of perfect excellence continually increases.—[*Turning aside.*]—Tell me, Vriddhasacalya, in what business is the divine son of Marichi now engaged ?—What sayest thou ?—Is he conversing with the daughter of Dacsba, who practises all the virtues of a dutiful wife, and is consulting him on moral questions ?—Then we must await his leisure.—[*To Dushmanta.*]—Rest, O king, under the shade of this Asoka tree, whilst I announce thy arrival to the father of Indra.

Dusbm. As you judge right.—[*Mātali goes out.—Dushmanta feels his right arm throb.*] Why, O my arm, dost thou flatter me with a vain omen ?—My former happiness is lost, and misery only remains.

Behind the scenes. Be not so restless : in every situation thou showest thy bad temper.

Dusbm. [*Listening.*] Hah ! this is no place, surely, for a malignant disposition.—Who can be thus re-tuked ?—[*Looking with surprise.*]—I see a child, but with no childish countenance or strength, whom two female anchorites are endeavouring to keep in order ; while he forcibly pulls towards him, in rough play, a lion's whelp with a torn mane, who seems just dragged from the half-sucked nipple of the lioness !

A little Boy and two female Attendants are discovered, as described by the King.

Boy. Open thy mouth, lion's whelp, that I may count thy teeth.

1st Atten. Intractable child! why dost thou torment the wild animals of this forest, whom we cherish as if they were our own offspring? Thou seemest even to sport in anger.—Aptly have the hermits named thee *Servademana*, since thou tamest all creatures.

Dushm. Ah! what means it that my heart inclines to this boy as if he were my own son?—[*Meditating.*]—Alas! I have no son; and the reflection makes me once more soft-hearted.

2d Atten. The lioness will tear thee to pieces if thou release not her whelp.

Boy. [*Smiling.*] Oh! I am greatly afraid of her to be sure! [*He bites his lip, as in defiance of her.*]

Dushm. [*aside, amazed.*] The child exhibits the rudiments of heroic valour, and looks like fire which blazes from the addition of dry fuel.

1st Atten. My beloved child, set at liberty this young prince of wild beasts; and I will give thee a prettier plaything.

Boy. Give it first.—Where is it?

[*Stretching out his hand.*]

Dushm. [*Aside, gazing on the child's palm.*] What! the very palm of his hand bears the marks of empire; and whilst he thus eagerly extends it shows its lines of exquisite network, and glows like a lotos expanded at early dawn, when the ruddy splendour of its petals' hides all other tints in obscurity.

2d Atten. Mere words, my *Suvritā*, will not pacify him.—Go, I pray, to my cottage, where thou wilt find a plaything made for the hermit's child, *Sancara*: it is a peacock of earthen-ware painted with rich colours.

1st Atten. I will bring it speedily.

[*She goes out.*]

Boy. In the mean time I will play with the young lion.

2d Atten. Let him go, I intreat thee.

Dushm. [*Aside.*] I feel the tenderest affection for this unmanageable child.—[*Sighing.*]—How sweet must be the delight of virtuous fathers, when they soil their bosoms with

dust by lifting up their playful children, who charm them with inarticulate prattle, and show the white blossoms of their teeth, while they laugh innocently at every trifling occurrence!

2d Atten. [*Raising her finger.*] What! dost thou show no attention to me?—[*Looking round.*]—Are any of the hermits near?—[*Seeing Dushmanta.*]—Oh! let me request you, gentle stranger, to release the lion's whelp, who cannot disengage himself from the grasp of this robust child.

Dushm. I will endeavour.—

[*Approaching the boy, and smiling.*] O thou, who art the son of a pious anchorite, how canst thou dishonour thy father, whom thy virtues would make happy, by violating the rules of this consecrated forest? It becomes a black serpent only, to infest the boughs of a fragrant sandal tree. [*The boy releases the lion.*]

2d Atten. I thank you, courteous guest;—but he is not the son of an anchorite.

Dushm. His actions, indeed, which are conformable to his robustness, indicate a different birth: but my opinion arose from the sanctity of the place which he inhabits.—[*Taking the boy by the hand.*]—[*Aside.*]—Oh! since it gives me such delight merely to touch the hand of this child, who is the hopeful scion of a family unconnected with mine, what raptures must be felt by the fortunate man from whom he sprang?

2d Atten. [*Gazing on them alternately.*] Oh wonderful!

Dushm. What has raised your wonder?

2d At. The astonishing resemblance between the child & you, gentle stranger, to whom he bears no relation. It surprised me also to see, that altho' he has childish humours, and had no former acquaintance with you, yet your words have restored him to his natural good temper.

Dushm. [*Raising the boy to his bosom.*] Holy matron, if he be not the son of a hermit, what then is the name of his family?

2d At. He is descended from *Pury*.

Dushm. [Aside.] Hah ! thence, no doubt, springs his disposition, and my affection for him.—*[Setting him down.]—[Aloud.]*—It is, I know, an established usage among the princes of Puru's race, to dwell at first in rich palaces with -stuccoed walls, where they protect and cherish the world, but in the decline of life to seek humbler mansions near the roots of venerable trees, where hermits with subdued passions practise austere devotion.—I wonder, however, that this boy, who moves like a god, could have been born of a mere mortal.

1st Atten. Affable stranger, your wonder will cease, when you know that his mother is related to a celestial nymph, and brought him forth in the sacred forest of Easayapa.

Dushm. [aside.] I am transpotted. This is a fresh ground of hope.—*[Aloud.]* What virtuous monarch took his excellent mother by the hand ?

2d Atten. Oh ! I must not give celebrity to the name of a king who deserted his lawful wife.

Dush. [asi.] Ah ! she means me. Let me now ask the name of the sweet child's mother.—*[Meditating.]* But it is against good manners to inquire concerning the wife of another man.

First Attendant re-enters with a toy.

1st Atten. Look, Servadethana, look at the beauty of this bird, Sacontaláyanyam.

Boy. [Looking eagerly round.] Sacontalá ! Oh where is my beloved mother ?

1st Atten. He tenderly loves his mother, and was deceived by an equivocal phrase.

2d Atten. My child, she meant only the beautiful shape and colours of this peacock.

Dush. [asi.] Is my Sacontalá then his mother ? or has that dear name been given to some other woman ?—This conversation resembles the fallacious appearance of water in a desert, which ends in bitter disappointment to the stag parched with thirst.

Boy. I shall like the peacock if it can run and fly ; not else. *[He takes it.*

1st Atten. [Looking round in con-

fusion:] Alas, the child's amulet is not on his wrist !

Dushm. Be not alarmed. It was dropped while he was playing with the lion : I see it, and will put it into your hand.

Both. Oh ! beware of touching it.

1st Atten. Ah ! he has actually taken it up. *[They both gaze with surprise on each other.]*

Dushm. Here it is ; but why would you have restrained me from touching this bright gem ?

2d Atten. Great monarch, this divine amulet has a wonderful power, and was given to the child by the son of Marichi, as soon as the sacred rites had been performed after his birth : whenever it fell on the ground, no human being but the father or mother of this boy could have touched it unhurt.

Dushm. What if a stranger had taken it ?

1st Atten. It would have become a serpent and wounded him.

Dushm. Have you seen that consequence on any similar occasion ?

Both. Frequently.

Dushm. [With transport.] I may then exult on the completion of my ardent desire. *[He embraces the child.]*

2d Atten. Come, Savrita, let us carry the delightful intelligence to Sacontalá, whom the harsh duties of a separated wife have so long oppressed. *[The attendants go out.]*

Boy. Farewel ! I must go to my mother.

Dushm. My darling son, thou wilt make her happy by going to her with me.

Boy. Dushmanta is my father ; and you are not Dushmanta.

Dushm. Even thy denial of me gives me delight.

Sacontalá enters in mourning apparel, with her long hair twisted in a single braid ; and flowing down her back.

Sac. [Aside.] Having heard that my child's amulet has proved its divine power, I must either be strangely diffident of my good fortune, or that event which Miracés predicted has actually happened. *[Advancing,*

Dushm. [With a mixture of joy and sorrow.] Ah! do I see the incomparable Sacontalâ clad in sordid weeds!—Her face is emaciated by the performance of austere duties; one twisted lock floats over her shoulder; and with a mind perfectly pure, she supports the long absence of her husband, whose unkindness exceeded all bounds.

Sac. [Seeing him, yet doubting.] Is that the son of my lord grown pale with penitence and affliction?—If not, who is it, that sullies with his touch the hand of my child, whose amulet should have preserved him from such indignity?

Boy. [Going hastily to Sacontalâ.] Mother, here is a stranger who calls me son.

Dushm. Oh! my best beloved, I have treated thee cruelly; but my cruelty is succeeded by the warmest affection; and I implore your remembrance and forgiveness.

Sac. [Aside.] Be confident, O my heart!—[Aloud.]—I shall be most happy when the king's anger has passed away.—[Aside.]—This must be the son of my lord.

Dushm. By the kindness of heaven, O lovefiest of thy sex, thou standest again before me, whose memory was obscured by the gloom of fascination; as the star Rôhini at the end of an eclipse rejoins her beloved moon.

Sac. May the king be—

[She bursts into tears.]

Dushm. My darling, though the word victorious be suppressed by thy weeping, yet I must have victory, since I see thee again, though with pale lips and a body unadorned.

Boy. What man is this, mother?

Sac. Sweet child, ask the divinity, who presides over the fortunes of us both.

[She weeps.]

Dushm. O my only beloved, banish from thy mind my cruel desertion of thee.—A violent phrensy overpowered my soul.—Such, when the darkness of illusion prevails, are the actions of the best intentioned; as a blind man, when a friend binds his head with a wreath of flowers,

mistakes it for a twining snake, and foolishly rejects it.

[He falls at her feet.]

Sac. Rise, my husband, oh! rise—My happiness has been long interrupted; but joy now succeeds to affliction, since the son of my lord still loves me.—[He rises.]—How was the remembrance of this unfortunate woman restored to the mind of my lord's son?

Dushm. When the dart of misery shall be wholly extracted from my bosom, I will tell you all; but since the anguish of my soul has in part ceased, let me first wipe off that tear which trickles from thy delicate eye-lash; and thus efface the memory of all the tears which my delirium has made thee shed.

[He stretches out his hand.]

Sac. [Wiping off her tears, and seeing the ring on his finger.] Ah! is that the fatal ring?

Dushm. Yes; by the surprising recovery of it my memory was restored.

Sac. Its influence, indeed, has been great; since it has brought back the lost confidence of my husband.

Dushm. Take it then, as a beautiful plant receives a flower from the returning season of joy.

Sac. I cannot again trust it.—Let it be worn by the son of my lord.

Mâtsâli enters.

Mât. By the will of heaven the king has happily met his beloved wife, and seen the countenance of his little son.

Dushm. It was by the company of my friend that my desire attained maturity.—But say, was not this fortunate event previously known to Indra?

Mât. [Smiling.] What is unknown to the gods?—But come: the divine Marîcha desires to see thee.

Dushm. Beloved, take our son by the hand; and let me present you both to the father of immortals.

Sac. I really am ashamed, even in thy presence, to approach the deities.

Dushm. It is highly proper on so

happy an occasion—Come, I entreat, thee. *[They all advance.]*

The scene is withdrawn, and Casyá is discovered on a throne conversing with Aditi.

Cas. *[Pointing to the king.]* That, O daughter of Dacsha, is the hero who led the squadrons of thy son to the front of battle, a sovereign of the earth, Dushmanta; by the means of whose bow the thunder-bolt of Indra (all its work being accomplished) is now a mere ornament of his heavenly palace.

Adi. He bears in his form all the marks of exalted majesty.

Mát. *[To Dushmanta.]* The parents of the twelve Adityas, O king, are gazing on thee, as on their own offspring, with eyes of affection.—Approach them, illustrious prince.

Dushm. Are those, O Mátali, the divine pair, sprung from Maríchi and Dacsha?—Are those the grandchildren of Brahmá, to whom the self-existent gave birth in the beginning; whom inspired mortals pronounce the fountain of glory apparent in the form of twelve sons; they who produced my benefactor, the lord of a hundred sacrifices, and ruler of three worlds?

Mát. Even they—*[Prostrating himself with Dushmanta.]*—Great beings, the king Dushmanta, who has executed the commands of your son Vasava, falls humbly before your throne.

Cas. Continue long to rule the world,

Adi. Long be a warrior with a car unshattered in combat. *[Sacontalá and her son prostrate themselves.]*

Cas. Daughter, may thy husband be like Indra! May thy son resemble Jayanta! And mayst thou (whom no benediction could better suit) be equal in prosperity to the daughter of Pulóman!

Adi. Preserve, my child, a constant unity with thy lord: and may this boy, for a great length of years, be the ornament and joy of you both! Now be seated near us.

[They all sit down.]

Cas. *[Looking at them by turns.]* Sacontalá is the model of excellent wives; her son is dutiful; and thou, O king, hast three rare advantages, true piety, abundant wealth, and active virtue.

Dushm. O divine being, having obtained the former object of my most ardent wishes, I now have reached the summit of earthly happiness through thy favour, and thy benison will insure its permanence:—First appears the flower, then the fruit; first clouds are collected, then the shower falls: such is the regular course of causes and effects; and thus, when thy indulgence preceded, felicity generally followed.

Mát. Great indeed, O king, has been the kindness of the primeval Bráhmens.

Dushm. Bright son of Maríchi, this thy handmaid was married to me by the ceremony of Gandharvas; and, after a time, was conducted to my palace by some of her family; but my memory having failed, thro' delirium, I rejected her, and thus committed a grievous offence against the venerable Canna, who is of thy divine lineage: afterwards, on seeing this fatal ring, I remembered my love and my nuptials; but the whole transaction yet fills me with wonder. My soul was confounded with strange ignorance that obscured my senses; as if a man were to see an elephant marching before him, yet to doubt what animal it could be, till he discovered by the traces of his large feet that it was an elephant.

Cas. Cease, my son, to charge thyself with an offence committed ignorantly, and, therefore, innocently.—Now hear me—

Dushm. I am devoutly attentive.

Cas. When the nymph Ménacá led Sacontalá from the place where thy desertion of her had afflicted her soul, she brought her to the palace of Aditi; and I knew, by the power of meditation on the Supreme Being, that thy forgetfulness of thy pious and lawful consort had proceeded from the imprecation of

Durvásas, and that the charm would terminate on the sight of thy ring.

Dushm. [*Aside.*] My name then is cleared from infamy.

Sac. Happy am I that the son of my lord, who now recognises me, denied me through ignorance, and not with real aversion.—The terrible imprecation was heard, I suppose, when my mind was intent on a different object, by my two beloved friends, who with extreme affection, concealed it from me to spare my feelings, but advised me at parting to show the ring if my husband should have forgotten me.

Cas. [*Turning to Sacontalá.*] Thou art apprised, my daughter, of the whole truth, and must no longer repeat the behaviour of thy lord.—He rejected thee when his memory was impaired by the force of a charm; and when the gloom was dispelled, his conjugal affection revived; as a mirror, whose surface has been sullied, reflects no image; but exhibits perfect resemblances, when its polish has been restored.

Dushm. Such, indeed, was my situation.

Cas. My son Dushmanta, hast thou embraced thy child by Sacontalá, on whose birth I myself performed the ceremonies prescribed in the Veda?

Dushm. Holy Maríchi, he is the glory of my house.

Cas. Know too, that his heroic virtue will raise him to a dominion extended from sea to sea; before he has passed the ocean of mortal life, he shall rule, unequalled in combat, this earth with seven peninsulas: and, as he now is called Servadema-na, because he tames even in childhood the fiercest animals, so in his riper years, he shall acquire the name of Bhereta, because he shall sustain and nourish the world.

Dushm. A boy educated by the son of Maríchi, must attain the summit of greatness.

Adi. Now let Sacontalá, who is restored to happiness, convey intelligence to Cana of all these events:

her mother Ménacá is in my family, and knows all that has passed.

Sac. The goddess proposes what I most ardently wish.

Cas. By the force of true piety the whole scene will be present to the mind of Cana.

Dushm. The devout sage must be still excessively indignant at my frantick behaviour.

Cas. [*Meditating.*] Then let him hear from me the delightful news, that his foster-child has been tenderly received by her husband, and that both are happy with the little warrior who sprang from them.—Ho-la! who is in waiting?

A Pupil enters.

Pup. Great being, I am here.

Cas. Hasten, Gólava, through the light air, and in my name inform the venerable Cana, that Sacontalá has a charming son by Dushmanta, whose affection for her was restored with his remembrance, on the termination of the spell raised by the angry Durvásas.

Pup. As the divinity commands.

[*He goes out.*]

Cas. My son, reascend the car of Indra with thy consort and child, and return happy to thy imperial seat.

Dushm. Be it as Maríchi ordains.

Cas. Henceforth may the god of the atmosphere with copious rain give abundance to thy affectionate subjects; and mayst thou with frequent sacrifices maintain the Thunderer's friendship! By numberless interchanges of good offices between you both, may benefits reciprocally be conferred on the inhabitants of the two worlds!

Dushm. Powerful being, I will be studious, as far as I am able, to attain that felicity.

Cas. What other favours can I bestow on thee?

Dushm. Can any favours exceed those already bestowed?—Let every king apply himself to the attainment of happiness for his people; let Sereawati, the goddess of liberal arts, be adored by all readers of the

Veda ; and may Siva, with an azure
neck and red locks, eternally potent
and self-existing, avert from me the

pain of another birth in this perisha-
ble world, the seat of crimes and
of punishment. *[All go out.]*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Messrs. Editors,

During the retirement of the last sum-
mer, it was my good fortune to es-
cort two lovely girls, on a rural pro-
menade. Pursuing for some distance
precipices, which seemed to guard
from intrusion the mazes of a quiet
stream ; we were surprized at observ-
ing a little wherry tied to a stump
on the margin, and which offered to
us an opportunity of proceeding
with greater security and pleasure.
While I was employed, however, in
disengaging this little vessel for their
reception, my fair companions, who
remained on the rocks above me
sportively concealed themselves. De-
termined however to betray no em-
barassment on the occasion, and
knowing that but *one* part of the
stream offered them a passage, in case
they meant to desert me, I, like an
able general, hastened by *forced march-*
es to secure it ; and on the coming
up of the fugitives presented them
the following lines, which at their
request I now present to you.

SO on the Pilgrim's weary way ;
(Woke by twilight's crimson ray
That bathful wooing conscious earth,
Gave the brilliant treason birth)
Dancing off in meteor light,
Streams the phantom of the night !
Still it flings its starry hues,
Still th' enchanted sleep pursues,

Through many a mazy thicket led,
And wild unknown to human tread ;
Mountain drear, and ravine deep
Where echoes unmolested sleep ;
Till skimming some lone trackless
height,

Sudden it vanished in night !
Too late alas ! the steps essay
To measure back the weary way—
Vain is the frequent long *balala,*
That echoed, seems to mock his woe,

While many a lengthen'd howl af-
frights the vale—

No ear attends his fault'ring pray's,

While sad and pale,

The spirit of despair

Frowns from each mould'ring steep,
and sighs in ev'ry gale !

Soon sinks th' exhausted wand'rer 'mid
the gloom ;

His shroud the breeze of night ; the
autumn leaf his tomb !

LODINUS.

New York, Dec. 10.

THE RINGLET.

Ou blest is the Ringlet, and envied
its maze,

As down thy fair bosom of transport
it strays ;

In thy tear-drop dissolving ; or fann'd
by thy sigh,

Or vieling the fugitive gleam of
thine eye !

Though the Poet that loves thee, be
e'er so forlorn,

All night doom'd to languish, to sigh
all the morn ;

Oh ne'er may a pang that fair bosom
molest,

And that Lock in its mazes forever
be blest !

LODINUS.

New York, Dec. 10.

From Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

We make the following extracts from the Edinburgh Review of a work, the original of which we presume has not yet reached this country. It is described as an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of the ancient metrical romance. We first extract the description of the Minstrel, from the introduction.

THE humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made—
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's extacy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied:
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

After concluding one canto with an account of the warlike array, which was prepared for the reception of the English invaders, he opens the succeeding one with the following beautiful verses:

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriours ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,

As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Not started at the bugle-horn:

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, tho' it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know;

And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.

Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour, my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.

Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering
Grazeme!

We add a specimen of the songs, which Mr. Scott has introduced in the mouths of the minstrels, in the concluding canto. This is intended to represent that wild style of composition, which prevailed among the bards of the northern continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the minstrel's residence in the south.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.
—"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant
crew!

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravenshuch,
Nor tempt the stormy frith to-day.
"The blackening wave is edged with
white—

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck
is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view—
A wet shroud rolled round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravenshuch:
Why cross the gloomy frith to-day!

—"Tis not because Lord Lindsay's
heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball!

But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall—
" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring-ride well,
But that my fire the wise will elude,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle!"—
O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And brighter than the bright moon-
beam.
It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It reddened all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of
oak,

And seen from covered Haw-
thornades.
Seemed all on fire that chapel posed,
Where Roslin's chiefs unconfined lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.
Seemed all on fire within, around,
Both vaulted crypt and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bowed,
And glimmered all the damask-
mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress
fair—

So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud cha-
pelle;

Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!
And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with
knell;

But the Kelpy rung, and the Mermaid
sung

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

The close of the whole poem is as
follows:—

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel
gone.

And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—close beneath proud Minstrel's
tower,

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean,
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Of olden tales of other days:

For much he loved to open his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day—but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Showered the blue-bells on Newark heath;
And flourish'd, broad Blackandra's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awake.
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of Chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would slay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

EPITGRAM.

From the Life of Gilbert Wakefield.

"*OMNIS IUREM VITIUM SERVICO ET.*"
On which subject the Bishop of
Cloyne once repeated to me an ep-
igram incomparably excellent. It was
said to be the production of a young
man at college, the master of which,
who had set him this proposition, kept
a pair of coach horses, perfect
Refinantes in condition; this almost to
transparency.

HIS nags, sworn enemy to pauper's
steeds!

On hay and stubble old Avaro feeds.
Bred in his fields, and in his stables born,
What useful ideas must they have of corn.

From the Repository.

ROBERTO PICTORI DEDICATO STUART.

Qui inter Graphice Artis Principes.

Præclarus Equipes

Tabula spectatis ac palmata.

MIROR! viventes quo surgunt ordine
formæ!

Hic armis magnus, major virtutibus
Hæros.

Hic magnâ apparent Hæmonides in sede
potentes!

Hic Docti offendunt notam mentium,
oraque notæ.

Hic Oratores facie quasi voce loquun-
tur.

Virginibus pulchre hic dant se corda
videntium.

Ac sic, arte sua miracula mille creaturæ.

MAC CARTER.
Washington. (Mr. Jackson, Mr. Mac-
Mon., & Dr. Priestley, Sec.)
Amel. &c.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For December, 1825.

Librum tuum legi & quædam diligentiore potui annotare, quæ essentialia, quæ extrinseca, et
 blæmæ. Nam ego dicere verum audeo. Neque illi palamque approbationem, quam
 maxime laudari mereatur. — Flory.

ARTICLE 30.

*Collections of the Massachusetts
 Historical Society for the year
 1798. Vol. V. Boston. S.
 Hall. pp. 390.*

THE history of a nation can seldom be accurately known but from its records, memorials, and the relation of facts by unquestionable authority. Foreigners in writing the annals of nations are often misled by false information, are sometimes willingly deceived by favourite prejudices, and are seldom able to discriminate justly between the respective value of different statements of the same affairs. As we can ascertain only from history the passions, follies, virtues, and sentiments of governments and nations, it becomes a subject of serious consideration to every people, to know how far they will probably be represented fully and impartially to the inquiries of contemporary mankind and succeeding generations. Princes and subjects are therefore bound by no common obligation to be certain, that neither prejudice nor mistake, nor perversion of facts nor barrenness of materials, shall furnish any excuse or extenuation of the criminality of historians. As by the moral law every individual is under bond to act virtuously, so by the political law which grows out of the former and

conforms to it by easy analogies and necessary consequences, every nation is under bond to govern its conduct by the laws applicable to its nature. Hence it results, that as the municipal law of vicinage authorizes the citizen to notice the conversation and courses of his neighbour, so the nations of the world are legally commissioned to observe the practices of associated communities; and therefore these practices ought to be faithfully recorded, impartially published, and suitably represented, as the agents are perpetual corporations, not transitory individuals. We believe that the common law of England will punish a libel on the memory and reputation of the dead, and we also believe with Burke, that an indictment cannot be drawn up against a whole people. Here indeed there is no apparent resemblance between the subjects, but the dissimilarity results from impracticableness of execution, not from deficiency of analogy. But if Paley and Puffendorf can furnish no precedents of process against nations, let emperours and kings, the citizens and the people, know, that "history makes a durable record" of their conduct; that Tacitus, Machiavel, and Hume will represent them to all ages and political congregations

in black or bright tints, accordingly as they have done well or ill, and have transmitted to the painter of history materials for colour and composition.

This kind of reasoning is considered by the multitude inapplicable and metaphysical; but as we know its justness and feel its importance, we trust that it will meet with welcome and courtesy from individuals of wealth and education, from the legislatures of our country and the separate states, from all corporate institutions, from princes in government and patrons of learning; we address it to them for assistance and encouragement and liberal donations to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. This association we believe to be among the most important in the United States. It is every where acknowledged as eminently useful and essentially necessary in the youthful period of our country. From this society alone, do we expect much information on the colonial history of America. The exertions of individuals must always be very limited, compared with the wide grasp and illuminating views of a liberal corporation. If therefore this country feels any obligation to perpetuate an impartial remembrance of its founders, their virtues, policy, conduct, and religion; if it is essential to know well its commercial history, the laws of its colonization, its early systems of finance, its modes of husbandry and generally the important statisticks of rising communities, we are not presumptuous in saying, that these objects can be attained only by the honourable spirit, the laudable per-

severance, and the liberal knowledge of a society of gentlemen and scholars, like that which is the subject of our prayers and commendation. We have reason to think from good authority, that this institution has not met with powerful patronage; its means are small, its funds are nothing, or less than nothing, and its prospects are not more cheering, than its actual situation. The Society has already published nine volumes of collections at their own expence, for the reimbursement of which they rely on the sale of the books, and they are now printing a new edition of the three first volumes, for which they are obliged to borrow the necessary funds. This is noble, if it is not prudent; it is an instance of magnanimity, not common in literature; it is heroic chivalry, it is knight-errantry of letters. The field is full of danger; but of old, applause and good wishes accompanied the cavalier, whose enterprize was honourable, and whose achievements had been illustrious.

In reviewing the fifth volume of the Historical Collections, we notice

A letter from Dr. Kippis to the editor of the European Magazine for September 1795. Dr. Kippis candidly acknowledges his wrong information respecting the orders of the American Congress to capture Capt. Cook, and is perfectly satisfied with the demonstrative evidence of the error, afforded by Dr. Belknap.

General Lincoln's observations on the Indians of North America, in answer to some remarks of Dr. Ramsay's.

General Lincoln agrees with

Dr. R. as to the impracticability of civilizing the Indians and adds various satisfactory reasons why their population will continue to decrease for many years. He thinks however, that in time the Indians will be driven towards the northern regions, that they will never be followed thither, and being in quiet possession of hunting grounds of great extent, and in a country abounding with all kinds of game, that they will there subsist until time shall be no more. But we think that the General has extended his speculation too far, in supposing that they will never be annihilated. When we consider the civilization and progressive improvement of the Russian empire, we do not despair of the hope, that the cold regions of N. America may one day be the residence of laws, politeness, and religion. No assignable limit can be put to the progress of population, agriculture, and commerce. But we can see no reason why the Indian tribes should retire, faster than the white men force them by arms or by trade; there will therefore always be a kind of intercourse, and we well know that the consequences of this communication are disease, want, indolence, and continual decrease of population.

Report of a committee of the board of correspondents of the Scots Society for propagating Christian knowledge, who visited the Oneida and Mohekunuh Indians in 1796.

This valuable paper is long, and apparently very correct. It is in the form of queries and answers. The queries proposed respecting these Indian tribes,

were only sixteen in number, but the Committee, Rev. Dr. Belknap, and Rev. Dr. Morse, extended them to twenty four, and in the answers have given a large body of information on almost every subject relating to the situation, religion, arts, civilization, and probable future condition of those tribes.

Rev. Stephen Badger's letter upon the Indians in Natick.

Mr. B. had excellent means of information on the subject, because he had been in the ministry at Natick, during forty-five years. Much irrelative reasoning and reflection are introduced, but the letter adds to the general stock of knowledge of the Aborigines.

Law cases. Few in number and badly reported.

Account of the great fire in Boston in 1711.

Memorabilia of Yarmouth, by Timothy Alden, jun.

Mr. Brattle's letter on the delusion, called witchcraft, in Salem 1692, dated in October 1692.

This account of witchcraft was written by an eye witness of the horrible transactions related, and is therefore entitled to some credit; but his ridiculous superstition and absurd belief of the actual interference of the Devil at the trials; of his power and active influence upon "the afflicted," operating through confessors or self acknowledged witches, take from his reasoning all merit and throw a foolish obscurity and nonsensical appearance over the whole narrative.

Vocabulary of the Narraganset language, by Roger Williams. Some future Bochart or Bryant may hereafter investigate with

pleasure the roots and etymology of such phrases, as these, *A-pawm-pmawntamwóck cawmusk-ang, how do your children? We-guanantigmanash, candles.* It is divided into thirty-two chapters on various subjects, and is very complete for an Indian tongue.

Colonel Revere's letter on the intended apprehension of Messrs. Hancock and Adams by the British in 1774 and on the battle of Lexington. Much ado about nothing.

Letter from Governor Samuel Shute in 1718 to Rallé, the Jesuit. Rallé was a Missionary among the Indians; and this letter treats of the conduct of the English to them, and of Rallé's duty as a faithful minister and political adviser.

Two letters from Col. Dwight and Col. Partridge to Governor Shirley, February 1754.

The intrigues of the French among the Indians of the Ohio, and the Six Nations are here detailed, and different means are proposed to the Governor for the counteraction of their diplomatic skill.

Account of a law case in the Circuit Court, at New York, in 1798, in which Jedidiah Morse complains against John Reid for printing Winterbotham's America, which was nearly a copy of Morse's Geography. The court decreed the nett profits of the sale of 1700 copies of Winterbotham to be paid to Morse, and no more copies to be sold.

Account of the present state and government of Virginia.

This paper is divided into twelve sections. It was written about the year 1696, while Sir Edmund Andros was Governor

of Virginia, to whose character and conduct the author is inimical. It gives much curious and colonial information on that country, and exhibits a mind disposed to nice investigation and fond of accurate results. To those who wish to compare the present situation of Virginia with its state a century ago as it respects revenue, cultivation, government, &c. we recommend a diligent perusal. To collegians and men of letters we present an extract, concerning the college of William and Mary, which is now in a barbarous condition of ruin and dismal decay.

In the year 1691, colonel Nicholson being lieutenant-governor, the general assembly considering the bad circumstances of the country for want of education for their youth, went upon a proposition of a college, to which they gave the name of William and Mary college.

They proposed that in this college there should be three schools, viz. a grammar school for teaching the Latin and Greek tongues; a philosophy school for philosophy and mathematics; and a divinity school for the oriental tongues and divinity; for it was one part of their design, that this college should be a seminary for the breeding of good ministers, with which they were but very indifferently supplied from abroad. They appointed what masters should be in each of these schools, and what salaries they should have.

For the government and visitation of this college, they appointed a college senate, which should be eighteen, or any other number not exceeding twenty; who were then, the lieutenant-governor, four gentlemen of the council, four of the clergy, and the rest named out of the house of burgesses, with power to them to continue themselves, by election of a successor in the room of any one that should die, or remove out of the country. They petitioned the king that he would make these

men trustees for founding and building this college, and governing it by such rules and statutes, as they, or the major part of them, should from time to time appoint. Accordingly, the king passed his charter, under the great seal of England, for such a college, and contributed very bountifully both to the building and endowment of it.

Toward the building he gave near £.2000, in ready cash, out of the bank of quit-rents, in which governor Nicholson left at that time about £.4500; and towards the endowment, the king gave the neat produce of the penny per pound in Virginia and Maryland, worth £.200 per annum, and the surveyor-general's place, place, worth about £.50 per annum, and the choice of ten thousand acres of land, in Pamunkey neck, and ten thousand more on the south side of the Black-Water swamp, which were tracts of land till that time prohibited to be taken up.

The general assembly also gave the college a duty on skins and furs, worth better than an £.100 a year, and they got subscriptions in Virginia, in governor Nicholson's time, for about £.2500 towards the building. With these beginnings the trustees of the college went to work, but their good governor, who had been the greatest encourager in that country of this design, (on which he has laid out £.350 of his own money,) being at that time removed from them, and another [Andros] put in his place, that was of a quite different spirit and temper, they found their business go on very heavily, and such difficulties in every thing, that presently, upon change of the governor, they had as many enemies as ever they had friends; such an universal influence and sway has a person of that character in all affairs of that country. The gentlemen of the council, who had been the forwardest to subscribe, were the backwardest to pay; then every one was for finding shifts to evade and elude their subscriptions, and the meaner people were so influenced by their countenance and example (men being easily persuaded to keep their money) that there was not one penny got of new subscriptions, nor paid of the old

£.2500 but about £.500. Nor durst they put the matter to the hazard of a law suit, where this new governor and his favourites were to be their judges. Thus it was with the funds for building; and they fared little better with the funds for endowments; for notwithstanding the first choice they are to have of the land by the charter, patents were granted to others for vast tracts of land, and every one was ready to oppose the college in taking up the land; their survey was violently stopped, their chain broken, and to this day they can never get to the possession of the land. But the trustees of the college being encouraged with a gracious letter the king writ to the governor, to encourage the college, and to remove all the obstructions of it, went to work, and carried up one half of the designed quadrangle of the building, advancing money out of their own pockets where the donations fell short.

Account of the settlement and antiquities of Windsor in Connecticut.

Abstract of the laws of New-England as now established in 1641.

This is preceded by a letter from Milton to Sir Henry Vane in verse of little merit. Vane, in conjunction with Mr. Cotton, was the abstracter or digester of the laws, which are remarkable for being curiously protected by authorities from the Bible. The abstract is divided into ten sections on most of the subjects of colonial and municipal regulation. The lawyer and antiquarian will peruse it with interest, and to the merchant we offer two extracts, one on the fisheries and the other on commerce, observing on the second, that the economical doctrines recommended are very false, for reasonable rates or prices should seldom or never be affixed to any commod-

ities, and never should the price of labour be limited.

To the intent that all oppression in buying and selling may be avoided, it shall be lawful for the judges in every town, with the consent of the free burgesses, to appoint certain selectmen, to set reasonable rates upon all commodities, and proportionably to limit the wages of workmen and labourers; and the rates agreed upon by them, and ratified by the judges, to bind all the inhabitants of the town. The like course to be taken by the governour and assistants, for the rating of prizes throughout the country, and all to be confirmed, if need be, by the general court.

Because fishing is the chief staple commodity of the country, therefore all due encouragement to be given unto such hands as shall set forwards the trade of fishing: and for that end a law to be made, that whosoever shall apply themselves to set forward the trade of fishing, as fishermen, mariners, and shipwrights, shall be allowed, man for man, or some or other of the labourers of the country, to plant and reap for them, in the season of the year, at the publick charge of the commonwealth, for the space of the seven years next ensuing; and such labourers to be appointed and paid by the treasurer of the commonwealth.

The abstract is proved by internal evidence to be a system of laws recommended, but not actually existing, and this is further demonstrated by the explanatory communication, which follows, entitled,

Aspinwall's address to the reader of the abstract of laws and government.

Letter from his Majesty's commissioners to Governor Prince of Rhode Island, 1664.

Articles of agreement between the court of New Plymouth and Awasuncks, Squaw Sachem of Saconett.

Dartmouth Indians' engage-

ment Sept. 4, 1671. Letter from Awasuncks to Governour Prince, August 1671. This relates to the treaty.

Letter from Governour Prince to Goodman Cooke, August 24, 1671. Letter from Governour Prince to Awasuncks. This is connected with the preceding treaty.

Letter from Jeremiah Dummer, Esq. to Dr. Benjamin Colman, Jan. 7, 1714. This is an interesting letter about Col. Byfield, Col. Dudley, & Dr. Noyes. Who was this Dr. Noyes?

Letter from Rev. Mr. Neal to Rev. Benjamin Colman, London Sept. 19, 1716. The author writes about his history of New-England.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Watts to Dr. C. Mather, concerning Neal's history of New-England. Dr. Johnson wished every one to imitate Dr. Watts in every thing but his non-conformity, to which we add his "persuasion, that there was much immediate agency of the devil in the witchcraft at Salem, and perhaps that there were some real witches also." These are certainly singular notions, but almost all nations have avowed their belief in witchcraft and sorcery; these crimes were severely punished by death in the civil and common laws; the English statutes against them were not done away till the beginning of the reign of George 2d. Voltaire thinks that by an edict of Louis 14, the tribunals of justice in France cannot punish them. But in Ireland a statute inflicting death on witches is still unrepealed, as is mentioned by Lord Mountmorres.

Judge Auchmuty's views of the importance of Cape Breton to the English nation.

Historical scraps; the most important are one on the first congregational church since the days of primitive christianity, and one on the population and small pox in Boston in the years 1721 and 1752.

A narrative of newspapers printed in New-England. This is a curious, minute communication; it is pleasant and we recommend the whole to our readers and present them in the mean time with such extracts as our limits will admit.

An account of newspapers from the Boston News-letter, the first ever published in America, about the fourth year of the present century, to the revolution of the country, must give peculiar satisfaction to all curious inquirers, and certainly comports with the object of our society.

It is observed in the life of Dr. Franklin, that in 1720, or 21, the New-England Courant was published, and that it was the second ever printed in America—the first being the Boston News-letter. "Great men are not always wise;" they are very frequently careless and inaccurate, especially in little matters of chronology. The doctor tells us, that his brother, who was engaged in this business, undertook it against the advice of his friends, who were persuaded that the country could not support a second paper. It seems strange, as he was in the office with his brother, that he should not recollect which of the years the Courant was published. It was printed in the summer of 1721. It was not the second paper. We have many papers of the Boston Gazette, which was printed in 1720, toward the end of the year. This was the second paper, and printed by S. Kneeland. In July and August, 1722, the numbers of the papers were,

Boston News-letter, Monday, July 2, No. 261,

Boston Gazette, Monday, July 2. 1726.
New-England Courant, Monday, July. 48.

There are files of papers; which I mention, lest a mistake may be thought to arise from one or two numbers often found among typographical errors.

What makes it surprising that Dr. Franklin should not recollect the Boston Gazette, is, that it was the *post paper*. The post-office first gave rise to the publication of newspapers in this country. The Boston News-letter was printed by B. Green, Newbury-street, for John Campbell, post-master. The Boston Gazette was printed by Samuel Kneeland for P. Musgrave, post-master.—Mr. Green, at this time, printed the News-letter for Mr. Campbell, who was not in office.

Some time after this, the old paper, or Boston News-letter, fell into other hands: for we find Mr. Green undertook another paper, called only the *Weekly News-letter*. Thursday, August 27, is the only paper I have seen—number 192. It is by B. Green; his office in Newbury-street. This was the fourth newspaper in America. Soon after, the famous New-England Journal was issued from the press; the first number, March 27, 1727—printed by Samuel Kneeland; his office in Queen-street—and afterwards by S. Kneeland and Thomas Green—and continued to be published jointly by them from July, 1727, nearly 25 years.

Monday, September 27, 1731, began the *Weekly Rehearsal*—the printer, J. Draper—the editor, Jeremy Gridley, Esq. who became one of the greatest characters in the line of his profession, and whose powers of speech and thought are remembered by those who were personally acquainted with him.

That the *Rehearsal* might appear with proper dignity, it is enriched with mottoes from the classics. The first is—

Floribus ut apex in altibus, omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem.—Lucret.

Fungus vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exorsu ipsa secand.—Hor.

This paper was printed only one year—the editor changed his printer toward the latter part of it; then it was printed by Thomas Fleet, at the Fleet and Crown, Cornhill.

Mr. Fleet came from England, was among the zealous whigs that opposed Dr. Sacheverel and the high church party. He and his sons printed the paper called the Evening Post, which, for its impartiality, collection of facts, news, political speculations, and *journal of the times*, was always valued as one of the very best publications in any part of America. The first number was omitted soon after the *Rehearsal* ceased—and the last number was April 24, 1775.

In the year 1771, Dr. Franklin says there were twenty-five printed in America. I should suppose more, considering how many were then emitted from the presses in New-England.

None were printed in any other of the four New-England states, I believe, till after the year 1730.

In 1732, the first week in October, the Rhode-Island Gazette was first printed, by James Franklin.

There was no newspaper in New-Hampshire till Mr. Daniel Fowle left Boston, who sat up the first printing press at Portsmouth, in August, 1756, and there published, on the 7th of October following, the first number of the New-Hampshire Gazette. Mr. Hall, the printer of our Historical Collections, was then with him, and, under his direction, performed the first printing which ever was done in that province. Mr. Fowle died in 1787, having, by himself or in company, edited the Gazette about 30 years.

I am not so well acquainted with Connecticut as to say when the first newspaper was issued—but am informed that some of the family of Green are now there in that line of business. Dr. Trumbull says, that there was no printer in Connecticut till they sent for Mr. Timothy Green, a descendant of Mr. Samuel Green, the first printer in America. He was invited by the council; and the assembly, for his encouragement, agreed that he should be printer to the governor and company, and have fifty pounds, the salary of the deputy-governor, annually. He was obliged to print the election sermons, the proclamations for fasts and thanksgivings, and laws which were enacted at the several sessions of the assembly. He came to Connecticut in 1714, and fixed his residence at New-London.

He and his descendants were for a great number of years printers to the governors and company of Connecticut.

This respectable author mentions, in a note, that Mr. Thomas Short was sent by Mr. Green, in 1709, and should be considered as the first printer in the colony.

The typographers of America, and all who reflect how much indebted we are to the printing-press for the diffusion of knowledge, will ever respect the name of GREEN.—For mine own part, I experience a sensation similar to what I feel when I read the history of the family of Medici—

—parva componere magnis.

Brief account of the several settlements and governments in and about Narragansett Bay.

Charles 2d's letter to the Governor and Magistrates of Rhode Island. In this letter the Earl of Sunderland, after various reasons in the preamble, orders the governor and magistrates to signify to all claimants of the lands of Narragansett and Niantuck countries to send authorised agents to England for the purpose of making their titles and rights to appear, and in default thereof that his majesty will make such disposition of the lands, as he shall think consistent with right and justice. The Earl then signifies his majesty's pleasure to be made acquainted with the right and title of the colonies to Mount Hope, and with the extent, value, and property of lands of said Mt. in order for a suitable disposition thereof. In answer to this letter follows

The address of the Governor and General Assembly of Rhode-Island to Charles 2d.

In this is contained the statement required concerning Mount Hope, and this is regularly followed by

A letter of the Commissioners

of the United Colonies of N. England respecting Mt. Hope.

This gives a history of the lands of Mt. Hope and of the Narragansett country in obedience to the king's letter, and further information is exhibited in the next paper, called

A true account of the rights of the petitioners to the Narragansett lands and country adjacent.

Charles however was not satisfied, and in the next paper he issues his "Commission to Edward Cranfield and others, to examine into the claims and titles to the Narragansett country," and these Commissioners issue their "Summons to all persons claiming rights in the Narragansett country to appear;" and finally these Commissioners, Oct. 20, 1683, make their "report to the king," and "an additional report." The result was, that jurisdiction of Narragansett belonged to Connecticut, and propriety of soil to the heirs and assigns of Winthrop, Chiffinch, Lynde, and others; but, notwithstanding this report, and perhaps in consequence of a *quo warranto* issued, though not prosecuted against the governour and council of Connecticut, the king assumed jurisdiction, as appears by the next paper.

In 1684, a writ of *scire facias* having issued out of the Court of Chancery against the governour and company of Massachusettsbay and "the good old charter" having fallen, we next find "James 2d's commission, constituting a President & Council for Massachusetts, Narragansett country," &c.

Order of the President and Council respecting the records of Narragansett.

Proceedings of a Court of his

Majesty's Commissioners and Justices in the Narragansett country.

The next paper is called

Paukatuck river, the boundary between Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Act of the assembly of Rhode Island in favour of Humphrey Atherton and associates.

Description and history of Newton, by Rev. Jonathan Homer.

Natural history and description of the slug-worm, by Wm. Dandridge Peck, communicated to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. This long and valuable paper having been published in the Massachusetts Mercury, in a separate pamphlet, and again in this volume of the Collections, we shall not attempt to abridge it. It obtained the Agricultural Society's premium of 50 dollars and the gold medal. It is worthy of diligent perusal by farmers and lovers of science, as it displays a mind, attentive to practical good, and curious in the minute researches of neglected entomology.

We now close our exhibition of the contents of this volume. We have been particular in the accounts of the several papers, in order that no subject may seem to be forgotten or despised. If a good history of America is ever to be written, materials of every kind must be diligently accumulated, and historical facts must be displayed in every point of view. We are therefore glad, that the first volume of "the American Annals," by Holmes has appeared, and that the second volume is preparing for the press; for, though we mean to give no opinion of their value, at present, we think that they must be valuable.

even if they are ridiculous. On the same principle we wish every encouragement to Mrs. Warren's history of the American war, and we would not discourage any compiler and historical poacher, however obscure and contemptible, if a single new fact is offered, or an erroneous statement corrected. The most weak and meagre journalists and scribblers made the road easy to Livy and Sallust. Bede, Baker, and Holinshed preceded the bright days of Henry and Hume. The history of Gibbon is indebted to monkish legends, ecclesiastical martyrologies, and the wildest reveries of sinners and saints. We do not mean to compare Ramsay, Marshall, Holmes, Trumbull, Morse, and Adams, with Stith, Smith, Beverly, Hutchinson, and Mather, yet we are bold to say that a good history of America, of any of the individual states, and the revolutionary war, is still wanting; that those writers have only collected and arranged some materials for building, which, with the future labours of equally industrious workmen, may serve to strengthen or adorn the eternal monument of an American Tacitus or Robertson.

ART. 81.

A compendious system of Greek Grammar, in English and Greek, by Edward Wettenhall, D.D. &c. For the use of schools. An edition literally translated (as far as prosody) from the latest and most approved editions of Wettenhall's Grammar, carefully inspected by several eminent professors and teachers, and published with a particular view to correctness in all the examples

and variations. To which is added in notes a full variation of the examples of adjectives, with a table of abbreviations explained. Philadelphia, for W. P. Farrand, by H. Maxwell. 1804. pp. 103.

AS we unfortunately do not possess the original of this work, and after some inquiry have been unable to procure it in any of the publick or private libraries around us, we sit down to the examination of it, we confess, without the means of estimating the merit of Mr. Farrand with exactness. From the general perspicuity and purity of his language, we may venture to say, that, notwithstanding a few unauthorized Latinisms, the work appears neither awkward nor uncouth in its English dress. We do not however discern why the System of Prosody, which is inserted in the original Latin, should not be translated as well as the rest.

On opening the volume, our eyes were attracted by the recommendations of Mr. John Andrews, the Faculty of Dickenson college, and Mr. W. Stoughton; and we were in hopes of finding some information on the work to supply our deficiencies. They confine themselves however to remarks on the merit of the translation, and the propriety of studying the grammars of the ancient languages in our vernacular tongue. This opinion has of late become fashionable, though it has received the countenance of none of the celebrated English schools; but whether it has not arisen from the decline of a taste for classical literature, and aversion to what Lord Bacon calls "deep, fruitful, and operative" study, may be ques-

tioned. The common plea, that boys should not be taught in a language that they do not understand, is worth nothing; for the nature and philosophy of grammar must be equally as incomprehensible to a child in English as in Syriack. The only thing to be hoped for is to teach them the mechanical application of rules; and rules, which are slowly acquired, because in an unusual language, will be firmly and lastingly associated with their examples.

With regard to the merit of the work itself, we do not discover that it possesses any extraordinary claims to distinction. If we must have an *English* grammar, the Gloucester, with all its imperfections, is in every respect more copious, more learned, and equally correct. Dr. Wettenhall follows Lancelot, the author of the Port Royal Grammar, in reducing all the inflexions of nouns to two, parisyllabick, and imparisyllabick, a division of doubtful utility to scholars, and certainly improper for boys who require many rules and few exceptions, rather than few rules with exceptions almost as numerous as coincidences with them. It would be easy to point out other instances of its inferiority to the Gloucester Grammar, and none in which it is superior.

ART. 82.

Farrand's course of Latin studies; or classical selection, published in a cheap, correct, and improved form, comprised in five parts. For the use of American schools. Philadelphia. For Farrand & Co. by John Adams. 1805.

MR. Farrand's design is to collect into a single volume those parts of the usual introductory

books, which are studied in schools, in order to avoid the useless expense of the original volumes. For the judgment with which this is executed he deserves the thanks of those instructors, who use the books from which he has selected.

ART. 83.

The Gamesters; or ruins of innocence. An original novel, founded in truth. By Caroline Matilda Warren. Boston. D. Carlisle, printer. 1805.

AMONG the ephemera of this species, that continually rise from the press and expire, this is unquestionably the most puny. It appears to have been conceived by an intellect in a state of stagnation, and to have been warmed into being by the affection of folly. The avidity, with which it was run after by the town the moment it was hatched, reminded us of Sir Joseph Banks in pursuit of a butterfly; and we were ready, from the finery of its appearance, to exclaim with the president,

"Moreover's Emperor, by the living Gods!"

In what way the ladies have been infected by this vermin, we confess ourselves unable to determine, for it appears on examination not only too inanimate to sting, History settles the period of its nativity in 1805; the month and the day of its birth are left to the uncertainty of conjecture; that it existed during the inclemencies of the commencement of the year, or that it will survive thro' the ensuing frosts of the season, is, we apprehend, not a little problematical. As we experience no particular ex-

ultation in swinging a club to dislocate a flea, we resign this minimus, with one more observation to those whom it may interest, to be empaled on a pin, for the scrutiny of the curious.

"The white hours of innocence fled on golden wings, and love was chastened by reason." These

same white hours, with their golden wings, are rather motley birds of rhetoric ; and, to determine their species, we must arrange them, we apprehend, under the title of *buffinches*, with an additional *l* to the orthography of the fowl.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is a letter from the authors of A compendious history of N. E. whose receipt we acknowledged in our last. For the sake of being just to its merits, and of our own convenience, we give it to our readers by little and little ; with a request however that, if they read it at all, they would first read it entire, a task which the difference of type will enable them readily to perform. If they should complain that we have little mercy on their pockets, by filling our pages with scraps of uninteresting controversy, they must comfort themselves by contrasting their condition with that of us, who, besides sometimes throwing away our cents, are often obliged, not only to write what is dull ourselves, but also to keep from sleeping over the dullness of others.

To the Reviewers of the Compendious History of New-England. [See Anth. Oct. 1805. p. 541.]

GENTLEMEN,

WE should not trouble you with any remarks on your review of our Work, did we not deem it necessary to counteract injurious effects, which might follow, were we silent, from some of your misrepresentations.

Of your delay of more than a year in noticing our work, after you had received it ; of the time and circumstances in which you have brought it before the publick ; and of the spirit which obviously dictated your review we say nothing. They speak a language which we need not interpret to your readers.

You have already said too much. The review of Duffief's Grammar, an original and really meritorious work,

did not appear until our last number, though we received it earlier than the Compendious History, which was reviewed in the number preceding. Had we been permitted to follow our inclination merely, the title page of your history alone would have appeared in the Anthology ; for upon reading it we found it impossible to be at once just to the publick, and pleasing to you.

That a work like ours was "needed," though you "adventure to pronounce it *was not*," you have admitted, by giving your high approbation of one of a similar kind *since* published. Your *disrelish* of the history of New-England must, therefore, have some other exciting cause, than an unnecessary multiplication of books on that subject ; for you admit that ours is but the *second* work of the kind.† Is it because an exhibition of venerable characters, and sound religious

† See Review p. 542, 1st col. 3d par.

principles, of our forefathers reproaches and wounds *some* of their descendants.

As for ourselves, we feel neither wounded nor reproached by this insinuation; and we blush for gentlemen, who have no more modesty than to trust it on paper.

You correctly quote from our preface, the reasons given for our publication; that the materials for this history were scattered in volumes "too expensive &c. to be useful to the rising generation." In your animadversions on this quotation, why did you omit the phrase, "*rising generation*,"

Because that phrase, at that moment was not emphatical. In making quotations in reference to a particular point, it is unnecessary to recite a whole paragraph, or even a whole sentence; and if you have a particle of candour, you must acknowledge, that we had as much as was needed in the case before us. What we censured in you was the lumping of the Summary History with the bulky materials of former writers on the same subject. "Volumes too expensive and too disjointed" were therefore the emphatical words; for if Miss Adams's work was as concise as yours, it was equally useful as yours to "the rising generation."

and represent us as saying, the volumes were "too expensive and disjointed to be useful." We said no such thing.

A wretched quibble!

Nor did we say or intimate, that Miss Adams' work was "ill arranged or deficient."

You implicitly *did* say so by classing her book among the costly and chaotic materials of New-England history.

What we meant and said, was, that in our opinion all previous histories of New-England, inclu-

ding her's among the rest, were too "voluminous and expensive to be useful to the rising generation." To the correctness of this opinion we have her testimony and your own; for she has *abridged* her work for the use of schools, and you have approved the measure.

You said no such thing. What you meant we know not; what you said was this: "The materials for the history of this favoured portion of the world though abundant, have hitherto been scattered in many volumes, too expensive and too disjointed, to be rendered useful to the rising generation. To reduce them to a form, order, and size adapted to the use of the higher classes in schools, and to families, has been our aim in compiling this small work." This is what you said, and we must try to resolve it. What are too expensive and too disjointed? Volumes? Disjointed volumes is nonsense, unless you mean to criminate the bookbinders. Besides, it is *materials*, not *volumes*, which you would talk of reducing to form, &c. We must then understand you as saying, that MATERIALS for the history of New-England have hitherto been too expensive & too disjointed, &c. Of course the Summary History of New-England is among the rubbish. Now this is the very injustice and cruelty of which we complain. After the indefatigable and to herself detrimental labours of compilation, you allow no other merit to Miss A's work, than that of making part of abundant, misshapen materials, "for the history of this favoured portion of the world," to which your plaffick hands were to give order, form, and beauty. And yet your history of New-England is larger than hers! This we affirm is treating Miss Adams not with uncourteous neglect merely, from which her sex should have saved her, but as an author with remorseless contempt.

But your most injurious misrepresentations remain to be noticed. You say, that we have "a

See Month. Anthol. Vol. 1. p. 542.

veiled ourselves of important information contained in her work, which we were unable elsewhere easily to obtain ;” and refer particularly to an account of the settlement of Rhode Island, which you assert, was “ borrowed from Miss A. and which she procured at the expense of her eye-sight and health.”

We said no such thing. If you will read our words rightly, you will read the following: “ Ill arranged and deficient as they may deem her history, it is manifest that they have condescended to avail themselves of important information contained in that work, which they were unable, we believe, elsewhere easily to obtain. We believe so still. If the researches of Miss A. almost deprived her of eye-sight, similar researches would have been attended with difficulty to you, wonderful as you are in the power of condensing.

Had you, gentlemen, with due candour and fidelity compared her work and ours, and referred to Hutchinson's history, Chalmers's Political Annals, and particularly to the sketch of the history of R. I. in the American Geography, which was compiled in 1788 from Callender's century sermon, Hopkin's Gazetteer, and MSS. lent by Dr. Stiles, you would not have made this unfounded charge. You would have found that she and we, received the substance of our information from the same sources ; and that we were the first in examining the “ old newspapers and mouldering rolls,” on this subject. Indeed it can be shewn, that she has been, to say the least, as much indebted to the American Geography, as we have been to her history of N. England. We do not mean that she has made an improper use of it, nor have we of her work.

Old authors, and manuscripts are more easily enumerated than read. It is impossible, gentlemen, for us to say how much you have read : doubtless much ; but authors, as well as other men are under strong temptation to make their labour as easy as possible. Were we to admit however, that you derived your information from the same sources, to which Miss A. had access, as her work was in some respects smaller than yours, and in all respects smaller than any previous history of the sort, we cannot but adhere to the opinion, that it has been useful to you in compiling the Compendious History ; and we have no doubt of getting a similar verdict from the impartial publick. True, in her summary history, Miss A. was indebted for aid to the American Geography, as well as to other publications ; but what were her acknowledgments ? This is a specimen of her humble and beautiful language : “ In abridging the works of these excellent authors, she is sensible of her inability to do them justice, and has sometimes made use of their own words. The reader is always referred for further information to these ingenious performances, and the highest ambition of the compiler is, that her imperfect sketch may excite a more general attention to the large and valuable histories of the country.” We blame you, gentlemen, not for making use of Miss A.'s book ; but for withholding suitable acknowledgments to that aid, which, agreeably to your own concessions, you actually obtained. We think the American Geography owes as much to the View of Religions, as the Summary History does to the American Geography ; but it also is our opinion, that Miss A. on this head has no cause of complaint against Dr. Morse, because along with the large quotations with which the theme enriched his work, he diffused a knowledge of their source, and respectfully paid her the tribute of applause. With what face then can this gentleman mention the debt of the Summary History to his Geography, when the author consulted him before her work was published, obtained his consent to the loan, and finally paid him in terms of handsome compensation ? It would have been well, however, for the peace of the lady, if she

had let the American Geography alone; for it is well known that she afterwards received a cutting letter from Mr. Noah Webster, reproving her for giving credit to the American Geography for what had been taken surreptitiously from his works. *Non nostrum tantas competeret illas.*

A heavier charge still you bring against us. You have *unwillingly discerned* in us "a design to supplant Miss A. in abridging her SUMMARY; and an inclination to withhold the tribute, which ought to be paid to her assiduity and merits." It is certainly, gentlemen, very remarkable, that you should "discern," and that too "*unwillingly*," what never had existence! It is a fact, with which Miss A. and her friends were long ago made acquainted, and which if it were not, *ought* to have been known to you, that we had no knowledge of Miss A.'s ever having entertained a thought of abridging her history, till ours was written, and (if we rightly remember) printed and ready for sale. How then could we have had a "design to supplant her in abridging her history?" We solemnly aver, that the idea of interference with any of Miss A.'s designs never entered our minds, till suggested by herself, at the time just alluded to; and then it was supposed our views were explained to her satisfaction. To her interests we have ever felt friendly. Her literary merits we have always appreciated and promoted. No work was ever published by us with purer intentions than our history of New England. The first hint of the utility of such a work was suggested by a judicious friend; on reading the article *New England*, in the Encyclopedia, and the plan

was afterwards approved by some of the most respectable gentlemen in Boston.

It is, to say the least, gentlemen, very surprising, that you, who are so well acquainted with the scanty literary intelligence, which our community furnishes, should be ignorant of Miss A.'s design, which was familiar years ago to a number of gentlemen in this vicinity. But granting this ignorance, might you not, ought you not, to have apprised her of your intentions? Have you done towards her, as in similar circumstances you would have others act towards you? You, Dr. Morse, are said to have expressed great disapprobation of Dwight's Geography, on the principle, that it was trenching on your ground. Yet in the whole circle of literature it is not possible for an author more completely to cross the track of another, than you have done, or attempted to do, in the case of Miss Adams. After you had abridged and reprinted your Geography in multifarious forms, was it not natural for you to suppose that the design of *abridging* the Summary History had entered the thoughts of its author? It is passing strange, that such a supposition never came into the mind of a man so cautious as you are of literary property. Thus have we condescended to reason.

But there is a fact, gentlemen, which answers you in a moment. You very well know, that you privately endeavoured to dissuade Miss A. from abridging her work, and even threatened her, that the prosecution of her purpose might *provoke* an abridgement of your *Compendious History*. And yet you have always appreciated her merits, and befriended her interest!!! As to your motives, we do not judge you. It is enough that we demonstrate that we have not misrepresented you in a single instance; and that your conduct towards Miss A. we are sorry to discern it, is illjudged and oppressive; and we think that the most respectable gentlemen in Boston, who, you say, advised you to the measure, had better have been otherwise employed.

We never have believed, nor do we yet believe, that what we

have done will operate injury to Miss A. in any way, unless it be through the indiscreet counsel and conduct of some who profess to be her friends. We wish her to remember the advice of Solomon, that "some men are friends for their own occasion, and will not abide in the day of trouble."

You might as well say you believe, that if Miss A. compile and publish a gazetteer of the United States, it would help the sale of your own. As to any poignancy in your quotation from Solomon you might for aught we see, have cited Adam, Seth, Enos.

Such being the state of facts, we have felt ourselves injured by the false reports which have been privately whispered and industriously circulated concerning this business, and which we have reason to believe have made very unfavourable impressions on the minds of some respectable people. Whatever we may think of your motives in giving publicity and your sanction to these reports, we feel ourselves obliged by the opportunity you have afforded us publicly to repel these unjustifiable assaults on our re-

* See also p. 2.

putation, and to explain and vindicate our conduct. And we cannot believe, that you will for a moment hesitate to do us the justice, to publish this our vindication without delay.

We are, Gentlemen, with due respect, your humble servants,

J. MONROE.

E. PARKER.

Concerning the two last paragraphs there is nothing worthy of our animadversion or notice. It may be proper to remark, that on a careful retrospect of the part we have taken in this business, we have acted conformably to the best lights within our reach, to a lively sense of our responsibility to the republic of letters, and the solemn behests of conscience. What we have known we have asserted, what we have believed we have stated with the reasons of our belief. If you should feel irritated, gentlemen, by any of the foregoing observations, it will be regretted no more by you, than it has been by us, that you did not more patiently submit to the gentle reprehension contained in our Review; and it is our dispassionate advice, if you would save your reputation from the lashes of future thought, and your Compendious History from obliquity, that you present to Miss Hannah Adams the profits you may already have received from the sale, and the copyright of the work.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE U. STATES FOR DECEMBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American forces during the war which established the independence of his country, and first president of the United States. By John Marshall. Vol. 4. Philadelphia. C. P. Wayne. 1805. pp. 626.

An inaugural dissertation on respiration. Submitted to the public examination of the faculty of physic, under the authority of the trustees of Colum-

bia College in the state of New York, the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, D.D. president; for the degree of Doctor of Physick, on 12th November, 1805. By Thomas Cock, citizen of the state of New York. New York. T. & J. Swords. 3205. 8vo. pp. 98.

An account of the malignant fever, which prevailed in the city of New York, during the autumn of 1805. By James Hardie. New York, Southwick & Hardcastle. 8vo. pp. 96.

The young carpenter's assistant; or a system of architecture adapted to the style of building customary in the United States. Embellished with valuable designs and elevations of some of the principal structures in the city of Philadelphia. By Owen Biddle. Philadelphia. 1805.

A new grammar of the French tongue, originally compiled for the use of the American Military Academy. By a French gentleman. New York. I. Riley & Co. pp. 96. 12mo.

A system of military tactics. Containing principles of discipline, and movements chiefly applied to infantry; the plan of inspection, or review; the exercise of the great gun; with the various forms of reports. Illustrated by sixteen copperplates. New York. 1805.

The constitutions of Massachusetts and the United States, the declaration of independence, and Washington's farewell address. Lately recommended by the General Court to be used in schools. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Same work. Stockbridge. Willard.

Same work. Worcester. I. Thomas, jun. Price 25 cents single; 2.25 per doz. pp. 120.

A discourse delivered at the request of the American Revolution Society, before that Society and the State Society of the Cincinnati, on the death of Gen. Christopher Gadsden, September 18, 1805. By Nathaniel Bowen, rector of St. Michael's, and member of the American Revolution Society. Charleston, S.C. William P. Young. 1805.

A sermon delivered at the ordination of Rev. William Balcomb to the pastoral care of the first church in Fitchburg, 16 Oct. 1805. By Abiel Holmes, D.D. pastor of the first church in Cambridge. Cambridge. William Hilliard. 1805.

A discourse delivered at the ordination of the Rev. John Sabin to the pastoral charge of the church at Fitchburg, N. H. on the 4th March, 1805. By Nathaniel Thayer, minister of the church in Lancaster. Keene, N. H. Prentiss. 1805.

A sermon preached at the ordination of the Rev. James Olinville, to the pastoral care of the church in Waterford, (Vermont) Feb. 30, 1805. By Seth Payson, A. M. pastor of the church in Ring, N. H. Keene. John Prentiss.

A great faith described and incited. By A. Smith. 2d. ed. 8. By Isaac Backus, pastor of a church in Middleborough. Boston. Elinson. 1805.

A discourse delivered at an evening lecture in the South meeting house, in Portsmouth, N. H. 31st July, 1805. It being the evening succeeding the session of the ecclesiastical council convened respecting the separation of the Rev. Timothy Alden, jun. from his pastoral relation to the fourth church and congregation in that town. By Jonathan French, A. M. pastor of the fourth church in Andover. Portsmouth, W. & D. Treadwell, 1805.

A valedictory discourse, delivered at the fourth church in Portsmouth, N. H. August 11, 1805. By Timothy Alden, jun. colleague pastor with the Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D. To which is added an appendix, containing a report of an ecclesiastical council, and a recommendation of Mr. Alden, unanimously voted by the church and congregation of the fourth parish in Portsmouth. Portsmouth. W. & D. Treadwell, 1805.

Discourses by Rev. Abner Kneeland. Walpole, N. H.

NEW EDITIONS.

The 1st volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, re-printed. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 8vo. pp. 288.

Volume III of Anquetin's universal history, exhibiting the rise, decline, and revolution of all the nations of the world. Price to subscribers bound 2.25; in boards 2 dollars. Philadelphia. Caleb P. Wayne.

A northern summer, or travels round the Baltic, &c. by John Carr, Esq. author of the stranger in France. In 1 vol. 8vo. Fine paper. Philadelphia, Samuel F. Bradford. 1805.

The stranger in France, or a tour from Devonshire to Paris, by John Carr, Esq. Baltimore, G. Hill.

Physician's Vade Mecum, being a compendium of nosology and therapeutics for the use of students, by Rev. Joseph Townsend, author of the Guide to Health. Boston. R. Cotton. 1805.

A concise introduction to practical arithmetic; in which all the rules that occur in common business are applied to federal currency. Designed for the

use of schools in the United States. By Samuel Knapton. Sixth edition. Boston. Samuel Hall. 1806.

A sequel to the English Reader; or elegant selections in prose and verse. A new and improved edition. New York. Collins, Perkins, & Co.

The New-England Spellingbook: Calculated for common use among children of both sexes in the New-England States. Upon the same scheme, as to pronunciation, as Perry's; attempting, however, material improvements, by arranging the work in proper order for the pupil. By John Fiske, A.M. Brookfield. Merriam & Co. 1805.

The excellency of Christ. A sermon on Revelations, v. 5, 6. By Jonathan Edwards, D.D. late president of the College in New-Jersey. Boston. R. Lincoln. 1805. 12mo. pp. 36.

The life of God in the soul of man, or the nature and excellency of the Christian religion. By Henry Scovot; A.M. Boston. Caleb Bingham. 1805.

IN THE PRESS.

The 2d volume American annals, by Abel Holmes, D.D. Cambridge.

Giddy on government. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Wayne.

Montagne on the rise and fall of the ancient republics. Philadelphia.

The history of the life and achievements of Victor-Moreau, including his trial, justification, and other events, till the period of his embarkation for the United States. Translated from the French. Price in boards 1 dol.; 1,25 bound. David West, Boston; Thomas Clark, Portland.

Glenn's Leonidas, with an elegant frontispiece, in 1 vol. Philadelphia. Caleb P. Wayne.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, 2 vols. 18mo. Boston. Edward Cotton.

The Sabbath, a poem. 12mo. Fine paper. Boston. David and John West.

Paley's view of the evidences of Christianity. 8vo. John West.

Vincent's explanation of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. Northampton. Butler.

The seaman's preacher, consisting of nine short discourses on Jonah's voyage, addressed to mariners. By Rev. James Rymer, minister at Wapping, England. Cambridge. Hillman.

Village Sermons; or plain and short discourses on the principal doctrines of the gospel; intended for the use of families, Sunday schools, or companies assembled for religious instruction. By George Burder. Boston. E. Lincoln. 12mo.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED.

A geographical description of the state of Pennsylvania. By Joseph Scott, 1 vol. Philadelphia.

A northern summer, or travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and part of Germany, in the year 1804. By John Carr, Esq. author of the Stranger in France. 12mo. pp. 400, fine paper. Price 1,25 bound. Hartford, Lincoln and Gleason.

The hurt that sin doth to believers: to which is added an entreaty to all those who name the name of Christ to depart from iniquity. By Nathaniel McIntire. pp. 50. Price to subscribers 25 cents. Boston.

DEATHS IN BOSTON

From Nov. 29 to Dec. 30, as reported to the Board of Health.

Apoplexy	2
Child-bed	1
Cholera infantum	2
Consumption	7
Dropsy	1
Fever, nervous	1
—, bilious	1
Fit	1
Infant, compl.	6
Jaundice	1
Old age	2
Palsy	1
Unknown	2

Total 18 18 2

STATEMENT OF DISEASES

FOR DECEMBER.

This month has been so healthy, that it is difficult to mark any prevalent disease. Some cases of the milder typhus have been seen; some of pneumonick infections, both chronic and acute. The latter have been rather of the peripneumonick form, and in some instances fatal. This month ripens those chronic diseases of the lungs, the seeds